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THE

Ancient

BRITISH DRAMA.

VOLUME SECOND.

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BRITISH DRAMA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOLUME SECOND.

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THE

ANCIENT BRITISH DRAMA.

THE

MALCONTENT.

BY

JOHN MARSTON.

JOHN MARSTON *is supposed to have been of a family settled at Aftcot, in the county of Salop.*[1] *Wood*[2] *imagines him to have been the same John Marston who was a student of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and was admitted B. A. February 20, 1592. He was a poet who acquired, and very deservedly, a considerable reputation; and is*[3] *said to have died in the former part of King Charles the First's time, aged about sixty years. He was the author of, 1. "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and Certain Satires, 1598."*

2. The Scourge of Villanie. *Three Bookes of Satires, 1599.*

Both these works were reprinted in 1764. And Mr Warton, in his Observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen, Vol. I. p. 59., says of these Satires, that they "contain many well drawn characters, and several good strokes of satirical genius; but are not, upon the whole, so finished and classical as Bishop Hall's, the first part of which were published about a year before these."

Marston sometimes assumed the name of Kinsayder; *but why he did so, and from whence he adopted it, do no where appear. Under this fictitious surname, he is satirized in* The Return of Parnassus, *A. 1. S. 2.*

"What, Monsieur Kinsayder, lifting up your leg, and pissing against the World? put up, man, put up for shame!"

> "Methinks he is a ruffian in his style,
> Withouten bands, or garters' ornament:
> He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's helicon;
> Then roister doister, in his oily terms,
> Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoe'er he meets,
> And strows about Ram-Alley meditations.

[1] Oldys' MSS. Notes on Langbaine.
[2] Athenæ Oxonienses, Vol. I. p. 332.
[3] Oldys.

Tut, what cares he for modest, close-couched terms,
Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?
Give him plain-naked words, stripped from their shirts,
That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine.
Ay, there is one, that backs a paper steed,
And manageth a pen-knife gallantly,
Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth,
Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns;
And, at first volley of his cannon shot,
Batters the walls of the old fusty world."

* *When* The Malcontent *was first published, Marston lived in friendship with Ben Jonson, to whom he dedicated it. He, also, wrote some complimentary verses to that author, which are printed before the first edition of Sejanus in* 1605. *The good correspondence between them, however, was afterwards broken; but the cause of it remains unknown.*

In the next year, 1606, *the play of Sophonisba appeared; and in the preface is the following passage, plainly levelled at the play he had just before applauded: "Know, that I have not laboured in this Poem to relate any thing as an historian, but to enlarge every thing as a poet. To transcribe authors, quote authorities, and translate Latin prose orations into English blank verse, hath in this subject been the least aim of my studies."*

Ben also, many years afterwards, spoke of Manston with some degree of acrimony: he said to Drummond of Hawthornden, that "he fought several times with Marston; and that the latter wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies."

Marston was the author of the following plays:

1. *Antonio and Mellida; A History. Acted by the children of Paul's,* 4*to,* 1602.
2. *Antonio's Revenge. The Second Part. As it hath beene sundry times acted by the children of Paul's,* 4*to,* 1602.
3. *The Insatiate Countess; a tragedy. Acted at White Fryers,* 4*to,* 1603; 4*to,* 1613; 4*to,* 1631.
4. *The Malcontent,* 4*to,* 1604. *Another edition in* 4*to in the same year.*
5. *The Dutch Courtezan. As it was played in the Blacke Friars, by the children of her Majestie's Revels,* 4*to,* 1605.
6. *Parasitaster; or, The Fawne. As it hath bene divers times presented at the Blacke Friars, by the children of the Queenes Majestie's Revels,* 4*to,* 1606.
7. *The Wonder of Women; or, The Tragedy of Sophonisba. As it hath beene sundry times acted at the Blacke Friers,* 4*to,* 1606.
8. *What you will,* 4*to,* 1607.

All these, except The Insatiate Countess *and* The Malcontent, *were printed in* 12*mo,* 1633.

He was also the author of "The Argument of the Spectacle, presented to the Sacred Majestys of Great Britain and Denmark, as they passed through London." In MS. in the British Museum, No. 18, *A.* 31.

The following Epigram is printed in *The Scourge of Folly*, by John Davies, 12mo, N. D. p. 105:

To acute Mr JOHN MARSTON.

Thy *Malecontent*, or *Malecontentednesse*,
Hath made thee change thy Muse, as some do gesse.
If time mispent made her a *Malecontent*,
Thou need'st not then her timely change repent.
The end will shew it: meane while do but please
With vertuous paines, as erst thou didst with ease;
Thou shalt be praised, and kept from want and wo;
So blest are crosses, that do blesse us so.

BENIAMINI JONSONIO
POETÆ
ELEGANTISSIMO
GRAVISSIMO
AMICO
SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,
IOHANNES MARSTON
MVSARVM ALVMNVS
ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM,
D. D.

TO THE READER.

I AM an ill orator; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly than eloquently, for it is my custom to speak as I think, and write as I speak.

In plainness, therefore, understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families: for which some may wittily accuse me; but my defence shall be as honest, as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious. Since, I heartily protest, it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living; yet, in despite of my endeavours, I understand some have been most unadvisedly over-cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtilty, as deep as hell, have maliciously spread ill rumours, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple: to such I protest, that with my free understanding I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverend comely superiority, and established unity: for the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not, but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so general and honest, as may modestly pass with the freedom of a satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted: I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy; but so, that my inforced absence must much rely upon the printer's discretion; but I shall intreat slight errors in orthography may be as slightly overpassed; and that the unhandsome shape which this trifle ... reading presents, may be pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus.

J. M.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIOVANNI ALTOFRONTO, *disguised Malevole, some time Duke of Genoa,*
PIETRO JACOMO, *Duke of Genoa,*
MENDOZO, *a Minion to the Duchess of Pietro Jacomo,*
CELSO, *a friend to Altofronto,*
BILIOSO, *an old choleric Marshal,*
PREPASSO, *a Gentleman-usher,*
FERNEZE, *a young Courtier, and enamoured of the Duchess,*
FERRARDO, *a Minion to Duke Pietro Jacomo,*
EQUATO, GUERRINO, } *two Courtiers.*

AURELIA, *Duchess to Duke Pietro Jacomo,*
MARIA, *Duchess to Duke Altofronto,*
EMELIA, BIANCA, } *two Ladies attending the Duchess,*
MAQUERELLE, *an old Panderess.*

PASSARELLO, *Fool to Bilioso.*

THE

INDUCTION

TO

THE MALCONTENT;

And the Additions acted by the King's Majesty's Servants.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Enter WILLIAM SLY;[4] *a Tire-man following him with a Stool.*

Tire. Sir, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

W. Sly. Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou dost not take me for a country gentleman? dost think I fear hissing? I'll hold my life thou took'st me for one of the players?

Tire. No, sir.

W. Sly. By god's-slid, if you had I would have given you but sixpence[5] for your stool. Let them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. Hiss at me! He that will be laughed out of a tavern, or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. Where's Harry Condell,[6] Dick Burbage,[7] and William Sly? Let me speak with some of them.

Tire. An't please you to go in, sir, you may.

W. Sly. I tell you no; I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action. I have most of the jests here in my table-book.

Enter SINKLOW.[8]

Sink. Save you, cuz.

W. Sly. O! cousin, come, you shall sit between my legs here.

Sink. No, indeed, cousin; the audience then will take me for a viol de gambo,[9] and think that you play upon me.

W. Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, cuz.

Sink. We staid for you at supper last night at my cousin Honeymoon's, the woollen-draper's. After supper we drew cuts for a score of apricots; the longest cut still to draw an apricot; by this light, 'twas Mrs Frank Honeymoon's fortune still to have the longest cut. I did measure for the women. What be these, cuz?

---

[4] *William Sly*, was one of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays. His name is among those enumerated in the folio edition of his works, 1623.

[5] *But sixpence.*—From Chap. VI. in Dekkar's *Guls Horn-book*, reprinted in the last edition of Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 80., it appears, that it was the fashion for the gallants of the times to sit on the stage on stools. We learn also that a shilling was the sum paid for them.

[6] *Harry Condell,*—One of the publishers of Shakespeare's plays in folio, 1623.

[7] *Dick Burbage,*—an actor of that period.

[8] *Sinklow* —This was a player in Shakespeare's time. His name is twice printed in that author's works, instead of the characters he performed. See Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and the conclusion of *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

[9] *A viol de gambo.*—From the name of this instrument, which is derived from the Italian, and the manner in which it appears to have been played on, I apprehend it to be the same which is now called a bass viol.

Enter DICK BURBAGE, HENRY CONDELL, *and* JOHN LOWIN.[10]

W. Sly. The players. God save you.

D. Burb. You are very welcome.

W. Sly. I pray you know this gentleman, my cousin; 'tis Mr Doomsday's son the usurer.

H. Cond. I beseech you, sir, be covered.

W. Sly. No, in good faith, for mine ease;[11] look you, my hat's the handle to this fan: god's-so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you. [*Puts his Feather in his Pocket.*

D. Burb. Why do you conceal your feather, sir?

W. Sly. Why! do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play to be laughed at? This play hath beaten all young gallants out of the feathers. Blackfriars hath almost spoiled Blackfriars for feathers.[12]

Sink. God's so! I thought 'twas for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counselled me to wear my feather to the play; yet I am loath to spoil it.

W. Sly. Why, cuz?

Sink. Because I got it in the tilt-yard:[13] there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up. But I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it.

W. Sly. Do you hear, sir? this play is a bitter play.

H. Cond. Why, sir, 'tis neither satire nor moral, but the mere passage of an history; yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious apprehension; but should their interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail, and eat it.

W. Sly. I will not go far with you; but I say, *any man that* hath wit may censure, if he sit in *the twelvepenny room*: and I say again, the play *is bitter.*

D. Burb. Sir, *you are like a patron that*, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against any thing that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the antient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies, that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant, that his expence in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as men heal tetters, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else, sir?

W. Sly. Ay marry would I.

I would know how you came by this play?

H. Cond. Faith, sir, the book was lost; and because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

W. Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

H. Cond. Why not Malevole[14] in folio with us, as well as Ieronimo in decimo sexto with them! They taught us a name for our play, we call it, *One for another.*

W. Sly. What are your additions?

D. Burb. Sooth, not greatly needful; only as your sallet to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-received custom of music in our theatre. I must leave you, sir. [*Exit* BURBAGE.

Sink. Doth he play the Malcontent?

H. Cond. Yes, sir.

Sink. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

H. Cond. O! no, sir, nothing, *Ad Parmenonis suem.*[15]

J. Low. Have you lost your ears, sir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sink. Why did you ask that, friend?

J. Low. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five baubees; and in this kind you might venture four of your elbows: yet God defend your coat should have so many.

Sink. Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have been one of the college of critics once. My cousin here *hath* an excellent memory, indeed, sir.

W. Sly. Who, I? I'll tell you a strange thing of myself; and I can tell you, for one that never studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange too.

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[10] *John Lowin.*—Another of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays.

[11] *No, in good faith, for mine ease.*—A quotation from the part of *Osrick* in *Hamlet.* See Vol. X. edit. 1778, p. 395. *Sly* might have been the original performer of that character. See Note 5. to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. III. p. 396. S.

[12] *Blackfriars hath almost spoil'd Blackfriars for feathers.*—See Note 1. to *The Muses Looking-glass.*

[13] *Tilt-yard.*—Where the barriers were fought.

[14] *Why not Malevole, &c.*—See Mr Collins's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, Vol. IX. edit. 1778, p. 8. S.

[15] *Ad Parmenonis suem.*——

Summum *suem Parmenonem* impertit
Gnatho. *Terent. Eunuch.* S.

H. Cond. What's that, sir?

W. Sly. Why, I'll lay a hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's-row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

J. Low. 'Tis very strange.

W. Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve.
There's in all just five-and-fifty.
I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too.
What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

H. Cond. I know not, sir.

W. Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some fifty of the Grecians that were crammed in the horse-belly had eaten garlic, do you not think the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

H. Cond. Very likely.

W. Sly. By God, I would they had, for I love Hector horribly.

Sink. O but cuz, cuz!

[16] Grēat Al|ēxān|dēr whĕn hĕ|cāme to thĕ|tōmb of A|chīllēs,|
Spāke with ă|big lōud|voīce, O|thōu thrīce|blēssĕd and|hāppy.|

W. Sly. Alexander was an ass to speak so well of a filthy cullion. [17]

J. Low. Good sir, will you leave the stage? I'll help you to a private room.

W. Sly. Come, cuz, let's take some tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

J. Low. Not any, sir.

W. Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore;
Come to them, and fencing of a congey with arms and legs,
Be round with them.
"Gentlemen, [18] I could wish for the women's sakes you had all soft cushions; and, gentlewomen, I could wish that for the men's sakes you had all more easy standings." What would they wish more but the play now? And that they shal have instantly.

THE

MALCONTENT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Vilest out-of-tune Music being heard.

Enter BILIOSO *and* PREPASSO.

Bil. Why, how now? are ye mad, or drunk, or both, or all?

Prep. Are ye building Babylon, there?

Bil. Here's a noise in court! you think you are in a tavern, do you not?

Prep. You think you are in a brothel-house, do you not? This room is ill scented.

Enter one with a Perfume.

So, perfume, perfume; some upon me, I pray thee: the duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there.

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke PIETRO JACOMO, FERRARDO, *Count* EQUATO, *Count* CELSO *before, and* GUERRINO.

P. Jac. Where breathes that music?

Bil. The discord rather than the music is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

[16] *Great Alexander*, &c.—These two lines are hexameters, that "*halt ill on Roman feet*," like those of Sydney mentioned by Pope. Into such verse Stanyhurst translated the four first Books of Virgil. S.

[17] *Cullion.*—See Note 87. to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 125.

[18] *Gentlemen*, &c.—This seems intended as a burlesque on the Epilogue to *As you like it.*

Fer. Malevole!

Mal. [Out of his Chamber.] Yaugh, god-a-man, what dost thou there? Duke's Ganymede, Juno's *jealous* of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what would'st, weesel? thou lamb at court, what dost bleat for? *ah*, you *smooth-chinned* catamite!

P. Jac. Come down, thou rugged cur, and snarl *here*: I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty: trot about and bespurtle whom thou pleasest.

Mal. I'll come among you, you goatish-blooded [19] toderers, as gum into taffata, to fret, to fret: I'll fall like a spunge into waters, to suck up, to suck up. Howl again. I'll go to church and come *to you.*

P. Jac. This Malevole is one of the most prodigious affections that ever conversed with nature. A man, or rather a monster; more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence. His appetite is unsatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from heaven. His highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein *he thinks he truly* serves heaven; for 'tis his position, whosoever *in this earth* can be contented is a slave and damned; *therefore* does he afflict all in that *to which they are most affected.* The elements struggle with him; his own soul is at variance within herself: his speech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith; he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes me understand those weaknesses which others' flattery palliate. Hark! they sing.

SCENE III.

Enter MALEVOLE, *after the Song.*

P. *Jac.* See, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air: he blows over every man; and—sir, whence *come* you now?

Mal. From the public place of much dissimu*lation, the church.*

P. Jac. What did'st there?

Mal. Talk *with a usurer; take up at interest.*

P. *Jac.* I wonder what *religion* thou art of.

Mal. Of a soldier's religion.

P. *Jac.* And what do'st think makes most infidels now?

Mal. Sects, sects. I have seen seeming piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her petticoat.

P. Jac. Oh! a religious policy.

Mal. But, damnation on a politic religion! I am weary; would I were one of the duke's hounds now.

P. Jac. But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou dogg'st rumour still.

Mal. Common news? why, common words are, God save ye, Fare ye well: common actions, flattery, and couzenage: common things, women, and cuckolds. And how does my little Ferrardo? Ah ye leacherous animal! my little ferret! he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a weesel. And to what do'st thou addict thy time now, more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers, *flattery*, pride, and venery?

Fer. I study languages. Who do'st think to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew! the devil; let him possess thee; he'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travelled greatly in the world, and is every where.

Fer. Save i'the court.

Mal. Ah, save i'the court. And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beast, how does thy young wife, old [20] huddle? [*To* BILIOSO.

Bil. Out! you improvident rascal.

Mal. Do, kick, thou hugely-horned old duke's ox, good Mr Make-peace.

P. Jac. How do'st thou live now-a-days, Malevole?

Mal. Why, like the knight St Patrick Penlolians, with killing of spiders for my lady's monkey.

P. Jac. How do'st spend the night? I hear thou never sleep'st.

Mal. O no; but dream the most fantastical: O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

P. Jac. Dream! what dream'st?

Mal. Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his foot-cloth; that metreza [21] her plate: this madam takes physic; that t'other *monsieur* may minister to her: here is a *pander jewelled; there* is a fellow in *shift of satin this day, that could* not shift a shirt t'other night: here a Paris supports that Helen; there's [22] a lady Guinever bears up that [23] Sir Launcelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fancies, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits. [*To* PREPASSO.] Sir Tristram Trimtram, come aloft Jack-anapes with a whim-wham: here's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe; do the sword-dance with any morrice-dancer in Christendom; ride at the ring, till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the

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[19] *Toderers*—I suppose this is a word coined from *tod*, a certain weight of sheeps' wool. He seems willing to intimate, *that the* duke, &c. are *mutton*-mongers. The meaning of laced *mutton* is well known. S.

[20] *Huddle*—See Note 31 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, p. 148.

[21] *Metreza*—i. e. mistress. S.

[22] *Lady Guinever*—King Arthur's unfaithful queen. See Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. III. p. 336.

[23] *Sir Launcelot*—A celebrated hero of romance.

welkin; and run the wild-goose chace even with Pompey the huge.

P. Jac. You run!

Mal. To the devil. Now, signior Guerrino, that thou from a most pitied prisoner should grow a most loathed flatterer: alas! poor Celso, thy star's oppressed, thou art an honest lord; 'tis pity.

Equ. Is't pity?

Mal. Ay, marry is't, philosophical Equato; and 'tis pity that thou being so excellent a scholar by art, should'st be so ridiculous a fool by nature. I have a thing to tell you, duke; bid 'em avant, bid 'em avant.

P. Jac. Leave us, leave us; now, sir, what is't?

[*Exeunt all, saving* PIETRO *and* MALEVOLE.

Mal. Duke, thou art a [24] becco, a cornuto.

P. Jac. How?

Mal. Thou art a cuckold.

P. Jac. Speak; unshell him quick.

Mal. With most tumbler-like nimbleness.

P. Jac. Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

Mal. Mendozo is the man makes thee a horned beast.

Duke, 'tis Mendozo cornutes thee.

P. Jac. What comformance? relate; short, short.

Mal. As a lawyer's beard,

" There is an old [25] crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,

She is my mistress sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me."

Blirt, a rhime; blirt, a rhime; Maquerelle is a cunning bawd. I am an honest villain; thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold; farewell, duke.

P. Jac. Stay, stay.

Mal. Dull, dull, duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God! for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

P. Jac. What did God never make?

Mal. A cuckold. To be made a thing that's hood-winked with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to have a cox-comb with egregious horns pinned to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it; pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

P. Jac. Death and damnation!

Mal. Lightning and thunder!

P. Jac. Vengeance and torture!

Mal. [26] Catzo!

P. Jac. O revenge!

Mal. Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs
A lady far inferior to the most,
In fair proportion both of limb and soul;
To take her from austerer check of parents,
To make her his by most devoutful rites,
Make her commandress of a better essence,
Than is the gorgeous world even of a man;
To hug her with as raised an appetite,
As usurers do their delved up treasury,
Thinking none tells it but his private self;
To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss,
Distilling panting ardour to her heart;
True to her sheets, nay diets strong his blood,
To give her height of hymeneal sweets.

P. Jac. O God!

Mal. Whilst she lisps, and gives him some court quelquechose,
Made only to provoke, not satiate:
And yet even then the thaw of her delight
Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
Only from strange imagination's rankness,
That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul,

---

[24] *Becco*—A cuckold, *Ital.* S.
So, in Massinger's *Bondman*, A. 2. S. 3:

"—Pass the rest; they'll all make
" Sufficient *becos*, and with their brow-antlers
" Bear up the cap of maintenance."

[25] *Crone*—i. e. an old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep; thence an old woman. See Mr Steevens's Note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 2. S. 3.
Again, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, l. 4851:

" But it were only dame Custance alone,
This olde Soudannesse, this cursed *crone*."

Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 5:

" — marry, let him alone
With tempered poison to remove *the croan*."

The Devil is an Ass, A. 2. S. 1:

" No lace-woman, nor bawd, that brings French masks
And cut works. See you? nor old *croans* with wafers,
To convey letters."

[26] *Catzo!*—I believe, in cant Italian, this word is obscenely used. S.
This conjecture seems to be well founded. See Florio's *Dictionary*, 1598, voce *cazzo*.

And makes her think she[27] clips the foul knave's loins.
P. Jac. Affliction to my blood's root!
Mal. Nay think, but think what may proceed of this;
Adultery is often the mother of incest.
P. Jac. Incest!
Mal. Yes, incest: mark; Mendozo of his wife begets perchance a daughter; Mendozo dies; his son marries this daughter. Say you? Nay, 'tis frequent, not only probable, but no question often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance, clasps his own seed.
P. Jac. Hideous imagination!
Mal. Adultery? why next to the sin of simony, 'tis the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation.
P. Jac. Next to simony!
Mal. Ay, next to simony, in which our men in next age shall not sin.
P. Jac. Not sin? why?
Mal. Because, thanks to some churchmen, our age will leave them nothing to sin with. But adultery! O dulness! shew such exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze but to think it. I would damn him and all his generation! my own hands should do it; ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance any thing.
P. Jac. Any thing, any thing, Malevole; thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holds. Farewell, remember I forget thee not, farewell.
[*Exit* PIETRO.
Mal. Farewell.
Lean thoughtfulness, a sallow meditation,
Suck thy veins dry! distemperance rob thy sleep;
The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep.
He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,
But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul kills.
Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
Which kings do seldom hear, or great men use,
Free speech: and though my state's usurped,
Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue,
As fetterless as is an emperor's.
I may speak *foolishly, ay, knavishly,*
Always carelessly, *yet no one thinks it fashion*
To poize my breath. "For he that laughs and strikes,
Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again."
Duke, I'll torment thee now, my just revenge
From thee than crown a richer gem shall part.
Beneath God, nought's so dear as a calm heart.

SCENE IV.

Enter CELSO.

Cel. My honoured lord!
Mal. Peace, speak low; peace, O Celso! constant lord,
Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself;
Thou in whose hands[28] old Ops may put her soul:
Behold for ever banished *Altofront*,
This Genoa's last year's duke. O truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance, and[29] suspect: I could not time it, Celso;
My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,
To all of equal nearness, bore with none;
Reigned all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
Suspectless, too suspectless; till the crowd,
Still liquorous of untried novelties,
Impatient with severer government,
Made strong with Florence, banished Altofront.
Cel. Strong with Florence! ay, thence your mischief rose;
For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was matched once with this Pietro, now duke,
No stratagem of state untried was left,
Till you of all——
Mal. Of all was quite bereft.
Alas! Maria too, close prisoned,
My true-faithed duchess, i'the citadel.
Cel. I'll still adhere: let's mutiny and die.
Mal. O no; climb not a falling tower, Celso;
'Tis well held desperation, not zeal,
Hopeless to strive with fate; peace, temporize.
[30] Hope, hope, that never forsakest the wretchedest man,
Yet bid'st me live, and lurk in this disguise.
What? play I well the free-breathed[31] discontent?

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[27] *Clips*—i. e. clasps, embraces.
[28] *Old Ops*—The wife of Saturn, who deceived him by a stratagem relative to the preservation of Jupiter. S.
[29] *Suspect*—i. e. suspicion. See Note 45 to *Edward II.* Vol. I. p. 182.
[30] *Hope, hope*, &c. So Pope:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest."

[31] *Discontent*—i. e. *discontented person*, as we now say *malcontent*. So, in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 1.

"Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*,"

See Mr Malone's Note on this passage.

Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs, or natural fools. Celso, the court's afire; the duchess's sheets will smoke for't ere it be long. Impure Mendozo, that sharp-nosed lord, that made the cursed match, linked Genoa with Florence, now broad horns the duke, which he now knows. Discord to malcontents is very manna; when the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Altofront.

Cel. Ay, but durst——

Mal. 'Tis gone; 'tis swallowed like a mineral; some way 'twill work; pheut, I'll not shrink: He's resolute who can no lower sink.

BILIOSO *entering*, MALEVOLE *shifteth his speech.*

O the father of may-poles! did you never see a fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, respect in his office, religion on his lord, and love in himself! why then, behold——

Bil. Signior!

Mal. My right worshipful lord, your court night-cap makes you have a passing high forehead.

Bil. I can tell you strange news, but I am sure you know them already. The duke speaks much good of you.

Mal. Go to then; and shall you and I now enter into a strict friendship?

Bil. Second one another?

Mal. Yes.

Bil. Do one another good offices?

Mal. Just; what though I called thee old ox, egregious
Wittol, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy,
Yet, since I am in favour——

Bil. Words of course, terms of disport.
His grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful remembrance for—I am ignorant for what, marry, ye may impart: yet howsoever—come—dear friend,
Do'st know my son?

Mal. Your son?

Bil. He shall eat woodcocks, dance jigs, make possets, and play at shuttlecock with any young lord about the court; he has as sweet a lady too; dost know her little bitch?

Mal. 'Tis a dog, man.

Bil. Believe me, a she bitch; O 'tis a good creature! thou shalt be her servant. I'll make thee acquainted with my young wife too; what! I keep her not at court for nothing: 'tis grown to supper-time, come to my table; that, or any thing I have, stands open to thee.

Mal. How smooth to him that is in state of grace!— [*To* CELSO.
How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!
What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,
Are heaved to them are minions to a crown.
Envious ambition ne'er saves her thirst,
Till sucking all, he swells, and swells, and burst.

Bil. I shall now leave you with my always best wishes, only, let's hold betwixt us a firm correspondence, a mutual friendly-reciprocal kind of steady-unanimous-heartily-leagued——

Mal. Did your signiorship ne'er see a pigeon-house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stink within? have you not, courtier?

Bil. O yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of them all.

Mal. Adieu, my true court-friend, [31] farewell, my dear Castilio.

Cel. Yonders Mendozo. [*Exit* BILIOSO.

Mal. True, the privy-key. [*Descries* MENDOZO.

Cel. I take my leave, sweet lord. [*Exit* CELSO.

Mal. 'Tis fit, away.

SCENE V.

Enter MENDOZO, *with three or four Suitors.*

Men. Leave your suits with me, I can and will—attend my secretary; leave me. [*Exeunt Suitors.*

Mal. Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain; God be wi' ye.

Men. Out, you base-born rascal!

Mal. We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe-wife were our mother; ah you whore-son, hot-rein'd he-marmoset! Egistus! did'st ever hear of one Egistus!

Men. Gistus?

Mal. Aye, Egistus, he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Men. Out, grumbling rogue!

Mal. Orestes, beware Orestes.

Men. Out, beggar!

Mal. I once shall rise.

Men. Thou rise?

Mal. Ay, at the resurrection.
No vulgar seed, but once may rise, and *shall;*
No king so huge, but *'fore he die may fall.*" [*Exit.*

Men. Now, good Elysium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour? O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! what should I think, what say, what do, to be a favourite? a minion? to have a general timorous respect observe a man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum, and busy murmurs of obsequious suitors training him; the cloth held up, and way proclaim'd before him; petitionary vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace lampreys that ingender

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[31] *Farewell, my dear Castilio.*—He alludes to Baldessar Castilio, author of the famous Italian book, called *The Courtier.* S. P.

This book was translated into English by *Thomas Hobby.* One edition of it was published in 4to, 1603, the year before the *Malcontent* appeared.

with snakes, and all full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated humbleness, fix all their delights upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death! I cornute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay, angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you; and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you; you preservers of mankind, life-blood of society, who would live, nay, who can live without you? O paradise, how majestical is your austerer presence? how imperiously chaste is your more modest face? but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! the amorous smiles, the soul-warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that singed the world by heedless Phaeton![32] in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how —— O pleasure unutterable! indeed it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman; but a duchess! in despite of Phœbus I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Ferneze *ushering* Aurelia, Emilia, *and* Maquerelle, *bearing up her Train*, Bianca *attending: all go out but* Aurelia, Maquerelle *and* Ferneze.

Aur. And is't possible? Mendozo slight me! possible?

Fer. Possible? what can be strange in him that's drunk with favour,
Grows insolent with grace?—Speak Maquerelle, speak.

Maq. To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those *jewels of your ears to* receive my inforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well known I can put up any thing; can bear patiently with any man: but when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was inforced to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite; and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another,) when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your indeared grace, Mendozo most ingratefully renounced all faith to you. [Ferneze *privately feeds* Maquerelle's *hands with jewels during this speech.*

Fer. Nay, call'd you—speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Maq. By heaven, witch; dried biscuit; and contested blushlessly he loved you but for a spurt, or so.

Fer. For maintenance.

Maq. Advancement and regard.

Aur. O villain! O impudent Mendozo!

Maq. Nay, he is the rustiest jade, the foulest mouthed knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against women——

Aur. How? how?

Maq. I am ashamed to speak't, I.

Aur. I love to hate him; speak.

Maq. Why, when Emilia scorned his base unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said——

Aur. What?

Maq. Trothy 'tis too shameless.

Aur. What said he?

Maq. Why that at four, women were fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourscore, witches; and at a hundred, cats.

Aur. O unlimitable impudence!

Fer. But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart,
Was never shadeless meadow drier parched,
Under the scorching heat of heaven's Dog,
Than is my heart with your inforcing eyes.

Maq. A hot simile.

Fer. Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell;
O pity then, grace should with beauty dwell.

Maq. Reasonable perfect, by'r lady.

Aur. I will love thee, be it but in despite
Of that Mendozo: witch! Ferneze; witch!
Ferneze, thou art the duchess' favourite,
Be faithful, private; but 'tis dangerous——

Fer. "His love is lifeless, that for love fears breath,
"The worst that's due to sin, O would t'were death."

Aur. Enjoy my favour, I will be sick instantly and take physic;
Therefore in depth of night visit——

Maq. Visit her chamber, but conditionally; you shall not offend her bed; by this diamond!

Fer. By this diamond! [*Gives it to* Maquerelle.

Maq. Nor tarry longer than you please: by this ruby!

Fer. By this ruby! [*Gives again.*

Maq. And that the door shall not creak.

Fer. And that the door shall not creak.

Maq. Nay, but swear.

Fer. By this purse. [*Gives her his Purse.*

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[32] *In body how delicate*, &c.—This part of Mendozo's speech seems intended as a parody on that of Hamlet, A. 2. S. 2. "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Maq. Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember, visit.

Enter MENDOZO, *reading a Sonnet.*

Aur. Dried biscuit! look where the base wretch comes.

Men. "Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen."

Maq. That's his Emilia.

Men. "Nature's triumph, best on earth!"

Maq. Meaning Emilia.

Men. "Thou only wonder that the world hath seen."

Maq. That's Emilia.

Aur. Must I then hear her praised? Mendozo!

Men. Madam, your excellency is graciously encountered; I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of— [*Exit* FERNEZE.

Aur. Out, villain! villain! O judgment, where have been my eyes? what bewitched election made me doat on thee? what sorcery made me love thee? but be gone! bury thy head! O that I could do more than loath thee! hence, worst of ill!

"No reason ask, our reason is our will."

[*Exit with* MAQUERELLE.

Men. Women? nay, furies! nay worse! for they torment
Only the bad; but women good and bad.
Damnation of mankind! breath, hast thou praised them for this! and is't you, Ferneze, are wriggled into smock-grace? Sit sure. O that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth; women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish; without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only constant in inconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting: their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sighs dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial. "Their blood is their only god: bad clothes, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at." That I could rail now!

SCENE VII.

Enter PIETRO JACOMO, *his Sword drawn.*

P. Jac. A mischief fill thy throat! thou foul-jawed slave: say thy prayers.

Men. I ha' forgot 'em.

P. Jac. Thou shalt die.

Men. So shalt thou; I am heart-mad.

P. Jac. I am horn-mad.

Men. Extreme mad.

P. Jac. Monstrously mad.

Men. Why?

P. Jac. Why? thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed.

Men. I? come, come, sir; here's my bare heart to thee,
As steady as is this centre to the glorious world.
And yet hark, thou art a cornuto; but not by me.

P. Jac. Yes slave, by thee.

Men. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath
Loose him can loose thee: I offend my duke!
Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights,
How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been,
To watch the traitor; record, thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I have thrown myself
To under-offices, only to learn
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgraced.
And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion
To places private and prohibited,
Only to observe the closser passages,
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,
Made me suspected, made me deemed a villain?
What rogue hath wronged us?

P. Jac. Mendozo, I may err.

Men. Err? 'tis too mild a name; but err and err,
Run giddy with suspect, 'fore through me thou know'st
That which most creatures save thyself do know:
Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,
'Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt together.

P. Jac. Mendozo, thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted man.

Men. The fitter to make a cuckold; would your brows were most plain too!

P. Jac. Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail—

Men. At women, true: why what cold phlegm could choose
Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shaped, sweet,
To be contemn'd, abused, defamed, made cuckold:
Heart! I hate all women for't! Sweet sheets, wax lights, antique bed-posts, cambrick smocks, villainous curtains, arras pictures, oil'd hinges, and all ye tongue-tied lascivious witnesses of great creatures wantonness; what salvation can you expect?

P. Jac. Wilt thou tell me?

Men. Why you may find it yourself; observe, observe.

P. Jac. I have not the patience: wilt thou deserve me? tell, give it.

Men. Take't; why Ferneze is the man, Ferneze; I'll prov't, this night you shall take him in your sheets, wil't serve.

P. Jac. It will, my bosom's in some peace; till night—

Men. What?

P. Jac. Farewell.

Men. God! how weak a lord are you!
Why do you think there is no more but so?

P. Jac. Why?

Men. Nay, then will I presume to counsel you;
It should be thus. You with some guard upon the sudden

Break into the princess' chamber; I stay behind
Without the door; through which he needs must pass;
Ferneze flies; let him; to me he comes; he's kill'd
By me; observe, by me; you follow; I rail,
And seem to save the body: duchess comes,
On whom, respecting her advanced birth,
And your fair nature, I know, nay I do know,
No violence must be used. She comes, I storm,
I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain
The duchess' honour; she for this loves me.
I shall know her soul, you mine;
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance,
As women are most thoughtful in revenge,
Of her Ferneze; but you shall sooner know't
Than she can think't.
——Thus shall his death come sure,
Your duchess brain-caught; so your life secure.

P. Jac. It is too well: my bosom and my heart,
When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.
[*Exit.*

Men. "Who cannot feign friendship, can ne'er "produce the effects of hatred." Honest fool duke! subtle lascivious duchess! silly novice Ferneze! I do laugh at ye, my brain is in labour till it produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible the issue is at hand.
"As bears shape young, so I'll form my device,
"Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes men wise." [*Exit.*

Enter MALEVOLE *and* PASSARELLO.

Mal. Fool, most happily encounter'd; can'st sing, fool?

Pas. Yes, I can sing fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments, scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded, I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies.

Mal. You are in good case since you came to court, fool; what guarded, [33] guarded!

Pas. Yes faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament or honour, but for a badge of drudgery: for now the duke is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep every night.

Mal. What are his griefs?

Pas. He had sore eyes.

Mal. I never observed so much.

Pas. Horrible sore eyes; and so hath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the eye-balls, and that's the reason the horn of a cuckold is as tender as his eye; or [34] as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since, that could not endure to be touch't. The duke hangs down his head [35] like a columbine.

Mal. Passarello, why do great men beg fools?

Pas. As the Welchmen stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch: only to keep begging in fashion.

Mal. Pugh! thou givest no good reason,
Thou speakest like a fool.

Pas. Faith I utter small fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with [36] jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-colour'd beard, and taking tobacco. This is all the mirror of their knightly compliments: nay, I shall talk when my tongue is a going once; 'tis like a citizen on horse-back, evermore in a false gallop.

Mal. And how doth Maquerelle fare now-a-days?

Pas. Faith, I was wont to salute her [37] as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing: I would call her whore; but now that antiquity leaves her as [38] an old piece of plastick t'work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her: she was the first that ever invented perfumed smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes for fear of creaking for the visitant. She were an excellent lady, but that her face peeleth [39] like Muscovy glass.

Mal. And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

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[33] *Guarded*— Adorned with lace, or fringe. Barret, in his Alvearie, explains *a garment, garded*, to be same as one *hemmed, plated*, or *fringed*. So, in the Dedication to *Euphues and his England*, 1582. "If a tailour make your gowne too little, you cover his fault with a broade stomacher; if too greate, with a number of plightes; if too short, with a fayre *garde*; if too long, with a false gathering, &c."

[34] *As that growing in the woman's forehead*—In 1679, was published a pamphlet, intitled, "A Brief Narrative of a strange and wonderful Old Woman, who hath a pair of horns growing upon her head. Giving a true account how they have several times after their being shed grown again, &c." This woman, whose name was Davies, was born at Shotwick, in *Cheshire*, and, supposing the pamphlet to be a republication, might be the person here alluded to. Her picture, and one of the horns which she shed, are now among the curiosities in the British Museum.

[35] *Like a Columbine.*—This flower always points itself downwards. S.

[36] *Jingling of his gilt spurs.*—See Note 3 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage.*

[37] *As our English women are at their first landing in Flushing.*—At this time, *Flushing* was in the hands of the English as part of the security for money advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch. The governor and garrison were all Englishmen.

[38] *An old piece of plastick.*—i. e. An ancient model made of wax or clay, by which an artist might work. S.

[39] *Like Muscovy Glass.*—I believe, he means *Isinglass.* If I remember rightly, our first *isinglass* came from Muscovy, the fish from which it is made being found in the *Borystfienes.* S.

Pas. O excellent; he keeps beside me fifteen jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling; and utters their jests in private to the duke and duchess; he'll lie like to your Switzer or lawyer; he'll be of any side for most money.

Mal. I am in haste, be brief.

Pas. As your fiddler when he is paid. He'll thrive I warrant you, while your young courtier stands like Good Friday in Lent, men long to see it because more fatting days come after it, else he's the leanest and pitifullest actor in the whole pageant. Adieu, Malevole.

Mal. O world most vile, when thy loose vanities,
Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Pas. You'll know me again, Malevole.

Mal. O ay, by that velvet.

Pas. Ay, as a petty-fogger by his buckram bag. I am as common in the court as an hostess's lips in the country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me; the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu, Malevole. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter MENDOZO *with a* [40] *Sconce, to observe* FERNEZE'S *entrance; who, whilst the Act is playing, enters unbraced, two Pages before him with lights, is met by* MAQUERELLE *and conveyed in. The Pages are sent away.*

Men. He's caught, the woodcock's head is in the noose.
Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sense is merely deified.
The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget centaurs;
And now in strength of panting faint delight,
The goat bids heaven envy him. Good goose,
I can afford thee nothing but the poor comfort of calamity, pity.
"Lust's like the plummets hanging on clock lines,
"Will ne'er have done till all is quite undone."
Such is the course salt fallow lust doth run,
Which thou shalt try: I'll be revenged. Duke, thy suspect;
Duchess, thy disgrace; Ferneze, thy rivalship;
Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,
No law of friendship so sacred;
But I'll profane, burst, violate,
'Fore I'll endure disgrace, contempt, and poverty.
Shall I, whose very hum struck all heads bare,
Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe
Forced the most private passages fly ope,
Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?
Learn now to make a leg; and cry, beseech ye,
Pray ye, is such a lord within? be awed
At some odd usher's scoff'd formality?
First scar my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo, refert;*
My heart cries, perish all: how! how! *What fate*
"Can once avoid revenge that's desperate?"
I'll to the duke; if all should ope—if! tush;
"Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush."

SCENE II.

Enter MALEVOLE *at one Door,* BIANCA, EMILIA, *and* MAQUERELLE *at the other Door.*

Mal. Bless ye, chaste ladies! ha, [41] Dipsas! how dost thou old Cole?

Maq. Old Cole!

Mal. Ay, old Cole; methinks thou liest like a brand under billets of green wood. He that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that hath first been fired, a panderess, my half burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a thousand virgin tapers afire. And how doth Janivere thy husband, my little perriwinckle: is he troubled with the cough of the lungs still? does he hawk anights still? he will not bite.

Bian. No, by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty of old teeth.

Mal. And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones:
Marry, he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.

Bian. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

I am rather inclined to think, he means a kind of glass called *slude*, which is among the native commodities of Russia, enumerated by Giles Fletcher, in *The Russe Commonwealth*, 1751. p. 10. "In the province of Corelia, (says he) and about the river Duyna towards the North-sea, there groweth a soft rocke which they call Slude. This they cut into pieces, and so tear it into thin *flakes, which naturally it is apt for*, and so use it for glass lanthorns and such like. It giveth both inwards and outwards a clearer light than glasse, and for this respect is better than either glasse or horne; for that it neither breaketh like glasse, nor yet will burne like the lanthorne."

[40] *Sconce.*—i. e. a skreen. A sconce was a petty fortification.

[41] *Dipsas.*—The Dipsas is the *fire-drake*, a serpent of a nature directly opposite to that of the *Hydras*. The one is supposed to kill by inflammation, the other by cold. S.

Mal. The close stroke! O mortal wench! lady, have ye now no restoratives for your decayed Jason? look ye, crabs guts baked, distilled ox-pith, the pulverized hairs of a lion's upper lip, jelly of cock-sparrows, he-monkey's marrow, or powder of fox-stones. And whither are you ambling now?

Bian. To bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bian. That were country fashion y'faith.

Mal. Have ye no foregoers about you? come, whither in good deed law now?

Bian. In good deed law now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable composed posset with three curds, without any drink. Will ye help me with a he fox? here's the duke.

[*The Ladies go out.*

Mal. Fried frogs are very good, and French-like too. [*To* BIANCA.

SCENE III.

Enter PIETRO JACOMO, *Count* CELSO, *Count* EQUATO, BILIOSO, FERRARDO, *and* MENDOZO.

P. Jac. The night grows deep and foul, what hour is't?

Cel. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Mal. Save ye, duke.

P. Jac. From thee? begone, I do not love thee; let me see thee no more, we are displeased.

Mal. Why God be with thee; heaven hear my curse,
May thy wife and thee live long together!

P. Jac. Begone, sirrah!

Mal. [42] *When Arthur first in Court began,*—
Agamemnon:
Menelaus—was ever any duke a Cornuto?

P. Jac. Begone hence!

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men. Out with him!

Mal. With most servile patience. Time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumb,
Thy [43] *bezel'd sense. Slaves to favour, marry,* shall arise.
" Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!
" Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly;
" As fowl the tortoise mockt, who to the sky
" The ambitious shell-fish raised; the end of all
" Is only, that from height he might dead fall."

Bil. Why, when? out ye rogue! begone ye rascal!

Mal. I shall now leave ye with all my best wishes.

Bil. Out, ye cur!

Mal. Only let's hold together a firm correspondence.

Bil. Out!

Mal. A mutual friendly reciprocal perpetual kind of steady unanimous heartily-leagued—

Bil. Hence, ye gross-jawed peasantly—out, go!

Mal. Adieu pigeon-house; thou burr, that only stick'st to nappy fortunes. The serpigo, the strangury, an eternal uneffectual priapism seize thee!

Bil. Out, rogue!

Mal. May'st thou be a notorious wittolly pander to thine own wife; and yet get no office, but live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a beggarly cuckold. [*Exit.*

P. Jac. It shall be so.

Men. It must be so; for where great states revenge,
" 'Tis requisite the parts with piety
" And lofty respect be closely dogg'd.
" Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,
" Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction,
" Who may discover any shape of danger;
" For once disgraced, discover'd in offence,
" It makes man blushless, and man is, all confess,
" More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.
" [44] Favours are writ in dust, but stripes we feel,
" Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel."

P. Jac. You shall be leagued with the Duchess.

Equato. The plot is very good.

Men. You shall both kill, and seem the course to save.

Fer. A most fine brain-trick.

Cel. Of a most cunning knave. [*Aside.*

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[42] *When Arthur, &c.*—This entire ballad (which Falstaff likewise begins to sing in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*) is published in the first volume of Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

[43] *Bezel'd.*—See Note 14 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 566.

[44] *Favours are writ in dust.*—So, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 5. S. 2:

— " But all that I have done
(My benefits *in sand or water written*)
As they had never been, no more remember'd."

Shakespeare's *King Henry* VIII. A. 4. S. 2:

" Men's evil manners live in brass; their vertues
We write in water."

See also the Notes of Mr Steevens and Dr Percy on the last passage.

P. Jac. My lords, the heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soul; think, think of it:
I strike, but yet like him that 'gainst stone walls
Directs, his shafts rebound in his own face,
My lady's shame is mine; O God, 'tis mine.
Therefore I do conjure all secresy,
Let it be as very little as may be; pray ye, as may be,
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Stain nought with blood, only Ferneze dies,
But not before her brows: O gentlemen,
God knows I love her; nothing else, but this,
I am not well. If grief, that sucks veins dry,
Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,
Bedulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remove me to another world,
As sure I once must die, let him succeed:
I have no child; all that my youth begot
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me:
Which, as it ever shall, I do conjure it,
Mendozo may succeed: he's nobly born;
With me of much desert.

Cel. Much. [*Aside.*

P. Jac. Your silence answers, ay.
I thank you. Come on now: O that I might die
Before her shame's displayed! would I were forced
To burn my father's tomb,[45] unheal his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this:
This both the living and the dead offends;
"Sharp surgery, where nought but death amends."
[*Exit with the others.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MAQUERELLE, EMILIA, *and* BIANCA *with the Posset.*

Maq. Even here it is, three curds in three regions individually distinct.
Most methodical according to art composed without any drink.

Bian. Without any drink?

Maq. Upon my honour. Will you sit and eat?

Em. Good the composure: the receipt, how is't?

Maq. 'Tis a pretty pearl; by this pearl, how dost with me, thus it is: Seven-and-thirty yolks of Barbary hens' eggs, eighteen spoonfuls and a half of the juice of cock-sparrow bones; one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one quarter, of the syrup of Ethiopian dates; sweetened with three quarters of a pound of pure candied Indian eringos; strewed over with the powder of pearl of America, amber of Cataia, and lambstones of Muscovia.

Bian. Trust me, the ingredients are very cordial, and no question good, and most powerful in restoration.

Maq. I know not what you mean by restauration; but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and quickeneth the wit;—that's all.

Em. By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already.

Maq. Have you the art to seem honest?

Bian. Ay, thank advice and practice.

Maq. Why then, eat me off this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know Dr Plaister-face? by this curd, he's the most exquisite in forging of veins, sprightening of eyes, dyeing of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, soupling of breasts, blanching and bleeching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious[46] by torch-light: by this curd, la!

Bian. Well! we are resolved; what God has given us, we'll cherish.

Maq. Cherish any thing saving your husband: keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale: but for your beauty, let it be your saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I ha' been young, and yet in my conscience I am not above five-and-twenty; but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty; for, youth and beauty once gone, we are like beehives without honey,—out-o'-fashion apparel that no man will wear; therefore use me your beauty.

Em. Ay, but men say——

Maq. Men say! let men say what they will: life a woman! they are ignorant of your wants; the more in years, the more in perfection they grow! if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion: but when our beauty fades, good night with us. There *cannot* be an uglier thing to see, than an *old woman*; from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties.

Bian. Hark! music!

Maq. Peace, 'tis in the duchess' bed-chamber. Good rest, most prosperously graced ladies.

Em. Good night, centinel.

Bian. Night, dear Maquerelle.
[*Exeunt all but* MAQUERELLE.

Maq. May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty;
And me your youth and beauty; the pleasingest rest! [*Exit* MAQUERELLE.

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45 *Unheal his bones*,—i. e. uncover. To *heal* in Sussex signifies to cover. S.
46 *Gracious*,—i. e. graceful.

SCENE V.

A SONG.

Whilst the Song is singing, enter MENDOZO *with his Sword drawn, ready to Murder* FERNEZE *as he flies from the Duchess' Chamber.—Tumult within.*

All. Strike, strike.
Aur. Save my Ferneze! O save my Ferneze!

Enter FERNEZE *in his Shirt, and is received upon* MENDOZO'S *Sword.*

All. Follow, pursue.
Aur. O save Ferneze!
Men. Pierce, pierce; thou shallow fool! drop there.
"He that attempts a prince's lawless love,
Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus' eyes,
And back of Hercules, or else he dies."
[*Thrusts his Rapier in* FERNEZE.

Enter AURELIA, *Duke,* PIETRO JACOMO, FERRARDO, BILIOSO, CELSO, *and* EQUATO.

All. Follow, follow.
Men. Stand off! forbear! ye most uncivil lords.
P. Jac. Strike.
Men. Do not; tempt not a man resolved.
[MENDOZO *bestrides the wounded Body of* FERNEZE, *and seems to save him.*
Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death.
Aur. O poor Ferneze!
Men. Alas! now all defence is too late.
Aur. He's dead.
P. Jac. I am sorry for our shame: go to your bed:
Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed
When I am dead.
Aur. What! weep for thee? my soul no tears shall find.
P. Jac. Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!
Men. Betray such beauty! murder such youth! contemn civility!
He loves him not that rails not at him.
P. Jac. Thou canst not move us: we have blood enough.—
And please you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects; if not, why then——
Aur. Not!
P. Jac. Not:—the best of rest, good night.
[*Exit* PIETRO *with other Courtiers.*
Aur. Despite go with thee.
Men. Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace:
You have wronged him much, loves you too much.
Go to; your soul knows you have.
Aur. I think I have.
Men. Do you but think so?
Aur. Nay, sure I have: my eyes have witnessed thy love.
Thou hast stood too firm for me.
Men. Why tell me, fair cheeked lady, who even in tears
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion
Struck you into such violent heat against me?
Speak, what mischief wronged us? what devil injured us?
Speak.
Aur. That thing, ne'er worthy of the name of man, Ferneze:
Ferneze swore thou lovedst Emilia;
Which to advance, with most reproachful breath,
Thou both didst blemish and renounce my love.
Men. Ignoble villain! did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbs[45] for this? O God! for this?
Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life;
Ripped bare my throat unto the hangman's axe.
Thou most dishonoured trunk:—Emilia!
By life, I know her not!—Emilia!
Did you believe him?
Aur. Pardon me, I did.
Men. Did you? and thereupon you graced him.
Aur. I did.
Men. Took him to favour, nay, even clasped with him?
Aur. Alas! I did.
Men. This night?
Aur. This night.
Men. And in your lustful twines the duke took you?
Aur. A most sad truth.
Men. O God! O God! how we dull honest souls,
Heavy brained men, are swallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitful ground! whilst nimble bloods,
Light-jointed spirits, speed,[46] cut good men's throats,
And 'scape. Alas! I am too honest for this age,
Too full of phlegm, and heavy steadiness:
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;
Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
Who even sliced my heart.
Aur. Come, I did err, and am most sorry I did err.
Men. Why, we are both but dead: the duke hates us.
"And those whom princes do once groundly hate,
Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.
Prevention is the heart of policy."

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[45] *Thy wounded limbs*, &c.—The first edition reads,—

Thy wounded limbs for this? rank opposite
Even to my sovereign for this? O God for this? &c.

[46] *Speed.*—The first edition reads *pent*; the second *spent*. The alteration by Mr Dodsley.

Aur. Shall we murder *him*?
Men. Instantly.
Aur. Instantly; before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honour's much-known blot,
Let's murder him.
Men. I would do much for you. Will ye marry me?
Aur. I'll make thee duke. We are of Medicis;
Florence our friend; in court my faction
Not meanly strengthful. The duke then dead;
We well prepared for change; the multitude
Irresolutely reeling; we in force;
Our party seconded; the kingdom 'mazed,—
No doubt with swift success all shall be graced.
Men. You do confirm me; we are resolute;
To-morrow look for change; rest confident.
'Tis now about the immodest waist of night:
The mother of moist dew, with pallid light,
Spreads gloomy shades about the nummed earth.
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's birth.
This man I'll get inhum'd. Farewell:—to bed.
I'll kiss the pillow. Dream the duke is dead.
[*Exit* AURELIA.
So, so, good night.—How fortune doats on impudence![47]
I am in private the adopted son of yon good prince:
I must be duke. Why, if I must, I must.
Most silly lord, name me! O heaven!
I see God made honest fools to maintain crafty knaves.
The duchess is wholly mine too,—must kill her husband
To quit her shame; much! then marry her; ay.
O I grow proud in prosperous treachery!
"As wrestlers clip, so I'll embrace you all,
Not to support, but to procure your fall."

Enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. God arrest thee.
Men. At whose suit?
Mal. At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous damnable monster!
How dost? how dost, thou treacherous rogue?
Ah, ye rascal, I am banished the court, sirrah.
Men. Pr'ythee let's be acquainted; I do love thee, faith.
Mal. At your service, by the Lord, la. Shall's go to supper? Let's be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously strengthened friendship: shall's, Huguenot? shall's?
Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow morn?
Mal. As a raven to a dunghill. They say there's one dead here; pricked for the pride of the flesh.
Men. Ferneze; there he is; pr'ythee bury him.
Mal. O, most willingly; I mean to turn pure Rochel churchman,[48] I.
Men. Thou churchman! why, why?
Mal. Because I'll live lazily, rail upon authority, deny kings supremacy in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine own parish.
Men. Wherefore dost thou think churches were made?
Mal. To scour plough-shares: I have seen oxen plough up altars. *Et nunc seges ubi Sion fuit.*
Men. Strange!
Mal. Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptuous steeple turned to a stinking privy: more beastly, the sacred'st place made a dog-kennel: nay, most inhuman, the stone-coffins of long fled Christians burst up, and made hogs-troughs.—*Hic finis Priami.*
Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at thy chamber?
Good night, good mischievous incarnate devil; good night,
Mendozo; ah, you inhuman villain, good night; night, fub.
Men. Good night; to-morrow morn.
[*Exit* MENDOZO.
Mal. Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come.
I do descry cross-points; honesty and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true Frenchman's legs.
Fer. O!
Mal. Proclamations! more proclamations!
Fer. O! a surgeon!
Mal. Hark! lust cries for a surgeon. What news from limbo?
How doth the grand cuckold, Lucifer?
Fer. O help! help! conceal and save me.
[FERNEZE *stirs, and* MALEVOLE *helps him up, and conveys him away.*
Mal. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far.
"Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;
But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and worse;
Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse.
Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;
But, O Ferneze, what in lust to die!

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[47] *How fortune doats on impudence!*—A repetition of the same sentiment is in A. 1. S. 1.:

"Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush."

[48] *Rochel churchman.*—*Rochel* was at this time held by the Huguenots, or Protestants, with the privilege of professing their religion unmolested. It was besieged, in 1573, by the Duke of Anjou, without success; but fell into the hands of its enemies in 1629, after a long, obstinate, and brave defence.

Then thou *that* shame respects, O fly converse
With *women's* eyes, and lisping wantonness.
Stick *candles* 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,
If *they not* burn, yet at the least they'll black."
Come, I'll convey thee to a private port,
Where thou shalt live, O happy man, from court.
The beauty of the day begins to rise,
From whose bright form night's heavy shadow flies.
Now 'gins close plots to work, the scene grows full
And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PIETRO JACOMO, MENDOZO, *Count* EQUATO, *and* BILIOSO.

P. Jac. 'Tis grown to youth of day, how shall we waste this light?
My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.
Shall we go hunt? prepare for field.
[*Exit* EQUATO.

Men. Would ye could be merry.

P. Jac. Would God I could! Mendozo, bid 'em haste. [*Exit* MENDOZO.
I would *fain shift place*; O vain relief!
"Sad souls may well change place, but not change *grief*:"
As deer, being struck, fly thorough many soils,
Yet still the shaft sticks fast; so——

Bil. A good old simile, my honest lord.

P. Jac. I am not much unlike to some sick man,
That long desired hurtful drink; at last
Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once
Both life and thirst. O would I ne'er had known
My own dishonour! Good God! that men should
Desire to search out that, which being found, kills all
Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,
And then be driven from out paradise!—
Canst give me some comfort?

Bil. My lord, I have some books which have *been dedicated to my honour*, and I never read them, and *yet they had very fine* names: *Physic for Fortune*;[49] *Lozenges of Sanctified Sincerity*.[50] Very pretty works of curates, scriveners, and schoolmasters. Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Anneus Seneca.

P. Jac. Out upon him, he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haste thee to Florence. Here, take our letters,—see them sealed: away; report in private to the honoured duke his daughter's forced disgrace; tell him at length,
We know too much. Due compliments advance:
"There's nought that's safe and sweet but ignorance. [*Exit* PIETRO.

Enter BIANCA

Bil. Madam, I am going ambassador for Florence; 'twill be great charges to me.

Bian. No matter, my lord, you have the lease of two manors come out next Christmas; you may lay your tenants on the greater rack for it: and when you come again, I'll teach you how you shall get two hundred pounds a year by your teeth.

Bil. How ,madam

Bian. Cut off so much house-keeping:—that which is saved by the teeth, you know, is got by the teeth.

Bil. 'Fore God, and so I may. I am in wondrous credit, lady.

Bian. See the use of flattery. I did ever counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have profited well: any man that will do so shall be sure to be like your Scotch barnacle,[51] now a block, instantly a worm, and presently a great goose.

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[49] *Physic for fortune.*—In 1579, was published a book, entitled, "Physick against Fortune, as well Prosperous as Adverse, contained in two Books. Written in Latin by Francis Petrarch, a most famous poet and oratour, and now first Englished by Thomas Twyne;" 4to, B. L.

[50] *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity*—I have not met with this book, but, from the *ridicule* thrown out in *The Wits*, I believe some one with a similar title had before appeared.

[51] *Scotch barnacle.*—In Mr Collins's Note on *The Tempest*, A. 4. S. 1., the ridiculous opinions of several ancient writers respecting barnacles are set down. The following is from one more modern, but equally absurd: "Among the rest there is the solon goose, a large bird, but tastes more of fish than flesh, because accustomed to the sea, and feeds there oftener than in other places. The inhabitants say, that the manner of its production is this: she lets fall her egg according to the season on the side of a rock, which, having a slimy glutinous matter about it, fastens itself to the place where it happens to fall, nor can it be removed without danger of breaking it to pieces. And sometimes the egg is so untowardly fixed, that there is no more room for the bird to come at it than with one of her feet, which she spreads

This it is to rot and putrify in the bosom of greatness.

Bil. Thou art ever my politician. O happy is that old lord that hath a politician to his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen shall attend upon me; marry, the most of them shall be farmers' sons, because they shall bear their own charges; and they shall go apparelled thus,—in sea-water green suits, ash-coloured cloaks, watchet [52] stockings, and popin-jay [53] green feathers. Will not the colours do excellent?

Bian. Out upon't, they'll look like citizens riding to their friends at Whitsuntide,—their apparel just so many several parishes.

Bil. I'll have it so; and Passarello, my fool, shall go along with me; marry he shall be in velvet.

Bian. A fool in velvet!

Bil. Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear sattin; I'll have mine in velvet.

Bian. What will you wear then, my lord?

Bil. Velvet too; marry, it shall be embroidered, because I'll differ from the fool somewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gout. Nothing grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambassador must drink. Didst thou ask thy doctor what was good for the gout!

Bian. Yes; he said—ease, wine, and women, were good for it.

Bil. Nay, thou hast such a wit. What was good to cure it, said he?

Bian. Why, the rack. All your empirics could never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did in England, or your Scotch boot. [54] The French Harlequin will instruct you.

Bil. Surely I do wonder how thou, having for the most part of thy lifetime been a country body, should'st have so good a wit.

Bian. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier thrice two months.

Bil. So have I these twenty years, and yet there was a gentleman-usher called me coxcomb t'other day, and to my face too: was't not a backbiting rascal? I would I were better travelled, that I might have been better acquainted with the fashions of several countrymen; but my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bian. How, my lord?

Bil. Marry, my good lord, quoth he, your lordship shall ever find amongst an hundred Frenchmen forty hot shots; amongst an hundred Spaniards, threescore braggarts; amongst an hundred Dutchmen, fourscore drunkards; amongst an hundred Englishmen, fourscore and ten madmen; and amongst an hundred Welchmen——

Bian. What, my lord?

Bil. Fourscore and nineteen gentlemen.

Bian. But since you go about a sad embassy, I would have you go in black, my lord.

Bil. Why, dost think I cannot mourn, unless I wear my hat in cypress like an alderman's heir? that's vile, very old, in faith.

Bian. I'll learn of you shortly. O we should have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct you. How will you bear yourself when you come into the Duke of Florence's court?

Bil. Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough. As I walk up and down the chamber, I'll spit frowns about me; have a strong perfume in my jerkin; let my beard grow to make me look terrible; salute no man beneath the fourth button,—and 'twill do excellent.

Bian. But there is a very beautiful lady there, how will you entertain her?

Bil. I'll tell you that, when the lady hath entertained me; but, to satisfy thee, here comes the fool. Fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady.

Enter PASSARELLO.

Pas. Your fool will stand for your lady most willingly and most uprightly.

Bil. I'll salute her in Latin.

Pas. O your fool can understand no Latin.

Bil. Aye, but your lady can.

Pas. Why, then, if your lady take down your fool, your fool will stand no longer for your lady.

Bil. A pestilent fool: 'Fore God I think the world be turned upside down *too*.

Pas. O no, sir; for then your lady, and all the ladies in the palace, should go with their heels

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on the upper part of the egg, rests on it with her whole body, and in time, with the heat of her foot, produces the young one, which from this way of hatching takes its name, and is called *Solon* quasi *Sole on*, from the sole of the dam's foot, which after this manner gives it being. But whether so or no, I am not sure;—you have the relation."—MORER's *Short Account of Scotland*, 1702, p. 17.

[52] *Watchet*,—i. e. pale blue.

[53] *Popin-jay*.—A parrot, or a bird of that species. See Skinner.

[54] *Your Scotch boot*.—The *torturing-boots* are mentioned by Swift, Vol. XIII. 1768, p. 314., to have been hung out *in terrorem* to Captain Creichton in 1689. N.

The *boot* was an instrument of torture formerly used in Scotland. Bishop Burnet, in his *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 332. edit. 1754, mentions one Macgill, a preacher, who, being suspected of treasonable practices, underwent this punishment in 1666: "He was put to the torture, which in Scotland they call the *boots*; for they put a pair of iron boots close on the leg, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common torture was only to drive these in the calf of the leg; but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone."

upward; and that were a strange sight, you know.

Bil. There be many that will repine at my preferment.

Pas. O aye, like the envy of an elder sister, that hath her younger made a lady before her.

Bil. The duke is wondrous discontented.

Pas. Aye, and more melancholy-like than a usurer having all his money out at the death of a prince.

Bil. Didst thou see madam Floria to-day?

Pas. Yes, I found her repairing her face to-day; the red upon the white shewed as if her cheeks should have been served in for two dishes of barberries in stewed broth, and the flesh to them a woodcock.

Bil. A bitter fool! Come, madam, this night thou shalt enjoy me freely, and to-morrow for Florence.

Pas. What a natural fool is he that would be a pair of boddice to a woman's petticoat, to be trussed and pointed to them? Well, I'll dog my lord, and the word is proper: for when I fawn upon him, he feeds me; when I snap him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog's death were not strangling, I had rather be one than a serving-man; for the corruption of coin is either the generation of a usurer, or a lousy beggar.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* PASSARELLO.

SCENE II.

Enter MALEVOLE *in some Freeze Gown, while* BILIOSO *reads his Patent.*

Mal. I cannot sleep; my eyes ill-neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense doth steep;
Thou that givest all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour!
The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field, [55]
Thou makest wink sure. In night all creatures sleep;
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels; alas, he's goodman tell-clock,
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
Whilst other beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Bil. Malevole!

Mal. Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bil. I am going ambassador to Florence.

Mal. Ambassador! Now, for thy country's honour, pr'ythee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she not?

Bil. No, I leave her at the palace.

Mal. At the palace! Now discretion shield man; for God's love let's ha' no more cuckolds! Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe; keep thy wife in the state of grace. Heart-a-truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled in a Bordello, than in the Genoa palace; sin there appearing in her sluttish shape,
Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes sense,
Surfeit would choke intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust.
When in an Italian lascivious palace, a lady guardianless,
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strongest incitements to immodesty,
To have her bound incensed with wanton sweets,
Her veins filled high with heating delicates;
Soft rest, sweet music, amorous masquerers,
Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er;
Strong phantasy tricking up strange delights,
Presenting it dressed pleasingly to sense,
Sense leading it unto the soul, confirmed
With potent example, impudent custom,
Enticed by that great bawd opportunity:
Thus being prepared, clap to her easy ear
Youth in good clothes, well shaped, rich,
Fair-spoken, promising, noble, ardent blood,
Fair, witty, flattering; Ulysses absent,
O Ithacan! the chastest Penenelope cannot hold out.

Bil. 'Mass, I'll think on't. Farewell.

[*Exit* BILIOSO.

Mal. Farewell. Take thy wife with thee. Farewell.—
To Florence! um: it may prove good; it may,
And we may once unmask our brows.

SCENE III.

Enter Count CELSO.

Cel. My honoured lord!

Mal. Celso, peace; how is't? speak low,
Pale fears suspect that hedges, walls, and trees,
Have ears: speak, how runs all?

Cel. I'faith, my lord, that beast with many heads,
The staggering multitude, recoils apace.
Though, thorough great men's envy, most men's malice,
Their much intemperate heat hath banished you,
Yet now they find envy and malice ne'er

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[55] *Barb the field,*—i. e. mow it. See Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 3. S. 2. edit. 1778. S.

Produce faint reformation.
The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block,
For which two tugging factions seem to saw,
But still the iron through the ribs they draw.
Mal. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found
Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice
And fearful baseness; therefore I tell thee, Celso,
I find the wind begins to come about,
I'll shift my suit of fortune. I know the Florentine, whose only force,
By marrying his proud daughter to this prince,
Both banished me, and made this weak lord, duke,
Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:
I'll lie in ambush for conveniency,
Upon their severance to confirm myself.
Cel. Is Ferneze interred?
Mal. Of that at leisure:—he lives.
Cel. But how stands Mendozo? how is't with him?
Mal. Faith like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself.
Cel. He does fly from public notice methinks, as a hare does from hounds, the feet whereon he flies betray him.
Mal. I can track him, Celso.
O my disguise fools him most powerfully;
For that I seem a desperate malcontent,
He fain would clasp with me; he is the true slave
That will put on the most affected grace,
For some veiled second cause.

Enter MENDOZO.

Cel. He's here.
Mal. Give place.
Illo! ho, ho, ho, art there, old true-penny?[56]
[*Exit* CELSO.
Where hast thou spent thyself this morning? I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy soul. Ha, thou huge rascal!
Men. Thou art very merry.
Mal. As a scholar, *fatuens gratis.* How doth the devil go with thee now?
Men. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.
Mal. Who I? I have been a sergeant man.
Men. Thou art very poor.
Mal. As Job, an alchymist, or a poet.
Men. The duke hates thee.
Mal. As Irishmen do bum-cracks.
Men. Thou hast lost his amity.
Mal. As pleasing as maids lose their virginity.
Men. Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, would thou wert noble.
Mal. Why sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind; for I find myself possessed with all their qualities,—love dogs, dice, and drabs; scorn wit in stuff clothes, have beat my shoemaker, knocked my semsters, cuckold my 'pothecary, and undone my tailor. Noble! why not? since the stoick said, *Neminem servum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum;* only busy fortune towses, and the provident chances blend them together. I'll give you a simile: did you ever see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? such is the state of all humanity. Why, look you, I may be the son of some duke; for, believe me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes nobility doubtful. I have a lusty daring heart, Mendozo.
Men. Let's grasp, I do like thee infinitely wilt enact one thing for me?
Mal. Shall I get by it? [*Gives him his Purse*
Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.
Men. Murther the duke.
Mal. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fancy's dream,
My blood's longing, the only height of my hopes: how?
O God, how? O how my united spirits throng together,
To strengthen my resolve!
Men. The duke is now a hunting.
Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it; lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, crossbow;—so, so, I'll do it.
Men. Then we agree.
Mal. As lent and fishmongers. Come, *cap-a-pie*, how? inform.
Men. Know that this weak-brained duke, who only stands
On Florence stilts, hath out of witless zeal
Made me his heir; and secretly confirmed
The wreath to me after his life's full point.
Mal. Upon what merit?
Men. Merit! by heaven I horn him;
Only Ferneze's death gave me state's life.
Tut, we are politic, he must not live now.
Mal. No reason, marry: but how must he die now?
Men. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the duchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria, the banished Duke Altofront's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction: this is all, la.
Mal. Do you love Maria?
Men. Faith, no great affection, but as wise men do love great women, to ennoble their blood, and augment their revenue. To accomplish this now: Thus now,—the duke is in the forest next

[56] *Illo! ho, ho, ho, art there, old true-penny?*—See *Hamlet.*

the sea, *single him*, kill him, hurl him in the main, *and proclaim* thou sawest wolves eat him.

Mal. Um, not so good: methinks when he is slain,
To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch,
That's muffled, or with feigned holiness
To swear he heard the duke, on some steep cliff,
Lament his wife's dishonour, and in an agony
Of his heart's torture hurled his groaning sides
Into the swollen sea: this circumstance,
Well made, sounds probable; and hereupon
The duchess——

Men. May well be banished:
O unpeerable! invention rare!
Thou god of policy, it honies me.

Mal. Then fear not for the wife of Altofront, I'll close to her.

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellency is pleased:
Why wert not thou an emperor? when we are duke,
I'll make thee some great man sure.

Mal. Nay, make me some rich knave, and I'll make myself some great man.

Men. In thee be all my spirit;
Retain ten souls; unite thy virtual powers.
Resolve; ha, remember greatness. Heart, farewell.

Enter CELSO.

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

[*Exit* MENDOZO.

Mal. Celso, didst hear? O heaven, didst hear
Such devilish mischief? sufferest thou the world
Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still dost wink, still doth thy vengeance slumber?
"If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder!" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PIETRO JACOMO, FERRARDO, PREPASSO, *and three Pages, Cornets like Horns.*

Fer. The dogs are at a fault.

P. Jac. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it! let the deer pursue safely, the dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs; as for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another,—I ha' one chaseth me. And't please you, I would be rid of you a little.

Fer. Would your grief would as soon leave you as we to quietness.

[*Exeunt* FERRARDO *and* PREPASSO.

P. Jac. I thank you.—Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

Page. Of a dry summer, my lord, for here's a hot world towards—but, my lord, I had a strange dream last night.

P. Jac. What strange dream?

Page. Why methought I pleased you with singing; and then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

P. Jac. Prettily begged!—hold thee, I'll prove thy dream true; ask't.

Page. My duty: but still I dreamt on, my lord; and methought, and't shall please your excellency, you would needs, out of your royal bounty, give me that jewel in your hat.

P. Jac. Oh, thou didst but dream, boy, do not believe it: dreams prove not always true, they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel. But now, sir, you dreamt you had pleased me with singing; make that true, as I have made the other.

Page. Faith, my lord, I did but dream, and dreams you say prove not always true: they may hold in a good sword, but not in a good song. The truth is, I ha' lost my voice.

P. Jac. Lost thy voice? how?

Page. With dreaming, faith; but here's a couple of syrenical rascals shall enchant ye. What shall they sing, my good lord?

P. Jac. Sing of the nature of women; and then the song shall be surely full of varieties, old crotchets, and most sweet closes; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page. All in one?

P. Jac. By'r lady too many; sing, my speech grows culpable of unthrifty idleness, sing. [*Song.*

SCENE V.

Enter MALEVOLE, *with Cross-bow and Pistol.*

P. Jac. A so—so—song; I am heavy, walk off, I shall talk in my sleep; walk off.

[*Exeunt Pages.*

Mal. Brief, brief, who? the duke? good heaven, that fools should stumble upon greatness! do not sleep, duke, give ye good-morrow: you must be brief, duke; I am fee'd to murther thee; start not: Mendozo, Mendozo hired me; here's his gold, his pistol, cross-bow, and sword,—'tis all as firm as earth. O fool, fool, choked with the common maze of easy idiots, credulity. Make him thine heir! what, thy sworn murtherer?

P. Jac. O, can it be?

Mal. Can?

P. Jac. Discovered he not Ferneze?

Mal. Yes; but why? but why? for love to thee? much, much,—to be revenged upon his rival, who had thrust his jaws awry; who, being slain, supposed by thine own hands, defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gracious with thy loose princess. Thou, closely yielding egress and regress to her, mad'st him heir; whose hot unquiet lust strait towzed thy sheets, and now would seize thy state. Politician! wise man! death! to be led to the stake like a bull by the horns; to make even kindness cut a gentle throat. Life! why art thou nummed? thou foggy dulness! speak. Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue, than in these fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Enter CELSO *with a Hermit's Gown and Beard.*

P. Jac. Lord Malevole, if this be true——

Mal. If? come, shade thee with this disguise. If? thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

P. Jac. World, whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why, to the devil: come, the morn grows late,
"A steady quickness is the soul of state."

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter MAQUERELLE *knocking at the Lady's Door.*

Maq. Medam, medam, are you stirring, medam? if you be stirring, medam, if I thought I should disturb ye——

Page. My lady is up, forsooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith; how old art thou?

Page. I think fourteen.

Maq. Nay, and ye be in the teens;—are ye a gentleman born? do you know me? my name is Medam Maquerelle, I lie in the old Cunny-court. See here the ladies.

Enter BIANCA *and* EMILIA.

Bian. A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

Em. Is the duchess up yet, centinel?

Maq. O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies, the most piteous disaster! Ferneze was taken last night in the duchess' chamber: alas! the duke catched him and killed him.

Bian. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O, no; but the villainous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked truth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your[57] busk points, if not chastly, yet charily: be sure the door be bolted. Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bian. Yes, Maquerelle.

Maq. I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown 'fore his return. Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise: he loves ye? pish! he is witty? bubble! fair proportioned? meaw! nobly born? wind! Let this be still your fixed position, esteem ye every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, ladies.

Em. Is the duke returned from hunting yet?

Maq. They say not yet.

Bian. Tis now in midst of day.

Em. How bears the duchess with this blemish now?

Maq. Faith, boldly; strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And there's a note to you: be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe your husband. Mark the 'haviour of the duchess now: she dares defame; cries, Duke, do what thou can'st, I'll quit mine honour: nay, as one confirmed in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances.

Enter FERRARDO.

Bian. For dances!

Maq. Most true.

Em. Most strange? see, here's my servant, young Ferrardo. How many servants think'st thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maq. The more the merrier: 'twas well said, use your servants as you do your smocks; have many, use one, and change often; for that's most sweet and courtlike.

Fer. Save ye, fair ladies; is the duke returned?

Bian. Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court.

Fer. 'Tis very strange!

Bian. And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maq. I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow; but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, 'faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard.

[*Cornets Sound.*

Fer. Not yet returned? I fear—but
The duchess approacheth.

SCENE II.

Enter MENDOZO *supporting the Duchess:* GUERRINO: *the Ladies that are on the Stage rise:* FERRARDO *ushers in the Duchess, and then takes a Lady to*[58] *tread a measure.*

Aur. We will dance; music; we will dance.

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[57] *Busk-points.*—The busk is a slip of wood, or metal, used for stiffening the front part of a woman's stays.

[58] *Tread a measure*—See Note 35 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 150.

Guer. *Lesquanto* (lady) *penses bien, passa regio,* or *Bianca's* brawl.

Aur. We have forgot [59] the brawl.

Fer. So soon? 'tis wonder.

Guer. Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aur. O, Dedalus! thy maze, I have quite forgot it.

Maq. Trust me, so have I, saving the failing back, and then honour.

Enter PREPASSO.

Aur. Music, music!

Prep. Who saw the duke? the duke?

Enter EQUATO.

Aur. Music!

Prep. The duke! is the duke returned?

Aur. Music!

Enter CELSO.

Cel. The duke is quite invisible, or else is not.

Aur. We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement; we are not pleased: you have forgot yourselves.

Enter a Page.

Cel. Boy, thy master? where's the duke?

Page. Alas! I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep; bid me walk off, for the strength of fantasy oft made him talk in his dreams. I strait obeyed, nor ever saw him since: but wheresoever he is, he's sad.

Aur. Music, sound high, as is our heart; sound high.

SCENE III.

Enter MALEVOLE, *and* PIETRO JACOMO *disguised like an Hermit.*

Mal. The duke? peace, the duke is dead.

Aur. Music!

Mal. Is't music?

Men. Give proof.

Fer. How?

Cel. Where?

Prep. When?

Mal. Rest in peace, as the duke does quietly, sir; for my own part, I beheld him but dead; that's all: marry, here's one can give you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow within this presence fright thee from the truth: speak confidently and freely.

Aur. We attend.

P. Jac. Now had the mounting sun's all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,
When I, whom men call Hermit of the rock,
Forsook my cell, and clambered up a cliff,
Against whose base the heady Neptune dashed
His high-curled brows; there 'twas I eased my limbs:
When lo! my intrails melted with the moan
Some one, who far 'bove me was climbed, did make——
I shall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On.

P. Jac. Methinks I hear him yet.—O female faith!
Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman:
And do I live to be the scoff of men?

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[59] *The brawl*—The name of this dance is introduced by Mr Gray, in his *Long Story*; and his Biographer Mr Mason says, that "brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then (i. e. in Queen Elizabeth's time) in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles." Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, *Vol. II. p. 133.* observes, "A little farther he (Sir John Elyot) speaks of a dance called the *brawle*, by which he would have his reader understand a kind of dancing, the motions and gesticulations whereof, are calculated to express something like altercation between the parties. Whether this term has any relation to that of the *Bransle* of Poitiers, which occurs in Morley's Introduction, may be a matter of some question. Minshieu and Skinner derive it from the verb *bransler, vibrare*, to brandish; the former explains the word *brawle*, by saying it is a kind of dance. Phillips is more particular, calling it a kind of dance in which several persons danced together in a ring, holding one another by the hand." This dance is often mentioned, but in no writer described so accurately as in the text. Thus, in Jacke Drum's *Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. H 4:

"What, gallants, have you ne'er a Page can entertaine
This pleasing time with some French *brawle* or song?"

Gascoigne's *Works*, p. 209: "Againe the viols called them forthwards, and againe at the end of the said *braule* Ferdinando Jeron to this gentlewoman."

Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. E: "Desyre hym to take hands in a *bralle*, ye will saie a camill daunceth."

See also the Notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tollet to *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 3. S. 1.

To be the wittol cuckold, even *to* hug my poison?
Thou knowest, O truth!
Sooner hard steel will melt with southern winds,
A seaman's whistle calm the ocean,
A town on fire be extinct with tears,
Than women vowed to blushless impudence,
With sweet behaviour and soft [60] minioning,
Will turn from that where appetite is fixed.
O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their souls!
I washed an Ethiope, who, for recompence,
Sullied my name: and must I then be forced
To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fie,
He that can bear with must, he cannot die.
With that he sighed so passionately deep,
That the dull air even groaned: at last he cries,
Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough: so dies.
For then I viewed his body fall, and sowse
Into the foamy main. O then I saw
That which methinks I see; it was the duke,
Whom strait the nicer-stomached sea
Belched up: but then——

Mal. Then came I in; but, 'las! all was too late,
For even strait he sunk.

P. Jac. Such was the duke's sad fate.

Cel. A better fortune to our duke Mendozo.

Omnes. Mendozo! [*Cornets flourish.*

Enter a Guard.

Men. A guard! a guard! We, full of hearty tears,
For our good father's loss,
(For so we well may call him,
Who did beseech your loves for our succession,)
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death,
As leave his woes revengeless. Woman of shame,
[*To* AURELIA.
We banish thee for ever to the place,
From whence this good man comes;
Nor permit, on death, unto thy body any ornament,
But, base as was thy life, depart away.

Aur. Ungrateful!

Men. Away!

Aur. Villain! hear me.—

[PREPASSO *and* GUERRINO *lead away the Duchess.*

Men. Begone.——My lords,
Address to public counsel, 'tis most fit,
The train of fortune is borne up by wit.
Away, our presence shall be sudden: haste.

[*All depart saving* MENDOZO, MALEVOLE, *and* PIETRO.

Mal. Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politican! how do'st, duke? how do'st look now? brave duke, i'faith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Male. [61] Slatted his brains out, then sowsed him in the briny sea.

Men. Brained him and drowned him too?

Mal. O 'twas best, sure work:
"For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ware, he'll prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel."

Men. A most sound brain-pan!
I'll make you both emperors.

Mal. Make us christians, make us christians.

Men. I'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallows, say he? Come, *Præmium incertum petit certum scelus.* How stands the progress?

Men. Here, take my ring into the citadel,
Have entrance to Maria, the grave duchess
Of banished Altofront. Tell her, we love her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our person; do't.

Mal. I'll make an excellent pander: duke, farewell; 'dieu, adieu, duke. [*Exit* MALEVOLE.

Men. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 'tis found
None cuts a diamond but a diamond.
Hermit, thou art a man for me, my confessor:
O thou selected spirit, born for my good;
Sure thou would'st make an excellent elder in a deformed church.
Come, we must be [63] inward, thou and I all one.

P. Jac. I am glad I was ordained for ye.

Men. Go to then; thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain: dangerous, very dangerous; you see how broad he speaks, a gross-jawed rogue, I would have thee poison him: he's like a corn upon my great toe, *I cannot go* for him: he must be *cored out, he must.* Wilt do't, ha?

P. Jac. Any thing, any thing.

Men. Heart of my life! thus then: to the citadel,
Thou shalt consort with this Malevole,
There being at supper, poison him:
It shall be laid upon Maria, who yields love, or dies:

[63] Skud quick, like lightning.

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[60] *Minioning*—i. e. being treated as a *minion*, or darling. S.

[61] *Slatted*—i. e. *dashed* his brains out. It is a North-country word. See Ray's *Collection of English Words*, p. 54. edit. 1742.

[62] *Inward*—See Note to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 514.

[63] *Skud quick*, &c.—The first edition reads,

"Skud quick.
P. Jac. "Like lightning. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies."

P. Jac. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies.
[*Exit* PIETRO.

Enter MALEVOLE.

Mal. Your devilship's ring has no virtue; the buff-captain, the sallow Westphalian, gamon-faced zaan, cries, Stand out, must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort.

Men. Command our sudden letter.—Not enter? shalt: what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt? into my heart, into my very heart: come, let's love; we must love; we two, soul and body.

Mal. How did'st like the Hermit? a strange Hermit, sirrah.

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he must die.

Mal. Ay, he must die.

Men. Thou must kill him. We are wise; we must be wise.

Mal. And provident.

Men. Yes, provident: beware an hypocrite.
A church-man once corrupted, ah! avoid.
A fellow that makes Religion his [64] stalking horse,
He breeds a plague: thou shalt poison him.

Mal. O! 'tis wond'rous necessary: how?

Men. You both go jointly to the citadel,
There sup, there poison him: and Maria,
Because she is our opposite, shall bear
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loves us.

Mal. I run. [*Exit* MALEVOLE.

Men. We that are great, our sole self-good still moves us,
They shall die both, for their deserts crave more
Than we can recompence; their presence still
Upbraids our fortunes with [65] beholdingness,
Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude,
They live not, to cry out, ingratitude.
"One stick burns t'other, steel cut steel alone:
Tis good trust few, but O, 'tis best trust none."
[*Exit* MENDOZO.

SCENE IV.

Enter MALEVOLE *and* PIETRO JACOMO *still disguised, at several Doors.*

Mal. How do you? how dost, duke?

P. Jac. O let the last day fall; drop, drop on our cursed heads;
Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames!

Mal. O do not rant, do not turn player; there's more of them than can well live one by another already.
What, art thou infidel still?

P. Jac. I am amazed; struck in a swoon with wonder: I am commanded to poison thee.

Mal. I am commanded to poison thee at supper,

P. Jac. At supper?

Mal. In the citadel.

P. Jac. In the citadel?

Mal. Cross capers! tricks! truth, a heaven! he would discharge us as boys do elder-guns, one pellet to strike out another: of what faith art now?

P. Jac. All is damnation; wickedness extreme! there is no faith in man.

Men. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man: men take 'em for blood-suckers, and so they are: now God deliver me from my friends!

P. Jac. Thy friends?

Mal. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies I'll deliver myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rankest villainy! Mark this Mendozo; mark him for a villain: But heaven will send a plague upon him for a rogue.

P. Jac. O world!

Mal. World! 'tis the only region of death, the greatest shop of the devil; the cruellest prison of men, out of the which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee: there's nothing perfect in it but extreme, extreme calamity, such as comes yonder.

SCENE V.

Enter AURELIA, *two Halberts before and two after, supported by* CELSO *and* FERRARDO; AURELIA *in base mourning attire.*

Aur. To banishment! led on to banishment!

P. Jac. Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you.

Aur. Why? why? I can desire nothing but death,
Nor deserve any thing but hell.
If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor;
O they would [66] tire heaven's goodness to reclaim them!
Judgment is just yet,—for that vast villain,
Be sure he shall not miss sad punishment
'Fore he shall rule! On to my cell of shame.

P. Jac. My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Music, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shows,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again; whilst the unquiet sea

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[64] *Stalking horse*—*The stalking horse* was one either real or fictitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. See Mr Steevens's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 2. S. 3.
[65] *Beholdingness*—The state of being beholden. A harsh word. S.
[66] *Tire*—The first edition reads *try*.

Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There usherless the air comes in and out;
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation.
A rocky barrenness shall [67] pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

Aur. It is too good. Blessed spirit of my lord!
O in what orb soe'er thy soul is throned,
Behold me worthily most miserable!
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit
Intreat some reconciliation:
If not, O joy, triumph in my just grief,
Death is the end of woe, and tears relief.

P. Jac. Belike your lord hot loved you, was unkind.

Aur. O heaven!
As the soul loved the body, so loved he:
'Twas death to him to part my presence,
Heaven to see me pleased.
Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
To clip a base ungentle faithless villain.
O God! a very Pagan reprobate——
What should I say? ungrateful, throws me out,
For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour.
But 'tis most fit: why should a better fate
Attend on any who forsake chaste sheets,
Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,
Joined by a solemn vow 'fore God and man,
To taste the brakish blood of beastly lust,
In an adulterous touch? O ravenous immodesty!
Insatiate impudence of appetite!
Look here's your end, for mark what sap in dust,
What good in sin, even so much love in lust.
Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord; pardon to me!

Cel. 'Tis the duke's pleasure this night you rest in court.

Aur. Soul lurk in shades, run shame from brightsome skies;
In night the blind man misseth not his eyes.
[*Exit.*

Mal. Do not weep, kind cuckold; take comfort, man; thy betters have been Beccoes: Agamemnon, emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all the true Trojans, was a Cornuto. Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve kings' beards, was a Cornuto. Hercules, whose back bore up heaven, and got forty wenches with child in one night—

P. Jac. Nay, 'twas fifty.

Mal. Faith, forty's enow a-conscience;—yet was a Cornuto. Patience; mischief grows proud; be wise.

P. Jac. Thou pinchest too deep: art too keen upon me.

Mal. Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous sore. I'll [68] tent thee to the ground. Thinkest I'll sustain myself by flattering thee, because thou art a prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery.

P. Jac. Yet great men ha' done't.

Mal. Great slaves fear better than love: born naturally [69] for a coal basket; though the common usher to princes presence, fortune, hath blindly given them better place. I am vowed to be thy affliction.

P. Jac. Pr'ythee be; I love much misery, and be thou son to me.

Enter BILIOSO.

Mal. Because you are an usurping duke.——Your lordship's well returned from Florence.
[*To* BILIOSO.

Bil. Well turned, I praise my horse.

Mal. What news from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceal the great duke's pleasure; only this was his charge: his pleasure is, that his daughter die; duke Pietro be banished for banishing his blood's dishonour; and that duke Altofront be re-accepted. This is all; but I hear duke Pietro is dead.

Mal. Ay, and Mendozo is duke: what will you do?

Bil. Is Mendozo strongest?

Mal. Yes he is.

Bil. Then yet I'll hold with him.

Mal. But if that Altofront should turn strait again?

Bil. Why then I would turn strait again. 'Tis good run still with him that has most might: I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right.

Mal. What religion will you be of now?

Bil. Of the duke's religion, when I know what it is.

Mal. O Hercules!

Bil. Hercules? Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.

Mal. Your lordship is a very wit-all.

Bil. Wit-all?

Mal. Ay, all-wit.

Bil. Amphytrio was a cuckold.

Mal. Your lordship sweats, your young lady will get you a cloth for your old worship's brows.
[*Exit* BILIOSO.
Here's a fellow to be damned! this is his inviolable maxim, flatter the greatest, and oppress the least. A whoreson flesh-fly, that will still gnaw upon the lean galled backs.

P. Jac. Why do'st thou salute him?

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[67] *Pierce*—The first edition reads *pain*.

[68] *Tent*—A term in Surgery. So, in *The White Devil*,

"Search my wound deeper: *tent* it with the steel that made it."

[69] *For a coal basket*—See Note 15 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*.

Mal. 'Faith, as bawds go to church, for fashion sake: come, be not confounded, thou art but in danger to lose a dukedom. Think this; this earth is only the grave and golgotha wherein all things that live must rot: 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption; the very muckhill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excrements. Man is the slime of this dung-pit, and princes are the governors of these men: for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece; [70] there goes but a pair of sheers between an emperor and the son of a bag-piper; only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference. Now, what art thou like to lose?

"A jailor's office, to keep men in bonds,
Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds."

P. Jac. I here renounce for ever regency;
O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right;
To trip thy heels up with a devilish slight.
For which I now from off thy throne am thrown;
I world's tricks abjure;
For vengeance though't comes slow, yet it comes sure.
O I am changed! for here, 'fore the dread power,
In true contrition, I do dedicate
My breath to solitary holiness,
My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall be,
Restoring Altofront to regency.

Mal. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith. [MALEVOLE *undisguiseth himself.*

Enter FERNEZE *and* CELSO.

Banish amazement: come, we four must stand
full shock of fortune; be not so wonder-stricken.

P. Jac. Doth Ferneze live?

Fer. For your pardon.

P. Jac. Pardon and love; give leave to recollect
My thoughts, dispersed in wild astonishment:
My vows stand fixed in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of providence,
That sees this change? a hearty faith to all:
He needs must rise, that can no lower fall.
For still impetuous vicissitude
[71] Towseth the world; then let no maze intrude
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise;
For who can sink, that close can temporise?
The time grows ripe for action; I'll detect
My privat'st plot; lest ignorance fear suspect.
Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate,
Mature discretion is the life of state.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter BILIOSO *and* PASSARELLO.

Bil. Fool, how do'st thou like my calf in a long stocking?

Pas. An excellent calf, my lord.

Bil. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty years. When monsieur Gundi lay here ambassador, I could have carried a lady up and down at arm's end in a platter; and I can tell you, there were those at that time, who, to try the strength of a man's back and his arm, would be [72] coister'd. I have measured calves with most of the palace, and they come nothing near me: besides, I think there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for the head-piece. I'll tell thee—

Pas. What, my lord?

Bil. I can eat stewed broth as it comes seething off the fire; or a custard, as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I think there are not many lords can do it. [73] A good pomander, a little decayed in the scent; but six grains of musk, ground with rose-water, and tempered with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently.

Pas. O ay, as a bawd with *aqua vitæ.*

Bil. And what, dost thou rail upon the ladies as thou wert wont?

Pas. I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety. I am as secret to ladies as their painting; there's Maquerelle oldest bawd, and a perpetual beggar. Did you never know of her trick to be known in the city?

Bil. Never.

Pas. Why she gets all the picture-makers to draw her picture; when they have done, she most

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[70] *There goes but a pair of sheers*, &c.—i. e. they are both of the same piece. The same expression is in *Measure for Measure*, A. 1. S. 2. See also the Notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Malone on the last-mentioned passage.

[71] *Towseth*—To *toze* is to disentangle wool or flax. See the Notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Malone on *The Winters Tale*, A. 4. S. 3.

The first edition reads *Looseth.*

[72] *Coister'd*—The meaning of this passage is plain enough without an explanation. The word *coistered* I have not found in any ancient writer, but it seems to be derived from the French word *coisser*, incommoder, faire de la peine; or perhaps *coiter*, presser, exciter. See Lacombe's *Dictionnaire du vieux langage Francois*, 1767.

[73] *A good pomander*—See Note 78 to *Lingua.*

courtly finds fault with them one after another, and never fetcheth them; they in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops; by this means is she better known to the stinkards, than if she had been five times carted.

Bil. 'Fore God, an excellent policy.

Pas. Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

Bil. Yes.

Pas. Good, my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abused me.

Bil. Whose pate?

Pas. Young Ferrard, my lord.

Bil. Take heed, he's very valiant; I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it.

Pas. O is he so great a quarreller? why then he's an arrant coward.

Bil. How prove you that?

Pas. Why thus; He that quarrels seeks to fight; and he that seeks to fight, seeks to die; and he that seeks to die, seeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel, and seeks means never to answer a man more, I think he's a coward.

Bil. Thou canst prove any thing.

Pas. Any thing but a rich knave, for I can flatter no man.

Bil. Well, be not drunk, good fool; I shall see you anon in the presence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MALEVOLE *and* MAQUERELLE, *at several doors opposite, singing.*

Mal. *The Dutchman for a drunkard.*
Maq. *The Dune for golden locks.*
Mal. [74] *The Irishman for usquebaugh.*
Maq. *The Frenchman for the pox.*

Mal. O thou art a blessed creature! had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company; ha, thou art a melodious Maquerelle; thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast.

Enter PASSARELLO.

Maq. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels? The hall will be so pestered anon.

Pas. Ay, as the country is with attornies.

Mal. What hast thou there, fool?

Pas. Wine; I have learnt to drink since I went with my lord ambassador: I'll drink to the health of Madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her.

Pas. Ay, but since I borrowed money of her, I'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen visit brokers;
Or as knights send venison to the city;
Either to take up more money, or to procure further forbearance.

Mal. Give me the bowl; I drink a health to Altofront, our deposed duke.

Pas. I'll take it so; now I'll begin a health to Madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Pugh! I will not pledge her.

Pas. Why, I pledged your lord.

Mal. I care not.

Pas. Not pledge Madam Maquerelle? why, then, will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger.

Mal. Hold, I'll take it.

Maq. Now thou hast drank my health, fool, I am friends with thee.

Pas. Art, art?

" When Griffon [75] saw the reconciled quean
" Offering about his neck her arms to cast;
" He threw off sword, and heart's malignant stream,
" And her below the lovely loins embraced."

Adieu, Madam Maquerelle.

[*Exit* PASSARELLO.

Mal. And how dost thou think o'this transformation of state now?

Maq. Verily, very well; for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other. Some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must be knaves, and some must be officers; some must be beggars, some must be knights; some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the most fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch; now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes raise that dog; sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch. Now that dog which I favour I feed; and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dog, now,——

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no more dog.—And what hope hast thou of the du-

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[74] *The Irishman for usquebaugh*—The Irish have long been celebrated on account of their fondness for this liquor. Dericke, in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581, Sign. F 2, takes notice of it:

" Againe if fortune faunth,
Or on them chaunce to smile:
She filles them then with *uskebeaghe*,
And wine an other while."

In the margin he observes, that *uskebeaghe* is *aqua vitæ*. See also Mr Malone's Note on *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2 S. 2.

[75] *When Griffon*, &c.—*Griffon* is one of the heroes of Orlando Furioso, from whence one might suspect these lines to be taken. I do not, however, find them there.

chess Maria? will she stoop to the duke's lure? will she coo, think'st?

Maq. Let me see, where's the sign now? ha' ye e'er a calendar? where's the sign trow you?

Mal. Sign! why is there any moment in that?

Maq. O, believe me, a most secret power! Look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss. But you must take her in the right vein, then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a physician's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling. Has the duke sent any jewel, and rich stones?

Enter Captain.

Mal. Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must discourse with the lady Maria, Altofront's duchess; I must enter for the duke.

Capt. She here shall give you interview. I received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep it till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heavens, that a Christian should be found in a buff-jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain. [*Exit Captain.* We attend; and what hope hast thou of the duchess's easiness?

Maq. 'Twill go hard: She was a cold creature ever; she hated monkies, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers, extremely; she had the vile trick on't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect. As God bless me, she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Maq. Let me see: Heaven forgive us our misdeeds!—Here's the duchess.

SCENE II.

Enter MARIA *and Captain.*

Mal. God bless thee, lady.

Maria. Out of thy company.

Mal. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Maria. I hope I have one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good ha' ne'er a husband as a banished husband; he's in another world now. I tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep, the wife might lawfully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead; much more when he is banished.

Maria. Unhonest creature!

Maq. Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so! Pray ye, what's honesty? what's constancy? but fables feigned; odd old fools' chat, devised by jealous fools, to wrong our liberty.

Mal. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke: Mendoza; he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of Rosiclear, or Donzel del Phœbo.[76] There's jewels; if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

Maria. Captain, for God's sake, save poor wretchedness
From tyranny of lustful insolence;
Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell,
Rather than here, here round about is hell.
O my dearest Altofront! where'er thou breathe,
Let my soul sink into the shades beneath,
Before I stain thine honour! this thou hast:
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

Mal. 'Gainst him that can enforce, how vain is strife?

Maria. She that can be enforced, has ne'er a knife.

"She that, through force, her limbs with lust enrols,
"Wants Cleopatra's asps, and Portia's coals."

God amend you! [*Exit with Captain.*

Mal. Now the fear of the devil for ever go with thee!—Maquerelle, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman: Faith, I perceive, when all is done, there is of women as of all other things, some good, most bad; some saints, some sinners; for as, now-a-days, no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice,[77] no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather; even so, no woman but has her weakness, and feather too; no sex but has his: I can hunt the letter no farther. O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! That a duke should be forced to fool it! well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia.* Better play the fool lord, than be the fool lord. Now, where's your slights, Madam Maquerelle?

Maq. Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis said, a squeamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse of their yielding is only, forsooth, the difficult obtaining. You must put her to't; women are flax, and will fire in a moment.

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[76] *Rosiclear, Donzel del Phœbo*—See *The Mirror of Knighthood*, S.

[77] *Cockatrice*—See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*.

Mal. Why, was not the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou! thou set fire, thou inflame her?

Maq Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

Mal. The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman.

Maq. You were too boisterous spleeny, for indeed——

Mal. Go, go; thou art a weak pandress, now I see.

"Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,
"Than all with heat can melt a mind that's chaste."

Go thou, the duke's lime-twig! I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office; what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage?

Maq. Now o' my conscience, now I think, in my discretion, we did not take her in the right sign; the blood was not in the true vein, sure.

[*Exit.*

Enter BILIOSO.

Bil. Make way there! the Duke returns from the enthronement. Malevole.

Mal. Out, rogue!

Bil. Malevole.

Mal. Hence, ye gross-jawed, peasantly,—Out, go!

Bil. Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return, I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be; an advanced virtue, a worthily employed faithfulness, a man of grace, dear friend. Come, what? *Si quoties peccant homines.* If, as often as courtiers play the knaves, honest men should be angry. Why, look ye, we must collogue[78] sometimes, forswear sometimes.

Mal. Be damned sometimes!

Bil. Right! *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.* No man can be honest at all hours. Necessity often depraves virtue.

Mal. I will commend thee to the duke.

Bil. Do let us be friends, man.

Mal. And knaves, man.

Bil. Right, let us prosper and purchase; our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten.

Mal. He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shame him.

Bil. True.

Mal. For impudence and faithlessness are the main-stays to greatness.

Bil. By the Lord, thou art a profound lad!

Mal. By the Lord, thou art a perfect knave! Out, ye ancient damnation![79]

Bil. Peace, peace; and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace, cornets.

SCENE III.

Enter PREPASSO *and* FERRARDO, *two Pages with Lights,* CELSO *and* EQUATO, MENDOZO *in Duke's Robes,* BILIOSO *and* GUERRINO.

[*Exeunt all save* MALEVOLE *and* MENDOZO

Men. On, on; leave us, leave us: Stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro.

Men. Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Mal. Dead as the duke is.

Men. Good, excellent! he will not blab; secureness lives in secresy. Come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee, my nature cannot endure.

Men. Scent, man? What returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Mal. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Men. Then she's but dead; 'tis resolute, she dies.

"Black deed only through black deed safely flies."

Mal. Pugh! *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*

Men. What, art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an errand knave.

Mal. Who, I? I have been twice an undersheriff, man. Well, I will go rail upon some great man, that I may purchase the bastinado; or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and instantly go travel.

Men. Travel when thou art married!

Mal. Ay, 'tis your young lord's fashion to do so, though he was so lazy, being a bachelor, that he would never travel so far as the university; yet when he married her, tales off, and Catsoe for England.

Men. And why for England?

Mal. Because there is no brothel-houses there.

Men. Nor courtezans?

Mal. Neither; your whore went down with the stews, and your punk came up with the puritan.

Men. Canst thou impoison? canst thou impoison?

Mal. Excellently; no Jew, 'pothecary, or politician better. Look ye, here's a box; whom would'st thou impoison? Here's a box, which, when opened, and the fume taken up in the conduits through which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours space bind up all shew of life in a deep senseless sleep: Here's another, which, being opened under the sleeper's nose, chokes all the powers of life; kills him suddenly.

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[78] *Collogue*—In cant language, the word *collogue* means to *wheedle*. See several instances of it in Mr Steevens' Note on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2.

[79] *Ancient damnation*—A very strong, though not a very delicate phrase, which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Juliet. S.

Men. I'll try experiments; 'tis good not to be deceived: So, so, catzo.

[*Seems to poison* MALEVOLE.

"Who would fear that may destroy?
"Death hath no teeth, or tongue;
"And he that's great, to him are slaves,
"Shame, murder, fame, and wrong."—
Celso!

Enter CELSO.

Cel. My honoured lord!

Men. The good Malevole, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on sudden, wonderous strangely! He held in our esteem good place.—Celso, see him buried, see him buried.

Cel. I shall observe ye.

Men. And, Celso, pr'ythee let it be thy care to-night
To have some pretty show, to solemnize
Our high instalment; some music, maskery.
We'll give fair entertain unto Maria,
The duchess to the banished Altofront:
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel
Unto the palace; think on some maskery.

Cel. Of what shape, sweet lord?

Men. What shape? Why any quick-done fiction,
As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elysium forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune; some such thing,
Some far-fet trick good for ladies, some stale toy
Or other, no matter so't be of our devising.
Do thou prepare't, 'tis but for a fashion sake,
Fear not, it shall be graced; man, it shall take.

Cel. All service.

Men. All thanks; our hand shall not be close to thee, farewell.
Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall;
"Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call.
"*I'll* trust to no man; he that by tricks gets wreathes,
"*Keeps them with steel*; no man securely breathes
"*Out of deserved rank*: the crowd will mutter, *fool!*
"Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.
"The chiefest secret for a man of state
"Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate."

[*Exit* MENDOZO.

Mal. [*Starts up and speaks.*] Death of the damned thief!
I'll make one of the mask; thou shalt have some
Brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Cel. My lord, what strange delusion——

Mal. Most happy, dear Celso; poisoned with an empty box: *I'll* give thee all anon. My lady comes to court; there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me; the people pray for me; the great leader of the just stands for me: Then courage, Celso.

"For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
"That loveth nothing but a God above him."

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PREPASSO *and* BILIOSO, *two Pages before them,* MAQUERELLE, BIANCA, *and* EMILIA.

Bian. Make room there, room for the ladies: Why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? why, gallants? and you, sir, to drop your torch where the beauties must sit too!

Pre. And there's a great fellow plays the knave; why dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave a God's name! Think'st thou, I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow? The music, more lights, revelling, scaffolds! do you hear? let there be oaths enough ready at the door; swear out the devil himself. Let's leave the ladies, and go see if the lords be ready for them. [*All save the Ladies depart.*

Maq. And, by my troth, beauties, why do you not put you into the fashion? this is a stale cut, you must come in fashion. Look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair: look ye, these tiring things are justly out of request now; and, do you hear? you must wear falling bands,[80] you must come into the falling fashion. There is such a deal a pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all; and again, if you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no poking-stick[81] to recover its form; believe me, no fashion to the falling band, I say.

Bian. And is not Signior St Andrew a gallant fellow now?

Maq. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agree as well together, as a satin suit and woollen stockings.

Emil. But is not Marshal Make-room, my servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes, in reversion, as he had his office; as, in truth, he hath all things, in reversion. He has his mistress in reversion, his clothes in reversion, his wit in reversion; and, indeed, he is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion; but in good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as—and indeed as fine a man as may be, having a red beard, and a pair of warpt legs.

Bian. But I, faith I am most monstrously in love with Count Quidlibet in quodlibet; is he not a pretty, dapper, unidle[82] gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy-finger-

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[80] *Falling bands*—See Note 4 to *The Roaring Girl.*
[81] *Poking stick*—See Note 24 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 529.
[82] *Unidle*—*windle*, first edition.

ed lords; he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Bil. Room! make a lane there! the duke is entering: Stand handsomely; for beauty's sake, take up the ladies there. So, cornets, cornets!

SCENE IV.

Enter PREPASSO, *joins to* BILIOSO, *two Pages and Lights;* FERRARDO, MENDOZO, *at the other Door, two Pages with Lights, and the Captain leading in* MARIA. *The Duke meets* MARIA, *and closeth with her; the rest fall back.*

Men. Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit;
A kingdom's safety should o'erpoise slight rites;
Marriage is merely nature's policy:
Then since, unless our royal beds be joined,
Danger and civil tumults fright the state,
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

Maria. What would'st thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou ever devil! 'twas thou that banished'st
My truly noble lord.

Men. I?

Maria. Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems,
Twelve moons have suffered change since I beheld
The loved presence of my dearest lord.
O thou, far worse than death! he parts but soul
From a weak body; but thou, soul from soul
Dissever'st, that which God's own hand did knit;
Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit!

Men. We'll check your too intemperate lavishness,
I can, and will.

Maria. What canst.

Men. Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

Maria. "He ever is at home that's ever wise."

Men. You must never meet more; reason should love controul.

Maria. Not meet!
"She that dear loves, her love's still in her soul."

Men. You are but a woman, lady; you must yield.

Maria. O save me, thou innated bashfulness,
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty.

Men. Modesty! death, I'll torment thee.

Maria. Do; urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I'll die my lord's, as long as I can die.

Men. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die!—
Captain, that lady's life is forfeit
To justice; we have examined her,
And we do find she hath impoisoned
The reverend hermit; therefore we command
Severest custody. Nay, if you'll do's no good,
You'll do's no harm; a tyrant's peace is blood.

Maria. O thou art merciful! O gracious devil!
Rather by much let me condemned be
For seeming murder, than be damned for thee.
I'll mourn no more; come, girt my brows with flowers,
Revel, and dance; soul, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a bird; poor heart, thou shalt die chaste.

Enter AURELIA *in Mourning Habit.*

"Life is a frost of cold felicity."

Aur. "And death the thaw of all our vanity."
Was't not an honest priest that wrote so?

Men. Who let her in?

Bil. Forbear.

Prep. Forbear.

Aur. "Alas! calamity is every where."
Sad misery, despite your double doors,
Will enter even in court.

Bil. Peace.

Aur. I ha' done; one word, take heed: I ha' done.

Enter MERCURY, *with loud Music.*

Mer. Cyllenian Mercury, the god of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come,
And make this presence their Elysium.
To pass away this high triumphal night,
With song and dances, courts more soft delight.

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit depending in hell betwixt me and my conscience; I would fain have thee help me to an advocate.

Bil. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aur. Nay, faith, Mercury has too good a face to be a right lawyer.

Prep. Peace, forbear: Mercury presents the mask.

Cornets. The Song to the Cornets; which playing, the Mask enters. MALEVOLE, PIETRO, FERNEZE, *and* CELSO, *in White Robes, with Dukes' crowns upon laurel wreathes; Pistolets, and Short Swords under their Robes.*

Men. Celso, Celso, court Maria for our love:
Lady, be gracious, yet grace.

Maria. With me, sir?

[MALEVOLE *takes his Wife to Dance.*

Mal. Yes, more loved than my breath,
With you I'll dance.

Maria. Why then you dance with death.
But come, sir, I was ne'er more apt to mirth.
"Death gives eternity a glorious breath;
"O, to die honoured, who would fear to die?"

Mal. "They die in fear who live in villainy."

Men. Yes, believe him, lady, and be ruled by him.

P. Jac. Madam, with me.

[PIETRO *takes his Wife* AURELIA *to Dance.*

Aur. Would'st then be miserable?

P. Jac. I need not wish.

Aur. O yet forbear my hand! away! fly, fly!
O seek not her, that only seeks to die!

P. Jac. Poor loved soul!

Aur. What, would'st court misery?

P. Jac. Yes.

Aur. She'll come too soon: O my grieved heart!

P. Jac. Lady, ha' done, ha' done.
Come, let's dance; be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

P. Jac. Yes, sweet.

Aur. Then we'll agree.

[FERNEZE *takes* BIANCA, *and* CELSO, EMILIA: *Then the Cornets sound the measure; one change and rest.*

Fer. Believe it, lady, shall I swear; let me enjoy you in private, and I'll marry you, by my soul. [*To* BIANCA.

Bian. I had *rather you would* swear by your body: I *think that would* prove the more regarded oath *with you.*

Fer. I'll swear by them both to please you.

Bian. O, damn them not both to please me, for God's sake.

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to-night, and I'll marry you to-morrow fortnight, by my troth, la.

Maq. On his troth, la! Believe him not; that kind of cunny-catching is as stale as Sir Oliver Anchove's perfumed jerkin. Promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fool's paradise, make her a great woman, and then cast her off? 'tis as common and natural to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an alderman, pride to a tailor, or an empty handbasket to one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth, la! believe him not; traps to catch pole-cats.

Mal. Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion speak in your eyes. [*To* MARIA.

Maria. O my Altofront!

P. Jac. A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble; you conceive it all.

Aur. My heart, though not my knees, doth humbly fall,
Low as the earth to thee. [*To* PIETRO.

P. Jac. Peace, next change, no words.

Maria. Speak to such, ay; O what will affords!

[*Cornets sound the measure over again; which danced, they unmask.*

Men. Malevole!

[*They environ* MENDOZO, *bending their Pistols on him.*

Mal. No.

Men. Altofront! Duke Pietro! Ferneze! ha!

All. Duke Altofront! Duke Altofront!

[*Cornets, a Flourish.*

Men. Are we surprised? What strange delusions mock
Our senses! do I dream? or have I dreamt
This two days space? where am I?

[*They seize upon* MENDOZO.

Mal. Where an arch villain is.

Men. O lend me breath till I am fit to die.
For peace with heaven, for your own soul's sake,
Vouchsafe me life!

P. Jac. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell,
Goodness of God or man, could once make good.

Mal. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace canst thou expect,
That hast grown impudent in gracelessness?

Men. O, life!

Mal. Slave, take thy life.
Wert thou defenced, through blood and wounds,
The sternest horror of a civil fight,
Would I achieve thee; but, prostrate at my feet,
" I scorn to hurt thee. 'Tis the heart of slaves
" That deigns to triumph over peasants' graves:
" For such thou art; since birth doth ne'er enrol
" A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul."
O, I have seen strange accidents of state;
The flatterer, like the ivy, clip the oak,
And waste it to the heart; lust so confirmed,
That the black act of sin itself not shamed
To be termed courtship.
O they that are as great as be their sins,
Let them remember, that the inconstant people
Love many men merely for their faces,
And outward shews; and they do covet more
To have a sight of these than of their virtues.
Yet thus much let the great ones still conceal,
When they observe not heaven's imposed conditions,
They are no men, but forfeit their commissions.

Maq. O good my lord, I have lived in the court this twenty year; they that have been old courtiers, and come to live in the city, they are spighted at, and thrust to the walls like apricots,—good my lord!

Bil. My lord, I did know your lordship in this disguise; you heard me ever say, if Altofront did return, I would stand for him. Besides, 'twas your lordship's pleasure to call me wittol and cuckold; you must not think, but that I knew you, I would have put it up so patiently.

Mal. You o'er-joyed spirits, wipe your long-wet eyes. [*To* PIETRO *and* AURELIA.
Hence with this man! [*Kicks out* MENDOZO.] an eagle takes, not flies.
You to your vows; [*To* PIETRO *and* AURELIA.] and thou unto the suburbs:[83]
[*To* MAQUERELLE.
You to my worst friend I would hardly give;
[*To* BILIOSO.
Thou art a perfect old knave; all pleased live.
You two unto my breast; [*To* CELSO *and the Captain.*] thou to my heart;
[*To* MARIA.
The rest of idle actors idly part;
And as for me, I here assume my right,
With which I hope all's pleased:—to all good-night.

[*Cornets flourish. Exeunt.*

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[83] *The suburbs*—Where, in most countries, the stews are situated.

AN IMPERFECT ODE,

BEING BUT ONE STAVE.

Spoken by the Prologue.

To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense,
Is the foul use of ill-bred impudence;
Immodest censure now grows wild,
All over-running.
Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,
Yet at the last
She is defiled
With too nice brained cunning.
O you of fairer soul,
Controul
With an Herculean arm
This harm:
At once teach all old freedom of a pen,
Which still must write of fools, whilst writes of men.

EPILOGUE.

Your modest silence, full of heedy stilness,
Makes me thus speak; a voluntary illness
Is merely senseless; but unwilling error,
Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour
May well be called a fault, but not a sin,
Rivers take names from founts where they begin.
Then let not too severe an eye peruse
[84] The slighter brakes of our reformed muse;
Who could herself, herself of faults detect,
But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,
Though some men's fatour; troth, to err is fit,
As long as wisdom's not professed, but wit.
Then, till another's happier muse appears,
Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
To whose desertful lamps pleased fates impart
Art above nature, judgment above art,
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet daunteth:
He that knows most, knows most how much he wanteth.

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[84] *The slighter brakes of our reformed muse.*—I suppose by this expression is meant, *the uncultivated parts* of our performance; *brakes* (i. e. fern) commonly grow in ground that is never tilled, or broken up. S.

EDITIONS.

(1.) The Malcontent. By John Marston, 1604. Printed at London by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be solde at his shop in Paule's Church-yard, 4to.

(2.) The Malcontent. Augmented by Marston. With the additions; played by the King's Majesties Servants. Written by John Webster, 1604. At London, Printed by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Church-yard, 4to.

ALL FOOLS.

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEORGE CHAPMAN *was born at Hitching-hill,*[1] *in the county of Hertford, some time in the year* 1557. *After being well grounded in school-learning, he was sent to the university; but whether to Oxford or Cambridge was unknown to Anthony Wood, who declares himself certain he resided some time at the former,*[2] *where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy, which may be presumed to be the reason he took no degree there. He appears to have been a man of a very respectable character, being countenanced and patronized by several eminent persons, particularly Sir Thomas Walsyngham and his son, and by Prince Henry, son of James I. Wood imagines, that he was a sworn servant either to James I. or his queen, and says he was highly valued, but not so much as Ben Jonson. The same writer adds,*[3] *that "he was a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate qualities, rarely meeting in a poet." And another,*[4] *that "he was much resorted to latterly by young persons of parts as a poetical chronicle; but was very choice whom he admitted to him, and preserved in his own person the dignity of poetry, which he compared to a flower of the sun which disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper." After living to the age of seventy-seven years, he died on the 12th day of May* 1634, *in the parish of St Giles in the Fields, and was buried on the south side of the church-yard there. His friend Inigo Jones erected a monument to his memory near the place of his interment.*

Chapman is a writer who obtained much applause in his time, and was greatly praised by his contemporaries. His translation of Homer acquired him a considerable degree of reputation. Mr Dryden tells us, that Waller used to say he never could read it without incredible transport. It is much censured by Mr Pope, who, notwithstanding, acknowledges that there is a daring, fiery spirit, which animates it, something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

He translated also the Batrachomyomachia; *finished Marlow's translation of* Musæus; *and produced several original poems, and some other translations.*

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[1] William Brown (*Britannia's Pastorals*, B. II.) speaks of him as,

"The learned shepheard of faire *Hitching-hill*."

This may, however, only allude to his residing there; and Wood supposes him of a Kentish family.

[2] Athenæ Oxonienses, Vol. I. p. 592. [3] Ibid.

[4] Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine. It seems to be a quotation, but the writer is not named.

He is the author of the following dramatic performances:

1. "*The Blind Beggar of Alexandria; a comedy. Most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of conceit and pleasure; sundry times publicly acted in London by the Right Honourable the Earl of Notingham, Lord High Admiral, his servants;*" 4*to*, 1598.

2. "*A pleasant Comedy, entitled, An Humerous Daye's Myrth. As it hath beene sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Notingham, Lord High Admiral, his servants;*" 4*to*, 1599.

3. "*All Fooles; a comedy. Presented at the Black Friers, and lately before his Majestie;*" 4*to*, 1605.

4. "*Eastward Hoe. As it was play'd in the Black Friers, by the children of her Majestie's revels. Made by George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston;*" 4*to*, 1605.

5. "*The Gentleman Usher; a comedy;*" 4*to*, 1606.

6. "*Monsieur D'Olive; a comedy. As it was sundrie times acted by her Majestie's children at the Blacke Friers;*" 4*to*, 1606.

7. *Bussy D'Ambois; a tragedy. As it hath been often "presented at Paule's;"* 4*to*, 1607; 4*to*, 1608; 4*to*, 1646; 4*to*, 1657.[5]

8. "*Cæsar and Pompey; a Roman tragedy, declaring their warres. Out of whose events is evicted this proposition,* Only a just man is a freeman;" 4*to*, 1607; 4*to*, 1631.

9. *and* 10. "*The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France. Acted lately, in two plays, at the Black Friers;*" 4*to*, 1608; 4*to*, 1625.

11. *May Day; a witty comedie. Divers times acted at "the Blacke Fryers;"* 4*to*, 1611.

12. "*The Widdowe's Tears; a comedie. As it was often presented in the Blacke and White Friers;*" 4*to*, 1612.

13. "*The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois; a tragedy. As it hath bene often presented at the private play house in the White Friers;*" 4*to*, 1613.

14. "*The Memorable Masque of the two Honourable Houses, or Innes of Court, the Middle Temple, and Lincolne's Inne. As it was performed before the king at Whitehall on Shrove-Munday, at night, being the 15th of February* 1613, *at the princely celebration of the most royall nuptials of the Palsgrave, and his thrice gracious Princesse Elizabeth,*" &c. 4*to*. *No date.*[6]

15. "*The Wise Men, and all the rest Fools; or A Comical Moral, censuring the Follies of that age. Divers times acted;*" 4*to*, 1619.

16. "*The Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperour of Germany. As it hath been very often acted, with great applause, at the private house in Black Friers, by his late majestie's servants;*" 4*to*, 1654.

17. "*Revenge for Honour; a tragedy;*" 4*to*, 1654; 4*to*, 1659.

Chapman also joined with Shirley in the composition of two plays, viz. The Ball; *and* Chabot, Admiral of France.

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[5] Mr Dryden, in his Dedication to *The Spanish Fryer*, says, "I have sometimes wondered in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy D'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting. A dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or at best a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a *D'Ambois* annually to the memory of Jonson."

[6] It appears from Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, that the expense of this masque, to the society of Lincoln's Inn, amounted to the sum of 1086*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*

PROLOGUE.

THE fortune of a stage, like *fortune's self*,
Amazeth greatest judgments; and none knows
The hidden causes *of those* strange effects,
That rise *from this hell*, or fall from this heaven:
Who can *shew* cause why your wits, that in aim
At higher objects, scorn to compose plays,
(Though we are sure they could, would they vouchsafe it,)
Should, without means to make, judge better far
Than those that make? and yet ye see they can:
For, without your applause, wretched is he
That undertakes the stage, and he's more blest,
That with your glorious favours can contest.
Who can shew cause, why th' ancient comic vein
Of Eupolis and Cratinus,[7] now revived,
Subject to personal application,
Should be exploded by some bitter spleens?
Yet merely comical and harmless jests,
Though ne'er so *witty*, be esteemed but toys,
If void of th' other satirisms' sauce?
Who can shew cause why quick Venerea jests
Should sometimes ravish? *sometimes* fall short
Of the just length and pleasure of your ears?
When our pure dames think them *much* less ob scene
Than those that win your panegyric spleen?
But our poor dooms, alas! you know are nothing;
To your inspired censure ever we
Must needs submit, and there's the mystery.
Great are the gifts given to united heads;
To gifts attire; to fair attire the stage
Helps much; for if our other audience see
You on the stage depart *before we end*,
Our wits go with you *all*, and *we are fools*:
So fortune governs in these stage *events*,
That merit bears least sway in most contents.
Auriculas asini quis non habet?
How we shall then appear, we must *refer*
To magic of your dooms, that never err.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GOSTANZO,
MAR. ANTONIO, } *Knights*,
VALERIO, *Son to Gostanzo*,
FORTUNIO, *elder Son to Mar. Antonio*,
RYNALDO, *the Younger*,
DARIOTTO, } *Courtiers*,
CLAUDIO, }
CORNELIO, *a start-up Gentleman*,
CURIO, *a Page*,
KYTE, *a Scrivener*,
FRANCIS POCK, *a Surgeon*.

GAZETTA, *Wife to Cornelio*,
BELLONORA, *a Daughter to Gostanzo*,
GRATIANA, *stolen Wife to Valerio*.

[7] *Eupolis and Cratinus.*—Two Athenian comic poets, who flourished about 430 years before Christ.

ALL FOOLS.[8]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter RYNALDO, FORTUNIO, VALERIO.

Ryn. Can one self cause, in subjects so alike
As you two are, produce effect so unlike?
One like the turtle, all in mournful strains,
Wailing his fortunes; th' other like the lark,
Mounting the sky in shrill and chearful notes,
Chanting his joys aspired; and both for love?
In one, love raiseth by his violent heat,
Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drown his breast in daily showers;
In th' other, his divided power infuseth
Only a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That gives life to those fruits of wit and virtue,
Which the unkind hand of an uncivil father
Had almost nipt in the delightsome blossom.

For. O brother, love rewards our services
With a most partial and injurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes:
Valerio loves, and joys the dame he loves:
I love, and never can enjoy the sight
Of her I love; so far from conquering
In my desires assault, that I can come
To lay no battery to the fort I seek;
All passages to it so strongly kept
By strait-guard of her father.

Ryn. I dare swear,
If just desert in love measured reward,
Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far:
For I am witness, being your bedfellow,
Both to the daily and the nightly service
You do unto the deity of love,
In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches:
He never serves him with such sacrifice,
Yet hath his bow and shafts at his command.
Love's service is much like our humorous[9] lords;
Where minions carry more than servitors:
The bold and careless servant still obtains;
The modest and respective[10] nothing gains.
You never see your love, unless in dreams;
He Hymen puts in whole possession.
What different stars reigned when your loves were born;
He forced to wear the willow, you the horn!
But, brother, are you not ashamed to make
Yourself a slave to the base lord of love,
Begot of fancy, and of beauty born?
And what is beauty? a mere quintessence,
Whose life is not in being, but in seeming;
And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
But like a cozening picture, which one way
Shews like a crow, another like a swan.
And upon what ground is this beauty drawn?
Upon a woman, a most brittle creature;
And would to God, for my part, that were all!

For. But tell me, brother, did you never love?

Ryn. You know I did, and was beloved again,
And that of such a dame, as all men deemed
Honoured, and made me happy in her favours.
Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than nature made her; beauty cost her nothing,
Her virtues were so rare, they would have made
An Æthiop beautiful: at least, so thought
By such as stood aloof, and did observe her
With credulous eyes; but what they were indeed
I'll spare to blaze, because I loved her once,

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[8] Langbaine says, this play was in its days accounted an excellent comedy. It seems built, in part, upon the same fabric with Terence's Heautontimorumenos; as those who will compare the characters of the two fathers Gostanzo and Marco Antonio, with Chremes and Menedemus, and their sons Valerio, Fortunio, and Rynaldo, with Clinia, Antipho, and Syrus, may easily perceive.

[9] *Humorous.*—See Note 76. to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 482.

[10] *Respective,—i. e.* respectful.

Only I found her such, as for her sake
I vow eternal wars against their whole sex,
Inconstant shuttle-cocks, loving fools and jesters;
Men rich in dirt and titles, sooner won
With the most vile, than the most virtuous.
Found true to none: if one amongst whole hundreds
Chance to be chaste, she is so proud withall,
Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life
Is oftentimes approved a worthier wife:
Undressed, slattish, nasty to their husbands,
Spunged up, adorned, and painted to their lovers:
All day in ceaseless uproar with their households,
If all the night their husbands have not pleased them:
Like hounds, most kind, being beaten and abused;
Like wolves, most cruel, being kindliest used.

For. Fie, thou prophanest the deity of their sex.

Ryn. Brother, I read, that Egypt heretofore
Had temples of the richest frame on earth,—
Much like this goodly edifice of women;
With alabaster pillars were those temples
Upheld and beautified, and so are women;
Most curiously glazed, and so are women;
Cunningly painted too, and so are women;
In outside wondrous heavenly, so are women:
But when a stranger viewed those fanes within,
Instead of gods and goddesses, he should find
A painted fowl, a fury, or a serpent,—
And such celestial inner parts have women.

Val. Rynaldo, the poor fox that lost his tail,
Persuaded others also to lose theirs.
Thyself, for one perhaps that for desert,
Or some defect in thy attempts, refused thee,
Revilest the whole sex, beauty, love, and all.
I tell thee, love is nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men, so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain;
All virtues born in men lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth colours;
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.
O 'tis the paradise, the heaven of earth;
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,
Live both one life, and therein double life;
To see their souls met at an interview
In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
Their language kisses; and t'observe the rest,
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies,—
Thou would'st abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
O, who can comprehend how sweet love tastes,
But he that hath been present at his feasts?

Ryn. Are you in that vein too, Valerio?
'Twere fitter you should be about your charge,
How plough and cart goes forward: I have known
Your joys were all employed in husbandry;
Your study was, how many loads of hay
A meadow of so many acres yielded;
How many oxen such a close would fat:
And is your rural service now converted
From Pan to Cupid, and from beasts to women?
O, if your father knew this, what a lecture
Of bitter castigation he would read you!

Val. My father! why my father? does he think
To rob me of myself? I hope I know
I am a gentleman; though his covetous humour
And education hath transformed me bailiff,
And made me overseer of his pastures,
I'll be myself, in spite of husbandry.

Enter GRATIANA.

And see bright heaven here comes my husbandry!
[*Embraces her.*
Here shall my cattle graze; here nectar drink;
Here will I hedge and ditch; here hide my treasure.
O poor Fortunio, how wouldst thou triumph
If thou enjoyed'st this happiness with my sister!

For. I were in heaven if once 'twere come to that.

Ryn. And methinks 'tis my heaven that I am past it.
And should the wretched Machevilian,
The covetous knight your father, see this sight,
Lusty Valerio——

Val. 'Sfoot, sir, if he should,
He shall perceive ere long my skill extends
To something more than sweaty husbandry.

Ryn. I'll bear thee witness, thou canst skill of dice,
Cards, tennis, wenching, dancing, and what not;
And this is something more than husbandry:
Thou'rt known in ordinaries and tobacco-shops,
Trusted in taverns and in vaulting-houses;
And this is something more than husbandry:
Yet all this while thy father apprehends thee
For the most tame and thrifty groom in Europe.

For. Well, he hath ventured on a marriage
Would quite undo him did his father know it.

Ryn. Know it! alas, sir, where can he bestow
This poor gentlewoman he has made his wife,
But his inquisitive father will hear of it?
Who, like the dragon to the Hesperean fruit,
Is to his haunts? slight! hence, the old knight comes.

Enter GOSTANZO.

Gost. Rynaldo.

Ryn. Who's that calls? what, Sir Gostanzo?
How fares your knighthood, sir?
[*All go out except* RYNALDO.

Gost. Say who was that
Shrunk at my entry here? was't not your brother?

Ryn. He shrunk not, sir; his business called him hence.

Gost. And was *it* not my son that went out with him?

Ryn. I saw not him; I was in serious speech
About a secret business with my brother.
Gost. Sure 'twas my son; what made he here? I sent him
About affairs to be dispatched in haste.
Ryn. Well, sir, lest silence breed unjust suspect,
I'll tell a secret I am sworn to keep,
And crave your honoured assistance in it.
Gost. What is't, Rynaldo!
Ryn. This, sir,—'twas your son.
Gost. And what young gentlewoman graced their company?
Ryn. Thereon depends the secret I must utter:
That gentlewoman hath my brother married.
Gost. Married! what is she?
Ryn. Faith, sir, a gentlewoman;
But her unnourishing dowry must be told
Out of her beauty.
Gost. Is it true, Rynaldo?
And does your father understand so much?
Ryn. That was the motion, sir, I was entreating
Your son to make to him; because I know
He is well spoken, and may much prevail
In satisfying my father, who much loves him,
Both for his wisdom and his husbandry.
Gost. Indeed he's one can tell his tale I tell you;
And for his husbandry——
Ryn. O, sir, had you heard
What thrifty discipline he gave my brother,
For making choice without my father's knowledge,
And without riches—you would have admired him.
Gost. Nay, nay, I know him well; but what was it?
Ryn. That in the choice of wives men must respect
The chief wife, riches; that in every course
A man's chief load-star should shine out of riches;
Love nothing heartily in this world but riches;
Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,
All honesty, and religion, for riches;
And many such; which wisdom sure he learned
Of his experienced father; yet my brother
So soothes his rash affection, and presumes
So highly on my father's gentle nature,
That he's resolved to bring her home to him;
And like enough he will.
Gost. And like enough
Your silly father too will put it up;
An honest knight, but much too much indulgent
To his presuming children.
Ryn. What a difference
Doth interpose itself 'twixt him and you!
Had your son used you thus——
Gost. My son! alas,
I hope to bring him up in other fashion,
Follows my husbandry, sets early foot
Into the world; he comes not at the city,
Nor knows the city arts.
Ryn. But dice and wenching. [*Aside.*
Gost. Acquaints himself with no delight but getting:
A perfect pattern of sobriety,
Temperance, and husbandry, to all my household;
And what's his company, I pray? not wenches.
Ryn. Wenches! I durst be sworn he never smelt a wench's breath;
Yet, but methinks 'twere fit you sought him out a wife.
Gost. A wife, Rynaldo!
He dares not look a woman in the face.
Ryn. 'Sfoot hold him to one; your son such a sheep?
Gost. 'Tis strange in earnest.
Ryn. Well, sir, though for my thriftless brother's sake,
I little care how my wronged father takes it;
Yet, for my father's quiet, if yourself
Would join hands with your wife and toward son,
I should deserve it some way.
Gost. Good Rynaldo,
I love you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deal in; and 'tis needless,
You say your brother is resolved, presuming
Your father will allow it.

Enter MAR. ANTONIO.

Ryn. See my father, since you are resolute not to move him, sir,
In any case conceal the secret. [*Hides himself.*
By way of an atonement let me pray you will.
Gost. Upon mine honour.
Ryn. Thanks, sir.
M. Ant. God save thee, honourable knight Gostanzo.
Gost. Friend Marc. Antonio, welcome; and I think
I have good news to welcome you withal.
Ryn. He cannot hold.
M. Ant. What news I pray you, sir?
Gost. You have a forward, valiant eldest son,
But wherein is his forwardness and valour?
M. Ant. I know not wherein you intend him so.
Gost. Forward before, valiant behind his duty,
That he hath dared, before your due consent,
To take a wife.
M. Ant. A wife, sir! what is she?
Gost. One that is rich enough; her hair pure amber;
Her forehead mother-of-pearl; her fair eyes
Two wealthy diamonds; her lips mines of rubies;
Her teeth are orient pearl; her neck pure ivory.
M. Ant. Jest not, good sir, in an affair so serious;
I love my son, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my consent in marriage,
'Tis to be feared that his presumption builds not
Of his good choice, that will bear out itself,
And being bad, the news is worse than bad.
Gost. What call you bad? is it bad to be poor?
M. Ant. The world accounts it so; but if my son

Have in her birth and virtues held his choice,
Without disparagement, the fault is less.
Gost. Sits the wind there? blows there so calm a gale
From a contemned and deserved anger?
Are you so easy to be disobeyed?
M. Ant. What should I do? if my enamoured son
Have been so forward, I assure myself
He did it more to satisfy his love,
Than to incense my hate, or to neglect me.
Gost. A passing kind construction; suffer this,
You ope' him doors to any villainy;
He'll dare to sell, to pawn, run ever riot,
Despise your love in all, and laugh at you:
And that knight's competency you have gotten
With care and labour; he with lust and idleness
Will bring into the stipend of a beggar;
All to maintain a wanton whirligig,
Worth nothing more than she brings on her back,
Yet all your wealth too little for that back:
By heaven I pity your declining state,
For be assured your son hath set his foot
In the right path-way to consumption:
Up to the heart in love; and for that love,
Nothing can be too dear his love desires:
And how insatiate and unlimited
Is the ambition and the beggarly pride
Of a dame hoised from a beggar's state,
To a state competent and plentiful,
You cannot be so simple not to know.
M. Ant. I must confess the mischief: but alas!
Where is in me the power of remedy?
Gost. Where? in your just displeasure: cast him off,
Receive him not, let him endure the use
Of their inforced kindness that must trust him
For meat and money, for apparel, house,
And every thing belongs to that estate,
Which he must learn with want and misery,
Since pleasure and a full estate hath blinded
His dissolute desires.
M. Ant. What should I do?
If I should banish him my house and sight,
What desperate resolution might it breed!
To run into the wars, and there to live
In want of competency, and perhaps
Taste the unrecoverable loss of his chief limbs,
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
May with his spirit ransom his estate
From any loss his marriage can procure.
Gost. Is't true? ne let him run into the war,
And lose what limbs he can; better one branch
Be lopt away, than all the whole tree should perish:
And for his wants, better young want than old:
You have a younger son at Padua;
I like his learning well, make him your heir,
And let your other walk: let him buy wit
At's own charge, not at's father's; if you lose him,
You lose no more than that was lost before;
If you recover him, you find a son.

M. Ant. I cannot part with him.
Gost. If it be so,
And that your love to him be so extreme,
In needful dangers ever chuse the least:
If he should be in mind to pass the seas,
Your son Rynaldo, who told me all this,
Will tell me that, and so we shall prevent it:
If by no stern course you will venture that,
Let him come home to me with his fair wife:
And if you chance to see him, shake him up,
As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
That he may fear hereafter to offend
In other dissolute courses: at my house,
With my advice, and my son's good example,
Who shall serve as a glass for him to see
His faults, and mend them to his precedent,
I make no doubt but of a dissolute son
And disobedient, to send him home
Both dutiful and thrifty.
M. Ant. O, Gostanzo!
Could you do this, you should preserve yourself
A perfect friend of me, and me a son.
Gost. Remember you your part, and fear not mine:
Rate him, revile him, and renounce him too:
Speak; can you do't, man?
M. Ant. I'll do all I can. [*Exit* M. ANTONIO.
Gost. Alas, good man, how Nature over-weighs him!

RYNALDO *comes forth.*

Ryn. God save you, sir.
Gost. Rynaldo, all the news
You told me as a secret, I perceive
Is passing common: for your father knows it;
The first thing he related was the marriage.
Ryn. And was extremely moved?
Gost. Beyond all measure:
But I did all I could to quench his fury;
Told him how easy 'twas for a young man
To run that amorous course; and though his choice
Were nothing rich, yet she was gently born,
Well qualified, and beautiful; but he still
Was quite relentless, and would needs renounce him.
Ryn. My brother knows it well, and is resolved
To trail a pike in field, rather than bide
The more fear'd push of my vexed father's fury.
Gost. Indeed that's one way! but are no more means
Left to his fine wits, than t'incense his father
With a more violent rage, and to redeem
A great offence with greater?
Ryn. So I told him:
But to a desperate mind all breath is lost.
Gost. Go to, let him be wise, and use his friends,
Amongst whom I'll be foremost to his father:
Without this desperate error he intends
Joined to the other; I'll not doubt to make him
Easy return into his father's favour,
So he submit himself, as duty binds him;

For fathers will be known to be themselves,
And often when their angers are not deep,
Will paint an outward rage upon their looks.
Ryn. All this I told him, sir; but what says he!
I know my father will not be reclaimed;
He'll think that if he wink at this offence,
'Twill open doors to any villainy:
I'll dare to sell, to pawn, and run all riot,
To laugh at all his patience; and consume
All he hath purchased to an honoured purpose,
In maintenance of a wanton whirligig,
Worth nothing more than she wears on her back.
Gost. The very words I used to incense his father;—
But, good Rynaldo, let him be advised:
How would his father grieve, should he be maimed,
Or quite miscarry in the ruthless war?
Ryn. I told him so; but better far, said he,
One branch should utterly be lopt away,
Than the whole tree of all his race should perish;
And for his wants, better young want than old.
Gost. By heaven! the same words still I used t'his father.
Why comes this about?—well, good Rynaldo,
If he dare not indure his father's looks,
Let him and his fair wife come home to me:
Till I have qualified his father's passion,
He shall be kindly welcome, and be sure
Of all the intercession I can use.
Ryn. I thank you, sir; I'll try what I can do,
Although I fear me I shall strive in vain.
Gost. Well, try him, try him.
[*Exit* GOSTANZO.
Ryn. Thanks, sir, so I will.
See, this old politic dissembling knight,
Now he perceives my father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter live
By him and his, with equal use of either,
He will put on a face of hollow friendship.
But this will prove an excellent ground to sow
The seed of mirth amongst us; I'll go seek
Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such news of their affairs as they'll admire.
[*Exit.*

Enter GAZETTA, BELLONORA, GRATIANA.

Gaz. How happy are your fortunes above mine!
Both still being woo'd and courted; still so feeding
On the delights of love, that still you find
An appetite for more; where I am cloyed,
And being bound to love-sports, care not for them.
Bel. That is your fault, Gazetta; we have loves,
And wish continual company with them
In honoured marriage rites, which you enjoy.
But seldom or never can we get a look
Of those we love; Fortunio my dear choice
Dare not be known to love me, nor come near
My father's house; where I as in a prison
Consume my lost days, and the tedious nights,
My father guarding me for one I hate;
And Gratiana here, my brother's love,
Joys him by so much stealth, that vehement fear
Drinks up the sweetness of their stolen delights;
Where you enjoy a husband, and may freely,
Perform all obsequies you desire to love.
Gaz. Indeed I have a husband, and his love
Is more than I desire, being vainly jealous;
Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects;
Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold;
Extreme love breeds satiety as well
As extreme hatred; and too violent rigour
Tempts chastity as much as too much licence:
There's no man's eye fixed on me, but doth pierce
My husband's soul; if any ask my welfare,
He strait doubts treason practised to his bed;
Fancies but to himself all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and lays all on me
For certain truths; yet seeks he with his best
To put disguise on all his jealousy,
Fearing perhaps, lest it may teach me that
Which otherwise I should not dream upon;
Yet lives he still abroad at great expense,
Turns merely gallant from his farmer's state,
Uses all games and recreations,
Runs races with the gallants of the court,
Feasts them at home, and entertains them costly,
And then upbraids me with their company.

Enter CORNELIO.

See, see we shall be troubled with him now.
Cor. Now, ladies, what plots have we now in hand?
They say, when only one dame is alone,
She plots some mischief; but if three together,
They plot three hundred: wife, the air is sharp,
Y'ad best to take the house lest you take cold.
Gaz. Alas! this time of year yields no such danger.
Cor. Go in, I say; a friend of yours attends you.
Gaz. He is of your bringing, and may stay.
Cor. Nay, stand not chopping logic; in I pray.
Gaz. Ye see, gentlewomen, what my happiness is,
These humours reign in marriage; humours, humours.
[*Exit, he followeth.*
Gra. Now by my sooth I am no fortune-teller,
And would be loth to prove so; yet pronounce
This at adventure, that t'were indecorum
This heifer should want horns.
Bel. Fie on this love;
I rather wish to want, than purchase so.
Gra. Indeed such love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning; though the fire be chearful,
Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
T'were better lose the fire than find the smoke;
Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
Is jealousy to love; better want both,
Than have both.

Enter VALERIO *and* FORTUNIO.

Val. Come, Fortunio, now take hold
On this occasion, as myself on this;
One couple more would make a [10] barly-break.
For. I fear, Valerio, we shall break too soon;
Your father's jealousy, spy-all, will displease us.
Val. Well, wench, the day will come his Argus eyes
Will shut, and thou shalt open: S'foot, I think
Dame Nature's memory begins to fail her;
If I write but my name in mercer's books,
I am as sure to have at six months end
A rascal at my elbow with his mace,
As I am sure my father's not far hence.
My father yet hath owed dame Nature debt
These threescore years and ten, yet calls not on him;
But if she turn her debt book over-once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her serjeant John Death to arrest his body,
Our souls shall rest, wench, then, and the free light
Shall triumph in our faces; where now night,
In imitation of my father's frowns,
Lours at our meeting:—

Enter RYNALDO.

See where the scholar comes.
Ryn. Down on your knees poor lovers; reverence learning.
For. I pray thee why, Rynaldo?
Ryn. Mark what cause
Flows from my depth of knowledge to your loves,
To make you kneel and bless me while you live.
Val. I pray thee, good scholar, give us cause.
Ryn. Mark then, erect your ears; you know what horror
Would fly on your love from your father's frowns,
If he should know it. And your sister here,
My brother's sweet-heart, knows as well what rage
Would seize his powers for her, if he should know
My brother woo'd her, or that she loved him;
Is not this true? speak all.
Omnes. All this is true.
Ryn. It is as true that now you meet by stealth
In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,
Climb over walls. And all this I'll reform.
Val. By logic?
Ryn. Well, sir, you shall have all means
To live in one house, eat and drink together,
Meet and kiss your fills.
Val. All this by learning?
Ryn. Aye, and your frowning father know all this.
Val. I marry, small learning may prove that.
Ryn. Nay, he shall know it, and desire it too,
Welcome my brother to him, and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this strange?
For. Aye too strange to be true.
Ryn. 'Tis in this head shall work it: therefore hear;
Brother, this lady you must call your wife.
For I have told her sweet-heart's father here
That she is your wife; and because my father,
Who now believes it, must be quieted
Before you see him, you must live a while
As husband to her in his father's house.
Valerio, here's a simple mean for you
To lie at rack and manger with [11] your wedlock
And brother, for yourself to meet as freely
With this your long desired and barred love.
For. You make us wonder.
Ryn. Peace, be ruled by me,
And you shall see to what a perfect shape
I'll bring this rude plot, which blind chance, the ape
Of counsel and advice, hath brought forth blind.
Valerio, can your heat of love forbear
Before your father, and allow my brother
To use some kindness to your wife before him?
Val. Aye before him, I do not greatly care,
Nor any where indeed; my sister here
Shall be my spy; if she will wrong herself,
And give her right to my wife, I am pleased.
For. My dearest life, I know, will never fear
Any such will or thought in all my powers;
When I court her then, think I think 'tis thee;
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine arms;
Come, let us practice 'gainst we see your father.
Val. Soft, sir, I hope you need not do it yet,
Let me take this time.
Ryn. Come, you must not touch her.
Val. No not before my father?
Ryn. No, nor now,
Because you are so soon to practise it;
For I must bring them to him presently.
Take her, Fortunio; go hence man and wife;
We will attend you rarely with fixed faces.
Valerio keep your countenance, and conceive
Your father in your forged sheepishness,
Who thinks thou darest not look upon a wench,
Nor knowest at which end to begin to kiss her.
[*Exeunt.*

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[10] *Barly-break*—See Note 29 to *The Bird in a Cage*, Vol. I. p. 249.
[11] *Your wedlock.*—i. e. Your wife.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter GOSTANZO *and* MARC. ANTONIO.

Gost. It is your own too simple lenity,
And doting indulgence shown to him still,
That thus hath taught your son to be no son;
As you have used him, therefore so you have him;
Durst my son thus turn rebel to his duty,
Steal up a match unsuiting his estate
Without all knowledge of or friend or father;
And to make that good with a worse offence,
Adsolve to run beyond sea to the wars?
Durst my son serve me thus? Well, I have stayed him,
Though much against my disposition,
And this hour I have set for his repair,
With his young mistress and concealed wife;
And in my house here they shall sojourn both
Till your black anger's storm be over-blown.

M. Ant. My anger's storm! Ah poor Fortunio,
One gentle word from thee would soon [12] resolve
The storm of my rage to a shower of tears.

Gost. In that vein still? well, Marc. Antonio,
Our old acquaintance and long neighbourhood
Ties my affection to you, and the good
Of your whole house; in kind regard whereof
I have advised you for your credit sake,
And for the tender welfare of your son,
To frown on him a little; if you do not,
But at first parley take him to your favour,
I protest utterly to renounce all care
Of you and yours, and all your amities.
They say he's wretched, that out of himself
Cannot draw counsel to his proper weal;
But he's thrice wretched, that has neither counsel
Within himself, nor apprehension
Of counsel for his own good from another.

M. Ant. Well, I will arm myself against this weakness
The best I can; I long to see this Helen,
That hath enchanted my young Paris thus,
And's like to set all our poor Troy on fire.

Enter VALERIO *with a Page*; MARC. ANTONIO *retires himself.*

Gost. Here comes my son; withdraw, take up your stand,
You shall hear odds betwixt your son and mine.

Val. Tell him I cannot do't: Shall I be made
A foolish novice, my purse set abroach
By every cheating come-you-seven? [13] to lend
My money, and be laughed at? Tell him plain,
I profess husbandry, and will not play
The prodigal, like him, 'gainst my profession.

Gost. Here's a son!

M. Ant. An admirable spark!

Page. Well, sir, I'll tell him so. [*Exit Page.*

Val. 'Sfoot, let him lead
A better husband's life, and live not idly,
Spending his time, his coin, and self, on wenches.

Gost. Why, what's the matter, son?

Val. Cry mercy, sir; why, there come messengers
From this and that brave gallant; and such gallants,
As, I protest, I saw but through a grate.

Gost. And what's this message?

Val. Faith, sir, he's disappointed
Of payments, and disfurnished of means present;
If I would do him the kind office, therefore,
To trust him but some seven-night with the keeping
Of forty crowns for me, he deeply swears,
As he's a gentleman, to discharge his trust;
And that I shall eternally endear him
To my wished service, he protests and contests.

Gost. Good words, Valerio; but thou art too wise
To be deceived by breath. I'll turn thee loose
To the most cunning cheater of them all.

Val. 'Sfoot, he's not ashamed besides to charge me
With a late promise; I must yield indeed;
I did, to shift him with some contentment,
Make such a frival promise.

Gost. Aye, well done,
Promises are no fetters; with that tongue,
Thy promise past, unpromise it again.
Wherefore has man a tongue of power to speak,
But to speak still to his own private purpose?
Beasts utter but one sound; but men have change
Of speech and reason, even by nature given them,
Now to say one thing, and another now,
As best may serve their profitable ends.

M. Ant. By'r lady, sound instructions to a son!

Val. Nay, sir, he makes his claim by debt of friendship.

Gost. Tush! friendship's but a term, boy; the fond world,
Like to a doting mother, glosses over

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[12] *Resolve.*—See Note 24 to *Tancred and Gismunda.*
[13] *Come-you-seven*—A gambler, a dice-player. N.

Her children's imperfections with fine terms.
What she calls friendship, and true humane kindness,
Is only want of true experience:
Honesty is but a defect of wit;
Respect but mere rusticity and clownry.
M. Ant. Better and better.—
Soft, here comes my son.

Enter FORTUNIO, RYNALDO, *and* GRATIANA.

Ryn. Fortunio, keep your countenance; see, sir, here
The poor young married couple, which you pleased
To send for to your house.
Gost. Fortunio, welcome;
And in that welcome I employ your wife's,
Whom I am sure you count your second self.
[*He kisses her.*
For. Sir, your right noble favours do exceed
All power of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supply my father's place.
Gost. Fortunio, I cannot chuse but love you,
Being son to him who long time I have loved;
From whose just anger my house shall protect you,
Till I have made a calm way to your meetings.
For. I little thought, sir, that my father's love
Would take so ill so slight a fault as this.
Gost. Call you it slight! Nay, though his spirit take it
In higher manner than for your loved sake
I would have wished him; yet I make a doubt,
Had my son done the like, if my affection
Would not have turned to more spleen than your father's:
And yet I qualify him all I can,
And doubt not but that time, and my persuasion,
Will work out your excuse; since youth and love
Were the unresisted organs to seduce you:
But you must give him leave, for fathers must
Be won by penitence and submission,
And not by force or opposition.
For. Alas, sir! what advise you me to do?
I know my father to be highly moved,
And am not able to endure the breath
Of his expressed displeasure, whose hot flames
I think my absence soonest would have quenched.
Gost. True, sir, as fire with oil; or else like them
That quench the fire with pulling down the house.
You shall remain here in my house concealed,
Till I have won your father to conceive
Kinder opinion of your oversight.
Valerio, entertain Fortunio
And his fair wife, and give them conduct in.
Val. You're welcome, sir.
Gost. What, sirrah, is that all?
No entertainment to the gentlewoman?
Val. Forsooth you're welcome, by my father's leave.
Gost. What, no more compliment?
Kiss her, you sheep's head!
Why, when? go, go, sir, call your sister hither.—
[*Exit* VALERIO.
Lady, you'll pardon our gross bringing up;
We dwell far off from court you may perceive:
The sight of such a blazing star as you
Dazzles my rude son's wits.
Gra. Not so, good sir;
The better husband, the more courtly ever.
Ryn. Indeed a courtier makes his lips go far,
As he doth all things else.

Enter VALERIO *and* BELLONORA.

Gost. Daughter, receive
This gentlewoman home, and use her kindly.
[*She kisses her.*
Bel. My father bids you kindly welcome, lady,
And therefore you must needs come well to me.
Gra. Thank you, forsooth.
Gost. Go, dame, conduct 'em in.
[*Exeunt* RYNALDO, FORTUNIO, BELLONORA, *and* GRATIANA.
Ah, errant sheep's-head! hast thou lived thus long,
And darest not look a woman in the face?
Though I desire especially to see
My son a husband, shall I therefore have him
Turn absolute cullion?[14] Let's see, kiss thy hand.
Thou kiss thy hand! thou wipest thy mouth, by the mass.
Fie on thee, clown! they say the world's grown finer,
But I, for my part, never saw young men
Worse fashioned and brought up than now-a-days.
'Sfoot, when myself was young, was not I kept
As far from court as you? I think I was:
And yet my father on a time invited
The duchess to his house: I being then
About some five-and-twenty years of age,
Was thought the only man to entertain her.
I had my conge; plant myself of one leg,
Draw back the other with a deep-fetched honour:
Then, with a belle regard advant mine eye
With boldness on her very visnomy.
Your dancers all were counterfeits to me;
And, for discourse in my fair mistress' presence
I did not as you barren gallants do,
Fill my discourses up drinking tobacco;[15]
But, on the present, furnished evermore
With tales and practised speeches; as sometimes,
What is't o'clock? what stuff's this petticoat?
What cost the making? what the fringe and all?

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[14] *Cullion*—See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 125.
[15] *Drinking tobacco*—See Note 38 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 586.

And what she had under her petticoat?
And such like witty compliments; and, for need,
I could have written as good prose and verse,
As the most beggarly poet of 'em all;
Either Acrostic, *Exordian,*
Epithalamions, Satires, Epigrams,
Sonnets in dozens, or your Quatorzanies,
In any rhyme, masculine, feminine,
Or Sdrucciola, or couplets, blank verse.
You're but bench-whistlers now-a-days, to them
That were in our times.—Well, about your husbandry;
Go, for i'faith thou'rt fit for nothing else.
[*Exit* VALERIO.

MARC. ANTONIO *appears.*

M. Ant. By'r lady, you have played the courtier rarely.
Gost. But did you ever see so blank a fool,
When he should kiss a wench, as my son is?
M. Ant. Alas, 'tis but a little bashfulness.
You let him keep no company, nor allow him
Money to spend at fence and dancing-schools;
You're too severe, i'faith.
Gost. And you too supple.
Well, sir, for your sake I have stayed your son
From flying to the wars; now see you rate him,
To stay him yet from more expenseful courses,
Wherein your lenity will encourage him.
M. Ant. Let me alone, I thank you for this kindness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALERIO *and* RYNALDO.

Ryn. So, are they gone? Now tell me, brave Valerio,
Have I not won the wreath from all your wits,
Brought thee to enjoy the most desired presence
Of thy dear love at home? and with one labour
My brother to enjoy thy sister, where
It had been her undoing to have him seen,
And make thy father crave what he abhors:
To entreat my brother home, to enjoy his daughter,
Command thee kiss thy wench, chide for not kissing,
And work all this out of a Machevil;
A miserable politician?
I think the like was never played before.
Val. Indeed I must commend thy wit of force,
And yet I know not whose deserves most praise,
Of thine or my wit: thine for plotting well;
Mine, that durst undertake and carry it
With such true form.
Ryn. Well, the evening crowns the day;
Persevere to the end. My wit hath put
Blind fortune in a string into your hand;
Use it discreetly, keep it from your father,
Or you may bid all your good days good-night.
Val. Let me alone, boy.
Ryn. Well, sir, now to vary
The pleasures of our wits. Thou know'st, Valerio,
Here is the new-turned gentleman's fair wife,
That keeps thy wife and sister company,
With whom the amorous courtier Dariotto
Is far in love, and of whom her sour husband
Is passing jealous, puts on eagle's eyes
To pry into her carriage; shall we see
If he be now from home, and visit her?—

Enter GAZETTA *sewing,* CORNELIO *following.*

See, see, the prisoner comes.
Val. But soft, sir, see
Her jailor follows at her heels.
Come, we will watch some fitter time to board her,
And in the mean time seek out our mad crew.
My spirit longs to swagger.
Ryn. Go to, youth, walk not too boldly; if the serjeants meet you,
You may have swaggering-work your belly full.
Val. No better copesmates;[16]
[GAZETTA *sits, and sings, sewing.*
I'll go seek 'em out with this light in my hand;
The slaves grow proud with seeking out of us.
[*Exeunt.*
Cor. A pretty work, I pray what flowers are these?
Gaz. The panzy this.
Cor. O, that's for lovers' thoughts.
What's that, a columbine?
Gaz. No, that thankless flower fits not my garden.
Cor. Hem! yet it may mine:
This were a pretty present for some friend,
Some gallant courtier, as for Dariotto,
One that adores you in his soul I know.
Gaz. Me! why me more than yourself, I pray?
Cor. O yes, he adores you, and adhorns me:
Y'faith deal plainly, do not his kisses relish
Much better than such peasants as I am?
Gaz. Whose kisses?
Cor. Dariotto's; does he not
The thing you wot on?
Gaz. What thing, good lord?
Cor. Why, lady, lie with you?
Gaz. Lie with me?
Cor. Aye, with you.
Gaz. You with me indeed.
Cor. Nay, I am told that he lies with you too,
And that he is the only whore-master
About the city.
Gaz. If he be so only,
'Tis a good hearing that there are no more.
Cor. Well, mistress, well, I will not be abused,
Think not you dance in nets; for though you do not

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16 *Copesmates*—Mates to cope with, or encounter.

Make broad profession of your love to him,
Yet do I understand your darkest language,
Your treads a'the toe, your secret jogs and wrings,
Your intercourse of glances; every tittle
Of your close amorous rites I understand;
They speak as loud to me, as if you said,
My dearest Dariotto, I am thine.
Gaz. Jesus! what moods are these? did ever husband
Follow his wife with jealousy so unjust?
That once I loved you, you yourself will swear;
And, if I did, where did you lose my love?
Indeed this strange and undeserved usage
Hath power to shake a heart were ne'er so settled:
But I protest, all your unkindness never
Had strength to make me wrong you, but in thought.
Cor. No! not with Dariotto?
Gaz. No, by heaven!
Cor. No letters past, nor no designs for meeting?
Gaz. No, by my hope of heaven!
Cor. Well, no time past,
Go, go; go in, and sew.
Gaz. Well, be it so. [*Exit* GAZETTA.
Cor. Suspicion is, they say, the first degree
Of deepest wisdom; and, however others
Inveigh against this mood of jealousy,
For my part, I suppose it the best curb
To check the ranging appetites that reign
In this weak sex. My neighbours point at me
For this my jealousy; but should I do
As most of them do, let my wife fly out
To feasts and revels, and invite home gallants,
Play Menelaus, give them time and place,
While I sit like a well-taught waiting-woman,
Turning her eyes upon some work or picture,
Read in a book, or take a feigned nap,
While her kind lady takes one to her lap?
No, let me still be pointed at, and thought
A jealous ass, and not a wittolly knave.
I have a shew of courtiers haunt my house,
In shew my friends, and for my profit too:
But I perceive 'em, and will mock their aims,
With looking to their mark, I warrant 'em:
I am content to ride abroad with them,
To revel, dice, and fit their other sports;
But, by their leaves, I'll have a vigilant eye
To the main chance still.—See my brave comrades.

Enter DARIOTTO, CLAUDIO, *and* VALERIO; VALERIO *putting up his Sword.*

Dar. Well, wag, well, wilt thou still deceive thy father;
And, being so simple a poor soul before him,
Turn swaggerer in all companies besides?
Claud. Hadst thou been 'rested, all would have come forth.
Val. Soft, sir, there lies the point: I do not doubt,
But to have my pennyworths of these rascals one day;
I'll smoke the buzzing hornets from their nests,
Or else I'll make their leather jerkins stay.
The whorson hungry horse-flies! 'foot, a man
Cannot so soon, for want of almanacks,
Forget his day but three or four bare months,
But strait he sees a sort of corporals,
To lie in ambuscado to surprize him.
Dar. Well, thou hadst happy fortune to escape 'em.
Val. But they thought theirs was happier to 'scape me.
I, walking in the place where men's law-suits
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter, steps me forth
Their valiant foreman, with the word, *I'rest you.*
I made no more ado, but laid these paws
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth;
And there sate he on his posteriors,
Like a baboon; and turning me about,
I strait espied the whole troop issuing on me.
I stept me back, and drawing my old friend here,
Made to the midst of them, and all unable
To endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And down the stairs they ran with such a fury,
As meeting with a troop of lawyers there,
Manned by their clients; some with ten, some twenty,
Some five, some three; he that had least, had one.
Upon the stairs they bore them down afore them;
But such a rattling then was there amongst them
Of ravished declarations, replications,
Rejoinders, and petitions; all their books
And writings torn and trod on, and some lost,
That the poor lawyers coming to the bar,
Could say nought to the matter, but instead,
Were fain to rail and talk besides their books,
Without all order.
Claud. Faith, that same vein of railing became
Now most applausive; your best poet is
He that rails grossest.
Dar. True; and your best fool,
Is your broad-railing fool.
Val. And why not, sir?
For, by the Gods! to tell the naked truth,
What objects see men in this world, but such
As would yield matter to a railing humour?
When he that, last year, carried after one
An empty buckram bag, now fills a coach,
And crowds the senate with such troops of clients,
And servile followers, as would put a mad spleen
Into a pigeon.
Dar. Come, pray leave these cross capers,
Let's make some better use of precious time.
See, here's Cornelio: Come, lad, shall we to dice?
Cor. Any thing, I.
Claud. Well said, how does thy wife?
Cor. In health, God save her.
Val. But where is she, man?
Cor. Abroad about her business.
Val. Why not at home?
Foot, my masters, take her to the court,
And this rare lad, her husband: and, dost hear?
Play me no more the miserable farmer,
But be advised by friends, sell all i'the country,

Be a flat courtier, follow some great man,
Or bring thy wife there, and she'll make thee great.
Cor. What, to the court? then take me for a gull.
Val. Nay, never shun it to be called a gull;
For I see all the world is but a gull.
One man gull to another in all kinds:
A merchant to a courtier is a gull;
A client to a lawyer is a gull;
A married man to a bachelor, a gull;
A bachelor to a cuckold is a gull;
All to a poet, or a poet to himself.
Cor. Hark, Dariotto, shall we gull this guller?
Dar. He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull him.
Cor. Let me alone. Of all men's wits alive,
I most admire Valerio's, that hath stolen,
By his mere industry, and that by spurts,
Such qualities, as no wit else can match,
With plodding at perfection every hour,
Which, if his father knew each gift he has,
Were like enough to make him give all from him:
I mean, besides his dicing and his wenching,
He has stolen languages, the Italian, Spanish,
And some spice of the French, besides his dancing,
Singing, playing on choice instruments;
These has he got, almost against the hair.
Claud. But hast thou stolen all these, Valerio?
Val. Toys, toys, a pox! and yet they be such toys,
As every gentleman would not be without.
Cor. Vain glory makes ye judge on lite, i'faith.
Dar. Afore heaven, I was much deceived in him;
But he's the man, indeed, that hides his gifts,
And sets them not to sale in every presence.
I would have sworn, his soul were far from music;
And that all his choice music was to hear
His fat beasts bellow.
Cor. Sir, your ignorance
Shall eftsoon be confuted. Pr'ythee, Val,
Take thy theorbo for my sake a little.
Val. By heaven, this month I touched not a theorbo.
Cor. Touched a theorbo? mark the very word.
Sirrah, go fetch. [*Exit Page.*
Val. If you will have it, I must needs confess,
I am no husband of my qualities.
[*He untrusses, and capers.*
Cor. See what a caper there was!
Claud. See again.
Cor. The best that ever; and how it becomes him!
Dar. O that his father saw these qualities!

Enter a Page with an Instrument.

Cor. Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,
To carry all without his father's knowledge.
Dar. Why, we might tell him now.
Cor. No, but we could not,
Although we think we could: his wit doth charm us.
Come, sweet Val, touch and sing.
Val. Foot, will you hear
The worst voice in Italy?

Enter RYNALDO.

Cor. O God, sir. [*He sings.*] Courtiers, how like you this?
Dar. Believe it excellent.
Cor. Is it not natural?
Val. If my father heard me,
Foot, he'd renounce me for his natural son.
Dar. By heaven, Valerio, and I were thy father,
And loved good qualities as I do my life,
I'd disinherit thee; for I never heard
Dog howl with worse grace.
Cor. Go to, Signior Courtier,
You deal not courtly now to be so plain;
Nor nobly, to discourage a young gentleman
In virtuous qualities, that has but stolen 'em.
Claud. Call you this touching a theorbo?
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exeunt all but* VALERIO *and* RYNALDO.
Val. How now, what's here?
Ryn. Zoons! a plot laid to gull thee.
Could thy wit think thy voice was worth the hearing?
This was the courtier's and the cuckold's project.
Val. And is't e'en so? 'Tis very well, Master Courtier, and Don Cornuto; I'll cry quit with both: and, first, I'll cast a jar betwixt them both, with firing the poor cuckold's jealousy.
I have a tale will make him mad,
And turn his wife, divorced, loose amongst us.
But first let's home, and entertain my wife.—
O, father, pardon, I was born to gull thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter FORTUNIO, BELLONORA, GRATIANA; GOSTANZO *following closely.*

For. How happy am I, that, by this sweet means,
I gain access to your most loved sight,
And therewithal to utter my full love,
Which but for vent would burn my entrails up!
Gost. By the mass, they talk too softly.
Bel. Little thinks
The austere mind my thrifty father bears,
That I am vowed to you; and so am bound
From him, who for more riches he would force
On my disliking fancy.
For. 'Tis no fault
With just deeds to defraud an injury.
Gost. My daughter is persuading him to yield

In dutiful submission to his father.

Enter VALERIO.

Val. Do I not dream? do I behold this sight
With waking eyes? or from the ivory gate
Hath Morpheus sent a vision to delude me?
Is't possible that I, a mortal man,
Should shrine within mine arms so bright a goddess,
The fair Gratiana, beauty's little world!
Gost. What have we here?
Val. My dearest mine of gold,
All this that thy white arms enfold,
Account it as thine own free-hold.
Gost. Gods, my dear soul, what sudden change is here!
I smell how this gear will fall out, i'faith.
Val. Fortunio, sister, come, let's to the garden.
[*Exeunt.*
Gost. Sits the wind there, i'faith? See what example
Will work upon the dullest appetite.
My son last day so bashful, that he durst not
Look on a wench, now courts her; and, by'r lady,
Will make his friend Fortunio wear his head
Of the right modern fashion.—What, Rynaldo!

Enter RYNALDO.

Ryn. I fear I interrupt your privacy.
Gost. Welcome, Rynaldo; would 'thad been your hap
To come a little sooner, that you might
Have seen a handsome sight: But let that pass;
The short is, that your sister Gratiana
Shall stay no longer here.
Ryn. No longer, sir?
Repent you then so soon your favour to her,
And to my brother?
Gost. Not so, good Rynaldo;
But to prevent a mischief that I see
Hangs over your abused brother's head.
In brief, my son has learned but too much courtship.
It was my chance even now to cast mine eye
Into a place whereto your sister entered;
My metamorphosed son,—I must conceal
What I saw there,—but, to be plain, I saw
More than I would see: I had thought to make
My house a kind receipt for your kind brother;
But I'd be loth his wife should find more kindness
Than she had cause to like of.
Ryn. What's the matter?
Perhaps a little compliment, or so.
Gost. Well, sir, such compliment perhaps may cost
Married Fortunio the setting on:
Nor can I keep my knowledge: He that lately,
Before my face, I could not get to look
Upon your sister, by this light, now kissed her;
Embraced, and courted with as good a grace,
As any courtier could; and I can tell you,
Not to disgrace her, I perceived the dame
Was as far forward as himself, by the mass!
Ryn. You should have schooled him for't.
Gost. No, I'll not see't;
For shame, once found, is lost. I'll have him think
That my opinion of him is the same
That it was ever; it will be a mean
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.
Ryn. Let me then school him; foot, I'll rattle him up.
Gost. No, no, Rynaldo, the only remedy
Is to remove the cause; carry the object
From his late tempted eyes.
Ryn. Alas, sir, whither?
You know, my father is incensed so much,
He'll not receive her.
Gost. Place her with some friend
But for a time, till I reclaim your father:
Meantime your brother shall remain with me.
Ryn. [*To himself.*] The care's the less then, he has still his longing
To be with this gull's daughter.
Gost. What resolve you?
I am resolved she lodges here no more;
My friend's son shall not be abused by mine.
Ryn. Troth, sir, I'll tell you what a sudden toy
Comes in my head; what think you if I brought her
Home to my father's house?
Gost. I marry, sir;
Would he receive her?
Ryn. Nay, you hear not all:
I mean, with use of some device or other.
Gost. As how, Rynaldo?
Ryn. Marry, sir, to say,
She is your son's wife, married past your knowledge.
Gost. I doubt, last day he saw her, and will know her
To be Fortunio's wife.
Ryn. Nay, as for that,
I will pretend she was even then your son's wife,
But feigned by me to be Fortunio's,
Only to try how he would take the matter.
Gost. 'Fore heaven, 'twere pretty.
Ryn. Would it not do well?
Gost. Exceeding well, in sadness.
Ryn. Nay, good sir,
Tell me unfeignedly, do ye like't indeed?
Gost. The best that e'er I heard.
Ryn. And do you think
He'll swallow down the gudgeon?
Gost. Aye, my life,
It were a gross gob would not down with him;
An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted
With the fine slights and policies of the world
As I myself am.
Ryn. I'll go fetch her straight;
And this jest thrive, 'twill make us princely sport.
But you must keep our counsel, second all;
Which to make likely, you must needs sometimes
Give your son leave, as if you knew it not,
To steal and see her at my father's house.

Gost. Aye, but see you then that you keep good guard
Over his forward new-begun affections;
For, by the Lord, he'll teach your brother else
To sing the cuckoo's note; spirit will break out,
Though never so suppressed and pinioned.

Ryn. Especially your son's; what would he be,
If you should *not* restrain him by good counsel?

Gost. I'll have an eye on him, I warrant thee.
I'll in, and warn the gentlewoman to make ready.

Ryn. Well, sir, and I'll not be long after you.
[*Exit* GOSTANZO.

Heaven, heaven! I see these politicians,
Out of blind fortune's hands, are our most fools.
'Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditional devices;
But, take 'em out of them to present actions,
A man may grope and tickle 'em like a trout,
And take 'em from their close dear holes as far
As a physician: and as giddy-headed,
As if, by miracle, heaven had taken from them,
Even that which commonly belongs to fools.
Well, now let's note what black-ball of debate
Valerio's wit hath cast betwixt Cornelio
And the enamoured courtier; I believe,
His wife and he will part; his jealousy
Hath ever watched occasion of divorce,
And now Valerio's villainy will present it.
See, here comes the twin-courtier his companion.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Claud. Rynaldo, well encountered.

Ryn. Why? what news?

Claud. Most sudden and unfortunate, Rynaldo.
Cornelio is incensed so 'gainst his wife,
That no man can procure her quiet with him.
I have essayed him, and made Marc. Antonio
With all his gentle rhetoric second me;
Yet all, I fear me, will be cast away.—
See, see, they come; join thy wit, good Rynaldo,
And help to pacify his yellow fury.

Ryn. With all my heart, I consecrate my wit
To the wished comfort of distressed ladies.

Enter CORNELIO, MARC. ANTONIO, VALERIO, *and Page.*

Cor. Will any man assure me of her good behaviour?

Val. Who can assure a jealous spirit? You may be afraid of the shadow of your ears, and imagine them to be horns. If you will assure yourself, appoint keepers to watch her.

Cor. And who shall watch the keepers?

M. Ant. To be sure of that, be you her keeper.

Val. Well said, and share the horns yourself; For that's the keeper's fee.

Cor. But say I am gone out of town, and must trust others, how shall I know if those I trust be trusty to me?

Ryn. Marry, sir, by a singular instinct, given naturally to all you *married men*; that, if your wives play legerdehеel, though you be a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find it in your foreheads.

Cor. Sound doctrine, I warrant you; I am resolved, i'faith.

Page. Then give me leave to speak, sir, that hath all this while been silent. I have heard you with extreme patience, now therefore prick up your ears, and vouchsafe me audience.

Claud Good boy, a mine honour.

Cor. Pray what are you, sir?

Page. I am here, for default of better, of counsel with the fair Gazetta; and though herself had been best able to defend herself, if she had been here, and would have pleased to put forth the buckler, which nature hath given all women, I mean her tongue——

Val. Excellent good boy.

Page. Yet since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your jealous accusations, I will presume to undertake the defence of that absent and honourable lady, whose sworn knight I am; and in her of all that name;—for lady is grown a common name to their whole sex;—which sex I have ever loved from my youth, and shall never cease to love till I want wit to admire.

M. Ant. An excellent spoken boy.

Val Give ear, Cornelio, here is a young Mercurio sent to persuade thee.

Cor. Well, sir, let him say on.

Page. It is a heavy case, to see how this light sex is troubled and tost from post to pillar, under the unsavoury breath of every humourous peasant. Gazetta, you said, is unchaste, disloyal, and I wot not what; alas, is it her fault? is she not a woman? did she not suck it, as others of her sex do, from her mother's breast? and will you condemn that as her fault, which is her nature? Alas, sir, you must consider, a woman is an unfinished creature, delivered hastily to the world, before nature had set to that seal which should have made them perfect. Faults they have no doubt; but are we free? Turn your eye into yourself, good Signior Cornelio, and weigh your own imperfections with hers: If she be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you jealous? if she be high set, are not you taken down? if she be a courtezan, are not you a cuckold?

Cor. Out, you rogue!

Ryn. On with thy speech, boy.

M. Ant. You do not well, Cornelio, to discourage the bashful youth.

Claud. Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

Page. But if our own imperfections will not teach us to bear with theirs, yet let their virtues persuade us; let us endure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the rose; the brack for the velvet; the paring for the cheese; and so forth: if you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to avoid idleness at home; their nature is still to be doing; keep them a doing at home; let them practise one good quality or other, either sewing, singing, playing, chiding, dancing, or so; and these will put such idle

toys out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find *them* variety of business within doors, yet at least imitate the ancient wise citizens of this city, who used carefully to provide their wives gardens [17] near the town, to plant, to graft in, as occasion served, only to keep them from idleness.

Val. Everlasting good boy.

Cor. I perceive your knavery, sir, and will yet have patience.

Ryn. Forth, my brave Curio.

Page. As to her unquietness, which some have rudely termed shrewishness, though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calm as the sea of its own nature? Art was never able to equal it: your dicing-tables, nor your bowling-allies, are not comparable to it; yet if a blast of wind do but cross it, not so turbulent and violent an element in the world: so nature, in lieu of women's scarcity of wit, having endued them with a large portion of will, if they may, without impeach, enjoy their wills, no quieter creatures under heaven; but if the breath of their husbands' mouths once cross their wills, nothing more tempestuous. Why then, sir, should you husbands cross your wives wills thus, considering the law allows them no wills at all at their deaths? because it intended they should have their wills while they lived.

Val. Answer him but that, Cornelio.

Cor. All shall not serve her turn; I am thinking of other matters.

M. Ant. Thou hast half won him, Wag; ply him yet a little further.

Page. Now, sir, for these cuckooish songs of yours, of cuckolds, horns, grafting, and such like, what are they, but mere imaginary toys, bred out of your own heads as your own, and so by tradition delivered from man to man, like scarecrows, to terrify fools from this earthly paradise of wedlock, coined at first by some spent poets, superannuated bachelors, or some that were scarce men of their hands; who, like the fox having lost his tail, would persuade others to lose theirs for company? Again, for your cuckold, what is it but a mere fiction? shew me any such creature in nature; if there be, I could never see it, neither could I ever find any sensible difference betwixt a cuckold and a christian creature. To conclude, let poets coin, or fools credit, what they list; for mine own part, I am clear of this opinion, that your cuckold is a mere chimera, and that there are no cuckolds in the world, but those that have wives; and so I will leave them.

Cor. 'Tis excellent good, sir; I do take you, sir, d'ye see? to be, as it were, bastard to the saucy courtier, that would have me father more of your fraternity, d'ye see? and so are instructed, as we hear, to second that villain with your tongue, which he has acted with his tenure-piece, d'ye see?

Page. No such matter, a my credit, sir.

Cor. Well, sir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours, d'ye see? when in the mean time I will firk your father, whether you see or no. [*Exit, drawing his Rapier.*

Ryn. God's my life, Cornelio! [*Exit.*

Val. Have at your father i'faith, boy, if he can find him.

M. Ant. See, he comes here; he has missed him.

Enter DARIOTTO.

Dar. How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you?
Tis a sign you're not in the grace of wenches,
That they will let you be thus long alone.

Val. Well, Dariotto, glory not too much,
That for thy brisk attire and lips perfumed,
Thou playest the stallion ever where thou comest;
And, like the husband of the flock, run'st through
The whole town herd, and no man's bed secure;
No woman's honour unattempted by thee.
Think not to be thus fortunate for ever;
But in thy amorous conquests at the last
Some wound will slice your [18] mazer; Mars himself
Fell into Vulcan's snare, and so may you.

Dar. Alas, alas! faith I have but the name;
I love to court and win; and the consent,
Without the act obtained, is all I seek.
I love the victory that draws no blood.

Claud. O, 'tis a high desert in any man
To be a secret lecher; I know some,
That, like thyself, are true in nothing else.

M. Ant. And, methinks, it is nothing, if not told;
At least the joy is never full before.

Val. Well, Dariotto, th'hadst as good confess,
The sun shines broad upon your practices;
Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.

Dar. Why, the more jealous knave and coxcomb he.
What, shall the shaking of his bed a little
Put him in motion? It becomes him not;
Let him be dull'd and stall'd, and then be quiet.
The way to draw my custom to his house
Is to be mad and jealous; 'tis the sauce
That whets my appetite.

Val. Or any man's:
Sine periculo friget lusus.
They that are jealous, use it still of purpose
To draw you to their houses.

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[17] *Gardens near the town*—See the extract from Stubbs, quoted in Note 36 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*.

[18] *Mazer*—See Note 63 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 346.

Dar. Aye, by heaven,
I am of that opinion. Who would steal
Out of a common orchard? let me gain
My love with labour, and enjoy't with fear,
Or I am gone.

Enter RYNALDO.

Ryn. What, Dariotto here?
Foot, darest thou come near Cornelio's house?
Dar. Why? is the bull run mad? what ails he, trow?
Ryn. I know not what he ails; but I would wish you
To keep out of the reach of his sharp horns:
For by this hand he'll gore you.
Dar. And why me,
More than thyself, or these two other whelps?
You all have basted him as well as I.
I wonder what's the cause.
Ryn. Nay, that he knows,
And swears withal, that wheresoe'er he meets you,
He'll mark you for a marker of mens' wives.
Val. Pray heaven he be not jealous by some tales
That have been told him lately; did you never
Attempt his wife? hath no love's harbinger,
No looks, no letters, 'past 'twixt you and her?
Dar. For look I cannot answer; I bestow them
At large, and carelessly, much like the sun;
If any be so foolish to apply them
To any private fancy of their own,
As many do, it's not my fault, thou knowest.
Val. Well, Dariotto, this set face of thine,
If thou be guilty of offence to him,
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling
What danger haunts thee; for Cornelio
Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best
You shunned his sight awhile, till we might get
His patience, or his pardon; for past doubt
Thou diest, if he but see thee.

Enter CORNELIO.

Ryn. Foot, he comes.
Dar. Is this the cockatrice that kills with sight?
How doest thou, boy? ha?
Cor. Well.
Dar. What, lingering still
About this paltry town? hadst thou been ruled
By my advice, thou hadst by this time been
A gallant courtier, and at least a knight:
I would have got thee dubb'd by this time certain.
Cor. And why then did you not yourself that honour?
Dar. Tush, 'tis more honour still to make a knight,
Than 'tis to be a knight; to make a cuckold,
Than 'tis to be a cuckold.
Cor. You're a villain.
Dar. God shield man; villain?
Cor. Aye, I'll prove thee one.
Dar. What, wilt thou prove a villain?
By this light thou deceivest me then.
Cor. Well, sir, thus I prove it. [*Draws.*

Omnes. Hold, hold, raise the streets.
Claud. Cornelio.
Ryn. Hold, Dariotto, hold.
Val. What, art thou hurt?
Dar. A scratch, a scratch.
Val. Go, sirrah, fetch a surgeon.
Cor. You'll set a badge on the jealous fool's head, sir;
Now set a coxcomb on your own.
Val. What's the cause of these wars, Dariotto?
Dar. 'Foot, I know not.
Cor. Well, sir, know and spare not; I will presently be divorced,
And then take her amongst ye.
Ryn. Divorced? nay, good Cornelio.
Cor. By this sword I will; the world shall not dissuade me. [*Exit.*
Val. Why, this has been your fault now, Dariotto:
You youths have fashions when you have obtained
A lady's favour, straight your hat must wear it,
Like a jack-daw, that, when he lights upon
A dainty morsel, kaas and makes his brags,
And then some kite doth scoop it from him straight;
Where if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better, and have less disturbance:
Forbear it in this case; and when you prove
Victorious over fair Gazetta's fort,
Do not for pity sound your trump for joy,
But keep your valour close, and 'tis your honour.

Enter Page and FRANCIS POCK.

F. Pock. God save you, Signior Dariotto.
Dar. I know you not, sir; your name, I pray?
F. Pock. My name is Pock, sir; a practitioner in surgery.
Dar. Pock the surgeon? you're welcome, sir; I know a doctor of your name, Master Pock.
F. Pock. My name has made many doctors, sir.
Ryn. Indeed 'tis a worshipful name.
Val. Marry is it, and of an ancient descent.
F. Pock. Faith, sir, I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were so disposed.
Ryn. Out of France at least.
F. Pock. And if I stood on my arms as others do——
Dar. No, do not, Pock; let others stand on their arms, and thou on thy legs, as long as thou canst.
F. Pock. Though I live by my bare practice, yet I could shew good cards for my gentility.
Val. Tush, thou canst not shake off thy gentry, Pock, 'tis bred i'the bone: but to the main, Pock; what thinkest thou of this gentleman's wound, Pock? canst thou cure it, Pock?
F. Pock. The incision is not deep, nor the orifice exorbitant, the pericranion is not dislocated; I warrant his life for forty crowns, without perishing of any joint.
Dar. Faith, Pock, 'tis a joint I would be loath to lose for the best joint of mutton in Italy.
Ryn. Would such a scratch as this hazard a man's head?

F. Pock. Aye, by'r lady, sir, I have known some have lost their heads for a less matter I can tell you; therefore, sir, you must keep good diet: if you please to come home to my house till you be perfectly cured, I shall have the more care on you.

Val. That's your only course, to have it well quickly.

F. Pock. By what time would he have it well, sir?

Dar. A very necessary question; canst thou limit the time?

F. Pock. O, sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthened or shortened at the discretion of the lawyer; he can either keep it green with replications or rejoinders, or sometimes skin it fair a'the outside for fashion sake, but so he may be sure 'twill break out again by a writ of error, and then has he his suit new to begin; but I will covenant with you, that by such a time I'll make your head as sound as a bell; I will bring it to suppuration, and after I will make it coagulate and grow to a perfect *Cycatrice*, and all within these ten days, so you keep a good diet.

Dar. Well, come, Pock, we'll talk farther on't within, it draws near dinner-time; what's a clock, boy?

Page. By your clock, sir, it should be almost one; for your head rung noon some half hour ago.

Dar. Is't true, sir?

Val. Away, let him alone; though he came in at the window, he sets the gates of your honour open I can tell you.

Dar. Come in, Pock, come apply; and for this deed
I'll give the knave a wound shall never bleed:
So, sir, I think this knock rings loud acquittance
For my ridiculous——

[*Exeunt all but* RYNALDO *and* VALERIO.

Ryn. Well, sir, to turn our heads to save your licence;
Since you have used the matter so unwisely,
That now your father has discerned your humour,
In your too careless usage in his house,
Your wife must come from his house to Antonio's;
And he, to entertain her, must be told
She is not wife to his son, but to you:
Which news will make his simple wit triumph
Over your father; and your father thinking
He still is gulled, will still account him simple:
Come, sir, prepare your villainous wit to feign
A kind submission to your father's fury,
And we shall see what hearty policy
He will discover, in his feigned anger,
To blind Antonio's eyes, and make him think
He thinks her heartily to be your wife.

Val. O I will gull him rarely with my wench,
Low kneeling at my heels before his fury,
And injury shall be salved with injury. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter MARC. ANTONIO *and* GOSTANZO.

M. Ant. You see how too much wisdom evermore
Outshoots the truth: you were so forwards still
To tax my ignorance, my green experience,
In these grey hairs, for giving such advantage
To my son's spirit, that he durst undertake
A secret match, so far short of his worth:
Your son so seasoned with obedience,
Even from his youth, that all his actions relish
Nothing but duty, and your anger's fear;
What shall I say to you, if it fall out
That this most precious son of yours has played
A part as bad as this, and as rebellious;
Nay, more, has grossly gulled your wit withal.
What if my son has undergone the blame
That appertained to yours? and that this wench,
With which my son is charged, may call you father;
Shall I then say you want experience?
You're green, you're credulous; easy to be blinded?

Gost. Ha, ha, ha! good Marc. Antonio,
When't comes to that, laugh at me, call me fool, proclaim me so,
Let all the world take knowledge I am an ass.

M. Ant. O the good God of gods,
How blind is pride! what eagles we are still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own! I tell you, knight,
It is confessed to be as I have told you;
And Gratiana is by young Rynaldo,
And your white son, brought to me as his wife:
How think you now, sir?

Gost. Even just as before,
And have more cause to think honest *Credulity*
Is a true loadstone to draw on Decrepity:
You have a heart too open, to embrace
All that your ear receives; alas, good man,
All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your house, for your poor son's young wife
My house without huge danger cannot hold.

M. Ant. Is't possible! what danger, sir, I pray?

Gost. I'll tell you, sir, 'twas time to take her thence:
My son, that last day you saw could not frame
His looks to entertain her, now, by'r lady,
Is grown a courtier; for myself unseen,
Saw when he courted her, embraced and kissed her,
And I can tell you left not much undone,
That was the proper office of your son.

M. Ant. What world is this!

Gost. I told this to Rynaldo,
Advising him to fetch her from my house,
And his young wit not knowing where to lodge her

Unless with you, and saw that could not be
Without some wile, I presently suggested
This quaint device, to say she was my son's;
And all this plot, good Marc. Antonio,
Flowed from this fount, only to blind your eyes.
M. Ant. Out of how sweet a dream have you awaked me!
By heaven! I durst have laid my part in heaven
All had been true; it was so lively handled,
And drawn with such a seeming face of truth:
Your son had cast a perfect vail of grief
Over his face, for his so rash offence,
To seal his love with act of marriage,
Before his father had subscribed his choice:
My son, my circumstance lessening the fact,
Intreating me to break the matter to you,
And, joining my effectual persuasions
With your son's penitent submission,
Appease your fury; I at first assented,
And now expect their coming to that purpose.
Gost. 'Twas well, 'twas well, seem to believe it still,
Let art end what credulity began;
When they come, suit your words and looks to theirs,
Second my sad son's feigned submission,
And see in all points how my brain will answer
His disguised grief, with a set countenance
Of rage and choler; now observe and learn
To school your son by me.

Enter RYNALDO, VALERIO, *and* GRATIANA.

M. Ant. On with your mask; here come the other maskers, sir.
Ryn. Come on, I say;
Your father with submission will be calmed;
Come on; down on your knees.
Gost. Villain, durst thou
Presume to gull thy father? dost thou not
Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows
Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
The thread of all my living from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?
Val. Father, if that part I have in your blood,
If tears, which so abundantly distil
Out of my inward eyes, and for a meed
Can drown these outward, (lend me thy handkerchief,)
And being indeed as many drops of blood,
Issuing from the creator of my heart,
Be able to beget so much compassion,
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
Whom I hold dearer——
Gost. Out upon thee, villain.
M. Ant. Nay, good Gostanzo, think you are a father.
Gost. I will not hear a word; out, out upon thee:
Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge,
Aye, and a beggar too, a trull, a blowze?
Ryn. You thought not so last day, when you offered her
A twelve months board for one night's lodging with her.
Gost. Go to, no more of that, peace, good Rynaldo,
It is a fault that only she and you know.
Ryn. Well, sir, go on, I pray.
Gost. Have I, fond wretch,
With utmost care and labour brought thee up,
Ever instructing thee, omitting never
The office of a kind and careful father,
To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father?
And hast thou in one act everted all?
Proclaimed thyself to all the world a fool?
To wed a beggar?
Val. Father, say not so.
Gost. Nay, she's thy own; here, rise fool, take her to thee,
Live with her still, I know thou count'st thyself
Happy in soul, only in winning her:
Be happy still, here, take her hand, enjoy her.
Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birthright,
To have but such a mess of broth as this?
M. Ant. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo,
Take truce with passion, licence your sad son,
To speak in his excuse.
Gost. What? what excuse?
Can any orator in this case excuse him?
What can he say? what can be said of any?
Val. Alas, sir, hear me, all that I can say
In my excuse, is but to shew love's warrant.
Gost. Notable wag.
Val. I knew I have committed
A great impiety, not to move you first
Before the dame, I meant to make my wife.
Consider what I am, yet young, and green.
Behold what she is; is there not in her,
Aye, in her very eye, a power to conquer
Even age itself and wisdom? Call to mind,
Sweet father, what yourself, being young, have been;
Think what you may be: for I do not think
The world so far spent with you, but you may
Look back on such a beauty, and I hope
To see you young again, and to live long
With young affections; wisdom makes a man
Live young for ever: and where is this wisdom
If not in you? Alas, I know not what
Rest in your wisdom to subdue affections;
But I protest it wrought with me so strongly,
That I had quite been drowned in seas of tears,
Had I not taken hold, in happy time,
Of this sweet hand; my heart had been consumed,
To a heap of ashes with the flames of love,
Had it not sweetly been assuaged and cooled
With the moist kisses of these sugared lips.
Gost. O puissant wag! what huge large thongs he cuts
Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching leather.
M. Ant. He knows he does it but to blind my eyes.

Gost. O excellent! these men will put up any thing.
Val. Had I not had her, I had lost my life;
Which life, indeed, I would have lost before
I had displeased you, had I not received it
From such a kind, a wise, and honoured father.
Gost. Notable boy!
Val. Yet do I here renounce
Love, life, and all, rather than one hour longer
Endure to have your love eclipsed from me.
Gra. O I can hold no longer, if thy words
Be used in earnest, my Valerio,
Thou wound'st my heart; but I know 'tis in jest.
Gost. No, I'll be sworn she has her liripoop too.
Gra. Didst thou not swear to love me, spite of father, and all the world?
That nought should sever us but death itself?
Val. I did; but if my father
Will have his son forsworn, upon his soul
The blood of my black perjury shall lie,
For I will seek his favour though I die.
Gost. No, no, live still my son, thou well shalt know,
I have a father's heart: Come, join your hands,
Still keep thy vows, and live together still,
Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both.
Val. O speak you this in earnest?
Gost. Aye, by heaven!
Val. And never to recal it?
Gost. Not till death.
Ryn. Excellent sir, you have done like yourself:
What would you more, Valerio?
Val. Worshipful father.
Ryn. Come, sir, come you in, and celebrate your joys.
[*Exeunt all save the Old Men.*
Gost. O, Marc. Antonio!
Had I not armed you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawn your very soul,
The wench had been my son's wife?
M. Ant. Yes, by heaven!
A knavery thus effected might deceive
A wiser man *than I; for I*, alas,
Am no good *politician; plain, believing;*
Simple honesty is my policy *still.*
Gost. The visible marks of folly, honesty, and quick credulity his younger brother.—
I tell you, Marc. Antonio, there is much
In that young boy, my son.
M. Ant. Not much honesty, if I may speak without offence to his father.
Gost. O, God! you cannot please me better, sir:
He has honesty enough to serve his turn;
The less honesty ever the more wit.
But go you home, and use your daughter kindly,
Mean time I'll school your son; and do you still
Dissemble what you know, keep off your son:
The wench at home must still be my son's wife;
Remember that, and be you blinded still.
M. Ant. You must remember, too, to let your son
Use his accustomed visitations,
Only to blind my eyes.
Gost. He shall not fail:
But still take you heed, have a vigilant eye
On that sly child of mine, for, by this light,
He'll be too bold with your son's forehead else.
M. Ant. Well, sir, let me alone, I'll [19] bear a brain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALERIO *and* RYNALDO.

Val. Come, they are gone.
Ryn. Gone, they were far gone here.
Val. Gulled I my father, or gulled he himself?
Thou told'st him Gratiana was my wife;
I have confessed it, he has pardoned it.
Ryn. Nothing more true, enow can witness it.
And therefore, when he comes to learn the truth,
(As certainly, for all these sly disguises,
Time will strip truth into her nakedness,)
Thou hast good plea against him to confess
The honoured action, and to claim his pardon.
Val. 'Tis true, for all was done he deeply swore
Out of his heart.
Ryn. He has much faith the whiles,
That swore a thing so quite against his heart.
Val. Why, this is policy.
Ryn. Well, see you repair
To Gratiana daily, and enjoy her
In her true kind; and now we must expect
The resolute and ridiculous divorce
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.
Val. I think it be not so; the ass dotes on her.
Ryn. It is too true, and thou shalt answer it,
For setting such debate 'twixt man and wife:
See, we shall see the solemn manner of it.

Enter CORNELIO, DARIOTTO, CLAUDIO, NOTARY, PAGE, GAZETTA, BELLONORA, *and* GRATIANA.

Bel. Good Signior Cornelio, let us poor gentlewoman intreat you to forbear.
Cor. Talk no more to me, I'll not be made cuckold in my own house; Notary, read me the divorce.
Gaz. My dear Cornelio, examine the cause better before you condemn me.
Cor. Sing to me no more, syren; for I will hear thee no more, I will take no compassion on thee.
Page. Good Signior Cornelio, be not too mankind against your wife, say you're a cuckold, as the best that is may be so at a time; will you make a trumpet of your own horns?
Cor. Go to, sir, you're a rascal, I'll give you a

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[19] *Bear a brain*—See Note 25 to *Ram-Alley*, in this Volume.

fee for pleading for her one day; Notary, do you your office.

Val. Go to, signior, look better to your wife, and be better advised before you grow to this extremity.

Cor. Extremity! go to, I deal but too mercifully with her; if I should use extremity with her, I might hang her, and her copesmate my drudge here; how say you, M. Notary, might I not do it by law?

Notary. Not hang 'em; but you may bring them both to a white sheet.

Cor. Nay by the mass they have had too much of the sheet already.

Notary. And, besides, you may set capital letters on their foreheads.

Cor. What's that to the capital letter that's written in mine? I say for all your law, master Notary, that I may hang 'em; may I not hang him that robs me of mine honour, as well as he that robs me of my horse?

Notary. No, sir; your horse is a chattle.

Cor. So is honour; a man may buy it with his penny, and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse, as I say, much more for robbing me of my honour; for why? if my horse be stolen, it may be my own fault; for why? either the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenced or watched, or so forth: but for your wife that keeps the stable of your honour, let her be locked in a brazen tower; let Argus himself keep her, yet can you never be secure of your honour; for why? she can run through all with her serpent noddle; besides, you may hang a lock upon your horse, and so can you not upon your wife.

Ryn. But I pray you, sir, what are the presumptions on which you would build this divorce?

Cor. Presumption enough, sir; for besides their intercourse, or commerce of glances that past betwixt this cockeril-drone and her at my table the last Sunday night at supper, their winks, their becks, due guard, their treads a'the toe, as by heaven I swear she trod once upon my toe instead of his: this is chiefly to be noted, the same night she would needs lie alone; and the same night her dog barked; did not you hear him, Valerio?

Val. And understand him too, I'll be sworn of a book.

Cor. Why very good, if these be not manifest presumptions now, let the world be judge; therefore, without more ceremony, master Notary, pluck out your instrument.

Notary. I will, sir, if there be no remedy.

Cor. Have you made it strong in law, master Notary? have you put in words enough?

Notary. I hope so, sir, it has taken me a whole skin of parchment, you see.

Cor. Very good; and is egress and regress in?

Notary. I'll warrant you, sir, it is *forma juris.*

Cor. Is there no hole to be found in the orthography?

Notary. None in the world, sir.

Cor. You have written *sunt* with an *s*, have you not?

Notary. Yes, that I have.

Cor. You have done the better for quietness sake; and are none of the authentical dashes over the head left out? if there be, master Notary, an error will lie out.

Notary. Not for a dash over head, sir, I warrant you, if I should oversee; I have seen that tried in Butiro and Caseo, in Butler and Cason's case, *decimo sexto* of Duke Anonymo.

Ryn. You've gotten a learned Notary, signior Cornelio.

Cor. He's a shrewd fellow, indeed; I had as leave have his head in a matter of felony, or treason, as any Notary's in Florence; read out, master Notary; hearken you, mistress; gentlemen, mark I beseech you.

Omnes. We will all mark you, sir, I warrant you.

Notary. I think it would be something tedious to read all; and therefore, gentlemen, the sum is this: That you, Signior Cornelio, gentleman, for divers and sundry weighty and mature considerations you especially moving, specifying all the particulars of your wife's enormities in a schedule hereunto annexed, the transcript whereof is in your own tenure, custody, occupation, and keeping; that for these the aforesaid premises, I say, you renounce, disclaim, and discharge Gazetta from being your leeful, or your lawful wife; and that you eftsoons divide, disjoin, separate, remove, and finally eloign, sequester, and divorce her from your bed and your board; that you forbid her all access, repair, egress or regress, to your person or persons, mansion or mansions, dwellings, habitations, remainnances or abodes, or to any shop, cellar, sellar, easements, chamber, dormer, and so forth, now in the tenure, custody, occupation, or keeping of the said Cornelio; notwithstanding all former contracts, covenants, bargains, conditions, agreements, compacts, promises, vows, affiances, assurances, bonds, bills, indentures, poll-deeds, deeds of gift, defeasances, feoffments, endowments, vouchers, double vouchers, privy entries, actions, declarations, explications, rejoinders, surrejoinders, rights, interests, demands, claims, or titles whatsoever, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, past, covenanted, and agreed, from the beginning of the world, till the day of the date hereof, given the 17th of November, 1500; and so *forth*: here, sir, you must set to your hand.

Cor. What else, master Notary, I am resolute i'faith.

Gaz. Sweet husband forbear.

Cor. Avoid, I charge thee in name of this divorce: thou mightest have looked to it in time; yet this I will do for thee, if thou canst spy out any other man that thou wouldest cuckold, thou

shalt have my letter to him: I can do no more; more ink, master Notary, I write my name at large.

Notary. Here is more, sir.

Cor. Ah, ass, that thou couldst not know thy happiness till thou hadst lost it: how now? my nose bleed? shall I write in blood? what only three drops? S'foot, this is ominous: I will not set my hand to't now, certain; master Notary, I like not this abodement; I will defer the setting to of my hand till the next court-day; keep the divorce I pray you, and the woman in your house together.'

Omnes. Burn the divorce, burn the divorce.

Cor. Not so, sir, it shall not serve her turn, master Notary, keep it at your peril; and, gentlemen, you may begone a God's name; what have you to do to flock about me thus? I am neither howlet, nor cuckoo; gentlewomen, for God's sake, meddle with your own cases; it is not fit you should haunt these public assemblies.

Omnes. Well, farewell Cornelio.

Val. Use the gentlewoman kindly, master Notary.

Not. As mine own wife I assure you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Claud. Signior Cornelio, I cannot but in kindness tell you, that Bellonora, by counsel of Rynaldo, hath whispered all this jealousy in your ears, not that he knew any just cause in your wife, but only to be revenged on you, for the gull you put upon him, when you drew him with his glory to touch the Theorbo.

Cor. May I believe this?

Claud. As I am a gentleman; and if this accident of your nose had not fallen out, I would have told you this before you set to your hand.

Cor. It may well be, yet have I cause enough
To perfect my divorce, but it shall rest
Till I conclude it with a counterbuff
Given to these noble rascals; Claudio, thanks:
What comes of this? watch but my brain a little,
And ye shall see, if like two parts in me
I leave not both these gullers wits imbriered,
Now I perceive well where the wild wind sits,
Here's gull for gull, and wits at war with wits.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

RYNALDO *solus.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world
Hath divers ways to advance her followers:
To some she gives honour without deserving,
To other some, deserving without honour;
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth;
Some wealth without wit; some nor wit nor wealth,
But good smock-faces; or some qualities,
By nature without judgment, with the which
They live in sensual acceptation,
And make shew only, without touch of substance;
My fortune is to win renown by gulling
Gostanzo, Dariotto, and Cornelio:
All which suppose in all their different kinds,
Their wits entire, and in themselves no piece,
All at one blow; my helmet yet unbruised,
I have unhorsed, laid flat on earth for gulls;
Now in what taking poor Cornelio is,
Betwixt his large divorce and no divorce,
I long to see, and what he will resolve:
I lay my life he cannot chew his meat,
And looks much like an ape had swallowed pills;
And all this comes of bootless jealousy;
And see where bootless jealousy appears.

Enter CORNELIO.

I'll [20] bourd him straight; how now, Cornelio?
Are you resolved on the divorce or no?

Cor. What's that to you? look to your own affairs,
The time requires it; are not you engaged
In some bonds forfeit for Valerio?

Ryn. Yes, what of that?

Cor. Why, so am I myself,
And both our dangers great; he is arrested
On a recognizance, by a usuring slave.

Ryn. Arrested! I am sorry with my heart,
It is a matter may import me much;
May not our bail suffice to free him, think you?

Cor. I think it may, but I must not be seen in't,
Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,
And liker far to bring ourselves in trouble,
Than bear him out; I have already made
Means to the officers to sequester him
In private for a time, till some in secret
Might make his father understand his state,
Who would perhaps take present order for him,
Rather than suffer him t'endure the shame
Of his imprisonment: now, would you but go
And break the matter closely to his father
As you can wisely do't, and bring him to him;
This were the only way to save his credit,
And to keep off a shrewd blow from ourselves.

Ryn. I know his father will be moved past measure.

Cor. Nay, if you stand on such nice ceremonies,
Farewell our substance: extreme diseases,
Ask extreme remedies; better he should storm
Some little time, than we be beat for ever

[20] *Bourd*—See Note 12 to *'Tis pity She's a Whore.*

Under the horrid shelter of a prison.
Ryn. Where is the place?
Cor. 'Tis at the Half-Moon tavern;
Haste, for the matter will abide no stay.
Ryn. Heaven send my speed be equal with my haste! [*Exit.*
Cor. Go, shallow scholar, you that make all gulls,
You that can out-see clear-eyed jealousy,
Yet make this slight a mill stone, where your brain
Sticks in the midst amazed: this gull to him,
And to his fellow guller, shall become
More bitter than their baiting of my humour;
Here at this tavern shall Gostanzo find
Fortunio, Dariotto, Claudio,
And amongst them the ringleader his son,
His husband, and his saint Valerio,
That knows not of what fashion dice are made,
Nor ever yet looked towards a red lattice,
Thinks his blind sire, at drinking and at dice,
Withal their wenches, and at full discover
His own gross folly, and his son's distempers,
And both shall know, although I be no scholar,
Yet I have thus much Latin, as to say
Jam sumus ergo pares. [*Exit.*

Enter VALERIO, FORTUNIO, CLAUDIO, PAGE, GRATIANA, GAZETTA, BELLONORA. *A Drawer or two setting a Table.*

Val. Set me the table here, we will shift rooms,
To see if fortune will shift chances with us;
Sit, ladies, sit; Fortunio, place thy wench;
And, Claudio, place you Dariotto's mistress;
I wonder where that neat spruce slave becomes;
I think he was some barber's son by the mass,
'Tis such a [21] picked fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print;
Each pin hath his due place, not any point
But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and grace;
A thing whose soul is specially employed
In knowing where best gloves, best stockings, waistcoats,
Curiously wrought, are sold; sacks millener's shops
For all new tires and fashions, and can tell ye
What new devices of all sorts there are:
And that there is not in the whole Ryalto,
But one new-fashioned waistcoat, or one night-cap,
One pair of gloves, pretty or well perfumed,
And from a pair of gloves of half-a-crown
To twenty crowns; will to a very [22] scute.
Smell out the price; and for these womanly parts
He is esteemed a witty gentleman.
For. See where he comes.

Enter DARIOTTO.

Dar. God save you, lovely ladies.
Val. Aye, well said, lovely Paris, your wall eye
Must ever first be gloting on men's wives;
You think to come upon us, being half drunk,
And so to part the freshest man amongst us;
But you shall over-take us, I'll be sworn.
Dar. Tush man, where are your dice? let's fall to them.
Claud. We have been at 'em; drawer, call for more.
Val. First let's have wine, dice have no perfect edge,
Without the liquid whetstone of the syrup.
For. True; and to welcome Dariotto's lateness,
He shall, unpledged, carouse one [23] crowned cup
To all these ladies' health.
Dar. I am well pleased.
Val. Come on, let us vary our sweet time
With sundry exercises: boy! tobacco.
And, drawer, you must get us music too;
Call's in a cleanly [24] noise, the slaves grow lowsy.
Drawer. You shall have such as we can get you, sir. [*Exit.*
Dar. Let's have some dice, I pray thee: they are cleanly.
Val. Page, let me see that leaf.
Page. It is not leaf, sir; 'tis pudding [25] cane tobacco.
Val. But I mean your linstock, sir; what leaf is that, I pray.
Page. I pray you see, sir, for I cannot read.
Val. S'foot, a rank stinking satire; this had been
Enough to have poisoned every man of us.
Dar. And now you speak of that, my boy once lighted
A pipe of cane tobacco with a piece
Of a vile ballad; and I'll swear I had
A singing in my head a whole week after.

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[21] *Picked*—i. e. spruce in dress. See Mr Steevens's Note on *King John*, A. 1. S. 1.

[22] *Scute*—A *scudo* is a coin well known in Italy, and of different value in different states, but in general worth more than five shillings. They are coined in Savoy, Modena, Genoa, Lucca, Florence, Rome, and Venice. The Genoese *scudo* is worth seven shillings; that of Modena but fourteen pence; at Venice, where it is worth five shillings and sixpence, that coin is subdivided into halves, quarters, and eighths. N.

[23] *Crowned cup*—i. e. a bumper.

[24] *Noise*—i. e. a number or concert of musicians.

[25] *Cane tobacco*—Cane tobacco is mentioned in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:

"The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuffed
With smoke more chargeable than *cane tobacco*."

Val. Well, the old verse is, *a potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter Drawer with Wine and four Cups.

Val. Drawer, fill out this gentleman's carouse,
And harden him for our society.
Dar. Well, ladies, here is to your honoured healths.
For. What, Dariotto, without hat or knee?
Val. Well said, Fortunio; O you're a rare courtier;
Your knee, good signior, I beseech your knee.
Dar. Nay, pray you, let's take it by degrees, Valerio; on our feet first, for this will bring's too soon upon our knees.
Val. Sir, there are no degrees of order in a tavern,
Here you must, I charge ye, run all a head,
Slight, courtier, down;
I hope you are no elephant, you have joints?
Dar. Well, sir, here's to the ladies on my knees.
Val. I'll be their pledge.

Enter GOSTANZO *and* RYNALDO.

For. Not yet, Valerio,
This he must drink unpledged.
Val. He shall not, I will give him this advantage.
Gost. How now? what's here? are these the officers?
Ryn. Slight, I would all were well.

Enter CORNELIO.

Val. Here is his pledge:
Here's to our common friend Cornelio's health.
Claud. Health to Gazetta! poison to her husband! [*He kneels.*
Cor. Excellent guests: these are my daily guests.
Val. Drawer, make even the impartial scales of justice,
Give it to Claudio, and from him fill round.
Come, Dariotto, set me, let me rest,
Come in when they have [26] done the ladies right.
Gost. Set me, do you know what belongs to setting?
Ryn. What a dull slave was I to be thus gulled!
Cor. Why, Rynaldo, what meant you to intrap your friend,
And bring his father to this spectacle?
You are a friend indeed.
Ryn. 'Tis very good, sir;
Perhaps my friend, or I, before we part,
May make even with you.
For. Come, let's set him round.
Val. Do so: at all. A plague upon these dice.
Another health; s'foot, I shall have no luck
Till I be drunk: come on, here's to the comfort,
The cavalier my father should take in me,
If he now saw me, and would do me right.
For. I'll pledge it, and his health, Valerio.
Gost. Here's a good husband.
Ryn. I pray you have patience, sir.
Val. Now have at all, an't were a thousand pound.
Gost. Hold, sir, I bar the dice.
Val. What, sir, are you there?
Fill's a fresh pottle, by this light, sir knight,
You shall do right.

Enter MARC. ANTONIO.

Gost. O thou ungracious villain!
Come, come, we shall have you now thunder forth
Some of your thrifty sentences as gravely:
Forasmuch, Valerio, as every thing has time, and a pudding has two; yet ought not satisfaction to swerve so much from defalcation of well-disposed people, as that indemnity should prejudice what security doth insinuate: a trial yet once again.
M. Ant. Here's a good sight, you're well encountered, sir;
Did not I tell you you'd o'er shoot yourself
With too much wisdom.
Val. Sir, your wisest do so.
Fill the old man some wine.
Gost. Here's a good infant.
M. Ant. Why, sir: alas, I'll wager with your wisdom,
His consorts drew him to it, for of himself
He is both virtuous, bashful, innocent:
Comes not at city: knows no city art,
But plies your husbandry; dares not view a wench.
Val. Father, he comes upon you.
Gost. Here's a son!
M. Ant. Whose wife is Gratiana now, I pray?
Gost. Sing your old song no more, your brain's too short
To reach into these policies.
M. Ant. 'Tis true,
Mine eyes soon blinded; and yourself would say so,
If you knew all: where lodged your son last night?
Do you know that with all your policy?
Gost. You'll say he lodged with you; and did not I
Foretel you, all this must for colour sake
Be brought about, only to blind your eyes?
M. Ant. By heaven! I chanced this morn, I know not why,
To pass by Gratiana's bed-chamber,
And whom saw I fast by her naked side,
But your Valerio?

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[26] *Done the ladies right*—See Note 23 to *The Widow's Tears.*

Gost. Had you not warning given?
Did not I bid you watch my courtier well,
Or he would set a crest o' your son's head?
M. Ant. That was not all; for by them on a stool
My son sat laughing, to see you so gulled.
Gost. 'Tis too too plain.
M. Ant. Why, sir, do you suspect it the more for that?
Gost. Suspect it? is there any
So gross a wittol, as, if 'twere his wife,
Would sit by her so tamely?
M. Ant. Why not, sir, to blind my eyes?
Gost. Well, sir, I was deceived,
But I shall make it prove a dear deceit to the deceiver.
Ryn. Nay, sir, let's not have
A new infliction set on an old fault.
He did confess his fault upon his knees;
You pardoned it, and swore 'twas from your heart.
Gost. Swore; a great piece of work, the wretch shall know
I have a daughter here to give my land to.
I'll give my daughter all; the prodigal
Shall not have one poor house to hide his head in.
For. I humbly thank you, sir, and vow all duty
My life can yield you.
Gost. Why are you so thankful?
For. For giving to your daughter all your lands,
Who is my wife, and so you gave them me.
Gost. Better, and better.
For. Pray, sir, be not moved,
You drew me kindly to your house, and gave me
Access to woo your daughter, whom I loved;
And since, by honoured marriage, made my wife.
Gost. Now all my choler fly out in your wits;
Good tricks of youth, i'faith, no indecorum,
Knight's son, knight's daughter; Marc. Antonio,
Give me your hand, there is no remedy,
Marriage is ever made by Destiny.
Ryn. Silence, my masters, now here all are pleased,
Only Cornelio; who lacks but persuasion
To reconcile himself to his fair wife:
Good sir, will you, of all men our best speaker,
Persuade him to receive her into grace?
Gost. That I will gladly, and he shall be ruled; good Cornelio, I have heard of your wayward jealousy, and I must tell you plain as a friend, you're an ass: you must pardon me; I knew your father.
Ryn. Then you must pardon him, indeed, sir.
Gost. Understand me: put case Dariotto loved your wife, whereby you would seem to refuse her; would you desire to have such a wife as no man could love but yourself?
M. Ant. Answer but that, Cornelio.
Gost. Understand me: say Dariotto hath kissed your wife, or performed other offices of that nature, whereby they did converse together at bed and at board, as friends may seem to do.
M. Ant. Mark but the now, understand me.
Gost. Yet if there come *no proofs*, but that her actions were cleanly, or indiscreet private, why, 'twas a sign of modesty: and will you blow the horn yourself, when you may keep it to yourself? Go to, you are a fool, understand me.
Val. Do understand him, Cornelio.
Gost. Nay, Cornelio, I tell you again, I knew your father; he was a wise gentleman, and so was your mother. Methinks I see her yet, a lusty stout woman, bore great children, you were the very scoundrel of 'em all; but let that pass. As for your mother, she was wise, a most flippant tongue she had, and could set out her tail with as good grace as any she in Florence, come cut and long tail; and she was honest enough too; but yet by your leave she would tickle Dob now and then, as well as the best on 'em; by Jove 'tis true, Cornelio, I speak it not to flatter you: your father knew it well enough; and would he do as you do, think you? set rascals to undermine her, or look to her water, as they say? No, when he saw 'twas but her humour, for his own quietness sake, he made a back-door to his house for convenience, got a bell to his fore-door, and had an odd fashion in ringing, by which she and her maid knew him, and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all things might be rid cleanly out of the way before he came, for the credit of his wife: this was wisdom now, for a man's own quiet.
M. Ant. Here was a man, Cornelio.
Gost. What I say, young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.
Cor. Why, hark you, you two knights; do you think I will forsake Gazetta?
Gost. And will you not?
Cor. Why, there's your wisdom; why did I make shew of divorce, think you?
M. Ant. Pray you why, sir?
Cor. Only to bridle her stout stomach: and how did I draw on the colour for my divorce? I did train the woodcock Dariotto into the net, drew him to my house, gave him opportunity with my wife, (as you say my father dealt with his wife's friends), only to train him in, let him alone with my wife in her bed-chamber, and sometimes found him a-bed with her, and went my way back again softly, only to draw him into the pit.
Gost. This was well handled indeed, Cornelio.
M. Ant. Aye, marry, sir, now I commend your wisdom.
Cor. Why, if I had been so minded as you think, I could have flung his pantable down the stairs, or done him some other disgrace: but I winked at it, and drew on the good fool more and more, only to bring him within my compass.
Gost. Why, this was policy in grain.
Cor. And now shall the world see I am as wise as my father.
Val. Is't come to this? then will I make a speech in praise of this reconcilement, including

therein *the praise and honour* of the most fashionable *and authentical* HORN. Stand close, gentles, and be *silent*. [*He gets into a Chair.*

Gost. Come on, let's hear his wit in this potable humour.

Val. The course of the world, like the life of man, is said to be divided into several ages: as we into infancy, childhood, youth, and so forward to old age; so the world into the golden age, the silver, the brass, the iron, the leaden, the wooden; and *now into this present age*, which we term the *horned age;* not but that former ages have enjoyed this benefit as well as our times, but that in ours it is more common, and nevertheless precious. It is said, that, in the golden age of the world, the use of gold was not then known; an argument of the simplicity of that age. Lest, therefore, succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to us which we lay upon the first age, that we, living in the horned age of the world, should not understand the use, the virtue, the honour, and the very royalty of the horn; I will, in brief, sound the praises thereof, that they who are already in possession of it may bear their heads *aloft, as being proud of such lofty* accoutrements, and they that are but in possibility may be ravished with a desire to be in possession; a trophy so honourable and unmatchably powerful, that it is able to raise any man from a beggar to an emperor's fellow, a duke's fellow, a nobleman's fellow, alderman's fellow; so glorious, that it deserves to be worn, by most opinions, in the most conspicuous place about a man; for what worthier crest can you bear than the horn? which, if it might be seen with our mortal eyes, what a wonderful spectacle would there be! and how highly they would ravish the beholders! But their substance is incorporeal, not falling under sense, nor mixed of the gross concretion of elements, but a quintessence beyond them, a spiritual essence invisible and everlasting.

And this hath been the cause that many men *have called their* being in question, whether there *be such a thing in rerum natura* or not? because they are *not to be seen, as though* nothing were that were *not* to be seen. Who ever saw the wind? yet what wonderful *effects are seen of it!* It drives the clouds, yet no man sees it; it rocks the house, bears down trees, castles, steeples, yet who sees it? In like sort does your horn: it swells the forehead, yet none sees it; it rocks the cradle, yet none sees it; so that you plainly perceive sense is no judge of essence. The moon to any man's sense seems to be horned; yet who knows not the moon to be ever perfectly round? So, likewise, your heads seem ever to be round, when indeed they are oftentimes horned. For their original, it is unsearchable; natural they are not, for there is no beast born with horns more than with teeth; created they were not, for *ex nihilo nihil fit.* Then will you ask me, how came they into the world? I know not; but I am sure women brought them into this part of the world, howsoever some doctors are of opinion that they came *in with the devil: and not* unlike; for, as the devil brought *sin into the world*, but the woman brought it to the man, so it may very well be, that the devil brought horns into the world, but the woman brought them to the man.

For their power, it is general over the world; no nation so barbarous, no *country so proud*, but doth equal homage to the horn. Europa, when she was carried through the sea by the *Saturnian* bull, was said, for fear of falling, to have held by the horn; and what is this but a plain shewing to us, that all Europe, which took name from that Europa, should likewise hold by the horn? So that I say, it is universal over the face of the world, general over the face of Europe, and common over the face of this country. What city, what town, what village, what street, nay, what house can quit itself *of this prerogative?* I have read that the lion once made a proclamation through all the forest, that *all horned beasts* should depart forthwith upon pain of death. If this proclamation should be made through our forest, Lord! what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be, even from all the parts of it! He that had but a bunch of flesh in his head would away; and some, foolishly fearful, would imagine the shadow of his ears to be horns.—Alas, how desart would this forest be left!

To conclude: For their force, it is irrevitable; for were they not irrevitable, then might either properness of person secure a man, or wisdom prevent them; or greatness exempt, or riches redeem them; but present experience hath taught us, that, in this case, all these stand in no stead: for we see the properest men take part of, the best wits cannot avoid them, (for then should poets be no cuckolds,) nor can money redeem them, for then would rich men fine for their horns, as they do for offices; but this is held for a maxim, that there are more rich cuckolds than poor. Lastly, for continuance of the horn, it is undeterminable till death. Neither do they determine with the wife's death, howsoever ignorant writers hold opinion they do; for as when a knight dies, his lady still retains the title of lady; when a company is cast, yet the captain still retains the title of captain; so, though the wife die, by whom this title came to her husband, yet, by the courtesy of the city, he shall be a cuckold during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Gost. Notable wag! Come, sir, shake hands with him,
In whose high honour you have made this speech.

M. Ant. And you, sir, come join hands, you're one amongst them.

Gost. Very well done, now take your several wives,
And spread like wild geese, though you now grow tame;
Live merrily together and agree,
Horns cannot be kept off with jealousy.

EPILOGUE.

Since all our labours are as you can like,
We all submit to you; nor dare presume
To think there's any real worth in them.
Sometimes feasts please the cooks, and not the guests;
Sometimes the guests, and curious cooks contemn them.
Our dishes we entirely dedicate
To our kind guests; but since ye differ so,
Some to like only mirth without taxations,
Some to count such works trifles, and such like,
We can but bring you meat, and set you stools,
And to our best cheer say, you all are ( ) welcome.

EDITION.

Al Fooles. A Comedy: Presented at the Black Fryers; and lately before his Majestie. Written by George Chapman. At London, printed for Thomas Thorpe, 1605, 4to.

EASTWARD HOE.[1]

THE PROLOGUE.

Not out of envy (for there's no effect,
Where there's no cause), nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated;
Nor out of our contention to do better,
Than that which is opposed to ours in title;
For that was good, and better cannot hee.
And for the title, if it seem affected,
We might as well have called it, God you good even!
Only that eastward, westwards still exceeds;
Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
Nor is our title utterly enforced,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Bear with our willing pains; if dull or witty,
We only dedicate it to the city.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[2]

TOUCHSTONE, *an honest Goldsmith in the City.*
QUICKSILVER, *a Rake, his 'Prentice.*
GOLDING, *his sober 'Prentice.*
Sir PETRONEL FLASH, *a poor Knight.*
SECURITY, *an old Usurer.*
BRAMBLE, *a Lawyer.*
SEAGUL, *Captain of a Ship.*
SCRAPETHRIFT, SPENDALL, } *Two of his Passengers.*
SLITGUT, *a Butcher's 'Prentice.*
POLDAVY, *a French Tailor.*

HOLDFAST, WOLF, } *Two Officers belonging to the Compter.*

Mrs TOUCHSTONE, *the Goldsmith's Wife.*
GIRTRED, *her Daughter, that affects to be a fine Lady.*
MILDRED, *her Good-daughter.*
WINIFRED, SECURITY's *Wife.*
SYNDEFY, *a cast Mistress of* QUICKSILVER's.
Mrs FOND, *Mrs* GAZER, BETTRICE, HAMLET, POTKIN, *Page, Footman, Constables, Prisoners,* &c.

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[1] *Eastward Hoe.*—This Play was the *joint* production of Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston. What part each author had in the composition cannot be known; but the consequence of writing it had like to have been very serious to them all. They were accused of reflecting on the Scots, for which they were committed to prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses. They, however, received pardons; and Jonson, on his releasement from prison, gave an entertainment to his friends, amongst whom were Camden and Selden. In the midst of the entertainment, his mother, more an antique Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a portion of it herself, if the sentence for his punishment had been executed. Whatever there might be offensive in this performance at its first appearance, every part of it seems to have been removed in the printing, as nothing now remains which could possibly be liable to objection. In the year 1685, Mr Tate brought it on the stage at Dorset Gardens, with alterations, under the title of *Cuckolds Haven*; or, *An Alderman no Conjuror.* It was again revived at Drury-Lane, about the year 1752, and a third time at the same theatre in the year 1777, by Mrs LENOX, under the title of *Old City Manners.* From this play Mr Hogarth is supposed to have taken the hint of his series of plates, describing the progress of the industrious and idle apprentices.

[2] This enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ is not in the first edition.

EASTWARD HOE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Master TOUCHSTONE *and* QUICKSILVER, *at several Doors; the latter with his Hat, Pumps, short Sword and Dagger, and a Racket trussed up under his Cloak. At the middle Door, enter* GOLDING; *discovering a Goldsmith's Shop, and he walking short turns before it.*

Touch. And whither with you now? what loose action are you bound for? come, what comrades are you to meet withal? where's the supper? where's the rendezvous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir—

Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French foot-boy, and talk more bawdily than a common midwife; and now, indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir; but if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigged now? sirrah, I tell thee I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my 'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whither you are running. *Work upon that now.*

Quick. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch. 'Prentices recreations are seldom with their master's profit. *Work upon that now.* You shall give up your cloak, [3] though you be no alderman. Heyday! ruffians! ha! sword! pumps! here's a racket, indeed!

[TOUCHSTONE *uncloaks* QUICKSILVER.

Quick. *Work upon that now.*

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, dost thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. 'Sblood, sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace, and of *quorum*; and though I am a younger brother, and a 'prentice, yet, I hope, I am my father's son; and, by god'slid, 'tis for your worship, and for your commodity, that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, true; they call me cousin Frank, right; I lend them monies, good; they spend it, well: but when they are spent, must not they strive to get more? must not their land fly? and to whom? shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? how could gentlemen be unthrifts if their humours were not fed? how should their humours be fed, but by white meat, and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, cousin Frank, some gold for silver: I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, cousin Frank, lend me some silver. Why—

Touch. Why? I cannot tell; sevenscore pound art thou in the cash; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no; by exchanging of gold? no; by keeping of gallants company? no; I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good, wholesome, thrifty sentences: as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt end, and comes squeezed out at the buckall: and I grew up; and I praise Providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou—Well,

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[3] *Though you be no alderman.*—Among the ancient city regulations concerning apparel, is the following:—"The Lord Mayor, and those knights that have borne the office of mayoralty, ought to have their *cloaks* furred with grey amis; and those aldermen that have not been mayors, are to have their *cloaks* furred with calabre. And likewise such as have been mayors are to have their *cloaks* lined with changeable taffaty; and the rest are to have them lined with green taffaty."

look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you; sevenscore pound is yet in the rear.

Quick. Why, 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it, as any are in London; gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behaved; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind cousin Frank! good cousin Frank! for they know my father; and, by god's-lid, shall not I trust 'em? not trust?

Enter a Page, as enquiring for TOUCHSTONE'S *Shop.*

Gold. What do ye lack, sir? what is't you'll buy, sir?

Touch. Ay, marry, sir, there's a youth of another piece! there's thy fellow-'prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art; nay, and better mean'd. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Gold. It is his shop, and here my master walks. [*To the Page.*

Touch. With me, boy?

Page. My master, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. [*Exit Page.*

There's another affliction too. As I have two 'prentices; the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry: so have I only two daughters; the eldest, of a proud ambition, and nice wantonness; the other, of a modest humility, and comely soberness. The one must be ladified, forsooth, and be attired just to the court-cut, and long tail. So far is she ill-natured to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despite, hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has; 'twas her grandmother's gift; let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that: but as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry; shall never use me as men do foxes, keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this Sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, Master Quicksilver, think of husks; for thy course is running directly to the prodigal's hog-trough. Husks, sirrah! *Work upon that now.* [*Exit* TOUCHSTONE.

Quick. Marry, pho, goodman Flat-cap; 'sfoot, though I am a 'prentice, I can give arms: my father's a justice o' peace by descent; and, 'sblood——

Gold. Fie, how you swear!

Quick. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree. God's my life, sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant; and [4] *let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.* Look not westward to the fall of Don Phœbus; but to the east, *Eastward Hoe:*

Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,
And bright Eous makes the welkin clear.

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs: let's be no longer fools to thi flat-cap, Touchstone, eastward bully! this sattin belly and canvas-backed Touchstone—'Slife, man, his father was a maltman, and his mother sold gingerbread in Christ-church.

Gold. What would you ha' me do?

Quick. Why, do nothing: be like a gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testoons, and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward Hoe! wilt thou cry, what is't ye lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? [5] wilt thou bear tankards, and mayst bear arms? Be ruled, turn gallant, Eastward hoe! *ta, ly re, ly re, ro. Who calls Jerinomo? Speak, here I am.* Gods so, how like a sheep thou look'st! A' my conscience, some cow-herd begat thee, thou Golding of Golding-hall! Ha, boy?

Gold. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I a cow-herd's son! because I turn not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell, like thyself?

[*He offers to draw, and* GOLDING *trips up his heels, and holds him.*

Quick. Rake-hell, rake-hell!

Gold. Pish; in soft terms, you are a cowardly bragging boy. I'll ha' ye whipt.

Quick. Whipt! that's good, i'faith! Untruss me——

Gold. No; thou wilt undo thyself. Alas! I behold thee with pity, not with anger. Thou common [6] shot-clog, gull of all companies! methinks I see thee already walking in Moorfields without a cloak; with half a hat; without a band;

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[4] *Let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.*—Fragments from Pistol's phraseology. I should not hesitate to pronounce all such parts of this play as are written in ridicule of Shakespeare, to be Jonson's. S.

[5] *Wilt thou bear tankards.*—i. e. wilt thou continue to fetch water from the conduits. This appears to have been part of the duty of an apprentice. See *The Four Prentises of London.*

[6] *Shot-clog.*—Incumbrance on a reckoning. *Shot* is the ancient term for the amount of a tavern-bill. S.

a doublet with three buttons; without a girdle; a hose, with one point and no garter; with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three pence.

Quick. Nay, 'slife, take this, and take all: as I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*

Gold. Go, thou most madly vain! whom nothing can recover, but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious, calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read:

Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base;
From trades, from arts, from valour, honour springs;
These three are founts of gentry, yea of kings.

Enter GIRTRED, MILDRED, BETTRICE, *and* POLDAVY, *a Tailor.* POLDAVY *with a fair Gown, Scotch Farthingale, and a* [7] *French Fall in his Arms.* GIRTRED *in a French Head-attire, and a Citizen's Gown;* MILDRED *sewing; and* [8] BETTRICE *leading a Monkey after her.*

Gir. For the passion of patience, look if Sir Petronel approach. That sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me if he come! Oh, sister Mill, though my father be a low-capt tradesman, yet I must be a lady; and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come? off with this gown for shame's sake, off with this gown! let not my knight take me in the city-cut, in any hand: tear't! pox on't (does he come?) tear't off! *Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,* &c.

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatiency, and disgraceful scorn, do you put off your city tire! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Gir. I tell you, I cannot endure it; I must be a lady: do you wear your quoiff, with a London licket? your [9] stamel petticoat, with two guards? the buffin gown, with the tuftaffity cap, and the velvet lace? I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well: To eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty; to line a grogram gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks of three pound a smock, are to be borne withal: but your mincing niceries, taffity pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life! as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it. Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! *And ever she cried, shoot home*—and yet I knew one longer—*And ever she cried, shoot home; fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.*

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest oft fly with a sick wing.

Gir. [10] Bow-bell!

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth. *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats, and foxes, and dogs together, to draw his plough, whiles he followed and sowed salt: but sure I judge them truly mad, that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Gir. Alas, poor Mill! when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet i'faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee sister Mill still; for though thou art not like to be a lady, as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and mayst peradventure be saved as soon as I, (does he come?) *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.*

Mil. [11] Now (lady's my comfort), what a profane ape's here!

Gir. Tailor Poldavis, pr'ythee fit it, fit it! [12] is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up round?

Pol. Fine and stifly, i'faith; it will keep your

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[7] *French fall.*—See Note to *The Roaring Girl.*

[8] *Bettrice leading a monkey after her.*—Bettrice is not characterized among the persons of the Drama, nor is the meaning of her present office very intelligible. When a younger sister married before her elder, such insults on the latter were formerly practised; and to lead apes is still the supposed punishment of antiquated virgins in another world. *Mildred*, however, whose marriage is not yet thought of, is the *younger* of these ladies: so that the *maid and the monkey* should seem more properly attendants on the idle and affected *Girtred*, her *elder* sister. S.

[9] *Stamel.*—*i. e.* red. See Notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tollet on *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2.

[10] *Bow-Bell.*—*i. e.* the note of a cockney, one born within the sound of Bow-bells.

[11] *Now (lady's my comfort)*, &c.—In the 4to, the three speeches here assigned to Girtred and Mildred are given to *Girtred* only. But the alteration now made seems to be necessary, as *Girtred* cannot be supposed to censure the licentiousness of her own conversation.

[12] *Is this a right Scot.*—Sir David Dalrymple, in his Notes on *Bannatyne's Ancient Scotish Poems*, 12mo, 1770, p. 255. observes, "It will scarcely be believed in *this* age, that in the *last*, the City *ladies* reformed their hereditary farthingales after the *Scottish fashion*." That gentleman seems to suppose the whole of the last two speeches to belong to Mildred.

thighs so cool, and make your waist so small! Here was a fault in your body; but I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument; which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Most edifying tailor! I protest, you tailors are most sanctified members, and make many crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands? light? light?

Pol. O ay, now you are in the lady fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light; ay, and fall so: that's the court-amble.

[*She trips about the Stage.*

Gir. Has the court ne'er a trot?

Pol. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Gir. *And if she will not go to bed*— [Singing.

Bet. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, *Mr* TOUCHSTONE, *and Mrs* TOUCHSTONE.

Gir. Is my knight come? O the lord, my band? Sister, do my cheeks look well? give me a little box o' the ear, that I may seem to blush. Now, now! so, there, there! here he is! O my dearest delight! lord! lord! and how does my knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modesty.

Gir. Modesty! why, I am no citizen now.—Modesty! am I not to be married? you're best to keep me modest now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet. Boldness is a good fashion, and court-like.

Gir. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pet. Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one Count Epernoum, a Welch knight; we had a match at baloon too with my Lord Whachum, for four crowns.

Gir. At baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at baboon in the country.

Sir Pet. O, sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

Gir. With arm or leg, or any other member, if it be a court-sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to consummate it; and your father may call a poor knight son-in-law.

Touch. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pounds land her grandmother left her; 'tis your's: herself, as her mother's gift, is your's. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. *Work upon that now.*

Sir Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mrs Touch. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is a knight; and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. An I thought you would not ha' been knighted, as I am an honest woman, I would ha' dubbed you myself. I praise God, I have wherewithal. But as for you, daughter——

Gir. Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow; and by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband), I must take place of you, mother.

Mrs Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter; and have a coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes, mother. But, by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right), my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch. Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time. Use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing: for, I cannot feign, my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter: she has refused for you wealthy and honest matches, known [13] good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

Gir. Body a truth, citizens! citizens! sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy, out of this miserable city; presently! carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell, I beseech thee, down with me, for God's sake.

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:

The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first;
He that has most drank, may soonest be athirst.

Work upon that now.

[*Exeunt all but* TOUCHSTONE, MILDRED, *and* GOLDING.

No, no; yonder stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter: and how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you fancy her choice? what dost thou think?

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? speak freely.

Mil. I am loath to speak ill; and yet I am sorry of this I cannot speak well.

Touch. Well: very good; as I would wish; a modest answer. Golding, come hither; hither,

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[13] *Good men.*—i. e. in the mercantile sense, *rich* men. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Shylock says, "Antonio's a *good* man."

Golding. How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? does he not look big? how likest thou the elephant? he says, he has a castle in the country.

Gold. Pray heaven the elephant carry not his castle on his back!

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well: but seriously, how dost repute him?

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Golding, I commend thee; I approve thee; and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? she is not fair, well-favoured, or so; indifferent; which modest measure of beauty, shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly, she is modest; thou art provident, she is careful. She's now mine: give me thy hand, she's now thine. *Work upon that now.*

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yon fellow? He is a gentleman, though my 'prentice, and has somewhat to take to; a youth of good hope: well friended, [14] well parted. Are you mine? you are his. *Work you upon that now.*

Mil. Sir, I am all your's; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life: let your virtue still direct it; for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touch. Sayest thou so? Be you two better acquainted; lip her, lip her, knave! so, shut up shop; in. We must make holiday.

[*Exeunt* GOLDING *and* MILDRED.

This match shall on; for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the mean, or lofty love:
Whether fit wedlock, vowed 'twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expense,
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, *and* MILDRED, *sitting on either side of the Stall.*

Touch. Quicksilver! Master Francis Quicksilver! Master Quicksilver!

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. Here, sir——ump.

Touch. So, sir; nothing but flat Master Quicksilver, without any familiar addition, will fetch you! Will you truss my points, sir?

Quick. Ay, forsooth—ump.

Touch. How now, sir! the drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth.

Touch. What! have you the cause natural for it? you're a very learned drunkard. I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently; but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous wesand.

Quick. An't please you, sir, we did but drink (ump) to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming off an him?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; we drunk to his coming on (ump) when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off; for that's the chief honour of a soldier, sir, and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump.

Touch. A very capital reason! [15] So that you go to bed late, and rise early, to commit drunkenness; you fulfil the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Quick. The knight's men, forsooth, be still a' their knees at it—ump; and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, e'en to 'em again then; you're one of the separated crew; one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's; with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir, now I will go keep my (ump) credit with them; an't please you, sir.

Touch. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomach, I beseech you.

Quick. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit* QUICKSILVER.

Touch. This is for my credit! Servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house, for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason! I thank time, the night is past: I ne'er waked to such cost: I think we have stowed more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received: and for wine—why, my house turns giddy with it; and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ah me! even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 'tis our city's fault; which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully.

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[14] *Well parted.*—Has sense and good parts S. P.

[15] *So that you go to bed late, and rise early.*—A profane allusion to Scripture. S. P.

We lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it: O that we would do so in virtue, and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can shew. I'll eaves-drop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

Enter GOLDING *and* MILDRED.

Gold. But is it possible, that you seeing your sister preferred to the bed of a knight should contain your affections in the arms of a 'prentice?

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with sattin.

Gold. And do the costly garments, the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more inflame you, than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

Mil. I have observed that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recovered: they bear one headlong in desire, from one novelty to another: and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs, to go to our objects; not wings, to fly to them.

Gold. How dear an object you are to my desires, I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it; yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education. What increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not, will be aspired to by me. I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours: I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

Touch. Work upon that now! By my hopes, he wooes honestly and orderly. He shall be the anchor of my hope. Look ye, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow!

Enter QUICKSILVER *unlaced, a towel about his neck, in his flat cap, drunk.*

Quick. Eastward hoe! [16] *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia.*

Touch. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quick. Ump, puldo, puldo! showse, quoth the Caliver.

Gold. Fie! fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in?

Quick. Pickle! pickle in thy throat. Zounds, pickle! wa, ha, ho! Good-morrow, knight Petronel: morrow, lady Goldsmith. Come off knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Gold. Why, how now, sir, do you know where you are?

Quick. Where I am! why, 'sblood, you jolt-head, where am I?

Gold. Go to, go to; for shame go to bed, and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

Quick. Shame! what shame? I thought thou would'st shew thy bringing up: an thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money; save my credit. I must dine with the serving-men and their wives: and their wives, sirrah.

Gold. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee three-pence.

Quick. 'Sfoot, lend me some money: [17] "Hast thou not Hyren here?"

Touch. Why, how now, sirrah? what vein's this, hah?

Quick. "Who cries on murder? Lady, was it you?" How does our master? pr'ythee cry, Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sirrah, sirrah, you're past your hiccup now, I see; you're drunk.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And I hear you keep a whore in town.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quick. So do I: my father's a gentleman; Work upon that now. Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe [18] will make you go Westward hoe. I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your licence. There, sir; there's your indenture. All your apparel, that I must know, is on your back: and from this time my door is shut to you. From me be free; but for other freedom, and the monies you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent: fly with a duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good sir!

Quick. [19] "When this eternal substance of my soul"——

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[16] *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia*—This is a line taken from Marlow's Play of *Tamberlain*, and ridiculed in the character of Pistol, in *The Second Part of King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4.

[17] *Hast thou not Hyren here?*—So Pistol says, *Have we not Hyren?*

[18] *Will make you go Westward hoe*—i. e. will make you go to Tyburn.

[19] *When this eternal substance*, &c.—Taken from the Prologue to *The Spanish Tragedy*. See Vol. I. p. 475.

Touch. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quick. "Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh"——

Touch. What then, sir?

Quick. "I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name"——

Touch. Good master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance. I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign: Work upon that now. [*Exit staggering.*

Touch. Now, sirrah, you, hear you; you shall serve me no more neither; not an hour longer.

Gold. What mean you sir?

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter; and with my daughter, a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make knight Petronel himself envy thee. You're both agreed; are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission both of thanks and duty.

Touch. Well then, the great power of heaven bless and confirm you! And, Golding, that my love to thee may not shew less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Gold. Let me beseech you, no, sir. The superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly: nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, only your reverend presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touch. Son to mine own bosom, take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir—— reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravished with desire to hansel her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother; and while their preparation is making, ourselves, with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match we have in God's name concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keep long a quiet bed.
'Tis to my wish; for tradsmen, well 'tis known,
Get with more ease, than gentry keeps his own.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep he is much recovered, and I think is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is as 'twere the cave, where the young out-law hoards the stolen vails of his occupation: and here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks; and, I may say softly, his punks. He dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am security itself: my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter QUICKSILVER, *in his 'Prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himself.* SECURITY *following.*

Quick. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! the indented sheepskin is burned wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose to get more children of perdition into thy usurous bonds: Thou feed'st my letchery, and I thy covetousness. Thou art pander to me, for my wench; and I to thee, for thy cousenage. *K. me K. thee,* runs through court and country.

Sec. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver. Those K's ope the doors to all this world's felicity. The dullest forehead sees it. Let not Mr Courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders. I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villainy in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap.

Quick. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be used 'tis but as a scrap to the net of villainy. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

Enter SYNDEFY, *with* QUICKSILVER'S *doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.*

Syn. Here, sir, put off the other half of your 'prenticeship.

Quick. Well said, sweet Syn, bring forth my bravery.
Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks concealed:
I now am free; and now will justify
My trunks and punks. Avant, dull flat-cap, then!
[20] Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!
There lie, thou husk of my envassaled state.
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistines bands:
And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,
I'll lie; and snore out my enfranchised state.
When Sampson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increased then;
He sold no more, nor cup, nor can,
But did them all despise.
Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends,
For one to sell thy base gold ends;
Quicksilver, now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.

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[20] *Via*—See Note 11 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dressed to day?

Sec. That I have, Frank. The ostler o'the Cock dressed him for a breakfast.

Quick. What did he eat him?

Sec. No; but he ate his breakfast for dressing him; and so dressed him for breakfast.

Quick. "O witty age, where age is young in wit;
And all youths words have gray beards full of it!"

Syn. But, alas, Frank! how will all this be maintained now? your place maintained it before.

Quick. Why, and I maintained my place. I'll to the court; another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly city. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing, an old song and a true: "Thou art a she-fool, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdom." I shall be a merchant, forsooth! trust my estate in a wooden trough, as he does! What are these ships, but tennis-balls for the wind to play withal? tost from one wave to another: now under-line, now over the house: sometimes brickwalled against a rock, so that the guts fly out again: sometimes struck under the wide hazard, and farewell, Mr Merchant!

Syn. Well, Frank, well; the seas you say are uncertain; but he that sails in your court-seas shall find 'em ten times fuller of hazard? wherein to see what is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can endure: but when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you? What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord; proportion your looks to his looks; smiles to his smiles; fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Quick. Tush! he's no journeyman in his craft that cannot do that.

Syn. But he's worse than a 'prentice that does it: not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the roast. And when my honourable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal, the groom of his close-stool, says it shall not be thus; claps the door after him, and who dares enter? A 'prentice, quoth you? 'tis but to learn to live, and does that disgrace a man? he that rises hardly, stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas! falls as easily.

Quick. A pox on you! who taught you this orality!

Sec. 'Tis along of this witty age, Mr Francis. But indeed, Mrs Syndefy, all trades complain of inconvenience; and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant he complains, and says, traffic is subject to much uncertainty and loss: let 'em keep their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not to expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall, as Mr Francis says, and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending of money, are content with moderate profit, *thirty* or *forty* i'the hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading as they do——

Quick. Ay, dad, thou may'st well be called Security, for thou takest the safest course.

Sec. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For merchants in their courses are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth, another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and [21] at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast; and so forth. The farmer he is ever at odds with the weather; sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful; corn will bear no price; and so forth. The artificer he's all for a stirring world: if his trade be too full, or fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we, that trade in nothing but money, are free from all this. We are pleased with all weathers: let it rain, or hold up; be calm or windy: let the season be whatsoever; let trade go how it will; we take all in good part; e'en what please the heavens to send us; so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns; and make up days, months, and years.

Quick. And you have good security?

Sec. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Quick. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal; for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings; and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit; he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

Sec. Witty Master Francis! 'Tis pity any trade hould dull that quick brain of yours. Do but ring Knight Petronel into my parchment-toils nce, and you shall never need to toil in any rade, o' my credit. You know his wife's lands?

Quick. Even to a foot, sir: I have been often there. A pretty fine seat; good land; all entire, within itself.

Sec. Well wooded?

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[21] *At every shaking of a leaf*, &c.—So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1:

"My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought,
What harm a wind too great might do at sea."

Quick. Two hundred pounds worth of wood ready to fell; and a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst on't, like a prick in the midst of a circle. Would I were your farmer, for an hundred pounds a-year.

Sec. Excellent, Mr Francis, how I do long to do thee good! *How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich thee!* ay, even to die, that thou mightest inherit my living; *even hunger and thirst;* for, o' my religion, Mr Francis, and so tell Knight Petronel, I do it to do him a pleasure.

Quick. Marry, dad, his horses are now coming up, to bear down his lady; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'em in?

Sec. Faith, Mr Francis, I would be loth to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quick. *A pox of your hunger and thirst!*—Well, dad, let him have money. All he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the fame of which voyage is so closely conveyed, that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnished him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

Sec. Now a frank gale of wind go with him, Master Frank! We have too few such knight-adventurers. Who would not sell away competent certainties, to purchase, with any danger, excellent uncertainties? Your true knight-venturer ever does it. Let his wife seal to-day, he shall have his money to-day.

Quick. To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country. To work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Synne here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you, for the more credit, shall present as your friend's daughter, a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will, for a while, to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buz pretty devices into her lady's ear, feeding her humours so serviceably; as the manner of such as she is, you know.

Sec. True, good Master Francis.

Quick. That she shall keep her port open to any thing she commends to her.

Sec. O' my religion, a most fashionable project! As good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her; for 'tis three to one of one side.—Sweet Mrs Syndefy, how are you bound to Master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Syn. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quick. With all festination: I have broken the ice to it already, and will presently to the knight's house; whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality, to man her.

Sec. Command me, Master Francis; *I do hunger and thirst to do thee service.* Come, sweet Mrs Synne, take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet frank Master Francis, at your lady's.

Enter WINIFRED *above.*

Win. Where is my Cu there? Cu!

Sec. Ay, Winny!

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu?

Sec. Ay, Winny, presently. [*Exeunt.*

Quick. Ay, Winny, quoth he; that's all he can do, poor man: he may well cut off her name at Winny. O 'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O 'tis a notable jew's-trump! I hope to live to see dog's meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin. And yet his skin is too thick to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a Peter-man [22] to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum, is your puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and sleekest knaves in a country.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH *in Boots, with a Riding-wand.*

Sir Pet. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot. Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in: taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at fall: not a feather waving, nor a spur gingling any where. I'll away instantly.

Quick. You'd best take some crowns in your purse, knight; or else your eastward castle will smoke but miserably.

Sir Pet. O, Frank, my castle; alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou knowest.

Quick. I know it, knight; and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Sir Pet. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said, I had a castle and land eastward; and eastward she will without contradiction. Her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full-but; and the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

Quick. And, I fear, when her enchanted castle

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[22] *Peter-man*—I suppose this means of the Apostle Saint Peter's trade, a fisherman. S.
It was the common appellation of those who formerly used unlawful engines and arts in catching fish in the river Thames. N.

becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Sir Pet. O, that she would have the grace! for *I shall* never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

Quick. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your directions; and that shortly yourself will down with her *to approve it*: and then clothe but her *crouper in a new gown*, and you may drive her any way *you list*; for these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly.

Sir Pet. But, alas, sweet Frank, thou knowest my ability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Quick. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money, or commodity; and commodity, if you will, I know he will procure you.

Sir Pet. Commodity! alas, what commodity?

Quick. Why, sir, what say you to figs and raisins?

Sir Pet. A plague of figs and raisins, and all such frail [23] commodities! we shall make nothing of 'em.

Quick. Why, then, sir, what say you to forty pounds in roasted beef?

Sir Pet. Out upon't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisins. I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine; for stay here I must not: My creditors have laid to arrest me; and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

Quick. God's me, knight, put 'em in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you. Let 'em take their choice; either the King's Bench, or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best; for, by the Lord, I like none of 'em.

Sir Pet. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou knowest if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Quick. Why then, sir, in earnest, if you can get *your wise lady to set her* hand to the sale of her *inheritance, the blood-hound*, Security, will smell out ready *money for you instantly.*

Sir Pet. There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must feign myself extremely amorous; and, alleging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately as she would from her foisting-hound. [24]

Quick. You have the sow by the right ear, sir! I warrant there was never child longed more to ride a cock-horse, or wear his new coat, than she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for every thing when she was a maid; and now she will run mad for 'em. I'll lay my life she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog bound to his wheel more servilely than you should be to her wheel; for, as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel but when the top comes under him, so *shall* you never climb the top of her contentment, but when she is under you.

Sir Pet. Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quick. Nay, hark you, sir: What nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for.—fearing sometimes she is bewitched, sometimes in a consumption,—to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glysters, to let her blood under the tongue, and betwixt the toes! How she will revile and kiss you; spit in your face, and lick it off again! How she will vaunt you are her creature; she made you of nothing! How she could have had a thousand marks jointure; [25] she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him! she could have had poynados in her bed every morning! how she set you up, and how she will pull you down! You'll never be able to stand of your legs to endure it.

Sir Pet. Out of my fortune! what a death is my life bound face to face to! the best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing. Marriage is but a form in the school of *policy*, to which scholars sit fastened only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the far-

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[23] *Frail*—Alluding to the sort of package they are usually put in. S. P. Or rather, perhaps, to their own perishable nature.

[24] *Her foisting-hound*—So, in *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 4: "the lady *brach* may stand by the fire and stink." See a Note on this passage in the last edition of Shakespeare, 1778, Vol. IX. p. 391. S.

[25] *She could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him.*—In Scotland, notorious cohabitation is sufficient to establish a matrimonial engagement without any formal ceremony. Sir George Mackenzie says, "It is not necessary that marriage should be celebrated by a clergyman. The consent of parties may be declared before any magistrate, or simply before witnesses; and, though no formal consent should appear, marriage is presumed from the cohabitation, or living together at bed and board, of a man and woman, who are generally reputed husband and wife. One's acknowledgment of his marriage to the midwife whom he called to his wife, and to the minister who baptized his child, was found sufficient presumptive evidence of marriage, without the aid either of cohabitation, or of *habite* and *repute*."—*Principles of the Law of Scotland*, edit. 1764, p. 6.

ther off with me.

Quick. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly with my punk Syndefy, whom, you know, your lady has promised me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he, with a purpose to feed on you, invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Sir Pet. It falls out excellently fitly. I see, desire of gain makes jealousy venturous.

Enter GIRTRED.

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord, how she views thee! she knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Gir. How now? who are you, I pray?

Quick. One Master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

Gir. God's my dignity! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water: Would I were unmarried again!

Enter SECURITY *and* SYNDEFY.

Where's my woman, I pray?

Quick. See, madam; she now comes to attend you.

Sec. God save my honourable knight, and his worship's lady!

Gir. You're very welcome: You must not put on your hat yet.

Sec. No, madam; till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

Gir. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Sec. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service; to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Gir. A nun! what nun? a nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

Sec. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vowed maid of that order.

Gir. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you.—And can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Syn. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Gir. Well said; hold up then; hold up your head, I say: Come hither a little.

Syn. I thank your ladyship.

Gir. And hark you, goodman, you may put on your hat, now I do not look on you.—I must have you of my faction now, not of my knight's, maid.

Syn. No, forsooth, madam; of yours.

Gir. And draw all my servants in my bow; and keep my counsel; and tell me tales; and put me riddles; and read on a book sometimes, when I am busy; and laugh at country gentlewomen; and command any thing in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Sec. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Gir. Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning.—Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Sec. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Gir. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoon an he sup from me.

Sir Pet. Pray thee forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Gir. Ay, by lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing: Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shall not go.

Quick. I told him, what a bur he had gotten.

Sec. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me intreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Gir. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a-bed soon enough after supper.

Sir Pet. What a medicine is this! Well, Mr Security, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well: We must honour our young wives, you know.

Quick. In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has sealed.

Sec. I hope in the morning yet your knighthood will breakfast with me.

Sir Pet. As early as you will, sir.

Sec. I thank your good worship; I *do hunger and thirst to do you good*, sir.

Gir. Come, sweet knight, come; I *do hunger and thirst to be a-bed with thee.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, QUICKSILVER, SECURITY, BRAMBLE, *and* WINIFRED.

Sir Pet. Thanks for your feast-like breakfast, good Mr Security. I am sorry, by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia, I am without means, by any kind amends, to shew how affectionately I take your kindness; and to confirm, by some worthy ceremony, a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Sec. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship. I am new married to this fair gentlewoman you know; and, by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you, to make you godfather, though in your absence, to the first

child I am blessed withal; and henceforth call me gossip I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Sir Pet. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child; whereosoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestow me.

Sec. How now, my coy wedlock![26] make you strange of so noble a favour? Take it, I charge you, with all affection; and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

Quick. How venturous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Sir Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection! And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready, to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it.

Sec. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, Mr Bramble, the lawyer, hath perused them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Sir Pet. Good Mr Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then; God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients.

Bramble. And you foresight winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

Sir Pet. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, Captain Seagul, and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Sir Pet. Let them enter, I pray you. I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter SEAGUL, SCRAPETHRIFT, *and* SPENDALL.

Sea. God save my honourable colonel.

Sir Pet. Welcome, good Captain Seagul, and worthy gentlemen! If you will meet my friend Frank here, and me, at the Blue-Anchor tavern by Billinsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

Spend. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir: but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name; so, for your own safety and ours, let it be continued; our meeting, and speedy purpose of departing, known to as few as it is possible, lest your ship and goods should be attached.

Quick. Well advised, captain; our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures. Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed; and with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the 'vantage, and away.

Spend. We will not fail but be there, sir.

Sir Pet. Good-morrow, good captain, and my worthy associates! health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip. For you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Sec. With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Coachman in haste, in's Frock, feeding.

Coach. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town, indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'slight, they will not give a man leave to eat his breakfast afore he rises.

Enter HAMLET, *a Footman, in haste.*

Ham. What, coachman! my lady's coach, for shame! her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter POTKIN, *a Tankard-bearer.*

Pot.[27] 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? whither run you now? you should brush up my old mistress.

Enter SYNDEFY.

Syn. What, Potkin? you must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat, and wait upon Mrs Touchstone into the country. [*Exit.*

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs FOND, *and Mrs* GAZER.

Fond. Come, sweet Mrs Gazer, let's watch here, and see my lady Flash take coach.

Gazer. O' my word, here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launched last day, Mrs Fond?

Fond. O God, an we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gazer. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O! she's married to a fine castle i'the country, they say.

Gazer. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond. O, no! they say her knight killed 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

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[26] *Wedlock*—i. e. wife. See Note 27 to *The Roaring Girl.*

[27] *'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad?*—A sneer on the madness of the Prince of Denmark. S.

Gazer. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter GIRTRED, *Mrs* TOUCHSTONE, SYNDEFY, HAMLET, POTKIN.

Fond. She comes! she comes! she comes!

Gazer and Fond. Pray heaven bless your ladyship!

Gir. Thank you, good people; my coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! in good truth, I shall swoon else.

Ham. Coach! coach! my lady's coach! [*Exit.*

Gir. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mrs Touch. Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that. I have seen a little prick, no bigger than a pin's head, swell bigger and bigger, till it has come to an [28] ancome; and e'en so 'tis in these cases.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Your coach is coming, madam.

Gir. That's well said; now heaven! methinks I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire.

Mrs Touch. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way afoot?

Gir. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milk, as I have another servant does.

Mrs Touch. Alas! 'tis e'en pity, methinks; for God's sake, buy him a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em; alas! we must do as we would be done to.

Gir. Go to, hold your peace, dame, you talk like an old fool, I tell you.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, *and* QUICKSILVER.

Sir Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honeysuckle, before I can go with thee?

Gir. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st; but I marvel how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quick. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to 'prentice Golding: your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'em in all haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might furnish their nuptial table.

Gir. There's a base fellow, my father, now: but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter! he must call me daughter no more now; but, *madam, and please you, madam; and please your worship, madam,* indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base 'prentice?

Mrs Touch. What should one do? is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? how shall we punish him, madam?

Gir. As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'd so pebble 'em with snow-balls as they come from church!—but sirrah, Frank Quicksilver.

Quick. Ay, madam.

Gir. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye call'ts in the garret?

Quick. I know not what you mean, madam.

Gir. [29] *His head as white as milk,*
All flaxen was his hair;
But now he is dead,
And lain in his bed,
And never will come again.

God be at your labour.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, MILDRED, [30] *with Rosemary.*

Sir Pet. Was there ever such a lady?

Quick. See, madam, the bridegroom!

Gir. God's my precious! God give you joy, [31] Mistress What-lack-you. Now, out upon thee, baggage! my sister married in a taffeta hat? marry, hang you! westward, [32] with a wanion t'ye! nay, I have done wi' ye, minion, then i'faith; never look to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come down to my castle? fie upon thee! I charge thee, in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father; and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mrs Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou makest thy 'prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou miss proud

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[28] *Ancome.*—I believe we should read an *income*, a provincial word which I have heard used for some kind of tumour on the hand. S.

In Littleton's *Dictionary*, an *income* is explained an *ulcer*. S. P.

[29] *His head as white as milk.*—A sneer at one of Ophelia's Ditties in *Hamlet*. S.

[30] *With rosemary.*—See Note to *The Match at Midnight*, A. 5.

[31] *Mistress What-lack-you.*—Because she was the apprentice's wife, whose phrase, when walking before his master's door, was, "What lack you, Sir." See p. 67. S. P.

[32] *With a wanion t'ye!*—See Note 10. to *The City-Night-Cap*.

'prentice, darest thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Gold. It pleased my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour. And though I confess myself far unworthy such a worthy wife, being in part her servant, as I am your 'prentice; yet, since I may say it without boasting, I am born a gentleman; and by the trade I have learned of my master, which, I trust, taints not my blood, able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter: my hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, that, in the end, I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double 'prentice.

Touch. Master me no more, son, if thou thinkest me worthy to be thy father.

Gir. Sun? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him! he's a gentleman!

Gold. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Sir Pet. Never stand a' your gentry, Mr Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand on neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Sir Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship——

Sir Pet. Nay, pray forbear, sir; and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen: there is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural; now, though your worship be a gentleman natural—*Work upon that now.*

Quick. Well said, old Touch; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith; forth, I beseech thee.

Touch. Cry you mercy, sir; your worship's a gentleman I do not know: if you be one of my acquaintance, you're very much disguised, sir.

Quick. Go to, old Quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship; and therefore, till I speak to your gallantry in deed, I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my poor son and daughter! let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe: ambition consumes itself with the very show. *Work upon that now.*

[*Exeunt* TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, *and* MILDRED.

Gir. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake: let him make his 'prentice his son, for God's sake: give away his daughter, for God's sake; and when they come a-begging to us for God's sake—Farewell, sweet knight; pray thee make haste after.

Sir Pet. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Quick. *Now, O now I must depart;*
Parting though it absence move.

This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

What a grief 'tis to depart,
And leave the flower that has my heart!
My sweet lady, and alack for woe,
Why should we part so!

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your pain lie on that side?

Sir Pet. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily: divide yourself into two halfs, just by the girdlestead [33]; send one half with your lady, and keep t'other to yourself. Or else do as all true lovers do, part with your heart, and leave your body behind. I have seen't done a hundred times. 'Tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweetheart, and he ne'er the worse, as for a mouse to get from a trap, and leave his tail behind him.—See, here come the writings.

Enter SECURITY, *with a Scrivener.*

Sec. Good morrow to my worshipful lady. I present your ladyship with this writing; to which if you please to set your hand with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your journey a'my credit.

Gir. What writing is it, knight?

Sir Pet. The sale, sweet-heart, of the poor tenement I told thee of; only to make a little money to send thee down furniture for my castle; to which my hand shall lead thee.

Gir. Very well: now give me your pen, I pray.

Quick. It goes down without chewing, i'faith!

Scriv. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Ambo. We do.

Gir. So now, knight, farewell till I see thee.

Sir Pet. All farewell to my sweet heart.

Mrs Touch. [34] God b'ye, son knight.

Sir Pet. Farewell, good mother.

Gir. Farewell, Frank, I would fain take thee down, if I could.

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[33] *Girdlestead.*—i. e. the part or place on which the girdle is worn. In ancient books we often have the market *stead* for the market *place*, the chimney *stead* for the *place* in the chimney corner; and we still call the frame, on which the bedding is placed, the *bedstead*. S.

So, in Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 54. "—some short, scarsly reaching to the *girdlestead* or waste, some to the knee," &c.

[34] *God b'ye.*—God be with you. Farewell. The 4to has *God boye*. S. P.

Quick. I thank your good ladyship: farewell, Mistress Syndefy. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Pet. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end!
What will they think of me?

Quick. Think what they list; they long'd for a vagary into the country, and now they are fitted; so a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she rides to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their marriages: this is not the first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Sir Pet. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think. He that weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A man in the course of this world should be like a surgeon's instrument, work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her outcries, when she returns: we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Sir Pet. Well, my kind compeer, [*To* SECURITY.] you have now the assurance we both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money we agree on may be brought to the Blue Anchor, near to Billinsgate, by six o'clock, where I and my chief friends bound for this voyage will with feasts attend you.

Sec. The money, my honourable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

Sir Pet. Thanks, my dear gossip, I must now impart
To your approved love a loving secret;
As one, on whom my life doth more rely,
In friendly trust, than any man alive:
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections, for affection only:
For I protest, if God bless my return,
To make you partner in my action's gain,
As deeply as if you had ventured with me
Half my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have enjoyed with such divine contentment
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so *I thirst and hunger*
To taste the dear feast of her company.
And if the *hunger* and the *thirst* you vow,
As my sworn gossip, to my wished good
Be, as I know it is, unfeigned and firm,
Do me an easy favour in your power.

Sec. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do
To my best nerve, is wholly at your service;
Who is the woman, first, that is your friend?

Sir Pet. The woman is your learned counsel's wife;
The lawyer, Master Bramble; whom would you
Bring out this even, in honest neighbourhood,
To take his leave with you of me your gossip:
I, in the mean time, will send this my friend
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguised
Before his face into our company:
For love hath made her look for such a wife,
To free her from his tyrannous jealousy;
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away to make us sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
And I am sure that no man like yourself
Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy,
To so long stay abroad, as may give time
To her enlargement in such safe disguise.

Sec. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood,
[35] For such a point devise? that as the ship
Of famous Draco [36] went about the world,
We'll wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world himself: he hath it in his arms;
And that's enough for him without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious; and his head
Cannot be praised nor raised too high,
With any fork of highest knavery.
I'll go fetch her straight.

[*Exit* SECURITY.

Sir Pet. So, so! now, Frank, go thou home to his house,
Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither;
Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is prisoned
With his stern usurous jealousy; which could never
Be over-reached thus, but with over-reaching.

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. And, Mr Francis, watch you the instant time
To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,
To find horned beasts, a camel and a lawyer.

Quick. How the old villain joys in villainy!

Sec. And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready; ship her to your ship
With utmost haste, lest Mr Bramble stay you.
To o'er-reach that head, that out-reacheth all heads,
'Tis a trick rampant; 'tis a very quiblin.
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers;
Their heads will be so forked: *this sly touch*
Will get apes to invent a number such. [*Exit.*

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[35] *For such a point devise?*—This phrase is observed by Mr Steevens to be of French extraction, *a points devisez*, and means *exactly*. I believe it was formerly used as a cant term for a strumpet, and that it is here to be so understood. In like manner Kastril, in *The Alchymist*, abusing his sister, calls her *punk devise*, meaning probably *point devise*.

[36] *Draco.*—i. e. Sir Francis Drake.

Quick. Was ever rascal honeyed so with poison!
He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.
Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's.

Sir Pet. But stay, Frank, let's think how we may disguise her upon this sudden.

Quick. God's me, there's the mischief; but, hark you, here's an excellent device; 'fore God, a rare one: I will carry a sailor's gown and cap, and cover her; and a player's beard.

Sir Pet. And what upon her head?

Quick. I tell you, a sailor's cap; 'slight, God forgive me, what kind of [37] figent memory have you?

Sir Pet. Nay then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?
A sailor's cap? how shall she put it off
When thou present'st her to our company?

Quick. Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor.

Sir Pet. Tush, tush; 'tis no fit sauce for such sweet mutton:
I know not what t'advise.

Enter SECURITY, *with his Wife's Gown.*

Sec. Knight, knight, a rare device!

Sir Pet. 'Soons, yet again?

Quick. What stratagem have you now?

Sec. The best that ever. You talked of disguising——

Sir Pet. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

Sec. Cast care away, then; here's the best device
For plain Security (for I am no better)
I think that ever lived: here's my wife's gown,
Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons:
One is, that Mr Bramble may take hold
Of some suspicion that it is my wife,
And gird me so, perhaps, with his law wit:
The other, which is policy indeed,
Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,
Having no more but her old gown abroad;
And not show me a quirk, whilst I firk others.
Is not this rare?

Ambo. The best that ever was.

Sec. Am not I born to furnish gentlemen?

Sir Pet. O my dear gossip!

Sec. Well, hold, Master Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in; and now, I will go fetch him. [*Going.*

Quick. O my dad! he goes as it were the devil to fetch the lawyer; and devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

Sir Pet. Why, how now, gossip, why stay you there musing?

Sec. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith.

Quick. A pox of that head, is there more toys yet?

Sir Pet. What is it, pray thee, gossip?

Sec. Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?

Quick. For that, I hope, dad, you will take our words.

Sec. Ay, by the mass, your word! that's a proper staff
For wise Security to lean upon.
But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name
On your cracked credits; let it take no shame.
Fetch the wench, Frank. [*Exit.*

Quick. I'll wait upon you, sir,
And fetch you over, *you were ne'er so fetch'd.*
Go to the tavern, knight; your *followers*
Dare not be drunk, I think, before *their captain.*
[*Exit.*

Sir Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service,
Till our Virginian gold were in our purses!
[*Exit.*

Enter SEAGUL, SPENDALL, *and* SCRAPETHRIFT, *in the Tavern, with a Drawer.*

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheads, and let's have cheer, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian Colonel; he will be here instantly.

Draw. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

Spend. More wine, slave? whether we drink it or no, spill it, and draw more.

Scrape. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let them wait on us here, like soldiers in their pewter coats: and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'em till we do.

Draw. Said like an honourable captain; you shall have all you can command, sir.
[*Exit Drawer.*

Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

Spend. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole country of English is there, man; bred of those that were left there in 79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in

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[37] *Figent.*—I suppose this to be either a provincial or corrupted word. A *figent* wit (from *figo*, Lat.) might be a striking, a piercing wit: but what can a *figent* memory mean? S.

Figentia, in chemistry, are things which serve to fix volatile substances. *Figent*, therefore, as applied to memory, may be synonymous with retentive. N.

England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with them, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scrape. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays, and gather them by the sea-shore, to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their children's caps; as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt broches, and groats with holes in them.

Scrape. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Sea. As ever the sun shined on: temperate, and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without serjeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, "only a few [38] industrious Scots, perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are: and for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there; for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here." Then, for your means to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixt. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger; you may be any other officer, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villainy, nor the less wit. Besides, there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either. Serve God enough, eat and drink enough; and *enough is as good as a feast.*

Spend. Gods me! and how far is it thither?

Sea. Some six weeks sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind: and if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind. Or when I come to Cape Finister, there's a foreright wind continually wafts us till we come to Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, *with his Followers.*

Sir Pet. Well met, good Captain Seagul, and my noble gentlemen! now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench presently, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whosoever she be, here's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee.

Sir Pet. Thanks, kind Captain Seagul; she's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us; and so, gentlemen, here's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come, worthy Colonel, *we do hunger and thirst for it.*

Sir Pet. Afore heaven, you have *hit* the phrase of one that her presence will touch, from the foot to the forehead, if he knew it.

Spend. Why then we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and, Captain Scrapethrift, here's to 'em both.

Enter SECURITY *and* BRAMBLE.

Sec. See, see, master Bramble! 'fore heaven, their voyage cannot but prosper, they are o' their knees for success to it.

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Sec. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals; see, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Mr Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Sir Pet. Worshipful Mr Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness? come, Captain Seagul, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir: come, Master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Sec. Bend yours likewise, Mr Bramble, for it is you shall pledge me.

Sea. Not so, Mr Security, he must not pledge his own health.

Sec. No, Master Captain?

Enter QUICKSILVER, *with* WINNY *disguised.*

Why then here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quick. Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom with much entreaty I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; ashamed whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

Sir Pet. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went made me so importunate to intreat your presence here.

Sec. How now, Mr Francis? have you honoured this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her; for she will not be known to you.

Sec. But my learned counsel, Mr Bramble here, I hope may know her.

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[38] *Only a few*, &c.—The above lines marked with commas seem to have been those which gave offence to King James.

Quick. No more than you, sir, at this time; his *learning must* pardon her.

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part; and I do I'll be sworn; and so, Mr Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's-haven; and so to the health of Master Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it, sir: hath it gone round, captains?

Sea. It has, sweet Frank, and the round closes with *thee.*

Quick. Well, sir, here's to all eastward, and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's-haven, so fatally remembered. [*He rises.*

Sir Pet. Nay, pray thee, cuz, weep not—Gossip Security.

Sec. Ay, my brave gossip.

Sir Pet. A word I beseech you, sir: our friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so dissolved in tears, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting; sweet gossip, take her aside, and comfort her.

Sec. Pity of all true love, Mrs Bramble, what weep you to enjoy your love? what's the cause, *lady?* first, because your husband is so near, and your heart yearns, to have a little abused him? alas! alas! the offence is too common to be respected. So great a grace hath seldom chanced to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight; that when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish afresh in the bed of a lady.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours, and that it will be dangerous going against the tide; for the sky is overcast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at London-bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Sir Pet. A porpoise! what's that to the purpose? charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can *we not* reach Blackwall, where my ship lies, against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Sea. What's that, good Colonel?

Sir Pet. This, Captain Seagul: we'll have our provided supper brought [39] aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compassed the world, where with full cups and banquets we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me, that some good spirit of the waters should haunt the desart ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceited! one health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober!

[*They compass in* WINIFRED, *dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.*

Bram. Sir Petronel, and his honourable captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared: we only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of Sir Petronel and all his captains.

Sec. You must bend then, Master Bramble; so, now I am for you; I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are encompassed there, and are ashamed of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, my learned counsel, Master Bramble, my mind runs so of Cuckold's-haven to-night, that my head turns round with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Sec. No, by my troth, Master Bramble; ha, ha, ha! a pox of all Cuckolds-havens, I say.

Bram. I'my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Sec. *Cucullus non facit monachum,* my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. Adieu, my noble gossip.

Bram. Good fortune, brave captains; fair skies God send ye.

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell.

Sir Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven, gossip.

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir. *Will you* lead, Master Bramble? ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Sir Pet. Captain Seagul, charge a boat.

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat! [*Exeunt.*

Draw. You're in a proper taking indeed to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest; they say that *drunken men never take harm;* this night will try the truth of that proverb. [*Exit.*

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[39] *Aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship.*—After Sir Francis Drake returned from his voyage round the world, Queen Elizabeth went to Deptford; dined on board his ship, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon him. She likewise gave directions for the preservation of this ship, which was laid up in the river Thames, at Deptford, where it was contemplated for many years with just admiration. The use to which it was put at this period, is plain from the above passage. It was at length broke up, and a chair made out of the planks for John Davis, Esq. was presented to the University of Oxford. In the works of Abraham Cowley, is an epigram on this chair.

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. What, Winny? wife, I say? out of doors at this time! where should I seek the Gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight; woe be to thee, Billingsgate. A boat, a boat, a boat! A full hundred marks for a boat! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter SLITGUT, *with a pair of Ox-Horns, discovering Cuckold's-haven above.*

Slit. All hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf, a poor butcher of East-cheap, who sends me to set up, in honour of Saint Luke,[40] these necessary ensigns of his homage; and up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb with this furious tempest. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns: hark, how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! she bears some unjust burden, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it: heaven bless all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth, I see, and she will run away with 'em. So, so; I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London-bridge, as it were, even full-but. And now let me discover, from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy.——O me, here's a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here; pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me; hold out a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. It is a man; take a man's heart to thee, yet a little farther; get up o'thy legs, man; now it is shallow enough So, so, so—alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind, father; it is a man in his night-cap. So, now he's got up again; now he's past the worst. Thanks be to heaven, he comes towards me pretty and strongly.

Enter SECURITY, *without his Hat, in a Night-cap, wet Band,* &c.

Sec. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee? where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see! O I am scarce able to look about me; where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Slit. Look up, father, are you acquainted with this mark?

Sec. What! landed at Cuckold's-haven? Hell and damnation! I will run back and drown myself. [*He falls down.*

Slit. Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water has washed away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckold's-haven! if it had not been to die twenty times alive, I should never have 'scaped death. I will never arise more; I will grovel here, and eat dirt till I be choaked; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruel water has denied me.

Slit. Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise, man; if you will, I'll come presently, and lead you home.

Sec. Home? shall I make any know my home that has known me thus abroad? how low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more. [*Exit creeping.*

Slit. What young planet reigns now, that old men are so foolish? what desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such weather as this upon the water? Ah me, see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwreck, or some other!—A woman, i'faith! a woman! though it be almost at St Katharine's, I discern it to be a woman; for all her body is above the water, and her clothes swim about her most handsomely.—O they bear her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her clothes the better while she lives for this? alas! how busy the rude Thames is about her? a pox o'that wave; it will drown her, *i'faith* it will drown her! cry God mercy! she has *'scaped it*; I thank heaven she has *'scaped it*.—O, how she swims like a mermaid! some vigilant body look out, and save her. That's well said; just where the priest fell in, there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing o'thy heart, boy! now take her up in thy arms, and to bed with her—She's up, she's up! she's a beautiful woman, I warrant her; the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the Drawer in the Tavern before, with WINIFRED.

Draw. How fare you now, lady?

Win. Much better, my good friend, than I

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[40] *In honour of St Luke.*—Because of his emblem the ox. S. P.

wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserved.

Draw. Comfort yourself; that power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamy, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night, with a knight, and other gentlemen, at Billinsgate!

Win. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you to a house of my friend's here in St Katharine's, since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue from the ruthless tempest; which, when you took boat, was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I feared long ere this I should hear of your shipwreck; and therefore, with little other reason, made thus far this way: and this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter, hired by the young gentleman that brought you, a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which, if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend, I will presently go fetch 'em you.

Win. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promised, I will boldly receive the kind favour you have offered till your return; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me; or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame, than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Draw. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be used in your discovery.

Win. Thank you, good friend; the time may come I shall requite you. [*Exeunt.*

Slit. See, see, see! I hold my life there's some other a-taking up at Wapping now! Look what [39] a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so.—O me! a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows? heaven grant he be not one day taken down there. O'my life it is ominous: well, he is delivered for the time; I see the people have all left him, yet will I keep my prospect a while, to see if any more have been shipwrecked.

Enter QUICKSILVER *bareheaded.*

Quick. Accursed that ever I was saved or born!
How fatal is my sad arrival here!
As if the stars and providence spake to me,
And said, the drift of all unlawful courses,
Whatever end they dare propose themselves
In frame of their licentious policies,
In the firm order of just destiny,
They are the ready highways to our ruins.
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots:
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steps,
In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them! I will walk this bank,
And see if I can meet the other relicks
Of our poor shipwrecked crew, or hear of them.
The knight, alas! was so far gone with wine,
And the other three, that I refused their boat,
And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune
Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives.
[*Exit.*

Enter SIR PETRONEL FLASH *and* SEAGUL *bareheaded.*

Sir Pet. Zounds, captain! I tell thee we are cast up o'the coast of France. 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope. Do'st remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water, and in the water.

Sir Pet. Ah me, we are undone for ever! hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by heaven!

Sir Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains, nor mine eyes, are not mine own yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Sir Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know by the elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate.—See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England when he sees 'em? What shall we do? we must e'en to 'em, and intreat some relief of 'em: life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Sir Pet. *Monsieur, plaist il d'avoir pity de nôtre grand infortunes: je suis un pauvre Chevalier d'Angleterre, qui, a suffri l'infortune de naufrage.*

1 Gent. *Un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

Sir Pet. *Ouy, monsieur, i'l est trop vray; mais vous scavez bien, nous sommes tous sujet à fortune.*

2 *Gent.* A poor knight of England! a poor knight of Windsor are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when you're a whole Englishman? on what coast are you, think you?

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[39] *A sort*—A number of people. See Notes to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 102. and to *The Second part of the Honest Whore* 561.

1 *Gent.* On the coast of dogs, sir. You're i'the Isle o'Dogs, I tell you. I see you've been washed in the Thames here; and I believe ye were drowned in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you.—I ken the man well; he's [40] one of my thirty pound knights.

2 *Gent.* Now this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day, for four pounds given to a page, all the money in's purse I wot well.

[*Exeunt.*

Sea. Death, colonel, I knew you were overshot!

Sir Pet. Sure I think now indeed, captain Seagul, we were something overshot.

Enter QUICKSILVER.

What! my sweet Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoice me? But, what! nobody at thy heels, Frank? ah me, what is become of poor mistress Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go; let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Sir Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attached by this time. If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never looked for any other. Woe, woe is me! what shall become of us? the last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attached, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknightly faintness transports thee? let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i'faith. O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Fore God, would thou had'st been our colonel!

Sir Pet. I like his spirit rarely: but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go to, knight, I have more means than thou art aware of: I have not lived amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with them. And not to let thee sink where thou stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee.

Quick. [41] I will blanch copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofs, but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderosity of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

Sir Pet. 'Slight, where learnd'st thou these terms trow?

Quick. Tush, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant quacksalver is perfect in; but I'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsenic, otherwise called realga, which indeed is plain ratsbane, sublime them three or four times; then take the sublimate of this realga, and put them into a glass, into chymia, and let them have a convenient decoction natural four-and-twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fixed: then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well-purged copper, *et habebis magisterium.*

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee.

Quick. Nay this I will do besides; I'll take you off twelve pence from every angel, with a kind of aqua fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

Sir Pet. But then it will want weight.

Quick. You shall restore that thus: Take your *sal achime* prepared, and your distilled urine; and let your angels lie in it but four-and-twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on now, I hold this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll untruss more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare [42] sconces, now will I have you to a wench's house of *mine* at London; there make shift to shift us; and after take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer with WINIFRED, *new attired.*

Win. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me nigh enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some colour be seen near, enquiring for my husband; who, I must tell you, stole thither the last night, with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so, with all vows of your

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[40] *One of my thirty pound*—This and other passages ridiculing the persons on whom King James conferred the honour of knighthood, might also be amongst those which gave offence to his Majesty. Arthur Wilson, in his *History of Great Britain*, 1653, p. 5. observes, that "at this time *Knights* swarmed in every corner; the sword ranged about, and men bowed in obedience to it more in peace than in war: this airy title blew up many a fair estate."

[41] *I will blanch copper so cunningly*, &c.—I should suppose the following passages relative to changes produced in the external appearance of metals were the work of Jonson, who has displayed much learning on the same subject in his *Alchymist*, where indeed he uses some of the very terms of art which we meet with here. S.

[42] *Sconces*,—heads.

requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Drawer. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you.

[*Exit Drawer.*

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Win. O my dear husband! where have you been to-night? all night abroad at a tavern? rob me of my garments; and fare as one run away from me? Alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit? of your age, and affection to your wife?

Sec. What should I say? how miraculously sorts this? Was not I at home, and called thee last night?

Win. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke, and my answer to you would have witnessed it, if you had had the patience to have stayed and answered me; but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Mr Bramble's; and so I rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbelieved absence brought me abroad, with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Sec. Villain and monster that I was, how have I abused thee! I was suddenly gone indeed! for my sudden jealousy transferred me;—I will say no more but this, dear wife, I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me?

Sec. Talk not of it, I beseech thee: I am ashamed to imagine it; I will home, I will home, and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness. [*Exeunt.*

Slit. Now will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthest seeing sea-mark of the world; no marvel then if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now overblown; which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for [42] profaning holy St Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest satire, farewell to honest married men! farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell thou horn of hunger, that call'st the inns o' court to their manger! Farewell thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth! Farewell thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn! Farewell thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman! Farewell thou horn of destiny, the ensign of the married man! Farewell thou horn-tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit.

[*Exit.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Touch. Ha, sirrah! thinks my knight adventurer that we ken no point of our compass? do we not know north north-east? north-east, and by east? east, and by north? nor plain eastward? Ha! have we never heard of Virginia? nor the Cavallaria? nor the Colonoria? can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps or so, in sea-ceremony to your bon voyage; but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral, and vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, were they all, as they are, but one pinnace, and under sail, as well as a remora, [43] doubt it not; and from this sconce, without either powder or shot. *Work upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew tricks, we'll vie [44] with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i'the air, in what region I know not; and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach; she, and her two waiting-women, her maid, and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a top of 'em, I think. Since, they have all found the way back again, by weeping cross. But I'll not see 'em. And for two of 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em, or else to graze o' the common: so should my dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprites, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding; he was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter: If I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come [45] i' my thought!—How now, son, what news at the court of aldermen?

Enter GOLDING.

Gold. Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange; else, it hath little in it worth the reporting.

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[42] *Profaning holy St Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom.*—Horn-Fair, at Charlton, is held on St Luke's Day. *N.*

[43] *Remora.*—See Note 28 to *The City Match.*

[44] *Vie*—A term at the game of Gleek.

[45] *I' my thought*—At the instant. *S. P.*

Touch. What? it is not borrowing of money then?

Gold. No, sir; it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city, to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest.

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the alderman of the ward, wherein I dwell, to appoint me his deputy.

Touch. How!

Gold. In which place, I have had an oath ministered to me since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son! let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it, or rather my judgment indeed, for me, first to see that in his disposition which a whole city so conspires to second! Ta'en into the livery of his company the first day of his freedom! now, not a week married, chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day! nought but the reward of a thrifty course; the wonder of his time! Well, I will honour Mr Alderman for this act, as becomes me; and shall think the better of the common council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting, or but coming after me, in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient son; and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this, or any other office, should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken! This modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. Worshipful son, I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies, to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsay,[46] and grave Gresham,[47] when the famous fable of Whittington[48] and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played i' thy lifetime by the best company of actors, and be called their Get-penny. This I divine and prophecy.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer: I, that know my own strength, fear 'em; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure.

Gold. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The colonel, and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billinsgate, had like to have been cast away on this side Greenwich; and, as I have intelligence by a false brother, are come dropping to town like so many masterless men, i'their doublets and hose, without hat or cloak, or any other——

Touch. A miracle! the justice of heaven! Where are they? let's go presently and lay for 'em.

Gold. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers; who shall take 'em at their old anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if yourself were seen in't, under colour of a great press that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent and politic son! Disgrace 'em all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon them! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou may'st punish it. Be severe i' thy place, like a new officer of the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train from the invisible castle?

Gold. No; where is she?

Touch. Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother: who now begins to wish her daughter undubbed, they say; and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister.—Here they come, stand back.

Enter Mrs TOUCHSTONE, GIRTRED, MILDRED, SYNDEFY.

God save your ladyship! save your good ladyship! Your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight-errant is travelled on strange adventures: Surely, in my mind, *your ladyship hath fished fair, and caught a frog*, as the saying is.

Mrs Touch. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

Gir. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet: though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter, and a greater decorum, that I should courtesy to you that are a knight's wife, and a

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[46] *Lady Ramsay*—This was Lady Mary Ramsay, wife of Sir Thomas Ramsay, alderman and lord-mayor of London in 1577. Her benefactions are mentioned in Stow's *Survey*. See Strype's edition, 1722, B. I. p. 278.

[47] *Grave Gresham.*—Sir Thomas Gresham, builder of the Royal Exchange.

[48] *The famous fable of Whittington and his puss.*—See Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 292.

lady, than *you* be brought o' your knees to me, who am a *poor* cullion,[49] and your father.

Gir. La! my father knows his duty.

Mrs Touch. O child!

Touch. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage; and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, *however at present concealed to mortal eyes.* And as for one *poor woman* of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship: she shall stay at home with me; and not go abroad, nor put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse, or three wheels, but take part with the Touchstone; if we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damsel here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage; for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Gir. Marry, fyst[50] o' your kindness! I thought as much.—Come away, Synne; we shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing out of courtesy here.

Mil. O, good sister!

Gir. Sister, sirreverence.—Come away, I say; hunger drops out at his nose.

Gold. O, madam, *fair words never hurt the tongue.*

Gir. How say you by that? you come out with your gold ends now!

Mrs Touch. Stay, lady daughter:—good husband.

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle. As she has brewed, so let her drink, o' God's name; she went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a begging. It is but honey-moon yet with her ladyship: She has coach-horses, apparel, jewels, yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or any body: when those are pawned or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Gir. I scorn it, i'faith.—Come, Synne!

[*Exit* GIRTRED.

Mrs Touch. O, madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Touch. Nay, nay, e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why dost thou weep now? thou art not the first good cow has had an ill calf, I trust.—What's the news with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Gold. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without, will you have 'em brought in?

Touch. O, by any means. And, son, here's a chair; appear terrible unto 'em on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gold. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off.

Gold. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any means.

Gold. Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, QUICKSILVER, *Constable, Officers.*

Sir Pet. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quick. Would it had been my fortune to have been trussed up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' come here!

Sir Pet. Or mine, to have famished in the island.[51]

Quick. Must Golding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M under your girdle, to Mr Deputy's worship.

Gold. What are those, Mr Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I pressed for the Low Countries, sir.

Gold. Why don't you carry them to bridewell, according to your order, that they may be shipped away?

Con. An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him your worship for our discharge.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, sir.

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Gold. What, a knight and his fellow thus accoutred! Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and cloaks?

Quick. O, they mock us.

Con. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too before we did see 'em.—Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say, knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockrels by their spurs, sir.

Gold. What are their names, say they?

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[49] *A poor cullion,*—Coglione, Ital. a booby. S.
See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 125.

[50] *Fyst o' your kindness*—*Fyst* is a corruption of *foyst*, the participle of which has been already applied to a lady's dog in this comedy. S.

[51] *In the island.*—i. e. the Island of Dogs. S. P.

Touch. Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'em in *his* place, *indeed*.

Con. This is Sir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, *it* seems; and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be covered, sir. How did your biscuit *hold* out, sir?—Methought I had seen this gentleman afore; good Mr Quicksilver! how a degree to the southward has changed you!

Gold. Do you know 'em, father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, Mr Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage; a thing called a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone; they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'em was my 'prentice, Mr Quicksilver here; and, when he had two years to serve, kept his whore and his hunting nag; would play his hundred pounds at Gresco or Primero, as familiarly, and all o' my purse, as any bright piece of crimson on 'em all; had his changeable trunks of apparel, standing at livery with his mare; his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing tubs; which when I told him of, why he, he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pounds, dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, Sir Flash: one that married a daughter of mine; ladified her; turned two thousand pounds worth of good land of her's into cash within the first week; bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billinsgate, for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage, the wife of a certain usurer called Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business. Please, Mr Deputy, *work upon that now*.

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended—

Touch. I have, it shall please Mr Deputy.

Gold. Well, then, under correction,—

Touch. Now, son, come over 'em with some fine gird; as thus, *Knight, you shall be encountered*, that is, had to the Counter; or, Quicksilver, *I will put you in a crucible*, or so.

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see *such flashes* as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could *not* see them; but such is the misery of magistrates, and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside; I will hear you anon, sir.

Touch. I like this well yet: there's some grace i'the knight left, he cries.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou had'st turned Quacksalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses. It is great pity; thou art a proper young man; of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one; God hath done his part to thee; but thou hast made too much, and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire, only to be looked upon by some light housewives, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate: and being by him gently admonished, at several times, hast turned thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers; thundering out uncivil comparisons; requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outrecuidance*[52] with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'em, Mr Constable.

Con. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, Mr Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight, as being accessary in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O, good sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! with what forehead or face do'st thou offer to *chop logic* with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy *younger fellow* in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Do'st not observe this? which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver! He was a free boon companion, when he had money, says one; hang him, fool, says another, he could not keep it when he had it. A pox o'the cullion his master, says a third, he has brought

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[52] *Outrecuidance*—i. e. overweening, overpresumption. So, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 2: "It is strange *outrecuidance!* your humour too much redoundeth."

Brome's *Mad Couple well Matched*, A. 1. S. 1.: "I speak not this in the behalfe of any dignity in me, but that you should overween that I had ability to wrastle any more with your overgrateful unkle in your behalfe. Therein was your *outrecuidance*."

him to this. When their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventured for 'em with the best; and, by the clue of thy knavery, brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master!

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learned to whine at the play yonder. Mr Deputy, pray you commit 'em both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em.

Quick. O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

Sir Pet. [53] Will you not take security, sir?

Touch. Yes, marry will I, sir Flash, if I can find him; and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this: he is your engineer, I hear. Mr Deputy, you'll dispose of these? In the mean time, I'll to my lord-mayor and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands; and seal up both house and goods to the king's use, or my satisfaction.

Gold. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quick. and *Sir Pet.* Oh God!

Touch. Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your sloth: of sloth cometh pleasure; of pleasure cometh riot; of riot comes whoring; of whoring comes spending; of spending comes want; of want comes theft; of theft comes hanging; and there is my Quicksilver fixed.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter GIRTRED *and* SYNDEFY.

Gir. Ah, Synne! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Synne?

Syn. Not I truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Gir. Why, good faith, Syn, I could dine with a lamentable story now; *O hone hone, O no nera*, &c. Can'st thou tell ne'er a one, Syn?

Syn. None but mine own, madam; which is lamentable enough: first, to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful, and of good account, by a 'prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentleman; and here brought up to London, and promised marriage; and now likely to be forsaken; for he is in a possibility to be hanged.

Gir. Nay, weep not, good Synne. My Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Synne. I was more than promised marriage, Synne; I had it, Synne; and was made a lady; and by a knight, Syn; which is now as good as no knight, Syn. And I was born in London; which is more than brought up, Syn; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Syn; and, instead of land i'the country, all my knight's living lies i'the Counter, Syn; there's his castle now.

Syn. Which he cannot be forced out of, madam.

Gir. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two; Hunger, they say, breaks stone walls. But he is e'en well enough served, Syn, that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away from me, as I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the knight of the the Sun, or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Synne? or sir Lancelot! or sir Tristram?

Syn. I do not know, madam.

Gir. Then thou knowest nothing, Syn. Thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthood now-a-days are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horseback; ours go afoot. They were attended by their 'squires; ours by their ladies. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travel'd wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still [54] prest to engage their honour; ours ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Syn. Ay, madam; they were [55] knights of the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adven-

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[53] *Will you not take security, sir?*—Sir Petronel means, will you not take *bail?* but Touchstone wilfully misunderstands him of Mr Security the usurer. S. P.

[54] *Prest*—ready. See Note to *The Four P's*, Vol. I. p. 11.

[55] *Knights of the Round Table at Winchester*—In the Sessions-hall at Winchester, a large circular table, containing the portraits of Arthur's knights, is fastened up against the wall. S.

A very learned antiquarian, and polite scholar, speaks of this round table in the following manner: "At the end hangs what is commonly called *King Arthur's Round Table*, which is eighteen feet in diameter. It would be needless to multiply authorities for a proof that this table is of modern date. However, it is of higher antiquity than it is commonly supposed to be; for Paulus Jovius, who wrote above two hundred years ago, relates, that it was shewn to the Emperor Charles V., and that at that time many marks of its antiquity had been destroyed; the names of the knights having been then just written afresh, and the whole table, with its ornaments, newly repaired. Tournaments being often held at Winchester before the court and parliament, this table might probably have been used on those occasions for

tures; but these of the Square-table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Gir. True, Syn; let them vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Syn. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess, profane woman! has sworn [56] by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

Gir. Let it stink in her hand then; I'll not be beholden to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gown; and my red velvet petticoat, that I was married in; and my wedding silk stockings, and all thy best apparel, poor Syn. Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, [57] I'll lay my ladyship in lavender, if I knew where.

Syn. Alas, madam, your ladyship!

Gir. Ay, why? you do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's me life, you are [58] a peat indeed! do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Syn. No, madam; but I make question who will lend any thing upon it.

Gir. Who? marry, enow, I warrant you, if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' given a thousand pounds, if I had had it, to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle born o'the city have the same longing I trust. And, for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth: my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing; and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it, let me see, for forty pounds in hand, Syn; that would apparel us, and ten pounds a-year, that would keep me and you, Syn, with our needles; and we should never need to be beholden to our scurvy parents. Good lord, that there are no fairies now-a-days, Syn.

Syn. Why, madam?

Gir. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Synne? I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o'the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Synne; or there may be a pot of gold hid o'the backside, if we had tools to dig for't. Why may not we two rise early i'the morning, Synne, afore any body is up, and find a jewel i'the streets worth a hundred pounds? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach, as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? ha!

Syn. They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Gir. Or may not some old usurer be drunk over night, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Syn, let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'the streets, for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my song of the golden shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

Fond fables tell of old
How Jove in Danae's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap;
Oh had it been my hap!
Howe'er the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.

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entertaining the combatants; which, on that account, was properly inscribed with the names of Arthur's twenty-four knights; either in commemoration of that prince, who was the reputed founder and patron of tilts and tournaments, or because he was supposed to have established these martial sports at Winchester. In later times these exercises were called *Mensa Rotunda*. The names of the knights inscribed on the table, are much the same as those we find in an old romance concerning King Arthur, viz. Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Pelleas, Sir Gawain, Sir Garethe, &c."—*Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester*, p. 9.

[56] *By bread and salt*—See Notes to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 112.; and to *The Honest Whore*, Ibid. p. 552.

[57] *I'll lay my ladyship in lavender.*—To lay any thing *in lavender* was a cant phrase for *pawning*. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 3. "— who can serve in the nature of a gentleman usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black sattin suit of his own, to go before her in; which suit, for the more sweetening, now *lies in lavender*," &c.

Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, A. 5. S. 1.

" —— Put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage, or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your *lavender* robes to the gaol," &c.

In Braithwaite's *Strappado for the Devil*, 8vo, 1615, p. 154. is an Epigram, " Upon a Poet's Palfrey *lying in lavender*, for the discharge of his Provender."

[58] *A peat indeed!*—i. e. a fondled, and consequently a spoilt thing. S.

Enter Mrs TOUCHSTONE.

Gir. O, here's my mother! good luck, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep!

Mrs Touch. God bless you; I would I were in my grave.

Gir. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas? it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mrs Touch. Simply? 'tis better than thou deservest. Never whimper for the matter. *Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leaped.* Thou wert afire to be a lady; and now your ladyship, and you, may both *blow at the coal*, for aught I know. *Self do, self have; the hasty person never wants woe*, they say.

Gir. Nay then, mother, you should ha' looked to it: a body would think you were the older.—[59] I did but my kind, I? he was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself, and a cittiner in this, i'faith. You shew what husband you come on, I wis? you smell o' the Touchstone. He that will do more for his daughter, that has married a scurvy gold-end man, and his 'prentice, than he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight, and his customer; by this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Syn. O, good madam, do not take up your mother so.

Mrs Touch. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone. Let her ladyship grieve me still with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case, I? without her velvet gowns; without ribbands; without jewels; without French wires; or [60] cheat-bread, or quails; or a little dog; or a gentleman-usher; or any thing indeed that's fit for a lady—

Syn. Except her tongue.

Mrs Touch. And I am not able to relieve her neither, being kept so short by my husband.—— Well, God knows my heart, I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Gir. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me. I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I? *The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.*

Mrs Touch. I know that. But——

Gir. What, sweet mother, what?

Mrs Touch. It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the claw.

Gir. That's true, mother; ah me!

Mrs Touch. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not; child, madam. Why do you weep thus? be of good cheer. I shall die, if you cry, and mar your complexion thus.

Gir. Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mrs Touch. Go to thy sister, child: she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight, and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach, and thy horses, and set thee up again.

Gir. But will she get him to set my knight up, too?

Mrs Touch. That she will, or any thing else thou'lt ask her.

Gir. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

Mrs Touch. Try her, good chuck; I warrant thee.

Gir. Dost thou think she'll do't?

Syn. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mrs Touch. That's a good maiden: she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i'the ale-house.

Gir. Go, Syn, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, *and* WOLF.

Touch. I will receive no letters, Mr Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penned subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tricks packing, do you see: return with your packet, sir.

Wolf. Believe it, sir, you need fear no packing here. These are but letters of submission, all.

Touch. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like *blind justice. Work upon that now.* When the sessions come, they shall hear from me.

Gold. From whom come your letters, Mr Wolf?

Wolf. An't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and another from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship; one from Mr Francis, sir, another from the knight.

Touch. I do wonder, Mr Wolf, why you should [61] travel thus in a business so contrary to the kind or nature o' your place! that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of

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[59] *I* did *but* my kind, *I.*—I only followed the impulse of my nature. S.

[60] *Cheat-bread.*—i. e. the finest sort of white bread, manchet. S.

[61] *Travel.*—The old word for *work, labour.*

your prisoners! whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you, to be ranging about for more, and not let these 'scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you wolves, when you ha' sucked the blood, once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i'the kingdom under my keys; and almost of all religions i'the land; as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, [62] Millenary, [63] Family o' Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Gold. And which of all these, thinks Mr Wolf, was the best religion?

Wolf. Troth, Mr Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Gold. I believe you, Mr Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i' these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will be i' the knight's ward, do what we can, sir; and Mr Quicksilver would be i' the hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison. Only Security sings a note too high sometimes; because he lies i' the twopenny-ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask, what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'em is't is so devout, the knight, or t'other?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially: I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts! he can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs; and speak you all [64] the Sickman's Salve, without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Mr Wolf.

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant; a fellow could neither write, nor read. He was called the Bandog o'the Counter; and he has brought him already to pare his nails, and say his prayers; and 'tis hoped he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touch. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farther ear, I were taken. Adieu, good Mr Wolf. Son, I do feel mine own weakness; do not importune me, pity is a rheum that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Mr Wolf, *fish is cast away, that is cast in dry pools*: tell hypocrisy it will not do. I have touched and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so: when the sessions come, they shall hear from me. In the mean time, to all suits, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle; [65] lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i'my hand against all temptations. [*Exit.*

Gold. You see, Master Wolf, how inexorable he is; there is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'em with this small token of my love; tell 'em I wish I could do 'em any worthier office; but in this it is desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'em. And, sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'em want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolf. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HOLDFAST *and* BRAMBLE.

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

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[62] *Millenary.*—The Millenaries were a sect who held, that Jesus Christ would come and reign upon earth for a thousand years; during which time the faithful were to enjoy all manner of temporal blessings, and that at the expiration of this term the day of judgment would take place.

[63] *Family o' Love.*—The founder of this sect was one David George, of Delph. He died August 2, 1556, and his tenets are supposed to have been first received in England about 1580. His followers were called *Familists*, or of the *Family of Love*, from the affection they bore to all people, however wicked, and their obedience to all magistrates, however tyrannical. See an account of their doctrines in Ross's *View of all Religions*, 6th edition, p. 256.

[64] *The Sickman's Salve.*—This Book I have never seen. It is, however, often mentioned or alluded to; as in Ben Jonson's *Epicœne*, A. 4. S. 4. "— one of them, I know not which, was cured with *the Sickman's Salve*, and the other with *Green's Groatsworth of Wit*."

Philaster, A. 4. S. 1. "Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member; as if he had a *sick man's salve* in his mouth."

It seems to have been a book of the devotional cast.

[65] *Lay mine ear to the ground.*—Alluding to the adder, which does so, it is said, with one ear, and stops the other with her tail. S. P.

Hold. You're welcome, sir. Stay there, I'll call him to you——Mr Security!

Enter SECURITY.

Sec. Who calls?

Hold. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? *is it one that grafts my forehead, now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?*

Hold. You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little crazed with his imprisonment.

Sec. What say you to me, sir? my learned counsel, Mr Bramble! cry you mercy, sir; when saw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit you, and enquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Sec. My case, Mr Bramble, is stone walls, and iron grates; you see it; this is the weakest part on't. And, for getting me forth, no means but hanging myself, and so be carried forth; from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands.

Bram. Why, but what is't you are in for, sir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, sir; whereof marriage is the greatest. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory! to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect. My wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her jubilee, and the feast of her [66] new-moon. Do you understand me, sir?

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quick. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm; and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, father Security, that you'll be still so profane! will nothing humble you? [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Prisoners, with a Friend.

Friend. What's he?

1 *Pris.* O he is a rare young man! do you not know him?

Friend. Not I; I never saw him, that I can remember.

2 *Pris.* Why, it is he that was the gallant 'prentice of London, Mr Touchstone's man.

Friend. Who, Quicksilver?

1 *Pris.* Ay, this is he.

Friend. Is this he? they say he has been a gallant indeed.

2 *Pris.* O, the royallest fellow that ever was bred up i' the city. He would play you his thousand pound a-night at dice, keep knights and lords company, go with them to bawdy-houses; *had his six men in livery, kept a stable of hunting horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and* her cloth of silver. Here's a knight with him here in prison.

Friend. And how miserably he is changed!

1 *Pris.* O, that's voluntary in him; he gave away all his rich clothes as soon as ever he came in here among the prisoners, and will eat [67] *o'*the basket for humility.

Friend. Why will he do so?

2 *Pris.* Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself; he does but linger on till the sessions.

1 *Pris.* O, he has penned the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance*, or his *Last Farewell*, that ever you heard: he is a pretty poet; and for prose—You would wonder how many prisoners he has helped out, with penning petitions for 'em, and will not take a penny. Look, *this* is the knight, *in the rug-gown.* Stand by.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, BRAMBLE, *and* QUICKSILVER.

Bram. Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted, or whipt for a bawd, or so; why I'll lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

Sir Pet. But can we not be bailed, Mr Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself, in spite of him, with a habeas corpus: but if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it, do you see, you may be bailed; for, as I understand the case, it is only done *in terrorem*; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pounds costs.

Enter Mr WOLF.

Quick. How now, Mr Wolf? what news? what return?

Wolf. Faith, bad all; yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it; only Mr Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good.

Quick. I thank him. Good Mr Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices: pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him-

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66 *New-moon* —Alluding to the horned appearance of the *new-moon.*

67 *O' the basket.*—In which scraps used to be collected for the prisoners.

that can succour me; let God work his will. Mr Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners; and desire 'em to pray for us.

Wolf. It shall be done, Mr Francis.

1 *Pris.* An excellent temper!

2 *Pris.* Now God send him good luck!

[*Exeunt.*

Sir Pet. But what said my father-in-law, Mr Wolf?

Enter HOLDFAST.

Hold. Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, Sir Petronel. Who is't?

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen.

Enter GOLDING.

Wolf. Where is he?—Master Deputy! your worship is welcome.

Gold. Peace!

Wolf. Away, sirrah!

Gold. Good faith, Mr Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is no means to make my father relent so likely, as to bring him to be a spectator of their misery; I have ventured on a device, which is to make myself your prisoner, entreating you will presently go report it to my father, and, feigning an action at suit of some third person, pray him by this token, that he will presently, and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train, if any, I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Gold. Yes; and let me rest concealed, I pray you.

Wolf. See here a benefit, truly done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, *Wife, Daughters,* SYNDEFY, WINIFRED.

Touch. I will sail by you, and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mil. Dear father!

Mrs Touch. Husband!

Gir. Father!

Win. and Syn. Mr Touchstone!

Touch. Away, syrens! I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to your lamentations.

Mrs Touch. Gentle husband, hear me!

Gir. Father, it is I, father,; my Lady Flash! my sister and I are friends.

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not hardened, good Mr Touchstone.

Syn. I pray you, sir, be merciful.

Touch. I am deaf, I do not hear you: I have stopt mine ears with shoemakers' wax; and drank Lethe and [68] Mandragora, to forget you; all you speak to me, I commit to the air.

Enter WOLF.

Mil. How now, Mr Wolf?

Wolf. Where's Mr Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mil. What's the matter, sir? pray all be well.

Wolf. Mr Deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him forthwith.

Mil. Ah me! do you hear, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'em in my nose; I scent 'em.

Wolf. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mrs Touch. Why, it is Mr Wolf himself.—— Husband!

Mil. Father!

Touch. I am deaf still, I say: I will neither yield to the song of the syren, nor the voice of the hyæna; the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o' the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touch. Ha! what token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! are you in earnest, Mr Wolf?

Wolf. Ay, by my faith, sir. He is in prison; and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touch. My cloak there! pray you be patient, I am plagued for my austerity; my cloak!—At whose suit, Mr Wolf?

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Friend. Prisoners.

Friend. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope for life?

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[68] *Mandragora.*—"*Mandragora* of two sorts, black and white, bearing apples low upon the ground, having no such roote as is fondly ymagined, but of vertue to cast one into so heavie a sleepe, that being launced or burned he shall not fele the griefe." Note on *Wylson's* Translation of Demosthenes, 4to, 1570, p. 84. See also C. Plinii, Nat. Hist. lib. xxv. c. 13.; Dr Percy's Note on Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1. S. 5.; and Mr Steevens's to Othello, A. 3. S. 3.

1 *Pris.* Troth, it should seem so; and it is great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Friend. They say he is charged but on suspicion of felony, yet.

2 *Pris.* Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow: he'll prove great matter against him.

Friend. I'd as [69] live as any thing I could see his *Farewell.*

1 *Pris.* O, 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you, [70] he's not curious to any body.

2 *Pris.* O no; he would that all the world should take knowledge of his *Repentance*; and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

1 *Pris.* Pray thee, try what thou canst do.

2 *Pris.* I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it.

[*Exit.*

1 *Pris.* You never saw a more courteous creature than he is, and the knight too; the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'em. You shall hear a thing admirably penned.

Friend. Is the knight any scholar too?

1 *Pris.* No; but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses, and White Friars, and against bawds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter WOLF *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Wolf. Please you stay here, sir; I'll call his worship down to you.

Enter QUICKSILVER, *and Sir* PETRONEL FLASH.

1 *Pris.* See, he has brought him and the knight too. Salute him, I pray. Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your *Repentance.*

Quick. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Mr Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

Touch. Who is this? My man Francis, and my son-in-law!

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master, that I have so offended.

Friend. Good, sir.

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppressed.

Sir Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's; he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Friend. So, sir.

Quick. To the tune of, [71] *I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

Sir Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick. *In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,*
Quicksilver I did dwell of late;
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still, work upon that:
But, alas, I wrought I know not what.
He was a Touchstone, black, but true;
And told me still, what would ensue.
Yet, woe is me, I would not learn;
I saw, alas, but could not discern.

Friend. Excellent, excellent well!

Enter GOLDING.

Gold. O, let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick. *I cast my coat and cap away;*
I went in silk and sattins gay;
False metal of good manners, I
Did daily coin unlawfully.
I scorned my master, being drunk;
I kept my gelding and my punk;
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorry for the same.

Sir Pet. I thank you, Francis!

I thought by sea to run away;
But Thames and tempest did me stay.

Touch. This cannot be feigned sure. Heaven pardon my severity. *The ragged colt may prove a good horse.*

Gold. How he listens, and is transported! he has forgot me.

Quick. *Still Eastward-hoe was all my word;*
But Westward I had no regard;
Nor ever thought what would come after,
As did, alas, his youngest daughter.
At last the black ox trod o'my foot,
And I saw then what 'longed unto't.
Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill.

Touch. And I will do it, Francis!

Wolf. Stay him, Mr Deputy, now is the time: we shall lose the song else.

Friend. I protest, it is the best that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

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[69] *Live.*—i. e. lief. S. P.

[70] *He's not* curious *to any body.*—i. e. scrupulous. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 4. S. 5.
" For *curious* I cannot be with you."
See Note on this passage. S.
Again, in *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 7.; " — at the choyce I made no great *curiositie*, but snatchinge the golde, let goe the writings," &c.

[71] *I wail in woe*, &c.—This tune is mentioned in *The Match at Midnight.*

Quick. This stanza now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Friend. Pray you go on, sir.

Quick. *O Mannington, thy stories show,*
Thou cutt'st a horse-head off at a blow;
But I confess I have not the force,
For to cut off the head of a horse;
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of sin;
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's high-way, and bogs of lust;
Whereby I may take virtue's purse,
And live with her, for better, for worse.

Friend. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited.

Quick. Alas, sir!

Touch. Son Golding, and Mr Wolf, I thank you; the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shewn a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen! I am ravished with his *Repentance*, and could stand here a whole 'prenticeship to hear him.

Friend. [72] Forth, good sir.

Quick. This is the last, and the *Farewell.*

Farewell, Cheapside; farewell, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that ne'er shall fade;
Farewell, dear fellow-prentices all,
And be you warned by my fall;
Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
'Scape Tyburn, Compters, and the Spittle.

Touch. And 'scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis!

Quick. Master!

Sir Pet. Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right: arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver! thou hast eat into my breast, Quicksilver, with the drops of thy sorrow; and killed the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

Quick. O, sir, I am not worthy to see thy worshipful face.

Sir Pet. Forgive me, father!

Touch. Speak no more; all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thank this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis——Mr Wolf, I am their bail.

[*A shout in the Prison.*

Sec. Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

Touch. Who's that?

Wolf. Security, sir.

Sec. Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune too.

SONG.

O, Master Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold,
And why should it be so?
Because I was an usurer,
And bawd, as all you know,
For which again I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touch. Bring him forth, Mr Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy, and the mirth of this encounter in the Compter. See, we are encountered with more suitors.

Enter Mrs TOUCHSTONE, GIRTRED, MILDRED, SYNDEFY, WINIFRED, &c.

Save your breath, save your breath: all things have succeeded to your wishes, and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Gir. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

Sir Pet. Dear lady wife, forgive me.

Gir. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' been proud and lascivious, father; and a fool, father; and being raised to the state of a wanton coy thing, called a lady, father, have scorned you, father, and my sister; and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the city as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell; I have said your beard was a base one, father, and that you looked like Twierpipe the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mrs Touch. Now, God forgi' you, child madam.

Touch. No more repetitions. What *else is* wanting to make our harmony full?

Gold. Only this, sir, that *my fellow* Francis make amends to *Mistress Syndefy with* marriage.

Quick. With all my heart.

Gold. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently devised! a good motion! What says Mr Security?

Sec. I say any thing, sir; what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Win. Cuckold, husband? why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why, Mr Security, that should rather

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[72] *Forth.*—i. e. proceed. S. P.

be a comfort to you than a corrosive. If you be a cuckold, it is an argument you shall be much made of: you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain, others will take it for you: besides, you being an usurer, and likely to go to hell, the devils will never torment you: they'll take you for one *of their own race.* Again, if you be a *cuckold, and know* it not, you are an [73] *Innocent; if you know and endure* it, a true *Martyr.*

Sec. I am resolved, sir.—Come hither, Winny.

Touch. Well then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry, methinks: have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

Quick. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these; as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish.
Now, London, look about,
And in this moral see thy glass run out.
Behold the careful father, thrifty son,
The solemn deeds which each of us have done;
The usurer punished, and, from fall so steep,
The prodigal child reclaimed, and the lost sheep.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY QUICKSILVER.

STAY, sir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together, to view our coming out at the Compter. See if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stuck with people, and the windows filled with ladies, as on [74] the solemn day of the pageant!

O may you find, in this our pageant here,
The same contentment which you came to seek;
And, as that shew but draws you once a-year,
May this attract you hither once a-week!

EDITION.

"Eastward Hoe. As it was played in the Black Friers. By the Children of her Majesties Revels. Made by Geo. Chapman, Ben Jonson, John Marston. At London. Printed for William Aspley, 1605, 4to."

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[73] *Innocent.*—i. e. an ideot.

[74] *The solemn day of the pageant.*—i. e. on the day of the Lord Mayor's election, when pageants used to be exhibited.

THE

REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

CYRIL TOURNEUR *is known only as an author, none of the dramatic biographers giving any account of him. Winstanley quotes the following distich from a contemporary poet, by which it appears that he was not held in much estimation for his writings:*

His fame unto that pitch was only raised,
As not to be despised, nor over-praised.

He was the author of

(1.) *The Revenger's Tragedy. Acted by the King's Servants,* 4*to,* 1607; 4*to,* 1608.

(2.) *The Atheist's Tragedy, or Honest Man's Revenge.* 4*to,* 1612.

A Tragi-Comedy, called THE NOBLEMAN, *never printed, and which Oldys says was destroyed by ignorance.*

"*A Funerall Poeme upon the Death of the most worthie and true Souldier Sir Francis Vere, Knight, Captaine of Portsmouth, Lord Governour of his Majestie's cautionarie Town of Briell in Holland, &c.*" 4*to,* 1609.

"*A Griefe on the Death of Prince Henrie. Expressed in a broken Elegie, according to the nature of such a sorrow.*" 4*to,* 1613.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE,
DUCHESS,
VINDICI, } *Brothers to* CASTIZA,
HIPPOLITO, }
LUSURIOSO, *the Duke's Son,*
SPURIO, *a Bastard,*
AMBITIOSO, *the Duchess's eldest Son,*
SUPERVACUO, *Second son to the Duchess,*
A third Son to the Duchess,
ANTONIO,
DONDOLO.

CASTIZA,
GRATIANA, *Mother of* CASTIZA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter VINDICI. *The Duke, Duchess,* LUSURIOSO *the Duke's Son,* SPURIO *the Bastard, with a Train, pass over the Stage with Torch-light.*

Vin. Duke! royal letcher! go, grey-haired adultery!
And thou his son, as impious steeped as he;
And thou his bastard, true begot in evil;
And thou his Duchess, that will do with devil:
Four excellent characters.—O, that marrowless age
Should stuff the hollow bones with damned desires!
And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry Duke,

[1] A parched and juiceless luxur. O God! one
That has scarce blood enough to live upon;
And he to riot it, like a son and heir!
O, the thought of that
Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.
Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally filled out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings: then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man, if such there be
That sin but seven times a-day, broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father fifty years told,
To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold.
But, Oh, accursed palace!
Thee, when thou wert appareled in thy flesh,
The old Duke poisoned,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsy lust: for old men lustful,
Do shew like young men angry; eager, violent,
Out-bid, like their limited performances.
O, 'ware an old man, hot and vicious!
"Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous."
Vengeance, thou murderest quit-rent, and whereby
Thou shewest thyself tenant to tragedy;
Oh, keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determined. Hum, who e'er knew
Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due,
She's kept touch hitherto. Be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks!
To have thein costly three-piled flesh worn off
As bare as this: for banquets, ease, and laughter,
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay;
But wise men little, are more great than they.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Still sighing o'er death's vizard?
Vin. Brother, welcome!
What comfort bring'st thou? how go things at court?
Hip. In silk and silver, brother; never braver.
Vin. Puh!
Thou play'st upon my meaning. Pr'ythee, say,
Has that bald madam, opportunity,
Yet thought upon's? Speak, are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.
Hip. It may prove happiness.
Vin. What is't may prove?
Give me to taste.
Hip. Give me your hearing then.
You know my place at court?
Vin. Ay, the duke's chamber:
But 'tis a marvel thou'rt not turned out yet!
Hip. Faith, I have been shoved at; but 'twas still my hap
To hold by the Duchess's skirt: you guess at that:
Whom such a coat keeps up, can ne'er fall flat.
But to the purpose:
Last evening, predecessor unto this,
The Duke's son warily enquired for me,
Whose pleasure I attended; he began
By policy to open and unhusk me,
About the time and common rumour:
But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts
Up in their built houses; yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger.
But the whole aim and scope of his intent
Ended in this; conjuring me in private
To seek some strange digested fellow forth,
Of ill-contented nature, either disgraced
In former times, or by new grooms displaced,
Since his step-mother's nuptials; such a blood,
A man that were for evil only good;
To give you the true word, some base-coined pander.
Vin. I reach you; for I know his heat is such,
Were there as many concubines as ladies,
He would not be contained; he must fly out.
I wonder how ill-featured, vile-proportioned,
That one should be, if she were made for woman,
Whom, at the insurrection of his lust,
He would refuse for once. Heart, I think none:
Next to a skull, though more unsound than one,
Each face he meets he strongly doats upon.
Hip. Brother, you've truly spoke him.
He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.
Vin. And therefore I'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then, a man o'the time;
For to be honest is not to be i'the world.
Brother, I'll be that strange-composed fellow.
Hip. And I'll prefer you, brother.
Vin. Go to, then;
The smallest advantage fattens wronged men:
It may point out occasion; if I meet her,
I'll hold her by the fore-top fast enough;
Or, like the French Mole,[2] heave up hair and all.

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[1] *A parched and juiceless luxur.*—*Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence*. Hence this wanton old Duke is called a *luxur*. See Mr Collins's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, edit. 1778, Vol. IX. p. 166. S.

[2] *Like the French Mole.*—This is not a name of the *Lues Venerea*, but a comparison only of it to a *mole*, on account of the effects it sometimes produces in occasioning the loss of hair. S. P.

LLB. a. 1
17604

I have a habit that will fit it quaintly.—
Here comes our mother.
Hip. And sister.
Vin. We must coin:
Women are apt, you know, to take false money;
But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures,
Only excuse excepted, that they'll swallow,
Because their sex is easy in belief.

Enter GRATIANA *and* CASTIZA.

Gra. What news from court, son Carlo?
Hip. Faith, mother,
'Tis whispered there the Duchess' youngest son
Has played a rape on Lord Antonio's wife.
Gra. On that religious lady!
Cas. Royal blood! monster, he deserves to die,
If Italy had no more hopes but he.
Vin. Sister, you've sentenced most direct and true;
The law's a woman, and would she were you.—
Mother, I must take leave of you.
Gra. Leave! for what?
Vin. I intend speedy travel.
Hip. That he does, madam.
Gra. Speedy, indeed!
Vin. For since my worthy father's funeral,
My life's unnatural to me, e'en compelled;
As if I lived now, when I should be dead.
Gra. Indeed, he was a worthy gentleman,
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.
Vin. The Duke did much deject him.
Gra. Much?
Vin. Too much:
And though disgrace oft smothered in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I think he died
Of discontent, the noble man's consumption.
Gra. Most sure he did.
Vin. Did he? lack! you know all;
You were his midnight secretary.
Gra. No;
He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.
Vin. 'Yfaith, then, father, thou wast wise indeed;
"Wives are but made to go to bed and feed."
Come, mother, sister; you'll bring me onward,[3] brother?
Hip. I will.
Vin. I'll quickly turn into another. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, LUSURIOSO, *the Duchess; the Bastard, the Duchess's two Sons* AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO; *the third, her Youngest, brought out with Officers for the Rape. Two Judges.*

Duke. Duchess, it is your youngest son; we're sorry,
His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
And stained our honours;
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state;
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death, and blot us in our tombs:
For that which would seem treason in our lives,
Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim,
With loud words and broad pens, our closest shame?
Judge. Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years,
Full of confirmed gravity; for what is it to have
A flattering false inscription on a tomb,
And in men's hearts reproach? the bowelled corps
May be seared in, but, with free tongue I speak,
The faults of great men through their sear-cloths break.
Duke. They do; we're sorry for't, it is our fate
To live in fear, and die to live in hate.
I leave him to your sentence, doom him, lords,
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.
Duch. My gracious lord, I pray be merciful:
Although his trespass far exceed his years,
Think him to be your own, as I am yours;
Call him not son-in-law: the law, I fear,
Will fall too soon upon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pity.
Lus. Good my lord,
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
Upon the judge's palate; for offences,
Gilt o'er with mercy, show like fairest women,
Good only for their beauties, which washed off,
No sin is uglier.
Ambi. I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild, let not relentless law
Look with an iron forehead on our brother.
Spu. He yields small comfort yet: hope he shall die;
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turned into a *corse!*
Duch. No pity yet? must I rise fruitless *then?*
A wonder in a woman! are *my* knees
Of such low metal—that *without respect*—
1 *Judge.* Let the offender stand forth:
'Tis the Duke's pleasure, that impartial doom
Shall take fast hold of his unclean attempt.
A rape! why 'tis the very core of lust,
Double adultery.
Junior. So, sir.
2 *Judge.* And, which was worse,
Committed on the lord Antonio's wife,
That general honest lady. Confess, my lord,
What moved you to't?
Jun. Why, flesh and blood, my lord;
What should move men unto a woman else!
Lus. O do not jest thy doom! trust not an axe
Or sword too far: the law is a wise serpent,

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[3] *Bring me onward.*—A phrase in common use, signifying to accompany one.

And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
Though marriage only has made thee my brother,
I love thee so far, play not with thy death.
Jun. I thank you, troth; good admonitions, faith,
If I'd the grace now to make use of them.
1 *Judge.* That lady's name has spread such a fair wing
Over all Italy, that if our tongues
Were sparing toward the fact, judgment itself
Would be condemned, and suffer in men's thoughts.
Jun. Well then, 'tis done; and it would please me well,
Were it to do again; sure she's a goddess,
For I'd no power to see her, and to live.
It falls out true in this; for I must die;
Her beauty was ordained to be my scaffold.
And yet, methinks, I might be easier 'sessed,
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest.
1 *Judge.* This be the sentence—
Duch. Oh keep't upon your tongue; let it not slip;
Death too soon steals out of a lawyer's lip.
Be not so cruel-wise!
1 *Judge.* Your grace must pardon us;
'Tis but the justice of the law.
Duch. The law
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.
Spu. Now, now he dies! rid 'em away.
Duch. O, what it is to have an old cool Duke,
To be as slack in tongue as in performance!
1 *Judge.* Confirmed, this be the doom irrevocable.
Duch. Oh!
1 *Judge.* To-morrow early—
Duch. Pray be a-bed, my lord.
1 *Judge.* Your grace much wrongs yourself.
Ambi. No, 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, does do us too much wrong.
1 *Judge.* Let that offender——
Duch. Live, and be in health.
1 *Judge.* Be on a scaffold——
Duke. Hold, hold, my lord.
Spu. Pox on't,
What makes my dad speak now?
Duke. We will defer the judgment till next sitting:
In the mean time, let him be kept close prisoner.
Guard, bear him hence.
Ambi. Brother, this makes for thee
Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free.
Jun. Brother, I will expect it from you both;
And in that hope I rest.
Super. Farewell, be merry.
[*Exit with a Guard.*

Spu. Delayed! deferred! nay then, if judgment have cold blood,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.
Duke. About it, then, my lords, with your best powers:
More serious business calls upon our hours.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Duchess.

Duch. Was it ever known step-duchess was so mild
And calm as I? some now would plot his death
With easy doctors, those loose-living men,
And make his withered grace fall to his grave,
And keep church better.
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch
Her double-loathed lord at meat or sleep.
Indeed, 'tis true, an old man's twice a child;
Mine cannot speak; one of his single words
Would quite have freed my youngest dearest son
From death or durance; and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whose prickles should bow under him; but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock-faith shall be forgot:
I'll kill him in his forehead; hate, there feed;
That wound is deepest, though it never bleed.
And here comes he, whom my heart points unto,
His bastard son, but my love's true begot;
Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,
Swell'd up with jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kind.
That jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,
Mocking his master's chilness and vain fear.
H'as spied me now.

Enter SPURIO.

Spu. Madam, your grace so private?
My duty on your hand.
Duch. Upon my hand, sir! troth, I think you'd fear
To kiss my hand too, if my lip stood there.
Spu. Witness I would not, madam.
Duch. 'Tis a wonder,
For ceremony has made many fools!
It is as easy way [4] unto a duchess,
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves.—What have you thought of me?
Spu. Madam, I ever think of you in duty,
Regard, and——
Duch. Puh! upon my love I mean.
Spu. I would 'twere love; but 'tis a fouler name

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[4] ——*Unto a duchess,*
As to a hatted *dame.*—She means from the highest to the lowest of her sex. At this time women of the inferior order wore *hats.* See Hollar's *Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus*, 1640.

Than lust: you are my father's wife—your grace may guess now
What I could call it.
Duch. Why, th'art his son but falsely;
'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.
Spu. I'faith, 'tis true: I'm an uncertain man, of more uncertain woman. May be his groom o' the stable begot me; you know I know not; he could ride a horse well, a shrewd suspicion, marry!—he was wondrous tall: he had his length, i'faith; for peeping over half-shut holiday windows, men would desire him light, when he was a-foot.
He made a goodly show under a pent-house;
And, when he rid, his hat would check the signs,
And clatter barbers basons.
Duch. [5] Nay, set you a horseback once,
You'll ne'er light off.
Spu. Indeed, I am a beggar.
Duch. That's more the sign thou'rt great—But to our love:
Let it stand firm both in thy thought and mind,
That the Duke was thy father, as no doubt
He bid fair for't, thy injury is the more;
For had he cut thee a right diamond,
Thou hadst been next set in the dukedom's ring,
When his worn self, like age's easy slave,
Had dropt out of the [6] collet into the grave.
What wrong can equal this? canst thou be tame
And think upon't?
Spu. No; mad, and think upon't.
Duch. Who would not be revenged of such a father,
E'en in the worst way? I would thank that sin
That could most injure him, and be in league with it.
Oh, what a grief 'tis, that a man should live
But once i' the world, and then to live a bastard!
The curse o' the womb, the thief of nature,
Begot against the seventh commandment,
Half damned in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.
Spu. Oh, I'd a hot-backed devil to my father.
Duch. Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?
Who but an eunuch would not sin? his bed,
By one false minute, disinherited.
Spu. Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in!
I'll be revenged for all: now, hate, begin;
I'll call foul incest but a venial sin.
Duch. Cold still! in vain then must a duchess woo?
Spu. Madam, I blush to say what I will do.
Duch. Thence flew sweet comfort. Earnest, and farewell.
Spu. Oh, one incestuous kiss picks open hell.
Duch. Faith now, old Duke, my vengeance shall reach high,
I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry. [*Exit.*
Spu. Duke, thou didst do me wrong; and by thy act,
Adultery is my nature.
Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner; some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose,
Were merrily disposed to fall again.
In such a whispering and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bawds kept centinel at stair-head,
Was I stolen softly: oh—damnation meet,
The sin of feasts, drunken adultery,
I feel it swell me; my revenge is just!
I was begot in impudent wine and lust.
Step-mother, I consent to thy desires;
I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee,
And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion,
Death, and disgrace, may be their epitaphs.
As for my brother, the Duke's only son,
Whose birth is more beholding to report
Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsly sown
(Women must not be trusted with their own),
I'll loose my days upon him, hate all I.
Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy:
For, indeed, a bastard by nature should make cuckolds,
Because he is the son of a cuckold maker.
[*Exit.*

Enter VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO. VINDICI *in disguise, to attend* LUSURIOSO, *the Duke's Son.*

Vin. What, brother, am I far enough from myself?
Hip. As if another man had been sent whole
Into the world, and none wist how he came.
Vin. It will confirm me bold; the child o' the court;
Let blushes dwell i' the country. Impudence!
Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses,
To whom the costly perfumed people pray,

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[5] *Nay, set you a horseback once.*—"Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride a gallop. *Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.* Claudian. *Il n'est orgueil qui de pauvre enrichi.* Gall. There is no pride to the enriched beggar's. *Il villan nobilitado non conosce il parentado.* Ital. The villain ennobled will not own his kindred or parentage." Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 77.

[6] *Collet.*—That part of a ring in which the stone is set. Johnson's *Dictionary*.

Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
Mine eyes to steady sapphires. Turn my visage;
And, if I must needs glow, let me blush inward,
That this immodest season may not spy
That scholar in my cheeks, foot bashfulness;
That maid in the old time, whose flush of grace
Would never suffer her to get good clothes.
Our maids are wiser, and are less ashamed;
Save Grace the bawd, I seldom hear grace named!

Hip. Nay, brother, you reach out o' the verge now——

'Sfoot, the Duke's son! settle your looks.

Vin. Pray, let me not be doubted.

Hip. My lord—

Enter LUSURIOSO.

Lus. Hippolito!—be absent, leave us.

Hip. My lord, after long search, wary enquiries,
And politic siftings, I made choice of yon fellow,
Whom I guess rare for many deep employments:
This our age swims within him; and if Time
Had so much hair, I should take him for Time,
He is so near kin to this present minute.

Lus. 'Tis enough;
We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks;
Gold, though it be dumb, does utter the best thanks.

Hip. Your plenteous honour—An excellent fellow, my lord.

Lus. So, give us leave—[*Exit* HIPPOLITO.] welcome, be not far off; we must be better acquainted: pish, be bold with us—thy hand.

Vin. With all my heart, i'faith: how dost, sweet musk-cat?
When shall we lie together?

Lus. Wondrous knave!
Gather him into boldness! s'foot, the slave's
Already as familiar as an ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure.—Friend, I can
Forget myself in private; but elsewhere,
I pray do you remember me.

Vin. Oh! very well, sir—I construe myself saucy.

Lus. What hast been?
Of what profession?

Vin. A bone-setter.

Lus. A bone-setter!

Vin. A bawd, my lord,
One that sets bones together.

Lus. Notable bluntness!
Fit, fit for me; e'en trained up to my hand:
Thou hast been scrivener to much knavery then?

Vin. Fool to abundance, sir: I have been witness
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins;
And not so little.
I have seen patrimonies washed a-pieces,
Fruit fields turned into bastards,
And in a world of acres
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to
[7] As would well gravel a petition.

Lus. Fine villain! troth I like *him* wondrously:
He's e'en shaped for my purpose.—Then thou know'st
I'the world strange lust?

Vin. O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation! which begets so many drunkards:
Some fathers dread not, gone to bed in wine, to slide from the mother,
[8] And cling the daughter-in-law;
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces:
Brothers with brothers wives. O hour of incest!
Any kin now, [9] next to the rim o'the sister,
Is man's meat in these days; and in the morning,
When they are up and drest, and their mask on,
Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye
That sees through flesh and all? Well, if any thing be damned,
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve
Will never 'scape;
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betrayed to sin.

Lus. In troth, it is true: but let this talk glide.
It is our blood to err, though hell gape [10] wide.
Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.
Now, sir, wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtle,
And deeply fathomed into all estates,
I would embrace thee for a near employment;
And thou should'st swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggars crouch to thee.

Vin. My lord,
Secret! I ne'er had that disease o'the mother,
I praise my father: why are men made close,
But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
Tell but some woman a secret over night,
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i'the morning.
But, my lord——

Lus. So, thou'rt confirmed in me,
And thus I enter thee.

Vin. This Indian devil
Will quickly enter any man, but a usurer;
He prevents that, by entering the devil first.

Lus. Attend me. I am past my depth in lust,

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[7] *As would well* gravel *a petition*—i. e. *sand* it, to prevent it from blotting while the ink was wet. S.

[8] *And* cling *the daughter-in-law*—i. e. gripe, compress, embrace her. See Mr Steevens's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 5.

[9] *Next to the* rim *of the sister*—That is no degree of relationship is sufficient to restrain the appetite of lust, scarce that of sister; they even approach to the *rim* or *verge* of what is the most prohibited.

[10] *Wide*—The quarto reads, *lowde*.

And I must swim or drown. All my desires
Are level'd at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have conveyed by messenger
Many waxed lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels, that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man; all which and more
She, foolish chaste, sent back; the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.
Vin. Possible!
'Tis a rare Phœnix, whoe'er she be.
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth, my lord, I'd be revenged and marry her.
Lus. Pish! the dowry of her blood, and of her fortunes,
Are both too mean—good enough to be had withal.
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage [11] as good; yet rather keep a friend.
Give me my bed by stealth—there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night?
Vin. A very fine religion!
Lus. Therefore, thus
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart;
Because I see thee well experienced
In this luxurious day wherein we breathe:
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue
Bewitch her ears, and cozen her of all grace:
Enter upon the portion of her soul,
Her honour, which she calls her chastity,
And bring it into expense; for honesty
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
Which, ne'er so little broke, does never keep.
Vin. You have giv'n't the tang, i'faith, my lord:
Make known the lady to me, and my brain
Shall swell with strange invention: I will move it,
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
Without a word to save me—but I'll work——
Lus. We thank thee, and will raise thee—
Receive her name; it is the only daughter to madam Gratiana, the late widow.
Vin. Oh, my sister, my sister!
Lus. Why dost walk aside?
Vin. My lord, I was thinking how I might begin:
As thus, Oh lady—or twenty hundred devices;
Her very bodkin will put a man in.
Lus. Ay, or the wagging of her hair.
Vin. No, that shall put you in, my lord.
Lus. Shall't? why, content—Do'st know the daughter, then?
Vin. O excellent well, by sight.
Lus. That was her brother
That did prefer thee to us.
Vin. My lord, I think so;
I knew I had seen him somewhere—
Lus. And therefore, pr'ythee, let thy heart to him
Be as a virgin, close.
Vin. Oh, my good lord.
Lus. We may laugh at that simple age within him.
Vin. Ha, ha, ha!
Lus. Himself being made the subtle instrument,
To wind up a good fellow.
Vin. That's I, my lord.
Lus. That's thou,
To entice and work his sister.
Vin. A pure novice!
Lus. 'Twas finely managed.
Vin. Gallantly carried!
A pretty perfumed villain!
Lus. I've bethought me,
If she prove chaste still, and immoveable,
Venture upon the mother; and with gifts,
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.
Vin. Oh, fie, fie, that's the wrong end, my lord.
'Tis mere impossible, that a mother, by any gifts, should become a bawd to her own daughter!
Lus. Nay, then, I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtle mystery of a woman.—Why 'tis held now no dainty dish: the name
Is so in league with age, that now-a-days
It does eclipse three quarters of a mother.
Vin. Does it so, my lord?
Let me alone, then, to eclipse the fourth.
Lus. Why, well said—come, I'll furnish thee; but first
Swear to be true in all.
Vin. True!
Lus. Nay, but swear.
Vin. Swear!—I hope your honour little doubts my faith.
Lus. Yet, for my humour's sake, 'cause I love swearing.
Vin. 'Cause you love swearing, 'slud, I will.
Lus. Why enough!
Ere long look to be made of better stuff.
Vin. That will do well indeed, my lord.
Lus. Attend me. [*Exit.*
Vin. Oh!
Now let me burst. I've eaten noble poison;
We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains!
Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on't, think'st thou?
I'faith thou shalt: swear me to foul my sister!
Sword, I durst make a promise of him to thee;
Thou shalt disheir him; it shall be thine honour.
And yet, now angry froth is down in me,
It would not prove the meanest policy,
In this disguise, to try the faith of both.
Another might have had the self-same office;
Some slave, that would have wrought effectually;
Ay, and perhaps o'er-wrought 'em; therefore I,
Being thought travel'd, will apply myself
Unto the self-same form, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
So touch 'em;—though I durst almost for good
Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood.
[*Exit.*

[11] *As good*—The quarto reads, *is good.* S.

Enter the discontented ANTONIO, *whose Wife the Duchess's youngest Son ravished; he discovering the Body of her dead to certain Lords and* HIPPOLITO.

Ant Draw nearer, lords, and be sad witnesses
Of a fair comely building newly fallen,
Being falsely undermined. Violent rape
Has played a glorious act: behold, my lords,
A sight that strikes man out of me!
Piero. That virtuous lady!
Ant. Precedent for wives!
Hip. The blush of many women, whose chaste presence
Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks,
And make pale wanton sinners have good colours—
Ant. Dead!
Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.
Piero. O grief of many!
Ant. I marked not this before:
A prayer-book the pillow to her cheek:
This was her rich confection; and another
Placed in her right hand, with a leaf tucked up,
Pointing to these words;
Melius virtute mori, quam per dedecus vivere:
True, and effectual it is indeed.
Hip. My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows,
Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,
As to ourselves, we may relieve your wrongs:
We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue;
Curæ leves loquuntur, majores stupent.
Ant. You deal with truth, my lord.
Lend me but your attentions, and I'll cut
Long grief into short words. Last revelling night,
When torch-light made an artificial noon
About the court, some courtiers in the mask,
Putting on better faces than their own,
Being full of fraud and flattery; amongst whom
The duchess' youngest son, that moth to honour,
Filled up a room, and with long lust to eat
Into my wearing, amongst all the ladies
Singled out that dear form, who ever lived
As cold in lust as she is now in death.
Which that step-duchess monster knew too well;
And therefore, in the height of all the revels,
When music was heard loudest, courtiers busiest,
And ladies great with laughter—O vicious minute!
Unfit but for relation to be spoke of:
Then, with a face more impudent than his vizard,
[11] He harried her amidst a throng of panders,
That live upon damnation of both kinds,
And feed the ravenous vulture of his lust.
O death to think on't! she, her honour forced,
Deemed it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poison, than to live with shame.
Hip. A wondrous lady! of rare fire compact,
Sh'as made her name an empress by that act.
Piero. My lord, what judgment follows the offender?
Ant. Faith none, my lord; it cools, and is deferred.
Piero. Delay the doom for rape!
Ant. O, you must note who 'tis should die,
The duchess' son; she'll look to be a saver!
"Judgment, in this age, is near kin to favour."
Hip. Nay, then, step forth, thou bribeless officer:
I'll bind you all in steel, to bind you surely;
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade;
Strengthen my vow, that if, at the next sitting,
Judgment speak all in gold, and spare the blood
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats
To let his soul out, which long since was found
Guilty in heaven—
All. We swear it, and will act it.
Ant. Kind gentlemen, I thank you in mine ire.
Hip. 'Twere pity
The ruins of so fair a monument
Should not be dipt in the defacer's blood.
Piero. Her funeral shall be wealthy; for her name
Merits a tomb of pearl. My lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your lady from your eyes;
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with revenge.
Ant. That is my comfort, gentlemen, and I joy
In this one happiness above the rest,
Which will be called a miracle at last,
That, being an old man, I'd a wife so chaste.
[*Exeunt.*

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[11] *He harried her*—To *harry*, Mr Steevens observes, is to *use roughly*. See Note to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 3.
Mr Steevens is wrong; to *harry* is a word still used in the north to signify to *rob*, to *bereave*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter CASTIZA.

Cas. How hardly shall that maiden be beset,
Whose only fortunes are her constant thoughts!
That has no other child's part but her honour,
That keeps her low and empty in estate;
Maids and their honours are like poor beginners;
Were not sin rich, there would be fewer sinners:
Why had not virtue a revenue? Well,
I know the cause, 'twould have impoverished hell.

Enter DONDOLO.

How now, Dondolo?

Don. Madona, there is one, as they say, a thing of flesh and blood, a man I take him by his beard, that would very desirously mouth to mouth with you.

Cas. What's that?

Don. Show his teeth in your company.

Cas. I understand thee not.

Don. Why speak with you, Madona.

Cas. Why, say so, madman, and cut off a great deal of dirty way: had it not been better spoke in ordinary words, that one would speak with me?

Don. Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two shillings. I would strive a little to show myself in my place; a gentleman-usher scorns to use the phrase and fancy of a serving-man.

Cas. Yours be your own, sir; go, direct him hither;
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately travelled, whom my soul affects.
Here he comes.

Enter VINDICI, *disguised.*

Vin. Lady, the best of wishes to your sex;
Fair skins and new gowns.

Cas. Oh they shall thank you, sir.
Whence this?

Vin. Oh, from a dear and worthy friend.

Cas. From whom?

Vin. The duke's son!

Cas. Receive that. [*A box o' the ear to her Brother.*
I swore I would put anger in my hand,
And pass the virgin limits of myself,
To him that next appeared in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't;
Tell him, my honour shall have a rich name,
When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewell; commend me to him in my hate. [*Exit.*

Vin. It is the sweetest box
That e'er my nose came nigh;
The finest drawn-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still henceforward take the wall of this.
Oh, I'm above my tongue: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honourable shown;
Many are called by their honour, that have none;
Thou art approved for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, though I know
A syren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mass, fitly here she comes! thanks, my disguise—
Madam, good afternoon.

Enter GRATIANA.

Gra. You're welcome, sir.

Vin. The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.

Gra. I think myself much honoured, that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.

Vin. So may you, lady:
One that is like to be our sudden duke;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him,
E'en with any thing almost!

Gra. Ay, save their honour.

Vin. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in't: ne'er be seen in't, mark you.
I'd wink, and let it go—

Gra. Marry but I would not.

Vin. Marry but I would, I hope; I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning,
(For his white father does but mould away)
Has long desired your daughter.

Gra. Desired?

Vin. Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter:
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; madam, I know you're poor,
And, lack the day! there are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despised.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity.

Gra. O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to such a most unnatural task.

Vin. No, but a thousand angels can;
Men have no power, angels must work you to't:
The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive—still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorned of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others daughters
Spring with the dew o' the court, having mine own
So much desired and loved—by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast;
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, though it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.

Gra. O heavens! this o'ercomes me!

Vin. Not I hope already? [*Aside.*

Gra. It is too strong for me; men know that know us, [*Aside.*
We are so weak, their words can overthrow us:
He touched me nearly, made my virtues bate,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.

Vin. I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge,
I fear me she's unmothered, yet I'll venture.
"That woman is all male, whom none can enter."
[*Aside.*
What think you now, lady? speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said,
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:
Did it not, madam? but I'll swear it does
In many places: tut, this age fears no man,
"'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common."

Gra. Ay, that's the comfort on't.

Vin. The comfort on't!
I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
To forget heaven—and—

Gra. Ay, these are they—

Vin. Oh!

Gra. That enchant our sex:
These are the means that govern our affections—
that woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you:
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do.

Vin. O suffering heaven! with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself.
[*Aside.*

Gra. Look you, sir.

Vin. Hollo.

Gra. Let this thank your pains.

Vin. O, you're a kind madam.

Gra. I'll see how I can move.

Vin. Your words will sting.

Gra. If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.

Vin. Spoke truer than you meant it.

Gra. Daughter Castiza.

Enter CASTIZA.

Cas. Madam.

Vin. O, she's yonder;
Meet her: troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.

Cas. Madam, what makes yon evil-officed man
In presence of you?

Gra. Why?

Cas. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.

Gra. Dishonourable act!—good honourable fool,
That wouldst be honest, 'cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And 't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? poor people; ignorant people;
The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters' actions? Oh, if thou knewest
What 'twere to lose it, thou would never keep it!
But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst others [12] clip the sun, they clasp the shades.
Virginity is paradise locked up.
You cannot come by yourselves without fee;
And 'twas decreed, that man should keep the key.
Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!

Cas. I cry you mercy! lady, I mistook you;
Pray did you see my mother, which way went you?
Pray God I have not lost her.

Vin. Prettily put by!

Gra. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
Do you not know me now?

Cas. Why, are you she!
The world's so changed, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.

Vin. Most right, i'faith.

Gra. I owe your cheek my hand
For that presumption now, but I'll forget it;
Come, you shall leave those childish 'haviours,

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[12] *Clip the sun.*—i. e. embrace it. So again in this play:

Here in this lodge they meet for damned *clips*.

i. e. cursed embraces. S.

And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you;
What, will you be a girl?
If all feared drowning that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.
Cas. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now
It does not show so well out of your mouth;
Better in his.
Vin. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less. [*Aside.*
I wonder, lady, your own mother's words
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?
'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is
So foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself? No,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
A maid that has small portion now intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends;
How blest are you! you have happiness alone;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with jewels; and petitionary people
Start at your presence.
Gra. Oh, if I were young, I should be ravished.
Cas. Ay, to lose your honour!
Vin. 'Slid, how can you lose your honour,
To deal with my lord's grace?
He'll add more honour to it by his title;
Your mother will tell you how.
Gra. That I will.
Vin. O think upon the pleasure of the palace!
Secured ease and state! the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now
Quicken when they're eaten!
Banquets abroad by torch-light! music! sports!
Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own hats, but [13] let horns wear 'em!
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry——
Cas. Ay, to the devil.
Vin. Ay, to the devil! to the duke, by my faith.
Gra. Ay, to the duke: daughter, you'd scorn to think o' the devil, and you were there once.
Vin. True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-lived beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself
[14] Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts?—oh!
It was the greatest blessing ever happened to women,
When farmers sons agreed, and met again,
To wash their hands, and come up gentlemen!
The commonwealth has flourished ever since:
Lands that were [15] mete by the rod, that labour's spared,
Tailors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard;
Fair trees, those comely fore-tops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chastity, she lies a-cold.
Nay, shall I come nearer to you? mark but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer profession? that's accounted best, that's best followed; least in trade, least in fashion; and that's not honesty, believe it; and do but note the love and dejected price of it:
Lose but a pearl, we search, and cannot brook it;
But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?
Gra. Troth, he says true.
Cas. False! I defy you both;
I have endured you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.
Gra. Where?
Cas. Do you not see her? she's too [16] inward then:
Slave, perish in thy office! you heavens, please
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me; yet I've outgone you.
[*Exit.*
Vin. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities!
Gra. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone.
[*Exit.*
Vin. Indeed I'll tell him so.
O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward;
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world? Why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon't?—oh,

---

[13] *But let* horns *wear 'em!*—Alluding to the custom of hanging *hats* in ancient halls upon *stags horns.* S.

[14] *Walk with a hundred acres on their backs.*—So, in Lodge's *Wit's Miserie*, p. 24. "—what think you to a tender faire young, nay a weakling of womankind, *to weare whole Lordships and Manor-houses on her backe without sweating?*"

[15] Mete *by the rod.*—i. e. measured. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, calls the tailor's measuring yard his *mete* yard. S.

[16] *Inward.*—i. e. intimate. See Note 303 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 514.

Wer't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation.
Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen, without fire in't.
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man.
[*Exit.*

Enter LUSURIOSO *with* HIPPOLITO.

Lus. I much applaud thy judgment, thou art well read in a fellow,
And 'tis the deepest art to study man.
I know this, which I never learnt in schools,
The world's divided into knaves and fools.
Hip. Knave in your face; my lord behind your back. [*Aside.*
Lus. And I much thank thee, that thou hast preferred
A fellow of discourse—well mingled,
And whose brain time hath seasoned.
Hip. True, my lord,
We shall find season once, I hope—O villain!
To make such an unnatural slave of me! but— [*Aside.*
Lus. Mass, here he comes.
Hip. And now shall I have free leave to depart. [*Aside.*
Lus. Your absence, leave us.
Hip. Are not my thoughts true? [*Aside.*
I must remove; but, brother, you may stay.
Heart, we are both made bawds a new-found way! [*Exit.*

Enter VINDICI.

Lus. Now we're an even number, a third man's dangerous,
Especially her brother; say, be free,
Have I a pleasure toward—
Vin. Oh, my lord!
Lus. Ravish me in thine answer; art thou rare?
Hast thou beguiled her of salvation,
And rubbed hell o'er with honey? is she a woman?
Vin. In all but in desire.
Lus. Then she's in nothing. [17] I bate in courage now.
Vin. The words I brought
Might well have made indifferent honest, naught.
A right good woman, in these days, is changed,
Into white money with less labour far:
Many a maid has turned to Mahomet
With easier working; I durst undertake
Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life,
With half those words to flat a Puritan's wife.
But she is close and good; yet 'tis a doubt by this time.
Oh, the mother, the mother!

Lus. I never thought their sex had been a wonder,
Until this minute. What fruit from the mother?
Vin. Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,
Or shame the woman that received me first.
I will be true; thou livest not to proclaim,
Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame.
[*Aside.*
My lord.
Lus. Who's that?
Vin. Here's none but I, my lord.
Lus. What would thy haste utter?
Vin. Comfort.
Lus. Welcome.
Vin. The maid being dull, having no mind to travel
Into unknown lands, what did me I straight,
But set spurs to the mother; golden spurs
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice.
Lus. Is't possible that in this
The mother should be damned before the daughter?
Vin. Oh, that's good manners, my lord; the mother for her age must go foremost, you know.
Lus. Thou'st spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort?
Vin. In a fine place, my lord—the unnatural mother
Did with her tongue so hard beset her honour,
That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder;
Yet still the maid, like an unlighted taper,
Was cold and chaste, save that her mother's breath
Did blow fire on her cheeks: the girl departed,
But the good ancient madam, half mad, threw me
These promising words, which I took deeply note of;
My lord shall be most welcome.
Lus. Faith, I thank her.
Vin. When his pleasure conducts him this way.
Lus. That shall be soon, i'faith.
Vin. I will sway mine own——
Lus. She does the wiser, I commend her for't.
Vin. Women with women can work best alone:
Lus. By this light, and so they can; give 'em their due, men are not comparable to 'em.
Vin. No, that's true, for you shall have one woman knit more in an hour, than any man can unravel again in seven-and-twenty year.
Lus. Now my desires are happy, I'll make 'em freemen now.
Thou art a precious fellow, faith I love thee;
Be wise, and make it thy revenue; beg, beg;
What office couldst thou be ambitious for?
Vin. Office, my lord! marry, if I might have my wish, I would have one that was never begged yet.

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[17] *I bate in courage now.*—I decline, or lessen in courage. So Falstaff says, *Do I not bate?* Do I not dwindle? &c.

Lus. Nay, then thou canst have none.
Vin. Yes, my lord, I could pick out another office yet, nay, and keep a horse and drab upon't.
Lus. Pr'ythee, good bluntness, tell me.
Vin. Why, I would desire but this, my lord, to have all the fees behind the arras; and all the farthingales that fall plump about twelve o'clock at night upon the rushes.
Lus. Thou'rt a mad, [18] apprehensive knave; dost think to make any great purchase of that?
Vin. Oh, 'tis an unknown thing, my lord; I wonder 'thas been missed so long.
Lus. Well, this night I'll visit her, and 'tis till then
A year in my desires—farewell, attend,
Trust me with thy preferment. [*Exit.*
Vin. My loved lord!
Oh shall I kill him o' the wrong side now? no!
Sword, thou wast never a back-biter yet;
I'll pierce him to his face; he shall die looking upon me;
Thy veins are swelled with lust, this shall unfill 'em;
Great men were gods, if beggars could not kill 'em.
Forgive me heaven, to call my mother wicked!
[19] Oh lessen not my days upon the earth,
I cannot honour her. By this, I fear me,
Her tongue has turned my sister into use.
I was a villain not to be forsworn
To this our lecherous hope, the Duke's son;
For lawyers, merchants, some divines, and all,
Count beneficial perjury a sin small.
It shall go hard yet, but I'll guard her honour,
And keep the ports sure.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hip. Brother, how goes the world? I would know news of you;
But I have news to tell you.
Vin. What, in the name of knavery?
Hip. Knavery, faith;
This vicious old Duke's worthily abused,
The pen of his bastard writes him cuckold!
Vin. His bastard?
Hip. Pray believe it; he and the duchess
By night meet in their linen; they have been seen
By stair-foot panders.
Vin. Oh sin foul and deep!
Great faults are winked at when the Duke's asleep.
See, see, here comes the Spurio.
Hip. Monstrous luxur!
Vin. Unbraced! two of his valiant bands with him!
O there's a wicked whisper; hell is in his ear.
Stay, let's observe his passage——

Enter SPURIO *and Servants.*

Spu. Oh, but are you sure on't?
Serv. My lord, most sure on't: for 'twas spoke by one,
That is most inward with the Duke's son's lust,
That he intends within this hour to steal
Unto Hippolito's sister, whose chaste life
The mother has corrupted for his use.
Spu. Sweet word! sweet occasion! faith then, brother,
I'll disinherit you in as short time,
As I was, when I was begot in haste.
I'll damn you at your pleasure: precious deed!
After your lust, oh 'twill be fine to bleed.
Come, let our passing out be soft and wary.
[*Exeunt.*
Vin. Mark, there, there, that step; now to the duchess;
This their second meeting writes the Duke cuckold,
With new additions, his horns newly revived.
Night! thou that lookest like funeral heralds fees,
Torn down betimes i' the morning, thou hang'st fitly
To grace those sins that have no grace at all.
Now 'tis full sea abed over the world,
There's juggling of all sides; some that were maids
E'en at sun-set, are now perhaps [20] i' the toll-book.
This woman in immodest thin apparel
Lets in her friend by water; here a dame,
Cunning, nails leather hinges to a door,
To avoid proclamation,
Now cuckolds are coining, apace, apace, apace, apace!
And careful sisters spin that thread i' the night,
That does maintain them and their bawds i' the day.
Hip. You flow well, brother.
Vin. Puh, I'm shallow yet;
Too sparing and too modest; shall I tell thee?
If every trick were told that's dealt by night,
There are few here that would not blush outright.
Hip. I am of that belief too.
Vin. Who's this comes?
Hip. The Duke's son up so late! brother, fall back,

---

[18] *Apprehensive.*—i. e. quick to understand. See Mr Steevens's Note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 3.
[19] *Oh lessen not*, &c.—Alluding to the promise in the fifth commandment.
[20] *I' the toll-book.*—Alluding to the custom of entering horses sold at fairs in a book called the *toll-book*. See Note to *All's well that ends well*, edit. 1778 of Shakespeare, Vol. IV. p. 141. S.

And you shall learn some mischief. My good lord!

Enter LUSURIOSO.

Lus. Piato! why the man I wished for. Come, I do embrace this season for the fittest
To taste of that young lady.
Vin. Heart and hell!
Hip. Damned villain!
Vin. I have no way now to cross it, but to kill him.
Lus. Come only thou and I.
Vin. My lord! my lord!
Lus. Why dost thou start us?
Vin. I'd almost forgot—the bastard!
Lus. What of him?
Vin. This night, this hour, this minute, now—
Lus. What? what?
Vin. Shadows the Duchess——
Lus. Horrible word!
Vin. And, like strong poison, eats
Into the Duke your father's forehead.
Lus. Oh!
Vin. He makes horn royal.
Lus. Most ignoble slave!
Vin. This is the fruit of two beds.
Lus. I am mad.
Vin. That passage he trod warily.
Lus. He did!
Vin. And hushed his villains every step he took.
Lus. His villains? I'll confound them.
Vin. Take 'em finely, finely, now.
Lus. The Duchess' chamber-door shall not controul me. [*Exeunt.*
Hip. Good, happy, swift: there's gunpowder i' the court,
Wild-fire at midnight. In this heedless fury,
He may show violence to cross himself.
I'll follow the event. [*Exit.*

Re-enter LUSURIOSO *and* VINDICI.

Lus. Where is that villain?
Vin. Softly, my lord, and you may take 'em twisted.
Lus. I care not how.
Vin. Oh! 'twill be glorious
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heaped. Be soft, my lord.
Lus. Away! my spleen is not so lazy: thus, and thus
I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword
Shut 'em again for ever. Villain! strumpet!
Duke. You upper guard, defend us.
Duch. Treason! treason!
Duke. Oh, take me not in sleep! I have great sins; I must have days,
Nay months, dear son, with penitential heaves
To lift 'em out, and not to die unclear.
O, thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.
Lus. I am amazed to death.
Duke. Nay, villain, traitor,
Worse than the foulest epithet; now I'll gripe thee,
E'en with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the lawyer's guard.

Enter Nobles and Sons.

1 *Noble.* How comes the quiet of your grace disturbed?
Duke. This boy, that should be myself after me,
Would be myself before me; and in heat
Of that ambition bloodily rushed in,
Intending to depose me in my bed.
2 *Noble.* Duty and natural loyalty forfend!
Duch. He called his father villain, and me strumpet,
A word that I abhor to [19] file my lips with.
Ambi. That was not so well done, brother.
Lus. I am abused. I know there's no excuse can do me good.
Vin. 'Tis now good policy to be from sight;
His vicious purpose to our sister's honour,
Is crossed beyond our thought.
Hip. You little dreamt his father slept here.
Vin. Oh, 'twas far beyond me:
But since it fell so—without frightful words,
Would he had killed him, 'twould have eased our swords.
Duke. Be comforted our Duchess, he shall die.
[*Dissemble a* [20] *fright.*
Lus. Where's this slave-pander now? out of mine eye,
Guilty of this abuse.

Enter SPURIO, *with his Villains.*

Spu. You're villains! fablers!
You have knaves chins, and harlots tongues; you lye;
And I will damn you with one meal a-day.
1 *Serv.* O, good my lord!
Spu. 'Sblood, you shall never sup.
2 *Serv.* O, I beseech you, sir!
Spu. To let my sword catch cold so long, and miss him!
1 *Serv.* Troth, my lord, 'twas his intent to meet there.
Spu. 'Heart, he's yonder!
Ha, what news here? is the day out o' the socket,

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19 *File.*—i. e. defile.
20 *Fright.*—The quarto reads, *flight.*

That it is noon at midnight? the court up!
How comes the guard so saucy with his elbows?
Lus. The bastard here?
Nay, then the truth of my intent shall out:
My lord and father, hear me.
Duke. Bear him hence.
Lus. I can with loyalty excuse.
Duke. Excuse? to prison with the villain!
Death shall not long lag after him.
Spu. Good, i'faith, then 'tis not much amiss.
Lus. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues;
I pray persuade for me.
Ambi. It is our duties; make yourself sure of us.
Super. We'll sweat in pleading.
Lus. And I may live to thank you. [*Exit.*
Ambi. No, thy death shall thank me better.
Spu. He's gone; I'll after him,
And know his trespass; seem to bear a part
In all his ills, but with a puritan heart. [*Exit.*
Ambi. Now, brother, let our hate and love be woven
So subtlely together, that in speaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death:
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.
Super. Set on, I'll not be far behind you, brother.
Duke. Is't possible a son should be disobedient as far as the sword? it is the highest, he can go no further.
Ambi. My gracious lord, take pity.
Duke. Pity, boys!
Ambi. Nay, we'd be loth to move your grace too much;
We know the trespass is unpardonable,
Black, wicked, and unnatural.
Super. In a son, oh monstrous!
Ambi. Yet, my lord,
A duke's soft hand strokes the rough head of law,
And makes it lie smooth.
Duke. But my hand shall ne'er do't.
Ambi. That as you please, my lord.
Super. We must needs confess,
Some fathers would have entered into hate
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes
He would ha' seen the execution sound,
Without corrupted favour.
Ambi. But, my lord,
Your grace may live the wonder of all times,
In pard'ning that offence, which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon.
Duke. How's this?
Ambi. Forgive him, good my lord, he's your own son;
And I must needs say, 'twas the viler done.
Super. He's the next heir; yet this true reason gathers,
None can possess that dispossess their fathers.
Be merciful!——
Duke. Here's no stepmother's wit;
I'll try them both upon their love and hate.
Ambi. Be merciful—although—
Duke. You have prevailed;
My wrath, like flaming wax, hath spent itself;
I know 'twas but some [21] peevish moon in him;
Go, let him be released.
Super. 'Sfoot, how now, brother?
Ambi. Your grace doth please to speak beside your spleen;
I would it were so happy.
Duke. Why go, release him.
Super. O my good lord! I know the fault's too weighty,
And full of general loathing; too inhuman,
Rather by all men's voices worthy death.
Duke. 'Tis true too; here then, receive this signet,
Doom shall pass;
Direct it to the judges; he shall die
Ere many days. Make haste.
Ambi. All speed that may be.
We could have wished his burden not so sore:
We knew your grace did but delay before.
[*Exeunt.*
Duke. Here's [22] envy with a poor thin cover on't,
Like scarlet hid in lawn, easily spied through.
This their ambition by the mother's side
Is dangerous, and for safety must be purged.
I will prevent their envies; sure it was
But some mistaken fury in our son,
Which these aspiring boys would climb upon.
He shall be released suddenly.

Enter Nobles.

1 *Noble.* Good morning to your grace.
Duke. Welcome, my lords.
2 *Noble.* Our knees shall take
Away the office of our feet for ever,
Unless your grace bestow a father's eye
Upon the clouded fortunes of your son,
And in compassionate virtue grant him that
Which makes e'en mean men happy, liberty.
Duke. How seriously their loves and honours woo
For that which I am about to pray them do!

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[21] *Peevish moon.*—Some sudden fit of frenzy. Cotgrave translates, *Avoir un quartier de la* lune *en la teste*, to be half frantic, or have a spice of lunacy.
[22] *Envy.*—See Note 17 to *Edward the Second*, Vol. I. p. 161.

Arise, my lords, your knees sign his release;
We freely pardon him.
1 *Noble.* We owe your grace much thanks, and he much duty. [*Exeunt.*
Duke. It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
I may forgive a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery;
And in my old days am a youth in lust.
Many a beauty have I turned to poison
In the denial, covetous of all.
Age hot is like a monster to be seen;
My hairs are white, and yet my sins are green.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

Super. Brother, let my opinion sway you once;
I speak it for the best, to have him die:
Surest and soonest, if the signet come
Unto the judges hand, why then his doom
Will be deferred till sittings and court-days,
Juries, and farther.—Faiths are bought and sold;
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.
Ambi. In troth 'tis true too.
Super. Then let's set by the judges,
And fall to the officers; 'tis but mistaking
The Duke our father's meaning; and where he named
Ere many days, 'tis but forgetting that,
And have him die i' the morning.
Ambi. Excellent!
Then am I heir——Duke in a minute.
Super. Nay,
And he were once puffed out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder. [*Aside.*
Ambi. Blest occasion!
He being packed, we'll have some trick and wile,
To wind our younger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the rape. The lady's dead,
And people's thoughts will soon be buried.
Super. We may with safety do't, and live and feed;
The Duchess' sons are too proud to bleed.
Ambi. We are i'faith, to say true; come, let's not linger:
I'll to the officers; go you before,
And set an edge upon the executioner.
Super. Let me alone to grind him. [*Exit.*
Ambi. Farewell;
I am next now, I rise just in that place
Where thou'rt cut off; upon thy neck, kind brother;
The falling of one head lifts up another. [*Exit.*

Enter, with the Nobles, LUSURIOSO *from Prison.*

Lus. My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this, O this delivery——
1 *Noble.* But our duties, my lord, unto the hopes that grow in you.
Lus. If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you.
O liberty! thou sweet and heavenly dame;
But hell for prison is too mild a name.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO, *with Officers.*

Ambi. Officers, here's the Duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the Duke's son; we are sorry
That we are so unnaturally employed
In such an unkind office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.
Super. But, you know,
The Duke's command must be obeyed.
1 *Offi.* It must and shall, my lord; this morning, then,
So suddenly?
Ambi. Ay; alas, poor, good soul!
He must breakfast betimes; the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.
2 *Offi.* Already?
Super. Already, i'faith. O, sir, destruction hies,
And that is least impudent, soonest dies.
1 *Offi.* Troth, you say true. My lord, we take our leaves:
Our office shall be sound, we'll not delay
The third part of a minute.
Ambi. Therein you shew
Yourselves good men, and upright officers.
Pray, let him die as private as he may;
Do him that favour; for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far kind?
2 *Offi.* It shall be done, my lord.
Ambi. Why, we do thank you; if we live to be,
You shall have a better office.
2 *Offi.* Your good lordship——
Super. Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.
1 *Offi.* We'll weep, and do your commendations.
[*Exeunt.*
Ambi. Fine fools in office!
Super. Things fall out so fit!
Ambi. So happily! Come, brother, ere next clock,
His head will be made serve a bigger block.[23]
[*Exeunt.*

[23] *Block.*—i. e. hat.

Enter, in Prison, Junior Brother, and Keeper.

Jun. Keeper!
Keep. My lord.
Jun. No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?
Keep. My lord, a messenger came newly in,
And brought this from 'em.
Jun. Nothing but paper-comforts?
I looked for my delivery before this,
Had they been worth their oaths.—Pr'ythee, be from us. [*Exit Keeper.*
Now what say you forsooth? speak out I pray.
[*Letter.*] *Brother, be of good cheer;*
'Slud, it begins, like a whore, with good cheer.
Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.
Not five-and-thirty years, like a bankrupt.—I think so.
We have thought upon a device to get thee out by a trick;
By a trick! pox o' your trick, an' it be so long a playing.
And so rest comforted, be merry, and expect it suddenly!
Be merry! Hang merry, draw and quarter merry; I'll be mad! Is't not strange, that a man should lie-in a whole month for a woman? well, we shall see how sudden our brothers will be in their promise. I must expect still a trick: I shall not be long a prisoner.—How now, what news?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Bad news, my lord; I am discharged of you.
Jun. Slave! call'st thou that bad news? I thank you, brothers.
Keep. My lord, 'twill prove so: Here come the officers,
Into whose hands I must commit you.
Jun. Ha, officers! What? why?

Enter Officers.

1 *Offi.* You must pardon us, my lord;
Our office must be sound: here is our warrant,
The signet from the Duke; you must strait suffer.
Jun. Suffer! I'll suffer you to be gone; I'll suffer you
To come no more: what would you have me suffer?
2 *Offi.* My lord, those words were better changed to prayers.
The time's but brief with you: prepare to die.
Jun. Sure 'tis not so!
3 *Offi.* It is too true, my lord.
Jun. I tell you 'tis not; for the Duke, my father,
Deferr'd me till next sitting; and I look
E'en every minute, threescore times an hour,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.
1 *Offi.* A trick, my lord! if you expect such comfort,
Your hope's as fruitless as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the unhappy messengers,
That brought this powerful token for your death.
Jun. My brothers! no, no.
2 *Offi.* 'Tis most true, my lord.
Jun. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death!
How strange this shows!
3 *Offi.* There's no delaying time.
Jun. Desire 'em hither: call 'em up—my brothers!
They shall deny it to your faces.
1 *Offi.* My lord,
They're far enough by this, at least at court;
And this most strict command they left behind 'em,
When grief swam in their eyes, they showed like brothers,
Brimful of heavy sorrow; but the duke
Must have his pleasure.
Jun. His pleasure!
1 *Offi.* These were their last words, which my memory bears,
Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.
Jun. Pox dry their tears! what should I do with tears?
I hate 'em worse than any citizen's son
Can hate salt-water. Here came a letter now,
New bleeding from their pens scarce [24] stinted yet:
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it:
Look, you officious whoresons, words of comfort,
Not long a prisoner.
1 *Offi.* It says true in that, sir; for you must suffer presently.
Jun. [25] A villainous Duns upon the letter, knavish exposition!

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[24] *Stinted*—Stopped. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr Steevens's Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. I. S. 3.

[25] *A villainous Duns on the letter.*—Alluding, perhaps, to *Duns Scotus*, who commented upon *the Master of the Sentences*. S. P.

Duns Scotus was an English Franciscan Friar, who, differing from Thomas Aquinas, occasioned a famous scholastic division, known by the titles of Thomists and Scotists. He died at Paris in 1308. Erasmus, who had a very low opinion of this writer, in his *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. N. 3, says, "Lykewise not longe agone I was present at the sermon of an other famous doctour, being almost 80 yeres old, and thereto so doctour lyke, as if *Duns* were new arisen in him, who entending to disclose the mistery of the name of Jesu, with great subtiltie shewed, how evin in the *verie letters was muche pithe included, and might be gathered thereof.*"

Look you then here, sir: *we'll get thee out by a trick*, says he.

2 *Offi.* That may hold too, sir; for you know a trick is commonly four cards, which was meant by us four officers.

Jun. Worse and worse dealing.

1 *Offi.* The hour beckons us;
The headsman waits, *lift up your eyes to heaven.*

Jun. I thank you, faith; good pretty wholesome counsel!
I should look up to heaven, as you said,
Whilst he behind me cozens me of my head.
Ay, that's the trick.

3 *Offi.* You delay too long, my lord.

Jun. Stay, good authority's bastards; since I must,
Through brothers perjury, die, O let me venom
Their souls with curses.

3 *Offi.* Come, 'tis no time to curse.

Jun. Must I bleed then, without respect of sign? well—
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves,
I die for that which every woman loves.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO.

Vin. O sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!

Hip. Why, what's the matter, brother?

Vin. O 'tis able to make a man spring up and knock his forehead
Against yon' silver cieling.

Hip. Pr'ythee tell me;
Why may not I partake with you? you vow'd once
To give me share to every tragic thought.

Vin. By the mass, I think I did too;
Then I'll divide it to thee.—The old duke,
Thinking my outward shape and inward heart
Are cut out of one piece, (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands o' the outside,) hires me by price
To greet him *with* a lady,
In some *fit* place, *veiled from* the eyes o' the court,
Some darkened blushless angel, that is guilty
Of his fore-father's lust, and great folk's riots;
To which I easily, to maintain my shape,
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meet her here in this unsunned lodge,
Wherein 'tis night at noon: and here the rather,
Because unto the torturing of his soul,
The bastard and the duchess have appointed
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle;
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.

Hip. 'Twill, i'faith! most dreadfully digested!
I see not how you could have missed me, brother.

Vin. True; but the violence of my joy forgot it.

Hip. Ay, but where's that lady now?

Vin. Oh! at that word
I'm lost again; you cannot find me yet,
I'm in a throng of happy apprehensions.
He's suited for a lady; I have took care
For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye;
You shall be witness, brother:
Be ready; stand with your hat off. [*Exit.*

Hip. Troth, I wonder what lady it should be!
Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
To have a lady stoop to a duke, that stoops unto his men.
'Tis common to be common through *the world*:
And there's more private common shadowing vices,
Than those who are known, both by their names and prices.
'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare
To the duke's concubine—and here she comes.

Enter VINDICI, *with the Skull of his Love dressed up in Tires.*

Vin. Madam, his grace will not be absent long.
Secret! ne'er doubt us, madam; 'twill be worth
Three velvet gowns to your ladyship—known!
Few ladies suspect that disgrace: a poor thin shell:
'Tis the best grace you have to do it well.
I'll save your hand that labour, I'll unmask you!

Hip. Why, brother, brother!

Vin. Art thou beguiled now? tut, a lady can,
As thus all hid, beguile a wiser man.
Have I not fitted the old surfeiter
With a quaint piece of beauty? Age and bare bone
Are e'er allied in action. *Here's* an eye,
Able to tempt a great man—*to serve God*:
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All's one with us; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other god but wind and wet?

Hip. Brother, you've spoke that right:
Is this the form that living shone so bright?

Vin. The very same.
And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doating on her beauty, though her death
Shall be revenged after no common action.
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon' fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips;
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?
Surely we are all mad people, and they

Whom we think are, are not: we mistake those;
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.
Hip. Faith, and in clothes too we, give us our due.
Vin. Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous outside, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pounds a-night? prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? All are hushed.
Thou may'st be chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antic amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself.—See, ladies, with false forms
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.
Now to my tragic business. Look you, brother,
I have not fashioned this only for shew
And useless property; no, it shall bear a part
E'en in its own revenge. This very skull,
Whose mistress the duke poisoned with this drug,
The mortal curse of the earth, shall be revenged
In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death.
As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel:
What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.
Hip. Brother, I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintness of thy malice, above thought.
Vin. So, 'tis laid on: now come and welcome, duke,
I have her for thee. I protest it, brother,
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sin,
As some old gentlewoman in a periwig.
Hide thy face now for shame; thou hadst need have a mask now:
'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets,
This would become graves better than the streets.
Hip. You have my voice in that—hark, the duke's come.
Vin. Peace, let's observe what company he brings,
And how he does absent 'em; for you know
He'll wish all private. Brother, fall you back a little
With the bonny lady.
Hip. That I will.
Vin. So, so—now nine years vengeance crowd into a minute!

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

Duke. You shall have leave to leave us, with this charge,
Upon your lives, if we be missed by the duchess,
Or any of the nobles, to give out,
We're privately rid forth,
Vin. Oh happiness!
Duke. With some few honourable gentlemen, you may say;
You may name those that are away from court.
Gent. Your will and pleasure shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
Vin. Privately rid forth!
He strives to make sure work on't—your good grace!
Duke. Piato, well done, hast brought her? what lady is't?
Vin. Faith, my lord, a country lady, a little bashful at first, as most of them are; but after the first kiss, my lord, the worst is past with them. Your grace knows now what you have to do; she has somewhat a grave look with her—but—
Duke. I love that best; conduct her.
Vin. Have at all.
Duke. In gravest looks the greatest faults seem less.
Give me that sin that's robed in holiness.
Vin. Back with the torch: brother, raise the perfumes.
Duke. How sweet can a duke breathe! Age has no fault,
Pleasure would meet in a perfumed mist.
Lady, sweetly encountered, I came from court, I must be bold with you.—Oh, what's this? oh!
Vin. Royal villain! white devil!
Duke. Oh!
Vin. Brother—place the torch here, that his affrighted eye-balls
May start into those hollows. Duke, do'st know
You' dreadful vizard? View it well; 'tis the skull
Of Gloriana, whom thou poisoned'st last.
Duke. Oh! 't'as poisoned me.
Vin. Didst not know that till now?
Duke. What are you two?
Vin. Villains all three; the very ragged bone
Has been sufficiently revenged.
Duke. Oh, Hippolito, call treason!
Hip. Yes, my lord: treason! treason! treason! [*Stamping on him.*
Duke. Then I'm betrayed.
Vin. Alas, poor lecher! in the hands of knaves,
A slavish duke is baser than his slaves.
Duke. My teeth are beaten out.
Vin. Hadst any left?
Hip. I think but few.
Vin. Than those that did eat are eaten.
Duke. O my tongue!
Vin. Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiss closer,
Not like a flobbering Dutchman. You have eyes still:
Look, monster, what a lady hast thou made me!
My once betrothed wife.
Duke. Is it thou, villain? nay then—
Vin. 'Tis I, 'tis Vindici, 'tis I!
Hip. And let this comfort thee: our lord and father
Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns,
And died in sadness: be that thy hope of life.

Duke. Oh!
Vin. He had his tongue, yet grief made him die speechless.
Puh! 'tis but early yet; now I'll begin
To stick thy soul with ulcers. I will make
Thy spirit grievous sore; it shall not rest,
But, like some pestilent man toss in my breast---
(mark me, duke)
Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty cuckold.
Duke. Oh!
Vin. Thy bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy brow.
Duke. Millions of deaths!
Vin. Nay, to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for [26]damned clips;
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.
Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villains!
Vin. Villain!
Nay, heaven is just; scorns are the hire of scorns:
I ne'er knew yet adulterer without horns.
Hip. Once ere they die 'tis quitted.
Vin. Hark! the music:
Their banquet is prepared, they're coming---
Duke. Oh, kill me not with that sight.
Vin. Thou shalt not lose that sight for all thy dukedom.
Duke. Traitors! murderers!
Vin. What! is not thy tongue eaten out yet?
Then we'll invent a silence. Brother, stifle the torch.
Duke. Treason! murder!
Vin. Nay, faith, we'll have you hushed. Now with thy dagger
Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession
About his heart; if he but gasp, he dies.
We dread not death to quittance injuries. Brother,
If he but wink, not brooking the foul object,
Let our two other hands tear up his lids,
And make his eyes, like comets, shine through blood;
When the bad bleeds, then is the tragedy good.
Hip. Hist, brother, music's at our ear: they come.

Enter SPURIO, *meeting the Duchess.*

Spu. Had not that kiss a taste of sin, 'twere sweet.
Duch. Why, there's no pleasure sweet, but it is sinful.
Spu. True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given;
Best side to us, is the worse side to heaven.
Duch. Pish! come: 'tis the old duke, thy doubtful father:
The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way.
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or I'll poison him.
Spu. Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life.
So deadly do I loath him for my birth,
That if he took me hasped within his bed,
I would add murder to adultery,
And with my sword give up his years to death.
Duch. Why, now thou'rt sociable; let's in and feast:
Loud'st music sound: pleasure is banquet's guest.
[*Exeunt.*
Duke. I cannot brook---
Vin. The brook is turned to blood.
Hip. Thanks to loud music.
Vin. 'Twas our friend, indeed;
'Tis state in music for a duke to bleed.
The dukedom wants a head, though yet unknown;
As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

Ambi. Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the duke's sons now.
Super. Ay, you may thank my policy for that.
Ambi. Your policy! for what?
Super. Why, was't not my invention, brother,
To nip the judges? and in lesser compass,
Did not I draw the model of his death;
Advising you to sudden officers,
And e'en extemporal execution?
Ambi. Heart! 'twas a thing I thought on too.
Super. You thought on't too! 'sfoot, slander not your thoughts
With glorious untruth, I know 'twas from you.
Ambi. Sir, I say, 'twas in my head.
Super. Ay, like your brains then,
Ne'er to come out as long as you lived.
Ambi. You'd have the honour on't, forsooth, that your wit
Led him to the scaffold.
Super. Since it is my due,
I'll publish't, but I'll ha't in spite of you.
Ambi. Methinks you're much too bold: you should a little
Remember us, brother, next to be honest duke.
Super. Ay, it shall be as easy for you to be duke
As to be honest; and that's never, i'faith.
Ambi. Well, cold he is by this time; and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be shared equally.
Super. I am content to that.
Ambi. This night our younger brother shall out of prison---
I have a trick.
Super. A trick! pr'ythee what is't?
Ambi. We'll get him out by a wile.

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[26] *Damned clips.*—See p. 109.

Super. Pr'ythee, what wile?
Ambi. No, sir, you shall not know it till it be done;
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.

Enter an Officer.

Super. How now, what's he?
Ambi. One of the officers.
Super. Desired news.
Ambi. How now, my friend?
Offi. My lords, under your patron, I am allotted
To that desertless office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head---
Super. Ha, ha, excellent.
Ambi. All's sure our own: brother, canst weep think'st thou?
'Twould grace our flattery much; think of some dame,
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.
Super. I have thought---now for yourself.
Ambi. Our sorrows are so fluent,
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues; words spoke in tears
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguished.
Super. How died he, pray?
Offi. O, full of rage and spleen.
Super. He died most valiantly then; we're glad to hear it.
Offi. We could not woo him once to pray.
Ambi. He showed himself a gentleman in that: give him his due.
Offi. But, in the stead of prayer, he drew forth oaths.
Super. Then did he pray, dear heart,
Although you understood him not.
Offi. My lords,
E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,
He cursed you both.
Super. He cursed us? 'las, good soul!
Ambi. It was not in our powers, but the duke's pleasure.
Finely dissembled a both sides, sweet fate;
O happy opportunity!

Enter LUSURIOSO.

Lus. Now, my lords.
Both. Oh!—
Lus. Why do you shun me, brothers?
You may come nearer now;
The savour of the prison has forsook me.
I thank such kind lords as yourselves, I'm free.
Ambi. Alive!
Lus. I am, much thanks to you.
Super. Faith, we spared no tongue unto my lord the duke.
Ambi. I know your delivery, brother,
Had not been half so sudden but for us.
Super. O how we pleaded!
Lus. Most deserving brothers!
In my best studies I will think of it. [*Exit* LUS.
Ambi. O death and vengeance!
Super. Hell and torments!
Ambi. Slave, cam'st thou to delude us?
Offi. Delude you, my lords?
Super. Ay, villain! where's his head now?
Offi. Why here, my lord;
Just after his delivery, you both came
With warrant from the duke to behead your brother.
Ambi. Ay, our brother, the duke's son.
Offi. The duke's son, my lord, had his release before you came.
Ambi. Whose head's that then?
Offi. His whom you left command for, *your* own brother's.
Ambi. Our brother's? Oh furies!—
Super. Plagues!
Ambi. Confusions!
Super. Darkness!
Ambi. Devils!
Super. Fell it out so accursedly?
Ambi. So damnedly?
Super. Villain, I'll brain thee with it.
Offi. O my good lord!
Super. The devil overtake thee!
Ambi. O fatal!
Super. O prodigious to our bloods!
Ambi. Did we dissemble?
Super. Did we make our tears women for thee?
Ambi. Laugh and rejoice for thee?
Super. Bring warrant for thy death?
Ambi. Mock off thy head?
Super. You had a trick; you had a wile, forsooth.
Ambi. A murrain meet 'em! there's none of these wiles that ever come to good: I see now, there's nothing sure in mortality, but mortality.
Well, no more words: shalt be revenged, i'faith.
Come, throw off clouds: now, brother, think of vengeance,
And deeper settled hate: sirrah, sit fast,
We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter LUSURIOSO *with* HIPPOLITO.

Lus. Hippolito!
Hip. My lord,
Has your good lordship aught to command me in?
Lus. I pr'ythee leave us.
Hip. How's this? come, and leave us!
Lus. Hippolito!
Hip. Your honour. I stand ready for any duteous employment.

Lus. Heart! what makest thou here?
Hip. A pretty lordly humour!
He bids me be present to depart: something has stung his honour.
Lus. Be nearer; draw nearer:
Ye're not so good, methinks; I'm angry with you.
Hip. With me, my lord? I'm angry with myself for't.
Lus. You did prefer a goodly fellow to me:
'Twas wittily elected; 'twas. I thought
I'ad been a villain, and he proves a knave;
To *me* a knave.
Hip. I chose him for the best, my lord;
'Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him
Breeds discontent in you.
Lus. Neglect! 'twas will. Judge of it.
Firmly to tell of an incredible act,
Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,
'Twixt my stepmother and the bastard; of
Incestuous sweets between 'em.
Hip. Fie, my lord!
Lus. I, in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a desperate arm; and, in that fury,
Committed treason on the lawful bed,
And with my sword e'en razed my father's bosom,
For which I was within a stroke of death.
Hip. Alack! I'm sorrow: 'sfoot, just upon the stroke,
Jars in my brother; 'twill be villainous music.

Enter VINDICI.

Vin. My honoured lord.
Lus. Away, pr'ythee forsake us: hereafter we'll not know thee.
Vin. Not know me, my lord! your lordship cannot chuse.
Lus. Begone, I say, thou art a false knave.
Vin. Why, the easier to be known, my lord.
Lus. Pish, I shall prove too bitter, with a word
Make thee a perpetual prisoner,
And lay this iron age upon thee.
Vin. Mum! for there's a doom would make a woman dumb.
Missing the bastard, next him, the wind's come about;
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay, mine to go out. [*Exit.*
Lus. He was greatly moved me.
Hip. Much to blame, i'faith.
Lus. But I'll recover, to his ruin. 'Twas told me lately,
I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother.
Hip. Who, I? yes, my good lord, I have a brother.
Lus. How chance the court ne'er saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his hours?
Hip. Faith, to curse fates,
Who, as he thinks, ordained him to be poor;
Keeps at home, full of want and discontent.
Lus. There's hope in him; for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould a villain of. [*Aside.*
Hippolito, wish him to repair to us:
If there be aught in him to please our blood,
For thy sake we'll advance him, and build fair
His meanest fortunes; for it is in us
To rear up towers from cottages.
Hip. It is so, my lord; he will attend your honour;
But he's a man in whom much melancholy dwells.
Lus. Why the better: bring him to court.
Hip. With willingness and speed:—
Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed.
Brother, disguise must off;
In thine own shape now, I'll prefer thee to him:
How strangely does himself work to undo him! [*Exit.*
Lus. This fellow will come fitly; he shall kill
That other slave, that did abuse my spleen,
And made it swell to treason. I have put
Much of my heart into him: he must die.
He that knows great men's secrets, and proves slight,
That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.
Ay, he shall speed him: I'll employ the brother;
Slaves are but nails to drive out one another.
He being of black condition, suitable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grind him to an edge.

Enter Nobles.

1 *Noble.* Good days unto your honour.
Lus. My kind lords, I do return the like.
2 *Noble.* Saw you my lord the duke?
Lus. My lord and father! is he from court?
1 *Noble.* He's sure from court;
But where, which way his pleasure took, we know not,
Nor can we hear on't.
Lus. Here come those should tell.
Saw you my lord and father?
3 *Noble.* Not since two hours before noon, my lord,
And then he privately rode forth.
Lus. Oh, he's rid forth.
1 *Noble.* 'Twas wond'rous privately.
2 *Noble.* There's none i'the court had any knowledge on't.
Lus. His grace is old, and sudden: 'tis no treason
To say the duke my father has a humour,
Of such a toy about him; what in us
Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.
3 *Noble.* 'Tis oracle, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO. VINDICI *out of his disguise.*

Hip. So, so, all's as it should be, you're yourself.
Vin. How that great villain puts me to my shifts!
Hip. He that did lately in disguise reject thee,
Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.
Vin. 'Twill be the quainter fallacy. But, brother,

'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, think'st thou?

Hip. Nay, you must pardon me in that: I know not.

H'as some employment for you; but what 'tis,
He and his secretary, the devil, knows best.

Vin. Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
What colour soe'er they be; hoping at last
To pile up all my wishes on his breast.

Hip. Faith, brother, he himself shews the way.

Vin. Now the duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay.
His death being not yet known, under his name
The people still are governed. Well, thou his son
Art not long-lived; thou shalt not joy his death:
To kill thee, then, I should most honour thee;
For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief,
Thou'st a kind child, and only died'st with grief.

Hip. You fetch about well; but let's talk in present.
How will you appear in fashion different,
As well as in apparel, to make all things possible?
If you be but once tript, we fall for ever.
It is not the least policy to be double;
You must change tongue:—familiar was your first.

Vin. Why, I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
Like such an instrument that speaks merry things sadly.

Hip. That is as I meant;
I gave you out at first in discontent.

Vin. I'll tune myself, and then—

Hip. 'Sfoot, here he comes. Hast thought upon't?

Vin. Salute him; fear not me.

Enter LUSURIOSO.

Lus. Hippolito!

Hip. Your lordship—

Lus. What's he yonder?

Hip. 'Tis Vindici, my discontented brother,
Whom, 'cording to your will, I've brought to court.

Lus. Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence;
I wonder h'as been from the court so long.
Come nearer.

Hip. Brother, lord Lusurioso, the duke's son.

Lus. Be more near to us: welcome; nearer yet.

Vin. How don you? god you god den.

[*Snatches off his Hat, and make legs to him.*

Lus. We thank thee.
How strangely such a coarse homely salute
Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire!
Nimble and desperate tongues; should we name God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on't,
——heaven!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?

Vin. Why, going to law.

Lus. Why, will that make a man melancholy?

Vin. Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram—I went me to law in *anno quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded out of it in *anno sexagesimo tertio*.

Lus. What, three-and-twenty years in law?

Vin. I have known those that have been five-and-fifty, and all about [27] pullen and pigs.

Lus. May it be possible such men should breathe,
To vex the terms so much?

Vin. 'Tis food to some, my lord. There are old men at the present, that are so poisoned with the affectation of law-words, having had many suits canvassed, that their common talk is nothing but Barbary Latin: they cannot so much as pray but in law, that their sins may be removed with a writ of error, and their souls fetched up to heaven with a [28] sasarara.

Hip. It seems most strange to me;
Yet all the world meets round in the same bent:
Where the heart's set, there goes the tongue's consent.
How dost apply thy studies, fellow?

Vin. Study? why to think how a great rich man lies a-dying, and a poor cobler tolls the bell for him. How he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when he lies speechless; how he will point you readily to all the boxes; and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations; nay when to all men's hearings he whurles and rattles in the throat, he's busy threatening his poor tenants. And this would last me now some seven years thinking, or thereabouts. But, I have a conceit a coming in picture upon this; I draw it myself; which, i'faith, la, I'll present to your honour; you shall not chuse but like it, for your honour shall give me nothing for it.

Lus. Nay, you mistake me then,
For I am published bountiful enough.
Let's taste of your conceit,

Vin. In picture, my lord?

Lus. Ay, in picture.

Vin. Marry, this it is—"A usuring father to be boiling in hell, and his son and heir with a whore dancing over him."

Hip. H'as pared him to the quick. [*Aside.*

Lus. The conceit's pretty, i'faith;
But tak't upon my life 'twill ne'er be liked.

Vin. No! why I'm sure the whore will be liked well enough.

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[27] *Pullen*—Poultry. See Note 86 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 125.
[28] *Sasarara*—A vulgar corruption of *certiorari*. S. P.

Hip. If she were out o' the picture, he'd like her then himself. [*Aside.*

Vin. And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eye-sore to no young revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth of gold breeches.

Lus. And thou hast put my meaning in the pockets,
And canst not draw that out. My thought was this;
To see the picture of a usuring father
Boiling in hell, our rich men would never like it.

Vin. O true, I cry you heartily mercy; I know the reason; for some of them had rather be damned indeed, than damned in colours.

Lus. A parlous melancholy! h'as wit enough
To murder any man, and I'll give him means.
I think thou art ill-monied.

Vin. Money! ho, ho?
'Thas been my want so long, 'tis now my scoff:
I've e'en forgot what colour silver's of.

Lus. It hits as I could wish.

Vin. I get good clothes
Of those that dread my humour; and for table-room,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me.

Lus. Somewhat to set thee up withal.

Vin. O mine eyes!

Lus. How now, man?

Vin. Almost struck blind;
This bright unusual shine to me seems proud;
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud.

Lus. I think I shall affect his melancholy.
How art thou now?

Vin. The better for your asking.

Lus. You shall be better yet, if you but fasten
Truly on my intent. Now you're both present,
I will unbrace such a close private villain
Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,
Who hath disgraced you much, and injured us.

Hip. Disgraced us, my lord?

Lus. Ay, Hippolito.
I kept it here till now, that both your angers
Might meet him at once.

Vin. I'm covetous
To know the villain.

Lus. You know him, that slave pander,
Piato, whom we threatened last
With irons in perpetual prisonment.

Vin. All this is I. [*Aside.*

Hip. Is't he, my lord?

Lus. I'll tell you, you first preferred him to me.

Vin. Did you, brother?

Hip. I did indeed.

Lus. And the ungrateful villain,
To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me,
Being, as you see, a likely man for pleasure,
With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister.

Hip. Oh villain!

Vin. He shall surely die that did it.

Lus. I, far from thinking any virgin harm,
Especially knowing her to be as chaste
As that [29] plant which scarce suffers to be touched,
The eye, would not endure him.

Vin. Would you not, my lord?
'Twas wond'rous honourably done.

Lus. But with some five frowns kept him out.

Vin. Out, slave!

Lus. What did me he, but in revenge of that,
Went of his own free will to make infirm
Your sister's honour, whom I honour with my soul,
For chaste respect; and not prevailing there,
As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it,
In mere spleen, by the way, way-lays your mother,
Whose honour being a coward, as it seems,
Yielded by little force.

Vin. Coward indeed!

Lus. He, proud of this advantage, as he thought,
Brought me this news for happy. But I, heaven forgive me for't!—

Vin. What did your honour?

Lus. In rage pushed him from me,
Trampled beneath his throat, spurned him, and bruised:
Indeed I was too cruel, to say troth.

Hip. Most nobly managed!

Vin. Has not heaven an ear? is all the lightning wasted?

Lus. If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?

Vin. Full mad; he shall not live
To see the moon change.

Lus. He's about the palace;
Hippolito, entice him this way, that thy brother
May take full mark of him.

Hip. Heart!—that shall not need, my lord,
I can direct him so far.

Lus. Yet for my hate's sake,
Go, wind him this way. I'll see him bleed myself.

Hip. What now, brother? [*Aside.*

Vin. Nay e'en what you will—you're put to't, brother. [*Aside.*

Hip. An impossible task, I'll swear,
To bring him hither, that's already here. [*Aside.*

[*Exit* HIPPOLITO.

Lus. Thy name? I have forgot it.

Vin. Vindici, my lord.

Lus. 'Tis a good name that.

Vin. Ay, a revenger.

Lus. It does betoken courage; thou should'st be valiant,
And kill thine enemies.

Vin. That's my hope, my lord.

Lus. This slave is one.

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[29] *Plant—The sensitive plant.* The quarto reads, *part.* S.

The reading of the quarto seems to be the correct one: "As that *part*, &c. viz. the *eye, which scarce suffers to be touched.* K.

Vin. I'll doom him.
Lus. Then I'll praise thee.
Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Vin. Indeed, I thank you.
Lus. Now, Hippolito, where's the slave pander?
Hip. Your good lordship
Would have a loathsome sight of him, much offensive.
He's not in case now to be seen, my lord;
The worst of all the deadly sins is in him,
That beggarly damnation, drunkenness.
Lus. Then he's a double slave.
Vin. 'Twas well conveyed upon a sudden wit.
Lus. What, are you both
Firmly resolved? I'll see him dead myself.
Vin. Or else, let not us live.
Lus. You may direct your brother to take note of him.
Hip. I shall.
Lus. Rise but in this, and you shall never fall.
Vin. Your honour's vassals.
Lus. This was wisely carried.
Deep policy in us makes fools of such:
Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.
[*Exit* LUSURIOSO.
Vin. O thou almighty patience! 'tis my wonder,
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,
Should not be cloven as he stood;
Or with a secret wind burst open!
[30] Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up
In stock for heavier vengeance? there it goes!
Hip. Brother, we lose ourselves.
Vin. But I have found it;
'Twill hold, 'tis sure; thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.
Hip. What is't?
Vin. 'Tis sound and good; thou shalt partake it;
I'm hired to kill myself.
Hip. True.
Vin. Pr'ythee mark it;
And the old duke being dead, but not conveyed,
For he's already miss'd too, and you know,
Murder will peep out of the closest husk.
Hip. Most true.
Vin. What say you then to this device,
If we dress'd up the body of the duke?
Hip. In that disguise of yours?
Vin. You're quick, you've reach'd it.
Hip. I like it wonderously.
Vin. And being in drink as you have publish'd him,
To lean him on his elbow, as if sleep had caught him?
Which claims most interest in such sluggy men.
Hip. Good yet; but here's a doubt.
We, thought by the duke's son to kill that pander,
Shall, when he is known, be thought to kill the duke.
Vin. Neither; O thanks, it is substantial!
For that disguise being on him which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the pander,
did kill the duke, and fled away in his apparel,
leaving him so disguised, to avoid swift pursuit.
Hip. Firmer and firmer.
Vin. Nay, doubt not, 'tis in grain, I warrant it holds colour.
Hip. Let's about it.
Vin. But by the way too, now I think on't, brother,
Let's conjure that base devil out of our mother.
[*Exeunt.*

[31] ACT V.

Enter the Duchess arm in arm with SPURIO: *he seemeth lasciviously to look on her. After them, enter* SUPERVACUO *running with a Rapier;* AMBITIOSO *stops him.*

Spu. Madam, unlock yourself: should it be seen
Your arm would be suspected.
Duch. Who is't that dares suspect, or this, or these?
May not we deal our favours where we please?
Spu. I'm confident you may. [*Exeunt.*
Ambi. 'Sfoot, brother, hold.
Super. Woult let the bastard shame us?
Ambi. Hold, hold, brother! there's fitter time than now.
Super. Now when I see it!
Ambi. 'Tis too much seen already.
Super. Seen and known;
The nobler she's, the baser is she grown.
Ambi. If she were bent lasciviously, the fault
Of mighty women, that sleep soft—O death!
Must she needs chuse such an unequal sinner,

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[30] *Is there no thunder left?* &c.—The same thought occurs in *Othello*, A. 5. S. 2:

"Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?"

[31] *Act V.*—In the quarto this play consists but of four acts. But as that division probably arose from the carelessness of the printer, Mr Dodsley has made an alteration here, which appears to be a necessary one.

To make all worse?——
Super. A bastard! the duke's bastard! shame heaped on shame!
Ambi. O our disgrace!
Most women have small waists the world throughout;
But their desires are thousand miles about.
Super. Come, stay not here, let's after, and prevent,
Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO, *bringing out their Mother, one by one Shoulder, and the other by the other, with Daggers in their Hands.*

Vin. O thou, for whom no name is bad enough!
Gra. What mean my sons? what, will you murder me?
Vin. Wicked unnatural parent!
Hip. Fiend of women!
Gra. Oh! are sons turned monsters? help!
Vin. In vain.
Gra. Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?
Vin. That breast
Is turned to quarled poison.
Gra. Cut not your days for't! am not I your mother?
Vin. Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.
Gra. A bawd! O name far loathsomer than hell!
Hip. It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.
Gra. I hate it.
Vin. Ah! is't possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?
Gra. Dissemble!
Vin. Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust?
Gra. Who I?
That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent! none lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander;—good son, believe it not.
Vin. Oh, I'm in doubt,
Whether I'm myself, or no——
Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be saved, when mothers have no grace?
Hip. 'Twould make one half despair.
Vin. I was the man!
Defy me now, let's see, do't modestly.
Gra. O hell unto my soul!
Vin. In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Tried you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.
Gra. O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitched me so.
Vin. O nimble in damnation, quick in turn!
There is no devil could strike fire so soon:
I am confuted in a word.
Gra. Oh sons, forgive me! to myself I'll prove more true;
You that should honour me, I kneel to you.
Vin. A mother [32] to give aim to her own daughter!
Hip. True, brother; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Though many mothers do't!
Vin. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed;
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother, it rains; 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.
Hip. 'Tis done.
Vin. I'faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul
Have been long dry: pour down, thou blessed dew.
Rise, mother; troth this shower has made you higher.
Gra. O you heavens! take this infectious spot out of my soul,
I'll rince it in seven waters of mine eyes!
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep is to our sex naturally given:
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.
Vin. Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother:
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honourably love her.
Hip. Let it be.
Vin. For honest women are so [33] seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax! do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead!
All mothers that had any graceful hue
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you:
It would have grown to this, at your foul name,
Green-coloured maids would have turned red with shame.
Hip. And then our sister, full of hire and baseness——
Vin. There had been boiling lead again,
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth o' silver slut,
To have her train borne up, and her soul trail i'the dirt!

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[32] *To give* aim *to her own daughter*—i. e. incite, encourage her.
[33] *Seld and rare*—Seldom to be met with. In Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, we have "*seld* seen flamans." S.

Hip. To be great, miserable; to be rich, eternally wretched.
Vin. O common madness!
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honour good,
Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son
In private; why she first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousand proves a whore:
"Break ice in one place, it will crack in more."
Gra. Most certainly applied!
Hip. Oh, brother, you forget our business.
Vin. And well remembered; joy's a subtle elf,
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.
Farewell, once dry, now holy-watered mead;
Our hearts wear feathers, that before wore lead.
Gra. I'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better for and 'gainst the devil than you.
Vin. You make me proud on't.
Hip. Commend us in all virtue to our sister.
Vin. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.
Gra. With my best words.
Vin. Why that was motherly said. [*Exeunt.*
Gra. I wonder now what fury did transport me!
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.
Oh with what forehead can I look on her,
Whose honour I've so impiously beset?
And here she comes.

Enter CASTIZA.

Cas. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.
Gra. Content, to what?
Cas. To do as you have wish'd me;
To prostitute my breast to the duke's son;
And put myself to common usury.
Gra. I hope you will not so!
Cas. Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be saved in.
Gra. Truth but it is.
Cas. Do not deceive yourself,
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought,
What would you now? are ye not pleased yet with me?
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be.
Gra. Strike not me cold.
Cas. How often have you charged me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman? When you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me; that did more,
The mother's curse is heavy; where that fights,
Sons set in storm, and daughters lose their lights.
Gra. Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee,
Oh let my breath revive it to a flame!
Put not all out with woman's wilful follies.
I am recovered of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers; kind, forgive me,
Make me not sick in health!—if then
My words prevailed when they were wickedness,
How much more now when they are just and good?
Cas. I wonder what you mean! are not you she,
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
In three hours reading to untwist so much
Of the black serpent as you wound about me?
Gra. 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's past;
I'm now your present mother.
Cas. Pish, now 'tis too late.
Gra. Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou say'st.
Cas. No! deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
Gra. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me!
What will the deed do then?
Advancement, true; as high as shame can pitch!
For treasure; who e'er knew a harlot rich?
Or could build, by the purchase of her sin,
An hospital to keep their bastards in?
The duke's son; oh! when women are young courtiers,
They are sure to be old beggars;
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thoud'st wish thyself unborn, when thou art unchaste.
Cas. O mother, let me twine about your neck,
And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips;
I did but this to try you.
Gra. O speak truth!
Cas. Indeed I did not; for no tongue has force
To alter me from honest.
If maidens would, men's words could have no power;
A virgin's honour is a crystal tower,
Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.
Gra. O happy child! faith, and thy birth hath saved me.
'Mong thousand daughters, happiest of all others:
[34]Be thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO.

Vin. So, so, he leans well; take heed you wake him not, brother.
Hip. I warrant you my life for yours.
Vin. That's a good lay, for I must kill myself.
Brother, that's I, that sits for me: do you mark it?
And I must stand ready here to make away my-

[34] *Be*—The quarto reads, *Buy*. S.

self yonder——I must sit to be killed, and stand to kill myself. I could vary it not so little as thrice over again;[35] it has some eight returns, like Michaelmas-term.

Hip. That's enow o' conscience.

Vin. But, sirrah, does the Duke's son come single?

Hip. No; there's the hell o't: his faith's too feeble to go alone. He brings flesh-flies after him, that will buz against supper-time, and hum for his coming out.

Vin. Ah, the fly-flap of vengeance beat 'em to pieces! Here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him; shew him the body of the Duke his father, and how quaintly he died like a politician,[36] in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it; and in catastrophe slain him over his father's breast. Oh, I'm mad to lose such a sweet opportunity!

Hip. Nay, pish! pr'ythee be content! there's no remedy present; may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this?

Vin. They may, if they can paint so well.

Hip. Come, now to avoid all suspicion, let's forsake this room, and be going to meet the Duke's son.

Vin. Content; I'm for any weather. Heart, step close: here he comes.

Enter LUSURIOSO.

Hip. My honoured lord!

Lus. Oh me! you both present?

Vin. E'en newly, my lord, just as your lordship entered now: about this place we had notice given he should be; but in some loathsome plight or other.

Hip. Came your honour private?

Lus. Private enough for this; only a few
Attend my coming out.

Hip. Death rot those few! [*Aside.*

Lus. Stay, yonder's the slave.

Vin. Mass, there's the slave indeed, my lord.
'Tis a good child, he calls his father slave.
[*Aside.*

Lus. Ay, that's the villain, the damned villain: softly,
Tread easy.

Vin. Puh! I warrant you, my lord, we'll stifle in our breaths.

Lus. That will do well:—
Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last; 'tis policy
To have him killed in's sleep; for if he waked,
He would betray all to them.

Vin. But, my lord——

Lus. Ha, what sayest?

Vin. Shall we kill him now he's drunk?

Lus. Ay, best of all.

Vin. Why, then, he will ne'er live to be sober.

Lus. No matter, let him reel to hell.

Vin. But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire.

Lus. Thou art a mad[37] beast.

Vin. And leave none to warm your lordship's[38] golls withal; for he that dies drunk falls into hell-fire like a bucket of water; qush, qush.

Lus. Come, be ready,[39] nake your swords, think of your wrongs; this slave has injured you.

Vin. Troth, so he has, and he has paid well for't.

Lus. Meet with him now.

Vin. You'll bear us out, my lord?

Lus. Puh! am I a lord for nothing, think you? quickly, now.

Vin. Sa, sa, sa, thumpe—there he lies.

Lus. Nimbly done.—Ha! Oh, villains! murderers!
'Tis the old Duke my father.

Vin. That's a jest.

Lus. What, stiff and cold already!
O pardon me to call you from your names:
'Tis none of your deed—that villain Piato,
Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered him,
And left him thus disguised.

Hip. And not unlikely.

Vin. O rascal! was he not ashamed
To put the Duke into a greasy doublet?

Lus. He has been cold and stiff, who knows how long?

Vin. Marry, that do I. [*Aside.*

Lus. No words, I pray, of any thing intended.

Vin. Oh, my lord.

Hip. I would fain have your lordship think that we have small reason to prate.

Lus. Faith, thou say'st true; I'll forthwith send to court
For all the nobles, bastard, Duchess; tell
How here by miracle we found him dead,
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

Vin. That will be the best way, my lord, to clear us all; let's cast about to be clear.

Lus. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest.

Enter All.

First. My lord.

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[35] *It has some* eight *returns, like Michaelmas-term.*—Michaelmas-term now has but four returns. By the statute 16 Car. I. c. 6. it was abridged of two; and again, by 24 Geo. II. c. 48. of the like number.

[36] *In hugger-mugger.*—See Note 16 to *'Tis Pity She's a Whore.*

[37] *Beast.*—The quarto reads, *breast.* S.

[38] *Golls.*—i. e. hands.

[39] *Nake your swords.*—i, e. unsheath them, let them be *naked* swords. S.

Second. My lord.
Lus. Be witness of a strange spectacle.
Choosing for private conference that 3nd room,
We found the Duke, my father, gealed in blood.
First. My lord the Duke! run, hie thee, Nencio,
Startle the court by signifying so much.
Vin. Thus much by wit, a deep revenger can,
When murder's known, to be the clearest man:
We're farthest off, and with as bold an eye
Survey his body, as the standers by.
Lus. My royal father, too basely let blood
By a malevolent slave!
Hip. Hark! he calls thee slave again. [*Aside.*
Vin. He's lost, he may. [*Aside.*
Lus. Oh sight! look hither, see, his lips are gnawn with poison.
Vin. How! his lips; by the mass they be.
O villain! O rogue! O slave! O rascal!
Hip. O good deceit! he quits him with like terms.
Ambi. [*Within.*] Where?
Super. [*Within.*] Which way?

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

Ambi. Over what roof hangs this [40] prodigious comet,
In deadly fire?
Lus. Behold, behold, my lords, the Duke my father's murdered by a vassal that owes this habit, and here left disguised.

Enter Duchess and SPURIO.

Duch. My lord and husband?
Second. Reverend majesty!
First. I have seen these clothes often attending on him.
Vin. That nobleman has been i'the country, for he does not lye.
Super. Learn of our mother; let's dissemble too:
I am glad he's vanished; so, I hope, are you.
Ambi. Ay, you may take my word for't.
Spu. Old dad, dead?
I, one of his cast sins, will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his own son;
I'll tug in the new stream till strength be done.
Lus. Where be those two that did affirm to us,
My lord the Duke was privately rid forth?
First. O pardon us, my lords; he gave that charge
Upon our lives, if he were mist at court,
To answer so; he rode not anywhere;
We left him private with that fellow here.
Vin. Confirmed.
Lus. O heavens! that false charge was his death.
Impudent beggars! durst you to our face
Maintain such a false answer? Bear him straight to execution.
First. My lord!
Lus. Urge me no more.
In this the excuse may be called half the murder.
Vin. You've sentenced well.
Lus. Away; see it be done.
Vin. Could you not stick? See what confession doth!
Who would not lye, when men are hanged for truth?
Hip. Brother, how happy is our vengeance! [*Aside.*
Vin. Why, it hits past the apprehension of indifferent wits. [*Aside.*
Lus. My lord, let post-horses be sent
Into all places, to intrap the villain.
Vin. Post-horses, ha, ha! [*Aside.*
Noble. My lord, we're something bold to know our duty.
Your father's accidentally departed;
The titles that were due to him meet you.
Lus. Meet me! I'm not at leisure, my good lord;
I've many griefs to dispatch out o' the way.
Welcome sweet titles. [*Aside.*
Talk to me, my lords,
Of sepulchres and mighty emperors' bones;
That's thought for me.
Vin. So one may see by this
How foreign markets go;
Courtiers have feet o'the nines, and tongues o'the twelves;
They flatter Dukes, and Dukes flatter themselves.
Noble. My lord, it is your shine must comfort us.
Lus. Alas! I shine in tears, like the sun in April.
Noble. You're now my lord's grace.
Lus. My lord's grace! I perceive you'll have it so.
Noble. 'Tis but your own.
Lus. Then heavens give me grace to be so!
Vin. He prays well for himself. [*Aside.*
Noble. Madam, all sorrows
Must run their circles into joys. No doubt but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
Vin. He were an ass then, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Noble. In the mean season,
Let us bethink the latest funeral honours,
Due to the Duke's cold body. And withal,
Calling to memory our new happiness
Spread in his royal son——lords, gentlemen,
Prepare for revels.
Vin. Revels!

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[40] *Prodigious comet.*—See Note 1 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 522.

Noble. Time hath several falls;
Griefs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.
Lus. Come, then, my lords, my favour's to you all.
The duchess is suspected foully bent;
I'll begin dukedom with her banishment.
[*Exeunt Duke, Nobles, and Duchess.*
Hip. Revels!
Vin. Ay, that's the word: we are firm yet;
Strike one strain more, and then we crown our wit.
[*Exeunt* HIPPOLITO *and* VINDICI.
Spu. Well, have at the fairest mark—so said the Duke when he begot me—
And if I miss his heart, or near about,
Then have at any; a bastard scorns to be out.
Super. Not'st thou that Spurio, brother?
Ant. Yes, I note him to our shame.
Super. He shall not live; his hair shall not grow much longer. In this time of revels, tricks may be set a-foot. See'st thou yon new moon? it shall outlive the new Duke by much: this hand shall dispossess him; then we're mighty.
A mask is treason's licence, that build upon:
'Tis murder's best face, when a vizard's on.
[*Exit.*
Ambi. Is't so? 'tis very good!
And do you think to be Duke then, kind brother?
I'll see fair play; drop one, and there lies t'other.
[*Exit.*

Enter VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO, *with* PIERO *and other Lords.*

Vin. My lords, be all of music, strike old griefs into other countries
That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,
Not daring to stab home their discontents.
Let our hid flames break out as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous dukedom, vexed with sin;
Wind up your souls to their full height again.
Piero. How?
1 *Lord.* Which way?
3 *Lord.* Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot justly be revenged too much.
Vin. You shall have all enough:—Revels are toward,
And those few nobles that have long suppressed you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a mask,
And do affect to make a pleasant tale on't:
The masking suits are fashioning; now comes in
That which must glad us all.—We too take pattern
Of all those suits, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an undistinguished hair almost:
Then entering first, observing the true form,
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure
To steal our swords out handsomely;
And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
In midst of all their joys they shall sigh blood.
Piero. Weightily, effectually!
Third. Before the t'other maskers come——
Vin. We're gone, all done and past.
Piero. But how for the Duke's guard?
Vin. Let that alone;
By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down.
Hip. There are five hundred gentlemen in the action,
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.
Piero. Oh! let us hug your bosoms.
Vin. Come, my lords,
Prepare for deeds, letother times have words.
[*Exeunt.*

In a dumb Show, the Procession of the young Duke, with all his Nobles; then sounding Music. A furnished Table is brought forth; then enter the Duke and his Nobles to the Banquet. A blazing Star appeareth.

1 *Noble.* Many harmonious hours, and choicest pleasures,
Fill up the royal number of your years!
Lus. My lords, we're pleased to thank you, though we know
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.
1 *Noble.* That shine makes us all happy.
3 *Noble.* His grace frowns.
2 *Noble.* Yet we must say he smiles.
1 *Noble.* I hink we must.
Lus. That foul incontinent Duchess we have banished;
The bastard shall not live. After these revels
I'll begin strange ones: he and the step-sons
Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies;
We must not frown so soon, else 'thad been now.
1 *Noble.* My gracious lord, please you prepare for pleasure.
The mask is not far off.
Lus. We are for pleasure.
Beshrew thee, what art thou? madest me start!
Thou hast committed treason.—A blazing star!
1 *Noble.* A blazing star! O where, my lord?
Lus. Spy out.
2 *Noble.* See, see, my lords, a wondrous dreadful one!
Lus. I am not pleased at that ill-knotted fire,
That blushing flaring star.—Am not I duke?
It should not quake me now. Had it appeared
Before, I might then have justly feared.
But yet they say, whom art and learning weds,
When stars wear locks, they threaten great men's heads:
Is it so? you are read, my lords.
1 *Noble.* May it please your grace,
It shows great anger.
Lus. That does not please our grace.
2 *Noble.* Yet here's the comfort, my lord; many times,
When it seems most near, it threatens farthest off.
Lus. Faith, and I think so too;

1 *Noble.* Beside, my lord,
You're gracefully established, with the loves
Of all your subjects; and for natural death,
I hope it will be threescore years a-coming.
Lus. True, no more but threescore years?
1 *Noble.* Fourscore, I hope, my lord.
2 *Noble.* And fivescore, I.
3 *Noble.* But 'tis my hope, my lord, you shall ne'er die.
Lus. Give me thy hand; those others I rebuke:
He that hopes so is fittest for a Duke.
Thou shalt sit next me; take your places, lords;
We're ready now for sports; let 'em set on:
You thing! we shall forget you quite anon!
3 *Noble.* I hear 'em coming, my lord.

Enter the Mask of Revengers, the two Brothers, and two Lords more.

The Revengers dance: at the end steal out their Swords, and these four kill the four at the Table in their Chairs. It thunders.

Vin. Mark, thunder!
Dost know thy cue, thou big-voiced crier?
Dukes' groans are thunder's watchwords.
Hip. So, my lords, you have enough.
Vin. Come, let's away, no lingering.
Hip. Follow! go! [*Exeunt.*
Vin. No power is angry when the lustful die;
When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy.
[*Exit* VINDICI.
Lus. Oh, oh!

Enter the other Mask of intended Murderers, Step-sons, Bastard, and a fourth Man, coming in dancing; the Duke recovers a little in voice, and groans, calls—A guard! treason!
At which they all start out of their Measure, and, turning towards the Table, they find them all to be murdered.

Spu. Whose groan was that?
Lus. Treason! a guard!
Ambi. How now? all murdered!
Super. Murdered!
4 *Noble.* And those his nobles?
Ambi. Here's a labour saved;
I thought to have sped him:—'sblood, how came this?
Spu. Then I proclaim myself; now I am duke.
Ambi. Thou duke! brother, thou liest.
Spu. Slave! so dost thou. [*Fight.*
4 *Noble.* Base villain! hast thou slain my lord and master? [*Kills him.*

Enter the first Men.

Vin. Pistols, treason, murder! help, guard my lord the Duke.
Hip. Lay hold upon these traitors.
Lus. Oh!
Vin. Alas! the Duke is murdered.
Hip. And the nobles.
Vin. Surgeons! surgeons!—Heart, does he breathe so long? [*Aside.*
Ant. A piteous tragedy! able to [41] make
An old man's eyes blood-shot.
Lus. Oh!
Vin. Look to my lord the duke—A vengeance throttle him! [*Aside.*
Confess, thou murderous and unhallowed man,
Didst thou kill all these?
4 *Noble.* None but the bastard, I.
Vin. How came the Duke slain, then?
4 *Noble.* We found him so.
Lus. O villain!
Vin. Hark!
Lus. Those in the mask did murder us.
Vin. La you now, sir——
O marble impudence! will you confess now?
4 *Noble.* 'Sblood, 'tis all false.
Ant. Away with that foul monster,
Dipt in a prince's blood.
4 *Noble.* Heart, 'tis a lie.
Ant. Let him have bitter execution.
Vin. New marrow! no, it cannot be exprest. [*Aside.*
How fares my lord the Duke?
Lus. Farewell to all;
He that climbs highest has the greatest fall.
My tongue is out of office.
Vin. Air, gentlemen, air.
Now thou'lt not prate on't, 'twas Vindici murdered thee.
Lus. Oh!
Vin. Murdered thy father.
Lus. Oh! [*Dies.*
Vin. And I he: tell nobody—so, so, the Duke's departed.
Ant. It was a deadly hand that wounded him:
The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway
After his death, were so made all away.
Vin. My lord was unlikely——
Hip. Now the hope
Of Italy lies in your reverend years.
Vin. Your hair will make the silver age again,
When there were fewer, but more honest men.
Ant. The burthen's weighty, and will press age down;
May I so rule, that heaven may keep the crown!
Vin. The rape of your good lady hath been quitted
With death on death.
Ant. Just is the law above.
But, of all things, it puts me most to wonder,
How the old Duke came murdered?
Vin. Oh, my lord!

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[41] *Make.*—The quarto reads, *wake.*

Ant. It was the strangeliest carried; I've not heard of the like.
Hip. 'Twas all done for the best, my lord.
Vin. All for your grace's good. We may be bold to speak it now,
'Twas somewhat witty carried, though we say it:
'Twas we two murdered him.
Ant. You two?
Vin. None else, i'faith, my lord. Nay, 'twas well managed.
Ant. Lay hands upon those villains.
Vin. How! on us?
Ant. Bear 'em to speedy execution.
Vin. Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?
Ant. My good! Away with 'em: such an old man as he!
You that would murder him, would murder me.
Vin. Is't come about?
Hip. 'Sfoot, brother, you begun.
Vin. May not we set as well as the Duke's son?
Thou hast no conscience, are we not revenged?
Is there one enemy left alive amongst those?
'Tis time to die when we are ourselves our foes.
When murderers shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em:
If none disclose 'em, they themselves reveal 'em!
This murder might have slept in tongueless brass,
But for ourselves, and the world died an ass.
Now I remember too, here was Piato
Brought forth a knavish sentence once; no doubt, said he, but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
'Tis well he died; he was a witch.
And now, my lord, since we are in for ever,
This work was ours, which else might have been slipt;
And, if we list, we could have nobles clipt,
And go for less than beggars; but we hate
To bleed so cowardly: we have enough,
I'faith, we're well; our mother turned, our sister true;
We die after a nest of Dukes.——Adieu.
[*Exeunt.*
Ant. How subtlely was that murder closed!
Bear up
Those tragic bodies: 'tis a heavy season;
Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treason!
[*Exit.*

EDITION.

"The Revenger's Tragœdie. As it hath beene sundry times acted by the Kings Majesties Servants. At London printed by G. Eld, and are to be sold at his house in Fleete-lane, at the signe of the Printer's Presse, 1607, 4to."

There is a Title-page to the same Edition, in which the date is 1608.

THE

DUMB KNIGHT.

LEWIS MACHIN *is another of those writers whose name only has been transmitted to the present time. None of the Theatrical Biographers have given the slightest account of his condition in life, his profession, character, family, or even the times of his birth or death.*

TO THE UNDERSTANDING READER.

RUMOUR, that Hydra-headed monster, with more tongues than eyes, by help of his intelligencer Envy, hath made strange constructions on this Dumb Knight, which then could not answer for himself; but now this publication doth unty his tongue, to answer the objections of all sharp critical censures, which heretofore have undeservedly passed upon him. And for my part, I protest, the wrongs I have received by some (whose worths I will not traduce) with a mild neglect I have laughed at their follies; for I think myself happy, because I have been envied, since the best now in grace have been subject to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselves, and think it great praise to them to detract praise from others that deserve it; yet having a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath been often approved, I count the wrong but half a wrong, because he knows best how to answer for himself; but I now in his absence make this apology, both for him and me. Thus leaving you and the book together, I ever rest yours,

LEWIS MACHIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of Cyprus.
PHYLOCLES, *his favourite, the Dumb Knight.*
Duke of Epire.
ALPHONSO.
FLORIO.
PRATE, *an Orator.*
MECHANT, VELOUPS, DRAP, } *Clients to* PRATE.
PRESIDENT, *Clerk to* PRATE.
CÆLIO, *Marshal for the Queen.*
CHIP *and* SHAVINGS, *Carpenters.*
Heralds, Watchmen, Gentleman Usher, Physician, Executioner, &c.

Queen of Sicily.
MARIANA, *her companion, and Sister to the Duke of Epire.*
LOLLIA, *Wife to the Orator.*
COLLAQUINTIDA, *a Bawd.*
Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Sicily.*

THE

DUMB KNIGHT.[1]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter the King of CYPRUS, PHYLOCLES, FLORIO, *and Attendants, in Arms. Music.*

Cyp. Enough; these loud sounds deaf my passions:
How long shall love make me a slave to hope,
And mix my calm desires with tyranny?
O Phylocles! this heresy I hold,
Thought and affection cannot be controuled.

Phy. Yet may't be bent and suppled with extremes,
Sith few dare see the end of violence.
What makes the skilful [2]leech to use the fire,
Or war her engines, or states policy,
But to recover things most desperate?
Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave,
Never to faint doth purchase what we crave.

Cyp. True, my Phylocles, yet my recreant soul,
Slaved to her beauty, would renounce all war,
And yield her right to love, did not thy spirit,
Mixed with my longing, fortify these arms.
But I am now resolved, and this sad hour
Shall give an end to my distemperature.
Summon a parley.

Enter aloft the Queen of SICILY, *the Duke of* EPIRE, ALPHONSO, *and Attendants.*

Queen. What says our tyrant suitor, our disease in love,
That makes our thoughts a slave unto his sword:
What says my lord?

Cyp. Madam, attend me, this is my latest summons:
The many suns my sorrows have beheld,
And my sad nights of longings, all through hope
T'enjoy the joy of earth—your own dear self,
Are grown so infinite in length and weight,
That like to wearied Atlas I enforce
These wars as Hercules to bear my load:
Briefly I must enjoy you, or else lose
The breath of life; which to prevent, behold
My sword must be my Cupid, and with feathered steel
Force pity from your breast: Your city's walls,
Chidden with my cannons, have set ope a path,
And boldly bids me enter; all your men of war,
Feebled with famine and a weary siege,
Take danger from mine actions; only yourself,
Strong in your will, oppose even destiny,
And, like the giants' war, offend the heavens.
Which to prevent, do but descend and give
Peace to my love-suit, and as o'ercome thereby
I'll yield myself your prisoner, and be drawn
A thrall in your triumphant victory.
If otherwise, behold these fatal swords
Shall ne'er be sheathed till we be conquerors:
And, not respecting innocence nor sex,
The cries of infants, nor the prayers of age,
All things shall perish, till within my arms
I fold yourself, my thrall and conqueror.

Queen. Thou may'st be master of my body's tomb;
But for my soul and mind, they are as free
As their creation; and with angels' wings
Can soar beyond thy reach; trust me, king of Cyprus,
Those coals the Roman Portia did devour
Are not burnt out, nor have the [3]Egyptian worms

---

[1] Langbaine observes, that several incidents in this play are borrowed from Novels, as the Story of Mariana swearing Phylocles to be dumb, from Bandello's Novels; Alphonso's cuckolding Prate the orator, and the latter appearing before the council, from the same book. The English reader may see the same story in *The Complaisant Companion*, 8vo. 1646.

[2] *Leech*,—An old word used by *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, *Fairfax*, and other writers, signifying a *Physician*.

[3] *Egyptian worms*.—Dr Johnson observes, that *worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; and Dr Percy, that in the Northern Counties the same word is still used in that sense. See their several Notes, and also Mr Tollet's, to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 5. S. 2.

Yet lost their stings; steel holds his temper still,
And these are ransoms from captivity.
But art thou noble? hast thou one royal thought?
Cyp. Approve me by your question.
Queen. Then briefly thus:
To shun the great effusion of their bloods,
Who feel no touch in mine affections,
Dare you to single combat, two to two,
Refer your right in love?
Cyp. Who are your combatants? we love equality.
Queen. This is the first, the Epire duke; a man
Sprung from the line of famous Scanderbeg.
The next Alphonso, sprung from noble blood;
Who, laden with rich Lusitanian prize,
Hath rode through Syracusa twice in pomp.
Cyp. Their likings to the motion?
Epire. They are like wrath,
Never unarmed to beat weak injury.
Alph. Nay, more, we are the sons of destiny:
Virtue's our guide, our aim is dignity.
Phy. 'Sfoot, king, shalt not forsake 'em: this I see,
Love, fight, and death, are ruled by destiny.
Cyp. My spirit speaks thy motion:—
Madam, although advantage might evade,
And give my love more hope, yet my bent will,
Bowed to your pleasure, doth embrace your law.
We do accept the combat, and ourself
Will with that duke try fortunes; this my friend,
The more part of myself, my dearest Phylocles,
One of an angel's temper, shall with that lord
Try best and worst. The place? the time? the sword?
Epire. They are your rights, we claim as challengers.
Cyp. And we would lose that 'vantage; but since fame
Makes virtue dulat, we embrace our rights:
The place before these walls, the hour next sun,
The pole-ax and the hand-ax for the fight.
Queen. It is enough;
My hostage is my person and my love.
Cyp. And mine my hope, my faith, and royalty.
Epire. They are of poise sufficient, and one light
Shall at one instant give us day and night.
[*Exeunt Queen*, EPIRE, ALPHONSO, &c.
Cyp. She's gone, my Phylocles: and as she goes, even so
The sun forsakes the heavens to kiss the sea;
Day in her beauty leaves us, and methinks
Her absence doth exile all happiness.
Tell me, my Phylocles, nay, pr'ythee tell me true,
Even from that love
Which to us both should blend one sympathy,
Discharge an open breast: dost thou not think
She is the mirror of her beauteous sex,
Unparalleled, and uncompanioned?
Phy. Envy will say she's rare; then truth must vow
She is beyond compare, sith in her looks
Each motion hath a speaking majesty;
[4] She is herself, compared with herself:
For but herself, she hath no companion.
But when I think of beauty, wit, and grace,
The elements of active delicacy,
Those all eye-pleasing harmonies of sight,
Which do enchant men's fancies, and stir up
The life-blood of dull earth, O then, methinks,
Fair Mariana hath an equal place,
And if not out-shine, it shews more beautiful.
Cyp. More than my queen?
Phy. More in the gloss of beauty; less in worth,
In wisdom and great thoughts: the one I find
Was made for wonder, the other for admire.
Cyp. Thine equal praises make my fancies rich:
And I am pleased with thy comparisons;
Things of like nature live in best consent,
Beauty with subjects, majesty with kings.
Then let those two ideas lively move
Spirit, beyond all spirit, in our breasts,
That in the end of our great victory
We may attain both love and majesty.
Phy. Although my first creation and my birth,
My thoughts, and other tempers of my soul,
Took all their noble beings from the sword,
And made me only for the use of wars;
Yet in this combat something, methinks, appears,
Greater than greatest glory, and doth raise
My mind beyond herself:
'Sfoot, methinks Cæsar's Pharsalia,
Nor Scipio's Carthage, nor Emilius' acts,
Were worthy chairs of triumph; they o'er men's
Poor mangled bodies, and fire-wasted climes,
Made their triumphant passage; but we two
Must conquer thoughts and love, more than the gods can do.
Cyp. True, and therein
Consists the glorious garland of our praise:
But we neglect the affairs of preparation. Flores, be it your charge
To see the erection of the squared lists,
Fit ground for either army, and what else

---

[4] *She is herself, compared with herself,*
For but herself, she hath no companion.—If Theobald had been as well read in our ancient dramatic writers as he pretended to be, he would have produced this passage in justification of the celebrated line in *The Double Falsehood*:

"None but himself can be his parallel.

It is certain, if authorities would sanctify absurdity, he might have made a better defence against Mr Pope than that which he published.

Belongs unto such royal eminence.
Flo. How near will your majesty's hand the lists extend
Unto the city walls?
Cyp. So as the dullest eye
May see the heedfull'st passage in the fight.
Flo. What square or circuit?
Cyp. Threescore pace each way.
Flo. Your majesty shall have your will performed.
Phy. Do, and you do us grace; and now, thou sun,
That art the eye of heaven, whose pure sight
Shall be our guide, and Jove's great chronicler,
Look from thy sphere!
No guilt of pride, of malice, or of blood,
Puts on our armour; only pure naked love
Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions move.
Cyp. Enough, my Phylocles, thine orisons are heard.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOLLIA.

Lol. Now fie upon't, who would be an orator's wife, and not a gentlewoman, if she could chuse? a lady is the most sweet lascivious life, congies and kisses,—the tire, O the tire, made castle upon castle, jewel upon jewel, knot upon knot, crowns, garlands, gardens, and what not? the hood, [5] the rebato, the [6] French fall, the loose-bodied gown, the pin in the hair; now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change; when we poor souls must come and go for every man's pleasure: and what's a lady more than another body? we have legs and hands, and rolling eyes, hanging lips, sleek brows, cherry cheeks, and other things as ladies have, but the fashion carries it away.

Enter Mistress COLLAQUINTIDA.

Col. Why how now, mistress Prate? i'the old disease still? will it never be better? cannot a woman find one kind man amongst twenty? O the days that I have seen, when the law of a woman's wit could have put her husband's purse to execution!

Lol. O mistress Collaquintida, mine is even the unnaturallest man to his wife—

Col. Faith, for the most part, all scholars are so, for they take so upon them to know all things, that indeed they know nothing; and, besides, they are with study and ease grown so unwieldy, that a woman shall ne'er want a sore stomach that's troubled with them.

Lol. And yet they must have the government of all.

Col. True, and great reason they have for it; but a wise man will put it in a woman's hand. What! she'll save what he spends.

Lol. You have a pretty ruff, how deep is it?

Col. Nay this is but shallow; marry, I have a ruff is a quarter deep, measured by the yard.

Lol. Indeed! by the yard?

Col. By the standard, I assure you: you have a pretty set too, how big is the steel you set with?

Lol. As big as a reasonable sufficient. Pity of my life, I have forgot myself; if my husband should rise from his study, and miss me, we should have such a coil—

Col. A coil, why what coil? if he were my husband and did but thwart me, I would ring him so many alarums, sound him so many brass trumpets, beat him so many drums to his confusion, and thunder him such a peal of great shot, that I would turn his brain in the pan, and make him mad with an eternal silence.

Lol. O mistress Collaquintida, but my husband's anger is the worst favouredst without all conscience of any man's in all Sicily; he is even as peevish as a sick monkey, and as waspish as an ill-pleased bride the second morning.

Col. Let your wrath be reciprocal, and pay him at his own weapon: but to the purpose for which I came. The party you wot of commends him to you in this diamond; he that met the party you know, and said the party's party was a party of a partly pretty understanding.

Lol. O, the lord Alphonso.

Col. The very same, believe it; he loves you, and swears he so loves you, that if you do not credit him, you are worse than an infidel.

Lol. Indeed, mistress Collaquintida, he hath the right garb for apparel, the true touch with the tongue in the kiss, and he dances well, but falls heavily: but my husband, woman, my husband, if we could put out his cats eyes, there were something to be said; but they are ever peeping and prying, that they are able to pierce through a millstone: besides, I may say to you, he is a little jealous too; and see where he comes, we shall have a coil now.

Enter PRATE.

Col. Begin you to pout first, for that's a woman's prevention.

Prate. What, Lollia, I say, where are you? my house looks you, my men lack you, I seek you, and a whole quest of enquiry cannot find you; fie, fie, fie, idleness is the whip of thrift, a good housewife should ever be occupied.

Lol. Indeed I have much joy to be occupied in any body's company.

Prate. Why, what's the matter?

Lol. Why, orators wives shortly will be known

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[5] *The rebato*—An ornament for the neck, a collar band, or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat.*
[6] *French fall.*—See Note 4 to *The Roaring Girl.*

like images on water-stairs, ever in one weather-beaten suit, as if none wore hoods but monks and ladies; nor feathers, but fore-horses and waiting gentlewomen; nor chains, but prisoners and lords officers; nor perriwigs, but players and hotbrains; but the weakest must to the wall still.

Prate. Go to, you shall have what you will.

Lol. Nay, nay, 'twas my hard fortune to be your wife, time was I might have done otherwise; but it matters not, you esteem me as you do yourself, and think all things costly enough that covers shame, and that a pair of silken foresleeves to a sattin breastplate is a garment good enough for a capitol; but is master Wrangle, master Tangle, or master Troblear, of that opinion? in faith, sir, no.

There's never a gallant in our state
That goes more rich in gawdy bravery:
And yet I hope for quality of speech,
Audacious words, or quirks, or quiddities,
You are not held their much inferior.
Fie, fie, I am ashamed to see your baseness.

Col. Indeed, master Prate, she tells you truly: I wonder that you, being a proper man, and an orator, will not go [7] brave, according to the custom of the country.

Prate. Go to, neighbour; he that will rise to the top of a high ladder must go up, not leap up: but be patient, wench, and thou shalt shortly see me gallant it with the best; and for thyself, my Lollia,

Not Lollia Paulina, nor those blazing stars,
Which make the world the apes of Italy,
Shall match thyself in sun-bright splendency.

Lol. Nay verily, for myself I care not, 'tis you that are my pride; if you would go like yourself I were appeased.

Prate. Believe it, wench, so I will. But to the purpose for which I came: the end of this great war is now brought to a combat, two to two, the duke of Epire and Alphonso for our queen, against the king and prince Phylocles: now, wench, if thou wilt go see the fight, I will send and provide thee of a good standing.

Lol. Indeed, for you have ne'er a good one of your own.

Prate. What! President, I say!

Pre. Anon, anon, sir.

Prate. Why when, I say? the villain's belly is like a bottomless pit, ever filling and yet empty; at your leisure, sir.

Enter PRESIDENT, *eating.*

Pre. I can make no more haste than my teeth will give me leave.

Prate. Well, sir, get you without the town, to the place of the combat, and provide me for my wife some good standing, to see the conflict.

Pre. How, master! how! must I provide a good standing for you for my mistress? truly master, I think a marrow-bone pie, candied eringoes, preserved dates, or marmalade of cantharides, were much better harbingers; cock-sparrows stewed, doves' brains, or swans' pizzels, are very provocative; [8] roasted potatoes, or [9] boiled skerrets, are your only lofty dishes; methinks these should fit you better than I can do.

Prate. What's this, what's this? I say, provide me a standing for my wife upon a scaffold.

Pre. And truly, master, I think a private chamber were better.

Prate. I grant you, if there were a chamber convenient.

Pre. Willing minds will make shift in a simple hole; close windows, strong locks, hard bed, and sure posts, are your only ornaments.

Prate. I think the knave be mad; sirrah, you chop-logic blockhead, you that have your brain-pan made of dry leather, and your wit ever wet-shod, pack about your business, or I'll pack your pen and inkhorn about your ears.

Pre. Well, sir, I may go or so, but would my mistress take a standing of my preferment, I would so mount her, she should love strange things the better all her life after.

Prate. Why, when, sir! [*Exit* PRESIDENT.
And come, sweet wife, and neighbour, let us have your company too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door a Herald, and FLORIO, *Marshal for the King, with Officers bearing the Lists; at the other door a Herald, and* CÆLIO, *Marshal for the Queen.*

Cæl. Holla, what are you?

Flo. High marshal for the king. Your character?

Cæl. I likewise for the queen: where lies your equal ground?

Flo. Here, underneath these walls, and there and there
Ground for the battles.

Cæl. Place there the queen's seat,
And there and there chairs for the combatants.

Flo. Place here the lists; fix every joint as strong
As 'twere a wall, for on this foot of earth
This day shall stand two famous monuments;
The one a throne of glory bright as gold,
Burnished with angels' lustre, and with stars
Plucked from the crown of conquest, in which shall sit

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[7] *Brave*—i. e. fine.

[8] *Roasted potatoes.*—See Mr Collins's Note to *Troilus and Cressida.*

[9] *Boiled skerrets*—"Sisarum Tiberii Augusti deliciæ, olim e Germania in Italiam translata est, eoque vocem Sisarum Hofmannus originis Germ. esse existimat." *Skinner's Etymologicon.* See also C. Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xix. c. 5.

Men made half gods through famous victory:
The other a rich tomb of memorable fame,
Built by the curious thoughts of noble minds,
In which shall sleep those valiant souls in peace,
Whom fortune's hand shall only overthrow.
Heaven, in thy palm this day the balance [10]hings,
Which makes kings gods, or men more great than kings.

Cæl. So, now let the heralds give the champions sign
Of ready preparations. [*Exeunt Heralds.*

The Cornets sound; and enter at one end of the Stage a Herald, two Pages, one with Pole-axes, the other with Hand-axes, the Duke of EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO *like Combatants, the Queen and* MARIANA *and* PRATE, LOLLIA, COLLAQUINTIDA, *and* PRESIDENT, *aloft.*

Flo. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?

Epire. I am the duke of Epire, [11] and the mine
Which doth attract my spirit to run this marshal course,
Is the fair guard of a distressed queen,
Would wed to hate and inequality and brutish force,
Which to withstand I boldly enter thus,
And will [12] defail, or else prove recreant.

Flo. And what are you, or your intendements?

Alph. I am Alphonso, marshal of this realm,
Who, of like-tempered thoughts and like desires,
Have grounded this my sanctimonious zeal,
And will approve the duke's assertions,
Or in this field lie slain and recreant.

Flo. Enter, and prosper as your cause deserves.

The Cornets sound; and enter, at the other end of the Stage, a Herald, two Pages with Axes and Pole-axes; then the King of CYPRUS *and* PHYLOCLES, *like Combatants, and their Army.*

Cæl. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?

Cyp. I am the king of Cyprus, who, led on
By the divine instinct of heavenly love,
Come with my sword to beg that royal maid,
And to approve, by gift of heaven and fate,
She is alone to me appropriate:
Which to maintain I challenge entrance here,
Where I will live a king or recreant.

Cæl. And what are you, or your intendements?

Phy. I am less than my thoughts, more than myself,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate;
By name my nature only is obscured,
And yet the world baptized me *Phylocles*;
My entrance here is proof of holy zeal,
And to maintain that, no severe disdain,
False shape of chastity, nor woman's will,
Neglective petulance, or uncertain hope,
Foul vizard coyness, nor seducing fame,
Should rob the royal temper of true love
From the desired aim of his desires,
Which my best blood shall witness, or this field
Intomb my body made a recreant.

Cæl. Enter, and prosper as your cause deserves.
[*Draws two Swords.*

Flo. Princes, lay your hands on these swords points.
[13] Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
And by the right you challenge in true fame,
That here you stand not armed with any guile,
Malignant hate, or usurpation
Of philters, charms, of night-spells; characters,
Or other black infernal vantages;
But even with thoughts as pure
As your pure valours, or the sun's pure beams,
T'approve the right of pure affection;
And howsoe'er your fortunes rise or fall,
To break no faith in your conditions.
So help you Jove.

All. We swear.

Queen. How often doth my maiden thoughts correct
And chide my froward will, for this extreme
Pursuit of blood! believe me, fain I would
Recal mine oath's vow, did not my shame
Hold fast my cruelty, by which is taught
Those gems are prized best, are dearest bought.
Sleep my love's softness then, waken my flame,
Which guards a vestal sanctity; princes, behold,
Upon those weapons sits my god of love,
And in their powers my love's severity.
If them you conquer, we are all your slaves;
If they triumph, we'll mourn upon your graves.

Mar. Now, by my maiden modesty, I wish
Good fortune to that Phylocles; my mind
Presages virtue in his eaglet's eyes.
'Sfoot, he looks like a sparrow-hawk, or a wanton fire,

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[10] *Hings*—A Scotch word, signifying *hangs*. See the Glossary to Douglas's Virgil, voce *Hingare*.

[11] *And the mine*, &c.—The magnet, for in Kent they call the iron stone *mine*, quasi *mineral*. S. P.

[12] *Defail*—i. e. prove defective, fail in my strength, *defaill-r*, Fr. S.

[13] *Here you shall swear*, &c.—When the combat was demanded and allowed, it was the custom for each party to take an oath to the following purport: viz. "That they had not brought into the lists other armour or weapon than was allowed, neither any engine, instrument, *herbe*, *charm*, or *enchantment*, and that neither of them should put affiance or trust in any thing other than God and their own valours, as God and the holy Evangelists should help them." *Segar on Honor*, p. 134.
See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 7.

A flash of lightning, or a glimpse of day;
His eye steals to my heart, and lets it see
More than it would. Peace! blab no secrecy,
He must have blows.
Flo. Sound cornets, princes respect your guards.
[*Here they fight, and* PHYLOCLES *overthrows* ALPHONSO, *and* EPIRE *overthrows* CYPRUS.
Phy. I crave the queen's conditions, or this blow
Sends this afflicted soul to heaven or hell.
Speak, madam, will you yield, or shall he die?
Epire. Neither, bold prince; if thou but touch a hair,
The king's breath shall redeem it:—madam, your love
Is safe in angels' guarding; let no fear
Shake hands with doubtfulness; you are as safe
As in a tower of diamonds.
Phy. O 'tis but glass,
And cannot bear this axe's massiness.
Duke, thy brave words, that second thy brave deeds,
Fill me with emulation: only we two
Stand equal victors; then, if thou hast that tie
And bond of well-knit valour, which unites
Virtue and fame together, let us restore
Our captives unto freedom, and we two,
In single combat, try out the mastery.
Where whoso falls, each other shall subscribe
To every clause in each condition.
Epire. Thou art the index of my ample thought,
And I am pleased with thine election.
Speak, madam, if ever I deserved grace,
Grace me with your consent.
Queen. 'Tis all my will.
Thy noble hand erect and perfect me.
Phy. What says his majesty?
My stars are writ in heaven, nor death nor fate
Are slaves to fear, to hope, or human state.
Cyp. I neither fear thy fortune nor my ruin;
But hold them all beyond all prophesy.
Thou hast my free consent, and on thy power
Lies my life's date, or my death's hour.
Epire. Then rise and live with safety.
Phy. Alphonso, here my hand,
Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
And now [14] thou glorious issue of Jove's brain,
That burnt the Telamonian ravisher,
Look from thy sphere, and if my heart contain
An impure thought of lust, send thy monsters forth,
And make me more than earthly miserable.
[*Here the Cornets sound, they fight, and* PHYLOCLES *overcomes the Duke; the Queen descends.*
Phy. Yield, recant, or die.
Epire. Thine axe hath not the power to wound my thought,
And yield's a word my tongue could never sound;
I say thou'rt worthy, valiant; for my death,
Let the Queen speak it, 'tis an easy breath.
Queen. Not for the world's large circuit; hold, gentle prince,
Thus I do pay his ransom: low as the ground,
I tender my unspotted virgin love
To thy great will's commandment; let not my care,
My woman tyranny, or too strict guard,
In bloody purchase take away those sweets
Till now have governed your amazed desires;
For trust me, king, I will redeem my blame
With as much love as Phylocles hath fame.
Cyp. Thus comes a calm unto a sea-wrecked soul,
Ease to the pained, food unto the starved,
As you to me, my best creation.
Trust me, my queen, my love's large chronicle
Thou never shalt o'er-read, because each day
It shall beget new matter of amaze,
And live to do thee grace eternally.
Next whom my Phylocles, my bounteous friend,
Author of life, and sovereign of my love,
My heart shall be thy throne, thy breast the shrine,
Where I will sit to study gratefulness.
To you, and you my lords, my best of thoughts,
Whose loves have shewed a duteous carefulness;
To all free thanks and graces; this unity
Of love and kingdoms is a glorious sight.
Mount up the royal champion, music and cornets sound,
Let shouts and cries make heaven and earth rebound. [*Exeunt.*
Epire. How like the sun's great bastard o'er the world
Rides this man-mounted engine, this proud prince,
And with his breath singes out continents.
Sit fast, proud Phaeton, for by heaven I'll kick
And plunge thee in the sea: if thou'lt needs ride,
Thou should'st have made thy seat upon a slave,
And not upon mine honour's firmament.
Thou hast not heard the god of wisdom's tale,
Nor can thy youth curb greatness, till my hate
Confound thy life with villain policy.
I am resolved, since virtue hath disdained
To clothe me in her riches, henceforth to prove
A villain, fatal, black, and ominous.
Thy virtue is the ground of my dislike;
And my disgrace, the edge of envy's sword,
Which like a razor shall unplume thy crest,
And rob thee of thy native excellence.
When great thoughts give their homage to disgrace,
There's no respect of deeds, time, thoughts, or place. [*Exit.*

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[14] ——— *thou glorious issue of Jove's brain,*
That burnt the Telamonian ravisher—i. e. Minerva, who killed Ajax Oileus with a thunderbolt, for ravishing Cassandra in her Temple. S.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PRATE, LOLLIA, COLLAQUINTIDA, *and* PRESIDENT.

Prate. Come, wife, methought our party stood stiffly to it.

Pre. Indeed they were stiff whilst they stood; but when they were down, they were like men of a low world, a man might have wound their worst anger about his finger.

Lol. Go to, sirrah, you must have your fool's bolt in every body's quiver.

Pre. Indeed, mistress, if my master should break his arrow with foul shooting or so, I would be glad if mine might supply the whole.

Prate. I find you kind, sir.

Pre. True sir, according to my kind, and to pleasure my kind mistress.

Prate. Go to, sirrah, I will not have your kindness to intermeddle with her kind; she is meat for your master.

Pre. And your man, sir, may lick your foul trencher.

Col. Ay, but not eat of his mutton.

Pre. Yet I may dip my bread in the wool, Mrs Collaquintida.

Prate. Go to, sirrah, you will be obscene, and then I shall knock you; but to the combat, methought our side were the most proper men.

Lol. True, and therefore they had the worse fortune; but see, here's the Lord Florio.

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. Master orator, it is the king and queen's majesty's pleasure, that you presently repair unto the court, touching the drawing out of certain articles for the benefit of both the kingdoms.

Prate. My lord, I will instantly attend their majesties.

Flo. Do, for they expect you seriously.

[*Exit* FLORIO.

Prate. Wife, you can have my service no longer. Sirrah President, attend you upon your mistress home: and, wife, I would have you to hold your journey directly homeward, and not to imitate princes in their progress; step not out of your way to visit a new gossip, to see a new garden house, to smell the perfumes of court jerkins, or to handle other tools than may be fit for your modesty. I would not have you to step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with monsters or [15] motions; but holding your way directly homeward, shew yourself still to be a rare housewife.

Lol. I'faith, I'faith, your black outside will have a yellow lining.

Prate. Content thee, wife, it is but my love that gives thee good counsel. But here comes one of my clients.

Enter DRAP, *a Country Gentleman.*

Drap. Sir, master orator, I am bold to trouble you about my suit.

Prate. Sir, master country gentleman, I am now for present business of the king's.

Drap. You may the better remember me.

Prate. Hey-day! I shall mix your business with the king's?

Drap. No, but you may let his majesty know my necessity.

Prate. Sir, sir, you must not confine me to your seasons; I tell you I will collect mine own leisures.

Enter VELOUPS, *a Citizen.*

Vel. Master orator, is it your pleasure I attend you about my dispatches?

Prate. Sir, it is my pleasure you dispatch yourself from mine incumbrance; I tell you, I am for instant business of the king's.

Vel. Sir, I have borne my attendance long.

Prate. Bear it till your bones ache, I tell you, I cannot bear it now, I am for new business.

Drap. and *Vel.* Yet the old should be dispatched, it was first paid for.

Prate. If you be gentlemen, do not make me mad.

Drap. and *Vel.* Sir, our suits are of great weight.

Prate. If you be Christians, do not make me an Atheist; I shall prophane if you vex me thus.

Enter the Lord MECHANT.

What, more vexation? my lord, my lord, save your breath for your broth, I am not now at leisure to attend you.

Mec. A word, good master orator.

Prate. Not a word, I beseech your lordship: I am for the king's business; you must attend me at my chamber. [*Exit* PRATE.

Mec. Drap. and *Vel.* And every where else; we will not leave you. [*Exeunt.*

Pre. Now methinks my master is like a horse-leech, and these suitors so many sick of the

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[15] *Motions.*—i. e. puppet-shows.

gout, that come to have him suck their blood: O 'tis a mad world.

Lol. Go to, sirrah, you will never leave your crab-tree similies; but pity of me, whom have we here?

Enter ALPHONSO.

O 'tis the Lord Alphonso.

Alph. Mistress, God save: nay, your lip, I am a stranger.—And how doth Mistress Collaquintida? O you are an excellent seasoner of city stomachs.

Col. Faith, my lord, I have done my best to make somebody relish your sweet-meats; but hearkee you, my lord. I have struck the stroke, I have done the deed, there wants nothing but time, place, and her consent.

Alph. Call you that nothing?

Col. A trifle, a trifle; upon her, upon her, my lord; she may seem a little rough at the first; but if you stand stilly to her, she'll fall: a word with you, Master President. [*They whisper.*

Alph. Mistress Prate, I am a soldier, and can better act my love than speak it: my suit you know by your neighbour, my love you shall prove by my merit, to both which my tokens have been petty witnesses; and my body shall seal and deliver upon thee such a brave confirmation, that not all the orators in Sicily shall be able to cancel the deed.

Lol. Truly, my lord, methinks you being witty should be honest.

Alph. Nay, wench, if I were a fool, there's no question but I would be honest: but to the purpose; say, wench, shall I enjoy, shall I possess?

Lol. To enjoy my love, is not to possess my body.

Alph. Tut, wench, they be words of one signification, and cannot be separated.

Lol. Nay, then, I should wrong my husband.

Alph. 'Sfoot, thou shouldst but do for him as he does for the whole world; why, an orator were a needless name, if it were not to defend wrong: then, wench, do as he doth, write by a president.

Lol. O, my lord, I have a husband,
A man whose waking jealousy survives,
And like a lion sleeps with open eyes;
That not a minute of mine hours are free
From the intelligence of his secret spies.
I am a very covert Danae,
Thorough whose roof suspicion will not let
Gold showers have passage, nor can I deceive
His Argus eyes with any policy:
And yet I swear I love you.

Alph. Death of affection, if thou lovest me, as thou sayest thou dost,
Thou canst invent some means for our delight.
The rather sith it ever hath been said,
That walls of brass withstand not willing minds:
And women, when they're prone, make love admired
For quaint endeavours: come, instruct thy wit,
And find some scale to our high height of bliss.

Lol. Then briefly thus, my lord.
To-morrow doth the senate sit to judge
Causes both criminal and of the state;
Where of necessity my husband's place
Must be filled by himself, because his tongue
Must gild his clients' causes. Now, if you please,
All that self-hour, when he is turmoiled
About those serious trifles, to vouchsafe
To visit me, his absence and my care
Shall give us liberty of more delight.
You know my meaning, and I am ashamed
My love should thus betray my modesty;
But make the use according to your fancy.

Alph. What hour assures his absence?

Lol. Eight is the latest time.

Alph. This kiss leave my faith with thee, farewell.
Thou hast given me double glory from thy breath,
Nothing shall lose me time but certain death.
[*Exit* ALPHONSO.

Pre. Truly, Mistress Collaquintida, you are an excellent piece of sweet gall.

Lol. Well, sir, will you lead the way homeward?

Pre. To your bed-chamber, mistress, or your privy lodging. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHYLOCLES *alone.*

Phy. Night clad in black mourns for the loss of day,
And hides the silver spangles of the air,
That not a spark is left to light the world;
Whilst quiet sleep, the nourisher of life,
Takes full possession of mortality.
All creatures take their rest in soft repose
Save malecontents, and we accursed lovers,
Whose thoughts perturbed make us passion's slave,
And rob us of the juice of happiness.
Dear Mariana, shaped in an angel's mould,
Thou thrall'st my senses, and inflam'st my blood;
Love's power by wisdom cannot be withstood.
But see, the morning star breaks from the east,
To tell the world her great eye is awaked,
To take his journey to the western vales;
And now the court begins to rise with him.

Here pass over the Stage a Physician, a Gentleman-usher, and a Waiting-maid.

There goes the physician, the waiting-maid,
And a fine straight-legged gentleman-usher,
The preface to a kirtel all puff-paste;
One that writes sonnets in his lady's praise,
And hides her crimes with flattering poesy.

Enter MARIANA.

But peace! amazement! see the day of life,
Nature's best work, the world's chief paragon.
Madam, one word.

Mar. Ay; so now farewell.

Phy. You do mistake me.

Mar. That yourself can tell:

You asked me one word, which I gave, said, ay,
A word of least use in a virgin's breath;
Urge not my patience then with fond reply.
Phy. Dear lady, lend an ear unto my voice,
Since each were made for others happiness;
My tongue's not oiled with courtly flatterings,
Nor can I paint my passions to the life;
But by that power which shaped this heavenly form,
I am your bond-slave, forced by love's command;
Then let soft pity with such beauty dwell.
Madam, I love you.
Mar. As I am a virgin, so do I.
Phy. But, madam, whom?
Mar. Myself, no lady better.
Phy. But will you love me?
Mar. No, by my chastity.
Phy. I hope you do but jest.
Mar. Nay, I'll keep mine oath.
Men shall abandon pride and jealousy
Ere I'll be bound to their captivity;
They shall live continent, and leave to range,
But men, like to the moon, each month must change;
Yet we must seek that nought their sight displeases,
And mix our wedlock sweets with loathed diseases:
When we consume ourselves and our best beauty,
All our reward is, why, 'twas but our duty.
Phy. Judge not so hard of all for some offenders;
For you are subject to the self-same crimes.
Of men and women always have been had
Some good of each.
Mar. But for the most part bad;
Therefore I'll have none at all, but die a perfect maid.
Phy. That humour like a flower soon will fade;
Once did mine own thoughts sing to that delight,
Till love and you reformed my barbarousness:
Therefore, dear lady, pity my wounded heart.
Mar. A surgeon here for this love-wounded man!
How deep's your ulcered orifice, I pray you tell?
Phy. Quite thorough my heart.
Mar. 'Tis strange, and look so well;
Yet ladies' eyes have power to murder men,
And with one smile to make them whole again.
Achilles' lance to a hair; but do you love me, prince?
Phy. Dearer than my soul.
Mar. Would I could love you!
Phy. Madam, so you may.
Mar. As yet I cannot, therefore let me go.
Phy. O do not leave me! grant me but one request,
And here I vow by that divinest power,
The salt-sea's glorious issue, whose bright sphere
Rules my sick heart, and knows my chaste intent,
That if you please to impose on me that task,
Which neither men nor monster can atchieve,
Which even angels have a dread to touch,
Deeds which outstretch all possibility;
'Sfoot, more than can be thought, and I'll effect,
Or else I'll perish in the accomplishment.
Mar. Let your request fit virgin-modesty,
And you obey your vow, I am content
To give your thoughts contented happiness.
Phy. 'Tis but a kiss I ask, a minute's joy.
Mar. Now Cupid help thee; is thy grief for this?
Keep thy strong vow, and freely take a kiss.
[*He kisses her.*
Phy I have obtained my heaven, and in this touch
I feel the breath of all deliciousness:
Then freely give the sentence of my work,
Muster up all the engines of your wit,
Teach Juno rules beyond maliciousness;
Whate'er it be, I'll die but I'll perform it.
Mar. Thou shalt not kill thyself, nor fight with monsters,
Nor bring the great Turk's beard, to shew thy zeal:
Thy life thou shalt not hazard for my love,
Nor will I tie thee to an endless task;
But even with ease, and gentle tangled knots,
Thou shalt untwine thy clue of miseries.
Phy. Let it have passage; madam, give me my doom.
Mar. Then, Phylocles, knit silence to my words,
And mark thy doom: for thus my stricter will
Loads grief upon thy vainer levity.
Hence, for the space and compass of one year,
Thou shalt abjure the liberty of speech,
Thou shalt not speak for fully twelve months space,
For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
But live like air, with silent emptiness.
Break thou this vow, I'll hold thee for a villain:
And all the world shall know thy perjury.
Phy. Be heaven and earth a witness of my vow,
And mine eternal silence! I am dumb.
Mar. Why so, now shall I not be troubled with vain chat,
Or idle prate of idle wantonness:
For love I cannot, therefore 'tis in vain.
Would all my suitors' tongues I thus could rein!
Then should I live free from feigned sighs and groans,
With, "O take pity, 'tis your servant moans!"—
And such harsh stuff, that frets me to the heart;
And sonnets made of Cupid's burning dart,
Of Venus' lip, and Juno's majesty;
Then were I freed from fools and foolery.
In May the cuckoo sings, then she'll come hither,
Her voice and yours will rarely tune together.
[*Exit* MARIANA.

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. Prince Phylocles, the king would speak with you. [*Speaks louder and louder.*
Prince Phylocles, the king would speak with you.
Prince Phylocles, the king would speak with you.

PHYLOCLES *strikes* FLORIO, *and fells him.*

Flo. The pox rot off your fingers for this blow!
It is coronation-day through all my skull;
There's such a fatal ringing in my brain,
Has won the set, has laid five fingers on;
But 'twas a knavish part of him to play so:
Hear me, ye gods, for this my open wrong,
Make short his fingers as you have his tongue.
[*Exit* FLORIO.

Enter MECHANT *alone.*

Mec. 'Tis not man's fortune, envy, or neglect,
Which makes him miserable, but 'tis mean fate,
Even sole predestination, a firm gift
Fixed to his birth before the world was made.
For were it otherwise, then within our lives
We should find some distractions, errors change,
And other toys of much uncertainty:
But my mishaps are fixed so to my blood,
They have no fire but my creation:
The queen, out of suspicion that my love
First set an edge upon the king's desires,
And made him woo her with a victor's sword,
Casts me from favour, seizes all my lands,
And turns my naked fortunes to the cold.
The king, made proud with purchase of his wish,
Neglects my sufferance for him, and o'erlooks
The low tide of my fortunes; lest my woes
Should speak my wrongs to his ingratitude;
The whilst those lords, whose supple hams have bowed
To do me formal reverence, now despise
And slight me in their meanest compliments:
O 'tis a torment more than hell yet knows,
To be an honest flatterer, or to live
A saint in limbo, which that I may prevent,
I'll be nor best nor worst, but all indifferent.
But here comes a nobleman, I must turn petitioner.

Enter FLORIO.

My lord, may I not see the king?
Flo. You may not.
His majesty is now down pressed with seriousness;
As for your suit, it is with Prate the orator.
I heard his highness give him a special charge
For your dispatch with favour.
Mec. O, but he doth neglect,
And slights me like his weak orations:
And by your lordship's leave, I do not think
His wisdom worthy of the conference.
Flo. Nay, if you will correct the king's coin,
You are not for my conference. Farewell.
[*Exit* FLORIO.
Mec. Why, and fare you well! 'sfoot, this is more than strange,
That, being grieved, I may not say I'm pained.

Enter ALPHONSO.

But here comes another: mine honourable lord,
May I not have some conference with the king?
Alph. You may not; business of greater weight
Imports both him and us: nay, pray you cease;
As for your suit, 'tis with the orator.
Mec. Yet, methinks, 'twere meet——
Alph. That you would rather trouble him than me.
Mec. It's strange.
Alph. It's strange, indeed, to see you wrong your ease.
I am not now for idle conferences. Adieu.
[*Exit* ALPHONSO.
Mec. Why, this is court-grace to men in misery,
And thus these tail-less lions with their roar
Affright the simple herd: O, I could now
Turn rebel 'gainst their pride.

Enter EPIRE.

But here comes the Duke:
My gracious lord, vouchsafe to hear my griefs.
Epire. For God's love cease your trouble, we are all
Troubled with griefs of stranger qualities.
Mec. Words are no heavy burthen.
Epire. No, had I no other weight;
But we are all pressed down with other poise:
As for your suit, it is referred to Prate:
And he must give you fair dispatch with favour;
Which if he slight for envy or for bribe,
Repair to me, and I will not forget
To give you ease, and chide his negligence;
Mean space I pray you leave me, for we all
Are troubled now with greatest miracles.
Mec. Your grace doth do me comfort, and I will
Study with service to deserve your favours;
And so I take my leave. [*Exit* MECHANT.

Enter two Doctors.

Epire. Your own contentments follow you.—
Now, gentlemen, what news within? can this dumb wonder speak?
Have you cut off those lets that tied his speech,
And made your fames to sound through Sicily?
1 *Doc.* All hopeful means that man or art can find
Have we made trial of, but 'tis in vain:
For still, my lord, the cure's invincible.
2 *Doc.* Those organs nature gave to move the tongue
He fully doth possess, as well as we;
Which makes us think his sudden apoplexy
Is either will, vow, or a miracle.
Epire. I should think strangely, had we strange things on earth;
But wonders now are most familiar:
But here comes his majesty, now we shall see
If this dumb beast can speak before the king.

Cornets, and enter CYPRUS, QUEEN, PHYLOCLES, MARIANA, *and Attendants.*

Cyp. My best of friends, my dearest Phylocles
Thy griefs run in my spirit, make me sad,

And dull my sense with thine affliction.
My soul with thine doth sympathize in woe,
And passion governs him that should rule all.
What say you, doctors, is there no hope of help?
1 *Doc.* No hope, my lord; the cure is desperate.
Cyp. Then I am king of grief; for in his words
Found I more music than in choirs of angels.
It was as silver, as the chime of spheres,
The breath of lutes, or love's deliciousness:
Next to my queen, he is my joy on earth;
Nor shall the world contain that happy good
Which with my tears I will not wooe for him.
My lord of Epire, let it be straight proclaimed
Through all the cities in our kingdom's verge,
That whoso will avow to cure this prince,
And bring his work to wished effectualness,
Shall have ten thousand crowns, and our best love:
But if he fail in his great enterprize,
His daring is the loss of present life.
Since no man hitherto could do him good,
The next shall help him, or else lose his blood.
Epire. Your majesty shall have your will performed.
Mar. Not all so soon, dear brother. What if a woman now
Should turn Æsculapius, and restore
This dumb Hippolitus? Nay, do not look strange,
I dare avow and undertake the cure.
Epire. You, sister! are you in your wits?
Mar. Faith, of the outside of them, brother; yet a woman's tongue,
Whose burthen still is superfluity,
May lend a man an age's compliment.
Cyp. Madam, I would not have you [16] with the lark
Play yourself into day-net; this great cure,
I fear, is far beyond your physic's help.
Mar. My lord, you know not how Apollo loves me:
I have been thought as fair as Oenon was,
And dare be bold to claim this miracle.
Cyp. Mariana, attend; glory and ruin compass thee about.
This hand shall raise thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all stiles of dignity;
This cast thee down,
Lower than life's misfortune, and overwhelm
Thy beauties with thy grave. Perform, be great;
Fail, and be worse than worst calamity.
Queen. Stay, gentle friend, my love doth bid thee stay;
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.
Epire. Sister, you shall not grasp with mischief thus;
My blood doth challenge interest in your ill;
And I conjure you from this desperateness.
Mar. Brother, content yourself, words but augment our strife;
I will perform, or else my pawn's my life.
Cyp. Proceed, fair virgin.
Mar. Vouchsafe me privacy: now Venus be my speed.—
Speak, gentle Phylocles, thine oath's bond I untye,
And give thy vows a free infranchisement;
Thy well-kept league hath shew'd thy strength of truth,
And doth confirm me in my virtuousness:
Thy martyrdom and sufferance is too long,
And I restore it to new liberty.
Then speak, my Phylocles, speak, gentle prince,
To her whose love respects and honours thee.
Cyp. How now, what virtue from thy charms?
Mar. No hope is left; dear Phylocles, regard my miseries,
Untye that wilful let which holds in speech,
And make me happy through thy noble pity.
I see the face of mine ill-shaped contempt,
Where like with like hath quit most injury:
Then speak, my lord, utter one angel breath
To give me joy, and save me from strange death.
What, not a word! hath this small silence brought
An utter detestation to thy speech?
Wilt thou not hear, nor speak, nor pity me?
The gentle gods move thee to more remorse!
Cyp. What, wilt not be?
Fond maid, thou hast drawn affliction on thy head,
And thrall'd thyself to worse calamity:
Till morrow's sun thy incantations use,
But then effectless, all hope's desperate:
Wer't thou my bosom love thou dy'st the death;
Best ease for madness is the loss of breath.
[*Exeunt all but* PHYLOCLES *and* MARIANA.
Mar. O, Phylocles, I am no court's disgrace,
No city's prostitution, country's shame,
Nor one shall bring Troy's fire unto thy house:
Turn not away, hard-hearted myrmidon!
See, on my knees I'll follow thee in court,
And make the world condemn thy cruelty.
Yet if my tears may mollify thy heart,
Receive them as the flood of strangest tides;
Turn not thy face from her that doats on thee!
Love now hath made me subject to thy will,
And pale disdain hath ta'en revenge on me.
Behold my nerves I'll wear upon this earth,
And fill this room with lamentations.
What! dost thou smile? hath fury so much sway
As even to banish poor civility?
Then be thyself, and break thine itching spleen;
For I disdain thy ransom's victory.

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[16] ——— *with the lark*
Play yourself into day-net.—So the quartos; we should read *dare net.* Surry, in *Henry VIII.* A. 3. S. 3. says, "and *dare* us with his cap like larks." See Blome's *Gentleman's Recreation.* S. P.

Life, thou art weary brought; welcome, my death,
Sweet because wish'd for, good because my choice.
Yet when I am dead, this of me shall be said,
A cruel prince murdered a loving maid.
And after ages to the unborn shall tell,
Thy hate, my love, thy envy, and my hell.
Nay, do not speak, I charge thee! go, let nothing move thee,
Death is my glory, since thou wilt not love me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO.

Epire. Grief, which controls the motions of our thoughts,
Reigns in my blood, and makes me passion's slave.
My sister's misery torments my soul,
And breaks my gall when I but think of her:
She was bewitch'd with spells to her misfortune,
Or else born hapless under a low'ring star,
And 'tis her fate to be thus miserable.
O, Phylocles, hadst thou no other scale
To mount thy heaven but by our miseries?
Must all the noble fame of our great house
Waste down her royal pillars, to make steps
For thee to climb to glory? Well, I see
Thou plott'st our shames in thy great dignity.

Alph. Patience, great lord; methinks these ill-raised storms
Have not more violence than may be borne;
Come, we will both go sue unto the king,
We there will kneel and pray eternally,
And never rise till he remit his doom.
It shall be so, I will unto the king,
To beg great favour for a small offence:
But if she die for this, then, king, take heed,
Thee and thy fortunes by this hand shall bleed.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHIP, SHAVING, *and others, with a Scaffold.*

Chip. Come, my hearts, let's make all things ready for the execution; here's a maidenhead must be cut off without a feather-bed.

Sha. It's a sign she deals with sharp tools and a cruel headsman.

Chip. If I had been her judge, she should have been tost to death in a blanket.

Sha. No, I would have had her smothered in a feather-bed.

Chip. They say she would not plead at her trial.

Sha. No, that's true, for she had a great desire to be pressed.

Chip. And I have known some of her sex have got that favour to be press'd for speaking.

Sha. Then she was unwise to hold her tongue, being a woman.

Chip. What is her crime, that she must lose her head?

Sha. Because she lived honest, contrary to the statute.

Chip. There is a great number of my neighbours will never suffer for that fault.

Sha. No, nor thou neither, if the truth were known; for my part, I shun that danger.

Chip. I think we are all out of danger of the law for that crime.

Sha. I know I am free, for I am a knave if I have not forgot what wench had my maidenhead.

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. Make room there, his Majesty is coming to the execution.

Chip. Come, now all things are ready, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO.

Epire. Mercy is banished courts; the king, like flint,
Hardens his royal temper 'gainst our 'plaints,
And makes our woes most unavoidable.
What inauspicious star reigned at her birth,
That heaven thus frowns upon her misery?
And, my good lord, now innocence must die,
As white as untrode snow, or [17] culver down.
Kings words are laws, and cannot be withstood;
Yet 'tis false greatness which delights in blood.

Alph. Patience, my lord; I do not think this ill
Is yet so big, as unrecoverable.
The king doth hold you in most choice respect,
And whom kings love, they study to oblige;
Then call your reason home, make not this civil war,
To suffer makes woes lesser than they are.

Epire. How well the sound can [18] salve the sickman's grief!
But oh how ill he can digest his pills!

Alph. O, my good lord, you shall not lose a sister,
That is the joy and comfort of your breath;

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[17] *Or* culver *down*—i. e. dove's down. S.

[18] *Salve the sickman's grief*—Another allusion to the book mentioned in *Eastward Hoe*, see p. 94. There were two books with titles nearly similar; one of them, *The Sickman's Salve*, by Thomas Becon, 8vo, 1561; and the other, *The Salve for a Sickman*; or, A Treatise concerning the nature, difference, and kinds of Death, by William Perkins, 8vo, 1595.

Both of these are referred to frequently in old writings, but no copies of them are now known to be extant. E.

'Tis not your blood shall issue from her wound;
But mine that runs in rivers from her tears,
And drowns my face in her calamity.
Well, let her perish, since her soul is clear;
And for her death, I'll make a massacre.

Enter CYPRUS, QUEEN, PHYLOCLES, MARIANA *bound, a Guard of Halberts, and an Executioner.*

Cyp. Your suits are bootless: for my vows have glewed
And closed mine ears, that they retain no sound
Of your entreaties; and even now the time
Doth run upon his latest minutes, and,
Save but by speech, there's no recovery.
Queen. Have mercy, good my lord: O let my tears intrude
Betwixt your vows and her calamity;
In her you take from me my best of life,
My joy, my comfort, and my play-fellow.
Cyp. Content you, madam, for my vow is past,
And is like fate still unrevocable:—
Ascend, poor model of calamity.
Mar. As lightly burdened with the weight of crimes,
As spotless infants, or poor harmless lambs,
Thus I ascend my heaven, this first step lower
Mounts to this next, and thus hath brought
My body's frame into its highest throne:
Here doth her office end, and hence my soul
With golden wings of thought shall mount the sky,
And reach a palace of pure sanctity.
Farewell, my sovereign; madam, within your thoughts
Make me a tomb, and love my memory.
Brother, farewell; nay, do not mourn my death,
It is not I that die to spot our house,
Or make you live in after-obloquy;
Then weep no more, but take my last adieu,
My virtues, not my faults, preserve with you.
Lastly, to you that are my last of hope,
Nay, do not hide your eyes, I love them still:
To part friends now is greatest charity.
O be thy days as fruitful in delights,
As Eden in choice flowers, thine honours such
As all the world may strive to imitate:
Be master of thy wishes: only this,
When the sad nurse, to still the wrangling babe,
Shall sing the careful story of my death,
Give me a sigh from thy heart's purest breath:
And so farewell.
Exe. Madam, kneel here; forgive me for your death.
Mar. With all my heart, thou art but law's poor hand.
Thus to my death I bow, and yet arise;
Angels protect my spirit in the skies.
[*He offers to Strike.*
Phy. Hold, or thine hand shall be thine own destruction.
Cyp. Never did music sound with better voice.
Unbind the lady.
Flo. The fear of death hath brought her to a swoon.
Cyp. Endeavour her recovery.
Epire. Sister, dear sister, call thy spirits back.
Sister, O sister, hearken to my woes,
Recover breath, and live with happiness.
Queen. She stirs, give way to air that she may breathe:
Speak, Mariana, thy woes are cancell'd.
Mar. You are not charitable unto my moans,
Thus to afflict me with a double punishment:
One death for one poor fault might well suffice,
They are most wretched who twice live and die.
Phy. Madam, to save your life, I kill my soul,
And speckle that which was immaculate.
Black perjury, that open-eyed disease,
Which is the plague-sore of society,
Brands me with mischief, and protests I hold
Nothing within me but unworthiness:
And all these ills are your creation.
Mar. Which to wash off, lo here I yield myself
An humble sacrifice to love and thee;
All my best hopes, my fortunes, and my love,
My faith, my service, and my loyalty,
Shall, as thy slaves, attend on thy commands,
And make me famous in my suffrages.
Cyp. Receive her, Phylocles, for it pleaseth us.
Phy. But not me, my thrice royal sovereign;
I'd rather wed a sooty blackamore,
A leper, monster, incubus, or hag,
A wretch deformed in nature, loathed of men,
Than her that hath bemonstered my pure soul.
Her scorn and pride had almost lost her life;
A maid so faulted seldom proves good wife.
Queen. What is the reason you not love her now,
And were so passionate in love before?
Phy. Not that I love her less, but rather more,
Run I this backward course; only my vow,
Sith unperformed, craves satisfaction;
Which thus I reconcile: When this fair maid
Shall with as strong a love, as firm a zeal,
A faith as constant, and a shame as strong,
Requite my care, and shew as ample proof
In mine extremes, as I have in her death,
Then will I love, enjoy, and honour her;
Till when I will not think a loving thought,
Or give the easy temper of my mind
To love-sick passion or deliciousness;
Only with those which do adore the sun,
I'll give her all respect and reverence.
Mar. I am well pleased, and with a doubtful foe
You have good reason thus to capitulate:
Then hang your colours forth, extend your thought,
Muster your strongest powers of strictest wit;
And, when your reason's best artillery's bent,
Love not my love if't be not excellent.
Cyp. I have not seen a war breed better wit,
Or passion draw on more delightfulness:
Proceed in your contention; for we boast,
That love is best which is approved most.
But now to revels, since our tragic scene
Is turned to comic mirthful constancy;
Instead of mourning, we will dance and banquet,

And fill our empty veins with all delights:
For oft we find that storms and sorrows prove
The best forerunners of a happy love.
[*Exeunt all but* EPIRE.

Epire. He will, but he will not; loves, but cannot like.
Will and affection in this prince are like
Two buckets which do never both ascend;
Or those star twins which shine not in one sphere.
O, Phylocles, I see thy soul grows fat,
And feeds upon the glories of my fame;
But I'll forestal thine epilectic fits,
And by my plots breed thy destruction.
Revenge now rules as sovereign of my blood,
And others ruins shall advance my good,
Which once attained to, I will prove ambitious;
Great men, like gods, are ne'er thought vicious.
Now, Phylocles, stand fast; king, guard thy crown;
For by this brain, you both shall tumble down.
[*Exit.*

Enter VELOUPS *and* DRAP. PRESIDENT *sitting at his Desk.*

Vel. This is his chamber, let's enter, here's his clerk.

Pre. [19] *Fondling, said she, since I have hemm'd thee here,*
Within the circuit of this ivory pale.

Drap. I pray you, sir, help us to the speech of your master.

Pre. *I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;*
He is very busy in his study.
Feed where thou wilt, in mountain or on dale;
Stay a while, he will come out anon.
Graze on my lips, and when those mounts are dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.
Go thy way, thou best book in the world.

Vel. I pray you, sir, what book do you read?

Pre. A book that never an orator's clerk in this kingdom but is beholden unto; it is called, Maid's Philosophy, or *Venus and Adonis.* Look you, gentlemen, I have divers other pretty books.

Drap. You are very well stored, sir; but I hope your master will not stay long.

Pre. No, he will come presently.

Enter MECHANT.

Vel. Whom have we here? another client sure; crows flock to carcases. O, 'tis the lord Mechant.

Mech. Save you, gentlemen; sir, is your master at any leisure?

Pre. [20] *Here, sit thee down where never serpent hisses,*
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.
His businesses yet are many, you must needs attend a while.

Mech. We must attend; umph! even snails keep state
When with slow thrust their horns peep forth the gate.
We must attend! 'tis custom's fault, not mine,
To make men proud, on whom great favours shine;
'Tis somewhat 'gainst my nature to attend,
But when we must, we must be patient;
A man may have admittance to the king
As soon as to these long robes, and as cheap.
Come, gentlemen, shall we walk?
Thus are the pavement stones before the doors
Of these great tongue-gilt orators, worn smooth
With clients dancing 'fore them.

Vel. It's strange to see how the world waits upon them; therein they are the only men now.

Mech. O, only; they of all men in request.
Your physician is the lawyer for your health,
And moderates unruly humours best.
Others are nobody compared with him;
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

Drap. True, and that's it makes these men grow so fat,
Swell with rich purchases.

Mech. Yea with golden fees,
And golden titles too, they can work miracles,
And like creators, even of empty nothing,
Erect a world of goodly livings, fair demeans,
And gallant manors, heaped one on another.

Vel. They gain indeed excessively, and are not like us citizens,
Exposed to hazard of the seas and traffic.

Mech. Why, here's a fellow now, this orator,
Even Prate, you would little think it, his father was
An honest [21] proiner of our country vines;
Yet he's shot to his [22] foot-cloth.

Drap. O, he is! he proined him well, and brought him up to learning.

Mech. 'Faith, reasonable learning; a smattering in the Latin tongue,
A little rhetoric, with wrangling sophistry,
Were his preparatives unto his art.

Vel. After these preparatives, if you call them so,
The physic wrought well; for a few years' practice
Brought him in wondrous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O such a sudden rise
Hath fortune for her minions! blame him not then
Though he look high on't.

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[19] *Fondling, said she,* &c.—These lines are the 39th stanza of *Venus and Adonis*, by Shakespeare.
[20] *Here sit thee down,* &c.—Two lines from the third stanza of *Venus and Adonis.*
[21] *Proiner*—i. e. pruner. Chaucer, in the *Merchant's Tale*, says of Damian, that

"He kembeth him, he *proineth* him, and piketh." S.

[22] *Foot-cloth*—Horse with housings. S.

Mech. Nay, for his pride, of weaker souls termed state,
It hurts none but himself.
Drap. Yet to my seeming it is very strange,
That from so base beginning, men can breathe
Such soaring fames.
Mech. Strange! it's not strange a whit.
Dunghills and marish bogs dart store of vapours,
And viscous exhalations, against heaven,
Which borrowing lustre there, though basely bred,
Seem yet like glorious planets, fairest stars,
To the weak eyes of wondring ignorance,
When wise men know they are but meteors.
But here comes the orator.

Enter PRATE.

Prate. What, President, I say, come and attend me to the senate-house.
Pre. I am ready, sir; if you have *copia verborum*,
I have *copia rerum* in a buckram bag here.
Prate. Your lordship's pleasure.
Mech. Master orator, 'tis not unknown my suit.
Prate. Nay, your lordship must be brief, I'll not attend
The shallow sleight of words; your suit, your suit.
Mech. The restoration of my lands and honours.
Prate. They are confiscate.
Mech. My lands confiscate, and my body free?
Prate. My lord, my lord, the queen's more merciful.
Mech. Sir, you forget my place.
Prate. Sir, you forget your faith:
'Twas known unto the queen, the state, and us,
Your malecontented spirit, your disease in duty,
Your diligent perturbance of the peace!
Your passages, occurrences, and——
Mech. Sir!
Prate. Sir me no sirs;
Do not I know you were the chief of those
Which raised the war in Sicil? and long since
Wrought in the king's loves bloody business?
Did not you hold fair quarter and commerce
With all the spies of Cyprus? fie, I am ashamed
Blind impudence should make you be so bold,
To bear your face before authority.
Mech. But hear me.
Prate. I will hear no reply; go home, repent, pray, and die.
Come, gentlemen, what's your businesses?
Vel. Your confirmation to his highness grant touching our trade with Spain, in which if it please you to assist us, we have a thousand crowns which shall attend you.
Prate. O I have you in my memory, the suit is great:
And I must squeeze forth more than a thousand crowns.
Well, attend me to the senate; you shall have fair dispatches.

[*Exeunt all but* MECHANT.

Mech. I'll not attend the shallow sleight of words,
Go home, repent, pray, and *die*:
Excellent precepts for an orator's chamber,
Where speech must bathe a handful deep in gold,
Till the poor givers conduit being dry,
The wretch goes home, doth curse, repent, and die.
It is thy counsel, orator, thy tale breath,
Good only but to season infamy.
From this reproach, this incaressing humour
Hath taught my soul a new philosophy.
I will go home, and there repent all good
Done to thy name or thy profession
I will go home, and there new frame myself
More thirstily pernicious to thy state
Than war or unabated mutiny.
As for my prayers, orator, they are for thee.
Thou hast a pretty, lovely, witty wife:
O may'st thou live, both to be known and know
Thyself the greatest cuckold in our land;
And yet not dare to amend or grieve at it!
May'st thou embrace thy shame with thankful arms,
Hug thy disgrace, make thy black poison wine,
And cap and crouch to thy dishonour!
May thy remembrance live, upon my knees I pray,
All night in bellmen's mouths, with [23] Pasquil in the day!

Enter ALPHONSO *unbraced.*

Alph. Day be my speed, night shall not cloak my sin,
If I have nought to do, it's by the sun;
The light gives leave to all mine idleness.
Quick business and ope eyes seize on mine orator,
Whilst I create him horny presidents.

Enter COLLAQUINTIDA.

But here's my bed-broker. Now, my great armful of good intelligence, where is my mistress?
Col. Fast locked in her bed with a close ward to devour thee, my brave [24] Paraquito; but hush, no words; there is a calm before the tempest.
Alph. Tut, tell me of no storms; but direct me to her bed-chamber, my noble firelock of a flesh pistol.
Col. Follow thy colours, my brave worthy, mount up thy standard, so enter and prosper.

[*She puts* ALPHONSO *into the Orator's House.*

Thou hast a rich room, safe locks, sweet sheets,

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[23] *With Pasquil*—The name of an image on a post in Rome, to which defamatory libels are affixed. S.

[24] *Paraquito*—A parroquet, or small sort of parrot. See *Altieri's* Italian Dictionary, in the English part. She gives him this name on account of his prating. S. P.

a choice armful, with O the rare, rare thought of imagination.

Mech. What's this, what's this? Doth this lord Alphonso turn the orator to an antelope? 'Tis more than excellent,
And from the juice of this despight I suck
Delight more great than all my miseries;
Observe, dear eyes, observe.

Col. Nay, go thy way for a camel, or a cameleon; thou mayest compare with all Europe, Afric, and Asia; and one that will change tricks, though thou wert worthy to be school-master either to Proteus or Aretine: what an excellent gift did God give unto man when he gave him woman; but how much more when that woman was made fair! But oh, the most of all when she had wit to use every member of her creation. Well, I'll stand to't, there's nothing but beauty, use, and old age, that puts women of my rank out of request; and yet like old bucklers, though few of your gallant cavaliers will wear us, yet many of your stale ruffians will employ us, and that's our comfort still.

Mech. Was ever heard a bawd more damnable!
A very mountebank of wench-flesh, an empiric,
A dog-leech for the putrified sores
Of these lust-canker'd great ones. O I could
Even mad myself with railing at their vices.
[PRATE *knocks at the Door.*
But hark, one knocks;—O for the orator!
Heavens, I beseech thee, O for the orator!

Col. How now, who knocks so rudely at the door?

Prate. 'Tis I; I say, open the door, I am in haste.

Mech. 'Tis he, just heavens, 'tis he! 'fore God the orator.

Col. Soul of my bawdy office, how are we betrayed!
Anon, anon, sir;—what, mistress Prate, I say;
Arise for shame, your husband's at the door;—
I come, I come;—Lord God, how dull you are
When danger's at your heels; rise quickly.

Prate. Open the door, or I will break it ope.

Col. I come, I come; I think he's mad with haste.
What, John; what, Thomas, Robert, where's these knaves;
What, Julian, Mary, Cicely, ne'er a maid within?

Lol. For God's love, stay; I'll find the key straightway.

Enter LOLLIA, *and* ALPHONSO *in his Shirt.*

O, mistress Collaquintida, what shall become of us?

Col. Nay, I'm at my wit's end, and am made
Duller than any spur-gall'd, tired jade.

Alph. 'Sfoot, if he enter I will break his neck.

Lol. Not for a world, dear love! step into my closet.

Alph. Did ever slave come thus unluckily?

Lol. Nay, now's no time for passion, good lord, in. [*Exit* ALPHONSO.

Enter PRATE.

Col. Fie, I have almost broke my heart with running.

Lol. How now, dear husband, what hath moved this haste?

Prate. I think I was not blest this morning when I rose; for through my forgetfulness, I have left behind me in my study the breviates of all my causes; and now the senate is fain to dance attendance on my leisure; fie, fie, fie.
[*Exit* PRATE.

Lol. Nay, if he smell nothing but papers, [25] I care not for his dry foot-hunting, nor shall I need to puff pepper in his nostrils; but see, he comes again.

Enter PRATE, *and, stumbling at his Wife's Bed, sees* ALPHONSO'S *rich Apparel lying thereon.*

Prate. I think the devil hath laid his horns in my way.

Mech. Yes, and if you had wit you might conjure him out of your wife's closet.

Prate. *Sancte Benedicite,* what have we here! Hath the golden snake cast his skin upon our bed? go to, wife, I smell, I smell: methinks your plain rug should not agree with this rich counterpoint.

Lol. Husband, either I have fitted you now, or else I shall never fit you whilst I breathe.
You oft have told me, that like those of your rank,
Who both adorn their credits and themselves,
Yea even their causes, with their costly clothes,
Yourself in like sort would strive to imitate;
And now my neighbour here hath brought this suit,
Which if you please to buy, 'tis better cheap
Than e'er 'twas made by *full* five thousand crowns.

Prate. Say'st thou me so, wench? a kiss for that, i'faith
'Fore God 'tis a delicate fine suit, rich stuff, rare work, and of the newest fashion; nay, if the senate's business were never so hasty, I will stay to try it on; come, help, good wenches, help; so, there, there, there.
[*The Orator puts on* ALPHONSO'S *Apparel.*

Mec. 'Sfoot, will the ox put on the lion's hide?
He will, he will, 'tis more than excellent;
So gild the tomb that holds but rottenness.

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[25] *I care not for his dry foot-hunting*—To draw *dry-foot*, as Dr Gray observes, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot; for which the blood-hound is famed. See Mr Steevens's Note to the *Comedy of Errors*, A. 4. S. 2.

Laughter, I fear, will burst me; look how he struts!
O God, that ever any man should look
Upon this [25] maumet, and not laugh at him.

Prate. Fit, fit, excellent fit, as though
The body it was made for wore my mould:
Wife, I will have it, we'll dispute no price.

Enter VELOUPS.

Vel. Master orator, the senate are set, and can dispatch no causes through your absence; therefore they earnestly entreat your presence.

Prate. I come, I come; good friend, go, say I come.
And, wife, see that you pay for this suit, whatso-e'er it cost. [*Exit* PRATE.

Mech. Not above making you cuckold, that's the most.

Lol. What, is he gone?

Col. He is.

Enter ALPHONSO, *in his Shirt.*

Lol. Why then come forth, poor naked lord.

Alph. What, is he gone? May the devil and his horns both follow him!

Lol. He is gone; but yet he hath discovered your treason.

Alph. How!

Col. Yes, and in revenge thereof hath vowed, that in this naked sort as you are you shall do penance through the city for your sin of unchastity.

Alph. I pray thee, leave thy woman's phrase, and speak like a man, plainly, plainly.

Lol. Then plainly thus, he is gone, and hath taken away your apparel.

Alph. Upon what accident?

Lol. This: when your negligence had left your clothes upon my bed, he espied them, tasked me for the owners; I, in excuse, told him, it was a suit brought by my gossip to be sold; he straight, like a child, proud of a new coat, presently puts it on, presently is sent for to the senate, and at this present hath left you, that the world may behold your naked doings.

Alph. [27] I would it were washed in the blood of a centaur, that when he puts it off, his skin might follow it: but how shall I get to my chamber?

Lol. Truly, I know not, except you will wear a smock's upper coat.

Alph. What, a petticoat? you mad me with your mirth.

Lol. Then, seriously, thus; as he hath ta'en your clothes, you must take his; and let the world know you have had more than fiddlers fare, for you have meat, money, and cloth.

Alph. 'Sfoot, how shall I look in this devil's suit? sure I shall grow sick to see my shape.

Lol. Well, extremity must then be your physic; but, come, you shall attire yourself in my chamber. [*Exit* ALPHONSO, LOLLIA, *and* COLLAQUINTIDA.

Mech. Are these the winding turns of female shames,
Loose woman's gambols, and the tricks of sin?
And are we born to bear these suffrages?
O, he that's tied unto a brothel bed
Feels his worst hell on earth, and may presume
There is no sickness like his pestilence.
Well, what the issue of this jest will prove,
My wit but yet conceives, and after-time
Shall perfect it and give it liberty,
In such sort, that, if it true fire strike,
A world of apes shall study for the like. [*Exit.*

Enter the Duke of EPIRE *alone.*

Epire. My thoughts are troubled, joy forsakes me quite,
And all my meditations are revenge:
Ambition and fell murder join in me,
And aid each other to untwine a state,
And make whole millions prove unfortunate.
Now must I practise court-art flattery,
And wisely temporize with blackest deeds:
I'll smile and stab, now weep, then laugh, then frown,
And with sly tricks of state kill all suspicion;
Devils must seem like angels, saith ambition.
The blackest thoughts I'll study to excel,
Crowns and revenge have made men dive to hell.
My plot is current and it cannot miss,
Whilst wisdom winds me on the clue of bliss.
The king shall kill the queen; that acted right,
I soon will turn his brightest day to night.
He's simple, honest, and loves downy rest;
Then he must fall; 'tis policy in state,
To hurl them down are blest with happy fate.
Thus each shall scourge himself with his own rod,
Who is all policy avows no God.
Who is within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. Did your grace call?

Epire. I did; where's the king?

Flo. He's in his privy chamber playing at chess.

Epire. Go straight, and tell him I must speak with him,

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[25] *Maumet*—A puppet. Mr Tollet supposes it to be a corruption of Mahomet. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr Steevens's Note on *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 3.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. Henry IV. "by the deviacion, and not devinacion of that *maumet* Merlyn."

[27] *I would it were washed in the blood of a centaur*—Alluding to the poisoned garment given by Deianira to Hercules. See *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, B. ix.

And say my business doth import great haste.
Flo. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Epire. Be a blest Mercury; now mount thee up, my spirit,
And shew thyself a politician;
Let slander rule thy tongue, envy thy heart,
And let destruction be thy period
Of what thou speak'st; for this my maxim is,
But rule no heaven, and but revenge no bliss.

Enter CYPRUS, FLORIO, *and Attendants.*

Here comes the king; my lord, we must be private.
Cyp. Remove your hearings from our conference. [*Exeunt* FLORIO, *&c.*
Now speak, my lord, speak freely, as to heaven.
Epire. First with my knee I kiss this prostrate earth,
And humbly beg that which my tongue shall speak,
So it proceed from love and vassalage,
May bear a pardon or forgetfulness.
Cyp. You have it; arise, discharge an open breast.
Epire. O, my dread liege, my speech will make you sad;
(And kings do seldom relish their distastes,)
And from that sadness such a storm will rise
As will even drown up all credulity.
O that my loyal heart could cover sin,
Or that my tongue, inured unto grief,
Might lose its spleen ere it distemper you!
But love, and mine allegiance, bid me speak.
Cyp. Then speak, and do not rack me with delay.
Epire. Women, why were you made for man's affliction?
The first that ever made us taste of grief,
And last of whom in torments we complain.
You devils shaped like angels, through whose deeds
Our forked shames are made most visible;
No soul of sense would wrong bright majesty,
Nor stain their blood with such impurity.
Cyp. Nay, good lord, leave this allegoric speech,
And give me knowledge from a plainer phrase.
Epire. Then plainly thus: your bed is pressed with lust.
I know you do not credit, nay, what's more,
I know you hate me for my virtuousness:
Your queen behaves her like a courtezan.
I know you hold me for a vile impostor;
O foolish zeal, that makes me be so fond
To leave my faith unto black censuring!
O, she hath sinned, and done a double wrong
To you, to her, and sacred chastity.
Cyp. Duke, thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind
Slander is worse than theft or sacrilege,
Nay, more than murder, or the height of treason,
A step beyond the utmost plagues in hell.
Then thou, which in that nature wrong'st a queen,
Deservest a scourge beyond their punishments;
Virtue shall kill thee now.
Epire. Nay, do, my breast is bare unto thy steel;
Kill me because I love thee and speak true.
Is this the merit of a Roman faith?
For this have I observed, pried in unto,
And searched each secret shift of vanity?
Nay, pray you kill me; faith I'll patient stand,
Live still a monster, hold shame in your hand.
Cyp. Speak a word more, a king shall be thy death.
Epire. Death is a slave to him that is resolved,
And my soul lothes this servile flattery;
Nor will I cover such intemperate sin,
But to the world make them and that transparent,
Unless yourself will seek to right yourself.
Cyp. Thou hast awaked me, and thy piercing words
Have split my sense in sunder: yet what ground
Remains whereon to ground suspicion? a cuckold, cuckold, ha!
Epire. Your absence is the bawd to her desires,
For their masks, dancings, gaming, banqueting,
Strange private meetings, and all toils in love,
As wanton speeches to stir appetite,
And all enchantments that inflame desire;
When you return, then all is hushed and still,
And she demurely walks like virtue's ghost:
Before your face she's like a puritan,
Behind your back a blushless courtezan.
Cyp. O I have drank in poison at mine ears,
Which makes my blood boil with unquenched flames.
But speak, who is it that dishonours me?
Epire. He that you prize a line before your life;
I know you will not credit, faith you will not.
Cyp. Nay, if thou cease to speak, thou hatest my life;
Takest thou delight to kill me, then forbear:
'Sfoot, I am mortal man, kill me, do, do, do.
Epire. Your best of friends, your dearest Phylocles,
Usurps your bed, and makes you a cornute.
A creature uncreate in paradise,
And one that's only of a woman's making.
Cyp. Is't possible! can I give faith to this?
Epire. Nay, be but patient, smooth your brow a little,
And you shall take them as they clip each other,
[28] Even in their height of sin, then damn them both,
And let them sink before they ask God pardon,

[28] *Even in their height of sin, then damn them both.*—This horrid sentiment is to be found in too many of our ancient poets.

That your revenge may stretch unto their souls.
Cyp. To be a cuckold doth exceed all grief.
Epire. To have a pleasant scoff at majesty.
Cyp. To taste the fruit forbidden from my tree!
Epire. But he shall lose his paradise for that.
Cyp. The slave will make base songs in my disgrace.
Epire. And wound your reputation in strange lands.
Cyp. This injury sads all my joys on earth.
Epire. Horns are not shunned by wisdom, wealth, or birth.
Cyp. Watch their close meetings, and then give us notice;
Mean space my love shall in thy bosom rest:
My grief is like my birth, great, great and high:
Give close intelligence; till then farewell.
Lust is the broadest path which leads to hell.
[*Exit* CYPRUS.

Epire. He's gone with black suspicion in his heart:
And his soul made a slave to jealousy,
My plots shall drive him to his own destruction;
And I gain both revenge and dignity.
He shall no sooner put his queen to death,
But I'll proclaim her spotless innocence;
All men will hate him for so vile an act,
And mad with rage, depose him from his crown.
Then I will be his death, his state doth give,
Kings once deposed, long after must not live;
For, like a phœnix rare in jealousy,
He shall consume himself in scorching flames,
Whilst from his ashes I a phœnix spring:
Many renounce their God to be a king.
And I'll be one to kill men with a frown,
None dare dispute the actions of a crown.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter FLORIO *and* MECHANT.

Flo. The queen is all for revels; her light heart,
Unladen from the heaviness of state,
Bestows itself upon delightfulness.
Mech. She follows her creation and her sex.
In my conceit it is as vile a thing,
To see the worthy model of a woman,
Who had not been at all but to give life,
And stirring spleen to man's alacrity,
To sit o'erwhelmed with thought, with dark amuse,
And the sad sullenness of grieved dislike;
As to behold an old man in his furs,
Whose well-spent youth had given his age full strength,
To be his country's best physician,
To caper to his grave, and with vain gawds
Trick up his coffin, and upon his tomb,
To leave no knowledge but his levity.
Flo. 'Tis true indeed, and nature in herself
Doth give us still distaste in contraries.
And in my thoughts it is as base to see a woman man,
As see a man a long-robed feminine.
Mech. Well, we forget ourselves, my lord; what, is the music ready? I pray you command the guard to take their halberts in their hands; the ushers should have seen this room perfumed, in faith they are too negligent: here comes the queen.

Enter the Queen, MARIANA, *and Waiting-women,* PHYLOCLES *and other Lords, the King disguised like one of the Guard at the one end of the Stage, and the Duke so likewise disguised at the other end of the Stage.*

Queen. Loud music there, and let the god of harmony
Ravish our senses with delightful airs,
Tuned to the music of the higher sphere;
And with that mortal sign most rarely shew
The joys in Jove's high court, to feast the gods,
Making that place abound in happiness.
Come, noble Phylocles, I seize you first.
Mariana, there are choice of other lords;
In gracing you, it is the king I grace.
Mar. Come, honest lord, 'tis you must stand to me,
The queen in mine doth challenge interest,
And I must fly for shelter to my friends.
Mech. And I'll be glad to be your coverture.
Mar. O no, my lord, not till the weather changes.
Mech. Well, when you please, mean time you do me grace.
Queen. Nay, my lord, there's a lady worth the handling:
Sound music then, fill earth with heaven's pleasure.
Cyp. My queen is out of time, though she keep measure.

Here they dance the first Strain.

Epire. Be lucky villain,
Hit now the mark that mine ambition aims at;
Methinks I see that lean Italian devil, jealousy,
Dance in his eyes: possess him, spirit of rage,
Muffle his understanding with black thoughts,
Let passion govern reason, falsehood truth,
Oblivion hide his age, hate kill his youth.
Cyp. Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,
[29] Even as upon these rushes, which thou treadest:
See how her motions wind about his eyes,
And doth present to him her passions:

[19] *Even as upon these rushes,*—See Note 7 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, and Mr Steevens's Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 4.

Now doth her moistering palm glow in his hand,
And courts him unto dalliance. She dies, 'tis just;
She's slave to murder that is slave to lust.
Epire. Thou curse of greatness, waking-eyed suspicion,
Now help thy poor friends, murder and ambition.

The first Strain ends.

Queen. This strain contained a pretty change.
Proceed unto the next.

The Dance the second.

Cyp. Sin follows sin, and change on change doth wait;
Thy change doth change my love to cruel hate.

Here in this Strain, MARIANA *came to* PHYLOCLES.

Phy. Madam, methinks this change is better than the first.
Mar. Ay, if the music would not alter it.
Queen. Methinks 'tis worse; come, we will have another strain.

They Dance again.

Phy. I'm pleased, let us proceed.
Cyp. Rivals in crowns and beds of kings must bleed.
Can that fair house contain so foul a guest
As lust, or cloak inordinate base desires,
Under so fair a coverture? O yes,
Women can blind our sense when we see best,
And set fair landskapes on inconstancy,
Making us blind with seeing. The dance ends.
Your sins are blackest, breach of love and friends.
Epire. Now to the king; blow rage till it flame hate!
A politician thrives the best in state.
[*Exit* EPIRE, *and enters to the King again.*
Queen. Come, sweet prince Phylocles,
Devise some new delights to shorten time;
This dulness hath no relish in my sense,
It hath no pith; and sloth in my conceit
Is but a type of pride in best constitutions.
Mar. Madam, I'll stand, that a fair woman must be proud, or else a fool.
Phy. I would fain hear that, i'faith.
Queen. Thy reason, wench, I pray thee come, disburse.
Mar. A woman fair is like a full-blown rose.
Queen. Which holds the fair no longer than it grows.
Mar. A woman fair is like the finest gold.
Phy. Which kept from use is good though ne'er so old.
Mar. Nay, good lord, leave a little;
She that is fair is wise, and ought to know it,
For to that end did nature first bestow it.
Now of this knowledge if we be not proud,
We wrong the author, and we are allowed
To rank with senseless beasts, since careless we
For want of pride detract our dignity.
Not knowing it, we know truth in the same,
Not to be proud of truth asks folly's name.
This lesson still is read in beauty's school,
She that is fair and humble is a fool;
For neither knows she how to hold her good,
Or to keep safe the treasure of her blood.
Queen. A notable declamation.
Mar. Nay, madam, by your leave,
Pride gives a lustre to a woman's fair;
Things that are highest prized are ever dear.
Why is the diamond the sapphire's king,
But for esteem and rareness? both which spring
From the stone's pride, which is so chaste and hard,
Nothing can pierce it, itself is itself's guard.
Now what is pride? self-love, our own esteem,
A strength to make us of ourselves well deem:
From whence this maxim I collect 'mongst other,
Who hates herself can never love another.
And, to conclude, man's appetite grows dull
To what it may have, empty hope is full;
To all our sex on earth, maid, widow, wife, and bride,
They happy live, when they live with chaste pride.
Cyp. My queen will speak as much for lust, as she for pride, if the toy take her.
Mech. Your ladyship sows dangerous seed abroad.
Mar. But I hope, my lord, all grounds are not fruitful.
Queen. Well, wench, shalt be the proud woman's champion.
Mar. And I'll defend them against all men, as at single tongue.
Mech. I had rather fight with a giant, than you at that weapon.
Cyp. My lord, go forth, return in your own shape, say I am coming.
Epire. I go, my lord. [*Exit* EPIRE.
Cyp. I'll note their countenance when they hear of me,
Kings often see that which they would not see.
Queen. Dancing hath made me weary, what sport is next?
Phy. What your highness will command.
Cyp. She will command you, sir, to play with her.

Enter EPIRE.

Epire. Madam, his majesty is returned to court.
Queen. Nay, then, away with revels and with sports;
Lie hush, and still this vainer idleness,
It now hath lost his spleen; come, lords, away,
My sun is risen, brings a brighter day.
[*Exeunt all but* CYPRUS *and* EPIRE.
Cyp. Darkness is thy delight, lascivious queen.
And thou wouldst have thy sun pent up in cloud,
If I be he: O falseness, did I for this,
In single opposition hand to hand,
Hazard my royal blood for thee to be
My greatest shame, the scandal of my blood,
Whilst rumour crowns me king of infamy?
But I will be revenged: watch, gentle lord,
When next I see them, they shall taste of death:

Such power hath baseness over great defame,
That monarchs cannot cover their own shame.
[*Exit* CYPRUS.

Epire. My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I do see an even way to rule.
A crown, like a bold champion, bids me on,
And fame shall chronicle mine enterprize:
The queen being dead, I must oppose myself
Against her tyrant husband, that's my claim,
And with strong courage stand the shock of war:
If of myself I can withstand the king,
Then all the land will flock unto mine aid; if not,
The king is God's anointed, my head fits the block,
And that's the worst: yet future times will tell,
I sunk not slightly; for a crown I fell.
[*Exit* EPIRE.

Enter MECHANT *and a Guard of Watchmen.*

Mech. Come on, my masters, you know the tenor of the king's command,
And what in this great business you must do,
Which is to keep him safe, and not vouchsafe
That any creature speak or visit him,
Till he be brought to the presence of the king.
You must not start for bounty, nor for threats,
No though he say he is a nobleman,
As it may be, he may prove mighty born,
Yet what for that? you must perform your office,
Or else expect to taste sharp punishment.

1 *Watch.* Tut, fear not, my lord, we that have had Cerberus' office so many years under a gate, are not to learn now to play either devils or tyrants; let us but see him, and then take no care for his safety.

2 *Watch.* Nay, he shall be put into safe keeping, for my wife shall take charge of him.

Enter ALPHONSO *in the Orator's clothes.*

Mech. 'Tis well devised, see where he comes;
He may not see my presence; think upon't,
Your charge is trusty, and of mighty weight.
Farewell. [*Exit* MECHANT.

1 *Watch.* Fear not: come, my hearts, compass him about, and seize on him all at once, like so many ravens on a dead horse.

Alph. Now an eternal sleep, an apoplex, a swoon,
Seize on their senses, who in this disguise
Shall view or note my vile deformity!
I was bewitched by spells to my misfortune,
Or else star-crossed with some hag's hellishness.
Sure I said my prayers, rised on my right side,
Washed hands and eyes, put on my girdle last;
Sure I met no splea-footed baker,
No hare did cross me, nor no bearded witch,
Nor other ominous sign. O then why
Should I be thus damned in the devil's nets?
Is't possible this habit that I wear
Should become any man? now of my soul,
I loath to see myself, and willingly
I would even vomit at my countenance.

1 *Watch.* Stand, sir, we arrest you.

Alph. Arrest me! why I injure no man but myself.

2 *Watch.* You're the more unkind; he that wrongs himself will not stick to wrong the whole world also.

1 *Watch.* Nay strive not, for we arrest you, by virtue of the king's commission.

Alph. Well, my masters, be careful, you may mistake me.

2 *Watch.* Indeed it is no marvel, you are so like other men.

Alph. Indeed at this time I am hardly like one of God's making.

1 *Watch.* Faith, and I am sure you are no man of a good tailor's making, you are but piece-work.

Alph. Well, yet I may hap to prove a nobleman.

2 *Watch.* A whoremaster, or an unthrift; away with him, and let no man catechise him, upon pain of my displeasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of EPIRE *alone.*

Epire. Roll on the chariot-wheels of my dear plots,
And bear mine ends to their desired marks.
As yet there's not a rub of wit, a gulf of thought,
No rocky misconstruction, thorny maze,
Or other let of any doubtfulness:
As yet thy way is smooth and plain,
Like the green ocean in a silent calm.
Blessed credulity, thou great God of error,
That art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;
By thy great deity he doth believe
Falsehoods, that falsehood's self could not invent,
And from that misbelief doth draw a course
To overwhelm even virtue, truth, and sanctity.
Let him go on, blest stars! 'tis meet he fall,
Whose blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.
But O these shadows have bewitched long,
To threat and not to do, doth malice wrong.
And see, here comes the queen.

Enter the Queen, MARIANA, *and other Ladies.*

Queen. My lord the Duke, your presence and my wish
Jump in an even line together; come, we must to cards,
I have some crowns I needs must lose to you.

Epire. I humbly beseech your highness pardon me,
I have important business of the king's,
Which doth command mine instant diligence.

Mar. Brother, indeed you shall attend the queen;
Another time will serve those state dispatches.

Epire. Sister, content you, the affairs of state
Must give their best attendance on the times;
And great occurrents must not lose their minutes.

Mar. Now I'll stand to it, that to be a statesman or a lawyer is to be of the most thankless

occupation that ever was derived from human invention.

Queen. Why, I pray thee, wench?

Mar. Because they bestow all the laborious toil of the mind until they be forty, that they may live imprisoned in a study-chamber till they be fourscore, only for this world's mammon, a great name and riches, which, like a string between a galley-slave's legs, is the only ease of their fetters.

Queen. A notable construction of a noble labour: but shall we not have your company, my lord?

Epire. My service, madam, but my presence the king hath employed; only if you please, I will send Prince Phylocles to your majesty.

Queen. No creature better; for his skill in play
Is equal with our knowledge. Good my lord,
Send him to my privy-chamber presently.

[*Exeunt Queen*, MARIANA, &c.

Enter PHYLOCLES.

Epire. I will, and send affliction after him;
And see where he comes: my lord, your presence hath
Saved me much labour, and a little care.
I was in quest for your fair company;
The queen, my lord, intreats you earnestly
You will attend her in her privy-chamber.

Phy. Unto what end?

Epire. Only to waste some time at cards with her;
The lazy hours stick heavy on her thoughts,
Which she would lose with some forgetfulness.

Phy. Faith, and play ne'er relished worse within my thoughts;
I know not how, but loaden heaviness
Draws me to be in love with melancholy.

Epire. The fitter for you with more light sports
To chase that blood-consumer from your breast,
Who with a honey-poison doth devour,
And kill the very life of livelihood.

Phy. 'Tis true, and therefore shall your counsel tutor me.
Where is her majesty?

Epire. Gone to her privy-chamber, where she doth expect you.

Phy. I will attend her presently.

[*Exit* PHYLOCLES.

Epire. Do, and I will attend thee to thy grave,
Poor shallow lord, by much too virtuous.
Ho, who's within there?

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. Your grace's pleasure?

Epire. Go tell his majesty that I must speak with him.

Flo. I go. [*Exit.*

Enter aloft to Cards, the Queen and PHYLOCLES.

Queen. Come, my lord, take your place; here are cards, and here are my crowns.

Phy. And here are mine; at what game will your majesty play?

Queen. [30] At Mount-saint.

Phy. A royal game, and worthy of the name,
And meetest even for saints to exercise:
Sure it was of a woman's first invention.

Queen. It is not saint, but cent, taken from hundreds.

Phy. True, for 'mongst millions hardly is found one saint.

Queen. Indeed you may allow a double game;
But come, lift for the dealing; it is my chance to deal.

Phy. An action most, most proper to your sex.

Enter CYPRUS.

Cyp. How now, my waking dragon, thou whose eyes
Do never fall or close through Lethean sleep;
What, is there a Hercules that dare to touch,
Or enter the Hesperian [31] rosaries?

Epire. Speak softly, gentle lord; behold, behold,
The silly birds are tangled in your snare,
And have no way to 'scape your punishment:
See how her eyes do court him, and his looks pay to her
Love a double interest. Fie, fie, they are to blame.

Queen. What are you, my lord?

Phy. Your highness' servant, but misfortune's slave.

Queen. Your game, I mean.

Phy. Nothing in show, yet somewhat in account;
Madam, I am blank.

Queen. You are a double game, and I am no less; there's an hundred, and all cards made but one knave.

Epire. Mark that, of my life she means your majesty.

Cyp. True, I know she holds me as her varlet,

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[30] *At Mount-saint.*—This game is often mentioned in our ancient writers, and what immediately follows sufficiently explains the nature of it. See also Note 12 to *The Wits*, Vol. I. p. 287.

[31] *Rosaries*—Places where roses grow in great abundance.

"——biferique *rosaria* Pæsti." VIRG. S.

And that I am imperfect in her game;
But my revenge shall give me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foul impudence.
Epire. Nay, good my lord, observe, they will confirm you better.
Queen. What's your game now?
Phy. Four kings, as I imagine.
Queen. Nay, I have two, yet one doth me little good.
Phy. Indeed, mine are two queens, and one I'll throw away.
Epire. Doth your majesty mark that?
You are the king that she is weary of,
And my sister the queen that he will cast away.
Phy. Can you [32] decard, madam?
Queen. Hardly, but I must do hurt.
Phy. But spare not any to confirm your game.
Epire. Would you have more plain proof of their foul treason?
They do not plot your highness' death alone.
Cyp. But others which they think depend on me.
Epire. Myself, and those which do you services:
They are bloody-minded; yet for myself,
Were it not for your safety, I could wish
You would remit, and blot these errors out,
In hope that time would bring them to more virtue.
Cyp. O then thou didst not love me, nor thy faith
Took hold upon my scandals; fie, I'm mad,
Shamed and disgraced, all wit-stung wisdomless.
Within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO.

Flo. Did your majesty call?
Cyp. Go instantly,—nay do not look sad or pale,
Neither dispute with me, nor with my thoughts;
But as thou lovest thy life, effect my will,—
Call all my guard, ascend the queen's privy-chamber,
And in my name arrest her and prince Phylocles of treason.
Make no delay, but in thy diligence
Shew how thou dost respect me: arrested once,
Convey them unto straitest prison: away.
[*Exit* FLORIO.
For you, my lord, go instantly prepare,
And summon all the princes of our land
Unto an instant parliament, where we
Will have them both condemned immediately,
Without their answers, plaints, or pitiousness.
Since women's tears do blunt revenge's sword,
I will not see, nor hear them speak one word.
[*Exeunt* CYPRUS *and* EPIRE.

Enter FLORIO, *and a Guard aloft, to the* QUEEN *and* PHYLOCLES.

Flo. Madam, and prince Phylocles, in the king's name I arrest you both of high-treason.
Phy. He lyes that saith I ever knew the word.
Queen. I pray thee do not affright me, gentle lord;
Thy words do carry death even in their sound.
Flo. Madam, I am most sorry 'tis my fortune;
But what I do is by the king's commission.
Queen. Whence is that warrant grounded, or what's our treason?
Flo. I am his instrument, but not his counsellor.
Phy. Madam, be patient; that we do not know
We have no cause to grieve at. As for envy's toil,
Let her even break her own gall with desire,
Our innocence is our prevention.
Be chearful, madam, 'tis but some villain's sound,
Made only to amaze, not to confound.
And what must we do, my lord?
Flo. To prison are the words of my commission.
Phy. Then lead the way; he hath of grief no sense,
Whose conscience doth not know of his offence.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter at one Door EPIRE, *at another* MARIANA.

Epire. How now, mad sister, your dear love is condemned;
A sweet adulterer.
Mar. How! condemned before their trial?
Epire. No, they were condemned by act of parliament.
Mar. I do not hold thee, brother, for a man,
For it is reasonless to mock calamity:
If he die innocent, thrice happy soul;
If guilty, weep that man should so transgress:
Nature of reason thus much doth importune,
Man should partake in grief with man's misfortune.
Epire. For him if e'er mine eyes weep, may they drop out,
And leave my body blinder than my sense:
Pity my foe, the ruin of my house,
My valour's scandal, and mine honour's poison!
No, let him fall, for blood must still quench lust,
Law hath condemned him, then his death is ust.

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[32] *Decard.*—i. e. throw away a card. S.

Mar. Spit out that monster envy, it corrupts you,
And mildly hear me answer for my love.
What did he 'gainst you was not honourable,
Which you 'gainst him would not have gladly done?
Will you hate him for acting your own thoughts?
Can it be ill in him, yet good in you?
Let reason weigh this difference, then you'll find
His honour poizes down his infamy.

Epire. Canst thou love him that brought thee to thy death?

Mar. No, like a God, he made me with his breath.

Epire. Did he not win thy love, and then reject thee?

Mar. His honour, not his love, doth now neglect me.

Epire. Fond maid, thy foolish dotage doth mistake him.

Mar. Hell shall have mercy, ere I will forsake him.

Epire. Farewell, then, sister, friend to my greatest foe,
Revenge strikes home, being ended with one blow.
[*Exit* EPIRE.

Mar. Prevention, thou best midwife to misfortune,
Unfold this ugly monster's treachery;
And let his birth be ominous, struck dead,
Ere it have being in this open world.
Love commands nature; brother, pardon me,
Thine envy dies by my love's liberty.
Invention, heart of wit, possess my brain,
For treason is to treason her own bane.
And you, bright heavens, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may shine through falsehood's leprous spots;
My life I'll hazard to redeem my love,
Firm constancy, like rocks, can never move.
Be bold then, maiden-heart, in his defence;
He saved thy life, thy life's his recompence:
My wit and hopes have furnished me with all
The helps of art to bring forth treason's fall.
Now to the means; some say that gold hath power
To enter without force a gateless tower;
And I'll try that, which if it take fast hold,
I'll never blame them more that doat on gold.
Ho, who's within there?

Enter Jailor.

Jail. Who calls? what would you have? I thought you were a woman, you were so hasty: O, madam, is it you? I cry you mercy.

Mar. My grief speaks loud, sir, and my swift desire
O'er-rules my tongue, makes it keep time with thought;
I long to see a prisoner in this ill-built house.

Jail. What prisoner, madam?

Mar. The worthy prince; the famous Phylocles.

Jail. Madam, I dare not, without especial warrant.

Mar. I have my brother's strong commission; hold, there is gold.

Jail. This golden calf is an excellent idol, and few of my profession but serves it: this dumb god gives tongue to all men, wit to all men, honour to any man, but honesty to no man: and therefore as for honesty I mean not to deal with so dear a commodity, but leave it to my better: madam, those stairs direct you to his lodging.

Mar. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* MARIANA.

Jail. This is a worthy lady, to give thus much for the bare sight of a man in affliction: if he were at liberty, it were nothing; but being as it is, it is most bountiful: but it may be it is for the past hours of former recreation. Well, let it be what it shall be, I am sure it was not that I should hold this disputation: but see, here she comes again.

Enter PHYLOCLES *in* MARIANA's *Attire, and* MARIANA *in his.*

Phy. Madam, my soul cannot consent to leave
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death
Carry such ugly shape, as doth the thought
That you are left in this extremity:
Indeed I will not leave you.

Mar. Will you grow mad? what, shall your nobler spirit,
Which is the school of wisdom, grow so [33] fond,
As to revolt from all our happiness?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whose true events have true proportions;
Then, dear lord, rest resolved, the jailor overhears;
Live you with safety.—Most worthy maid, farewell.

Phy. Farewell, fair prince; thanks, master jailor, and a kind commend.

Jail. As much unto your ladyship. So now I'll lock my doors.
[*Exeunt* MARIANA, PHYLOCLES, *and Jailor.*

Enter CYPRUS, MECHANT, FLORIO, *and Attendants.*

Cyp. Is our commission, as we gave in charge,
Delivered o'er to the corrigidors?

Mech. It is, and with such strictness and advice,
For speedy execution of the same,
That by this time I know they are in the way

[33] *Fond.*—Foolish. See Note 16 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 568.

Unto their execution; for the hour
Of death doth run upon his latest minutes.
Cyp. 'Tis well; for till their shameless lives have end,
There can no comfort creep into my thoughts,
Or aught save mischief keep me company.
Why was I born to this malignity
And lowness of base fortune? yet my place
Above the level of the vulgar's sight?
O it is but to let me know thus much,
That those who lie within the richest graves
Were at the best but fortune's glorious slaves.
But see, here comes my shame.

Enter Corrigidors, QUEEN, *and* MARIANA, *disguised like* PHYLOCLES, *both bound, and a Guard of Halberts, with the Executioner.*

Queen. My dearest lord!
Cyp. Pass, and respect me not, lascivious woman!
Thy tears are like the tears of crocodiles.
See how I stop mine ears against thy plaints,
And glue mine understanding from thy charms.
Nay, call on him thou hast offended most;
Mercy from me were worse than cruelty.
Queen. My dearest dread, my best best sovereign,
Whom I have ne'er offended, but with zeal
And constant love, loyal and honourable,
Vouchsafe me, though a queen, a subject's right,
And let me know for what offence I perish.
Cyp. For thine adulterate and monstrous lust,
Shameful, and gross, and most unsufferable.
Queen. Who doth accuse us?
Cyp. Ourself, and our own soul, that have beheld
Your vile and most lascivious [34] passages.
Mar. O that my tongue would not betray my knowledge!
Then would I amaze them all with mine assertions.
Madam, challenge the law:
Queen. My gracious lord, since no desert in me
Can merit your belief, nor that your eye
Can rightly judge my pure complexion;
Yet as your handmaid let me beg the right,
Due unto wretches from our country's laws.
Cyp. The tenure of the law you do demand?
Queen. That in the case of slander, where the proof
Proceeds as much from envy as from truth,
We are allowed our champions to defend
Our innocence, with a well-ordered sword.
Cyp. I look'd for this objection, and allow it,
Nor am I unprovided for your best
And strongest hope in any victory:
Lords, attend in my champion.

Here the Noblemen go forth, and bring in the Duke of EPIRE *like a Combatant.*

Queen. Will you, my lord, approve the king's assertion?
Epire. Madam, although against the nature of my spirit,
And my first duty, bound to your allegiance,
Yet now, compelled by duty and by truth,
I must of force become your opposite.
Queen. Thou art no true Italian, nor true gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy judgment.
Hath not that arm which now is arm'd against me,
That valour, spirit, judgment, and that worth,
Which only makes you worthy, stood t'approve
More than myself will challenge to my virtues?
And are you now basely turned retrograde?
Well, I perceive there's nought in you but spleen,
And time's observance, still to hold the best:
Still I demand the law.
Cyp. And you shall have it in the amplest manner.
Sound cornets.

Here the Cornets sound thrice, and at the third sound enters PHYLOCLES, *disguised like a Combatant.*

Flo. There is a combatant on the defendant's part;
Your majesty's pleasure.
Cyp. Give him his oath according to the laws.
Flo. Are the fair ends of this your warlike posture,
To prove the innocence of these two condemn'd?
So help you Jove?
Phy. They are.
Cyp. Then give the warlike signal to the fight.

Here the Combat being fought, PHYLOCLES *overcomes the Duke.*

Phy. Thou art my slave, either confess or die.
Epire. Didst thou speak true, I would not sound a word
To save the world from cinders; yet that thou may'st
With more resolved fury murder me,
This I confess; 'twas I that only stirr'd,
Out of strong falsehood's hate and jealousy,
The king's eternal wrath, and made him think
Untruths, that even untruth would not suggest:
And all my malice sprung from that prince Phylocles.
Phy. No, 'twas from me, that still am Phylocles.
Cyp. My Phylocles, my queen! O double pardon me,
My jealousy, his envy, and your virtues,

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[34] *Passages.*—i. e. what *hath* passed between you. See Notes of Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens to *All's well that ends well*, A. I. S. I.

Are sprung from such impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them; yet O pardon me;
My faith in life shall make you recompence.
For thee, rare Mariana, thou hast wrought
A work of noble constant magnitude.
As for this monster, this my tempting devil,
Whose forfeit life is witness to his shame,
I give his life and fortunes to the queen.
She, whom his malice would have brought to death,
Shall now be judge and juror of his breath.

Mar. In which commission, madam, let it be inroll'd,
He is my brother and my best of blood.

Queen. And only that is charter for his life:
Live, envious lord, more envious than thou'rt great,
Live to lament thy worst of wretchedness,
Live to repent, since this I certain know,
Thine own galled conscience will be thy worst woe.

Enter a Guard of Watchmen with ALPHONSO.

1 *Watch.* Come, bring him away, thrust him forward, though favour and a great purse were against him.

Cyp. How now, what tumult have we there?

2 *Watch.* An't please your majesty, we have brought you here [35] a slip, a piece of false coin; one that is neither stampt with true coin for his excuse, nor with good clothes for his redemption.

Cyp. Alphonso! in the name of madness, how comes this metamorphosis? nay stand forth, discourse; if thou dost lye, thou art mine enemy.

Mech. Nay more, if thou stick in any bog, and by a trick seek to wind out, I will discover you.

Alph. This conjuration, believe it, my lord, shall make me leap out of all fetters, and briefly thus: I have long time loved the fair wife of the orator; and having no opportunity but his absence at the senate, I took that season: he, out of negligence, omitting his papers, returned unseasonably, found me insufficiently, and forced to take sanctuary strangely, which however I purchased, yet he found mine apparel, and, mistaken in the tenure, reached it presently, put it on immediately; and now in the senate-house is pleading it seriously.

Cyp. I cannot blame him, you having got so much within his inward garment.

Mech. Of all which, my lord, I being (in a strict conceit) a bawdy witness; and having both from the orator's scorns and delays received many indignities; thought by this discovery to cry quittance with my proud enemy.

Cyp. And you have amply done it; yet this jest
So perfect doth deserve more memory.
Florio, go bid the orator attend us presently.
[*Exit* FLORIO.
And now to you, Drap and Veloups, I did
Refer you long since to the orator.
Yet I note your attention: come, there is
Some too close-fisted hardness in your hearts;
You gripe too hard, your bribes will not disburse;
Come tell me truly, as you look for heaven,
What must you pay for your dispatches?

Drap and Vel. A thousand crowns we offer'd willingly.

Cyp. And will your suit avail with such disbursement?

Drap and Vel. It will, and we most richly satisfied.

Cyp. We'll see the business perfected.

Drap and Vel. With all our hearts, and be full joy'd thereat;
Here are the crowns.

Cyp. You shall have your dispatches.

Enter PRATE *and* FLORIO.

See, here comes the orator. Prate, come hither;
These gentlemen, whom long since I referred
To your dispatches, are yet unsatisfied.

Prate. Alas, my lord, the state——

Cyp. I know employs you, yet there's many minutes
May give your best cares leisure: come, there is
Some odd disburse, some bribe, some gratulance,
Which makes you lock up leisure: come tell true,
What bribe must they give, what is your utmost price?

Prate. But five hundred crowns, of my best conscience.

Cyp. Tut, it is nothing, hold, here's the coin,
And let them have their patents presently;
Or look to lose both place and sovereignty.

Prate. Legions of devils haunt their diligence!

Cyp. Fie, I would not have a man of your high place,
Or for respect of wealth, or base observance,
In smallest things thus to neglect your credit.
Why look you, my lords, this orator is not like others of his rank,
Who, from their gainish and fantastic humours,
Go through the streets, spotted with peacock's plumes,
Wearing all colours, laces, broideries,
Sattins and silk, so antic garnished,
That when their gowns are off, you cannot find

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[35] *A slip, a piece of false coin*—See Note 55 to *A Mad World my Masters.* Again, in Day's *Law Tricks*, 1608, A. 3:

"A guilded *slip* carryes as faire a show
As perfect gold, guilt honour may do so.
But put your *slip* to triall, the slight gold
Is soone rubb'd of."

In Italy a master shaped more nice.
But this fellow Prate here's of another sort,
Clothed like himself, demure and soberly;
Nay, you shall see him for a president.
[*Ungowns the Orator.*
Passion of mine eye-sight! who have we here?
This is Alphonso, there's the orator.
Prate. Heart of impatience, I am then a cuckold!
A scorn, a by-word, and a laughing stock.
What, is my wife turn'd whore? and must her depth
Be sounded by [36] the plumbs of foreigners?
Well, the revenge that I will take for this my shame,
Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.
Cyp. Not for thy life, not for my love, I charge thee:
Thy wife is honest, chaste, and virtuous;
Only this wanton lord, with lust and coin,
Hath much attempted, but prevailed in nought.
For proof, see here the crowns he would have given
To have purchased her bed's honour, but she would not;
Which I bestow on you for recompence.
Therefore as thou dost hope my grace to find,
So to thy wife be loving, gentle, kind.
Prate. Your majesty may mould me to your pleasure.
Cyp. I thank you, and will quittance it.
Now, Mechant, we restore you to your lands,
Your honours and near places, next ourself:
To all that feel distaste in any sore,
We give to cure them all our grace and favour.
Thus storms bring gentle sun-shine; and our hands
May, after shipwreck, bring us to safe lands.
[*Exeunt.*

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Dumbe Knight. A Historicall Comedy, acted sundry times by the children of his Majesties Revels. London, printed by Nicholas Okes, for John Bache, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's-head Palace, neere to the Royall Exchange." 1608. 4to.

(2.) "The Dumbe Knight. An Historicall Comedy, acted sundry times by the children of his Majesties Revells. London, printed by A. M. for William Sheares, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Chancery-Lane, near Seriant's Inne." 1633. 4to.

[36] *The plumbs*—i. e. the plummets. S.

THE

MISERIES OF INFORCED MARRIAGE.[1]

GEORGE WILKINS, *like many other minor poets of his time, hath had no memorials concerning him transmitted to us. He wrote no play alone, except that which is here reprinted; but he joined with John Day and William Rowley, in "The Travels of the Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley, an Historical Play, printed in 4to, 1607." He was also the author of Three*[2] *Miseries of Barbary, Plague, Famine, Civill Warre. 4to. B. L. No date.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR FRANCIS ILFORD.
WENTLOE.
BARTLEY.
WILLIAM SCARBOROW.
THOMAS SCARBOROW, } *His Brothers.*
JOHN SCARBOROW, }
Sir JOHN HARCOP.
Lord FALCONBRIDGE.
Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.
Doctor BAXTER,
GRIPE, *the Usurer.*

Butler.
Clown.
Secretary.
Steward.
Page.
Children.

CLARE, *Daughter to Sir John Harcop.*
KATHERINE, *Wife to William Scarborow.*
Sister to William Scarborow.

ACT I.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ILFORD, WENTLOE, *and* BARTLEY.

Bart. But Frank, Frank, now we are come to the house, what shall we make to be our business?

Ilf. Tut, let us be impudent enough, and good enough.

Went. We have no acquaintance here but young Scarborow.

Ilf. How, no acquaintance? Angels guard us from thy company. I tell thee, Wentloe, thou

[1] "This Comedy (as Langbaine improperly calls it) has been a great part of it revived by Mrs Behn under the title of *The Town Fop, or Sir Timothy Tawdry.*"

[2] Catalogue of the Library of John Hutton. Sold at Essex-House, 1764, p. 121.

not worthy to wear [3]gilt spurs, clean linen, nor good clothes.

Went. Why, for God's sake?

Ilf. By this hand, thou art not a man fit to table at an ordinary, keep knights company to bawdy-houses, not beggar thy tailor.

Went. Why, then, I am free from cheaters, clear from the pox, and escape curses.

Ilf. Why, dost thou think there is any Christians in the world?

Went. Aye, and Jews too, brokers, puritans, and serjeants.

Ilf. Or dost thou mean to beg after charity, that goes in a cold suit already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here? I tell thee, Wentloe, thou canst not live on this side of the world, feed well, [4]drink tobacco, and be honoured into the presence, but thou must be acquainted with all sorts of men; aye, and so far in too, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bart. True, and then you shall be accounted a gallant of good credit.

Enter Clown.

Ilf. But stay, here is a scrape-trencher arrived. How now, [5]blue bottle, are you of the house?

Clown. I have heard of many black jacks, sir, but never of a blue bottle.

Ilf. Well, sir, are you of the house?

Clown. No, sir, I am twenty yards without, and the house stands without me.

Bart. Pr'ythee, tell's who [6]owes this building?

Clown. He that dwells in it, sir.

Ilf. Who dwells in it then?

Clown. He that owes it.

Ilf. What's his name?

Clown. I was none of his god-father.

Ilf. Does master Scarborow lie here?

Clown. I'll give you a rhime for that, sir:
Sick men may lie, and dead men in their graves,
Few else do lie a-bed at noon, but drunkards, punks, and knaves.

Ilf. What am I the better for thy answer?

Clown. What am I the better for thy question?

Ilf. Why, nothing.

Clown. Why then, of nothing comes nothing.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Went. 'Sblood, this is a philosophical fool.

Clown. Then I, that am a fool by art, am better than you that are fools by nature. [*Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

Ilf. And well encountered, my little villain of fifteen hundred a-year. 'Sfoot, what makest thou here in this barren soil of the north, when thy honest friends miss thee at London?

Scar. Faith, gallants, 'tis the country where my father lived, where first I saw the light, and where I am loved.

Ilf. Loved, aye as courtiers love usurers, and that is just as long as they lend them money.—Now dare I lay—

Went. None of your land, good knight, for that is laid to mortgage already.

Ilf. I dare lay with any man that will take me up.

Went. Who list to have a lubberly load.

Ilf. Sirrah wag, this rogue was son and heir to Antony Now-now, and Blind Moon. And he must needs be a scurvy musician, that hath two fiddlers to his fathers: but tell me in faith, art thou not, nay I know thou art, called down into the country here by some hoary knight or other, who, knowing thee a young gentleman of good parts, and a great living, hath desired thee to see some pitiful piece of his workmanship, a daughter I mean: is it not so?

Scar. About some such preferment I came down.

Ilf. Preferment's a good word: And when do you commence into the cuckolds' order, the preferment you speak of? [7]when shall we have gloves: when, when?

Scar. Faith, gallants,
I have been guest here but since last night.

Ilf. Why, and that is time enough to make up a dozen marriages, as marriages are made up now a-days. For look you, sir, the father, according

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[3] *Gilt spurs.*—These were among the articles of extravagance in which the youth of the times used to indulge themselves. They are mentioned by Fennor, in *The Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 32.—"—— thinkes himselfe much graced (as to be much beholding to them) as to be entertained among gallants, that were wrapt up in sattin suites, cloakes lined with velvet, that scorned to weare any other then beaver hats and gold bands, rich swords and scarfes, silke stockings, and gold-fringed garters, or russet bootes and *gilt spurres*, and so compleate cape ape, that he almost dares take his corporal oath the worst of them is worth (at least) a thousande a yeare, when heaven knowes the best of them all for a month, nay, sometimes a yeare together, have their pockets worse furnished then Chandelor's boxes, that have nothing but twopences, pence, halfepence, and leaden tokens in them."

[4] *Drink tobacco.*—See Note 38 to the Second Part of the *Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 586.

[5] *Blue bottle.*—Alluding to the colour of the habits of servants. See Note 8 to the Second Part of the *Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 564.

[6] *Owes*—i. e. owns. See Note 27 to *Cornelia*.

[7] *When shall we have gloves.*—A custom still observed at weddings.

to the fashion, being sure you have a good living, and without encumbrance, comes to you thus:—takes you by the hand thus—wipes his long beard thus—or turns up his mustacho thus—walks some turn or two thus—to shew his comely gravity thus—and having washed his foul mouth thus—at last breaks out thus—

Went. O God! let us hear no more of this!

Ilf. Master Scarborow, you are a young gentleman; I knew your father well, he was my worshipful good neighbour, for our demeans lay near together. Then, sir, you and I must be of more near acquaintance. At which, you must make an eruption thus—O God, sweet sir—

Bart. 'Sfoot, the knight would have made an excellent Zany, in an Italian comedy.

Ilf. Then he goes forward thus:—Sir, myself am lord of some thousand a year, a widower, (master Scarborow,) I have a couple of young gentlewomen to my daughters, a thousand a-year will do well divided among them; ha, wilt not, master Scarborow?—At which you, out of your education, must reply thus,—the portion will deserve them worthy husbands: on which tinder he soon takes fire, and swears you are the man his hopes shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Went. If I did not like her, should he swear to the devil, I would make him forsworn.

Ilf. Then putting you, and the young pugs too, in a close room together—

Went. If he should lie with her there, is not the father partly the bawd?

Ilf. Where the young puppet, having the lesson before from the old fox, gives the son half a dozen warm kisses, which, after her father's oaths, takes such impression in thee, thou straight call'st, by Jesu, mistress, I love you:—when she has the wit to ask, but, sir, will you marry me? and thou, in thy cock-sparrow humour, repliest, Aye, before God, as I am a gentleman will I; which the father over-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, swears he is glad to see this; nay, he will have you contracted straight, and for a need makes the priest of himself.

Thus in one hour, from a quiet life,
Thou art sworn in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bart. But can they love one another so soon?

Ilf. Oh, it is no matter now-a-days for love; 'tis well, and they can but make shift to lie together.

Went. But will your father do this too, if he know the gallant breathes himself at some two or three bawdy houses in a morning?

Ilf. Oh the sooner; for that and the land together, tell the old lad, he will know the better how to deal with his daughter.

The wise and ancient fathers know this rule,
Should both wed maids, the child would be a fool.

Come, wag, if thou hast gone no further than into the ordinary fashion, meet, see, and kiss, give over: marry not a wife to have a hundred plagues for one pleasure: let's to London, there's variety; and change of pasture makes fat calves.

Scar. But change of women bald knaves, sir knight.

Ilf. Wag, and thou beest a lover but three days, thou wilt be heartless, sleepless, witless, mad, wretched, miserable, and indeed a stark fool. And by that thou hast been married but three weeks, though thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara avis*, thou wouldst be a man monstrous, a cuckold, a cuckold.

Bart. And why is a cuckold monstrous, knight?

Ilf. Why, because a man is made a beast by being married. Take but example thyself from the moon; as soon as she is delivered of her great belly, doth she not point at the world with a pair of horns, as who should say, Married men, some of ye are cuckolds.

Scar. I construe more divinely of their sex,
Being maids, methinks they are angels: and being wives,
They are sovereigns, cordials that preserve our lives,
They are like our hands that feed us; this is clear,
They renew man, as spring renews the year.

Ilf. There's ne'er a wanton wench that hears thee, but thinks thee a coxcomb for saying so: marry none of them; if thou wilt have their true characters, I'll give it thee.—Women are the purgatory of men's purses, the paradise of their bodies, and the hell of their minds; marry none of them. [8] Women are in churches saints, abroad angels, at home devils. Here are married men enough, know this: marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custom, shew sharp wit
Only in speaking ill; and practise it
Against the best of creatures, divine women,
Who are God's agents here, and the heavenly eye
By which this orb hath her maturity:
Beauty in women gets the world with child,
Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wild.
They are the stems on which do angels grow,
From whence virtue is stiled, and arts do flow.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP, *and his Daughter* CLARE.

Ilf. Let them be what flowers they will; and they were roses, I will pluck none of them for pricking my fingers. But soft, here comes a voide

[8] *Women are in churches*, &c.—See Mr Steevens's Note on *Othello*, A. 2. S. 1.

for us: and I see, do what I can, as long as the world lasts, there will be cuckolds in it. Do you hear, child, here's one come to blend you together: he has brought you a kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands.

Though thou hadst Argus' eyes, be sure of this,
Women have sworn with more than one to kiss.

Har. Nay, no parting, gentlemen. Hem!

Went. 'Sfoot, does he make punks of us, that he hems already?

Har. Gallants,
Know old John Harcop keeps a wine cellar,
Has travelled, been at court, known fashions,
And unto all bear habit like yourselves,
The shapes of gentlemen, and men of sort,
I have a health to give them ere they part.

Went. Health, knight? not as drunkards give their healths I hope; to go together by the ears when they have done?

Har. My healths are welcome: welcome, gentlemen.

Ilf. Are we welcome, knight, in faith?

Har. Welcome in faith, sir.

Ilf. Pr'ythee tell me, hast not thou been a whoremaster?

Har. *In youth I swilled my fill at Venus' cup,*
Instead of full draughts now, I am fain to sup.

Ilf. Why then thou art a man fit for my company:
Dost thou hear? he is a good fellow of our stamp.
Make much of his father. [*Exeunt.*

Manent SCARBOROW *and* CLARE.

Scar. The father and the gallants have left me here with a gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her I am a villain: heaven grant her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sex, but to speak to me first: for, by this hand, I have not so much steel of immodesty in my face, to parley to a wench without blushing. I'll walk by her, in hope she can open her teeth.—Not a word?—Is it not strange a man should be in a woman's company all this while, and not hear her tongue!—I'll go further.—God of his goodness! not a syllable. I think if I should take up her clothes too, she would say nothing to me.—With what words too does a man begin to wooe?—Gentlewoman, pray you what is't a clock?

Clare. Troth, sir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I answer you, I cannot tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell, beauty, I take the adage for my reply: you are naught to keep sheep.

Clare. Yet I am big enough to keep myself.

Scar. Pr'ythee tell me, are you not a woman?

Clare. I know not that neither, till I am better acquainted with a man.

Scar. And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clare. To distinguish betwixt himself and myself.

Scar. Why, I am a man.

Clare. That's more than I know, sir.

Scar. To approve I am no less, thus I kiss thee.

Clare. And by that proof I am a man too, for I have kissed you.

Scar. Pr'ythee tell me, can you love?

Clare. O Lord, sir, three or four things: I love my meat, choice of suitors, clothes in the fashion, and, like a right woman, I love to have my will.

Scar. What think you of me for a husband?

Clare. Let me first know, what you think of me for a wife.

Scar. Troth, I think you are a proper gentlewoman.

Clare. Do you but think so?

Scar. Nay, I see you are a very perfect proper gentlewoman.

Clare. It is great pity then I should be alone, without a proper man.

Scar. Your father says I shall marry you.

Clare. And I say God forbid, sir: I am a great deal too young.

Scar. I love thee, by my troth.

Clare. O pray you do not so; for then you stray from the steps of gentility: the fashion among them is to marry first, and love after by leisure.

Scar. That I do love thee, here by heaven I swear,
And call it as a witness to this kiss.

Clare. You will not enforce me, I hope, sir?

Scar. Make me this woman's husband! thou art my Clare,
Accept my heart, and prove as chaste as fair.

Clare. O God! you are too hot in your gifts should I accept them, we should have you plead nonage, some half a year hence, sue for reversement, and say the deed was done under age.

Scar. Pr'ythee do not jest.

Clare. No; God is my record I speak in earnest; and desire to know, whether ye mean to marry me, yea or no?

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my loving wife.

Clare. For better, for worse?

Scar. Aye, till death us [9]depart, love.

Clare. Why, then, I thank you, sir; and now I am like to have

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[9] *Depart*—i. e. part. In this sense the word was formerly used, as in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 7. "Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money," &c.

That I long looked for—a husband.
How soon from our own tongues is the word said,
Captives our maiden-freedom to a head!
Scar. Clare, you are now mine, and I must let you know,
What every wife doth to her husband owe:
To be a wife, is to be dedicate,
Not to a youthful course, wild, and unsteady,
But to the soul of virtue, obedience,
Studying to please, and never to offend.
Wives have two eyes created, not like birds
To roam about at pleasure, but for two centinels,
To watch their husbands' safety as their own.
Two hands; the one's to feed him, the other herself.
Two feet; and one of them is their husband's.
They have two of every thing, only of one,
Their chastity; that should be his alone.
Their very thoughts they cannot term [10] their own.
Maids being once made wives, can nothing call
Rightly their own; they are their husbands all:
If such a wife you can prepare to be,
Clare, I am yours, and you are fit for me.
Clare. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duty, so do men.
Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Clothe them in winter, tender them in age:
Or as ewes love unto their eanlings lives,
Such should be husbands' custom to their wives.
If it appear to them they have strayed amiss,
They only must rebuke them with a kiss;
Or clock them, as hens' chickens, with kind call,
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all:
No jars must make two beds, no strife divide them,
Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is given,
Death only parts, since they are knit by heaven:
If such a husband you intend to be,
I am your Clare, and you are fit for me.
Scar. By heaven—
Clare. Advise before you swear, let me remember you;
Men never give their faith, and promise marriage,
But heaven records their oath: if they prove true,
Heaven smiles for joy; if not it weeps for you:
Unless your heart, then, with your words agree,
Yet let us part, and let us both be free.
Scar. If ever man, in swearing love, swore true,
My words are like to his. Here comes your father.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP, ILFORD, WENTLOE, BARTLEY, *and Butler.*

Har. Now, master Scarborow?
Scar. Prepared to ask how you like that we have done,
Your daughter's made my wife, and I your son.
Har. And both agreed so?
Both. We are, sir.
Har. Then long may you live together, have store of sons!
Ilf. 'Tis no matter who is the father.
Har. But, son, here is a man of yours is come from London.
But. And brought you letters, sir.
Scar. What news from London, Butler?
But. The old news, sir; the ordinaries are full of cheaters, some citizens are bankrupts, and many gentlemen beggars.
Scar. Clare, here is an unwelcome pursuivant; My lord and guardian writes to me, with speed I must return to London.
Har. And you being ward to him, son Scarborow,
And know him great, it fits that you obey him.
Scar. It does, it does; for by an ancient law,
We are born free heirs, but kept like slaves in awe.
Who are for London, gallants?
Ilf. Switch and spur, we will bear you company.
Scar. Clare, I must leave thee; with what unwillingness,
Witness this dwelling kiss upon thy lip;
And though I must be absent from thine eye,
Be sure my heart doth in thy bosom lie;
Three years I am yet a ward, which time I'll pass,
Making thy faith my constant looking-glass,
Till when—
Clare. Till when you please, where'er you live or lie,
Your love's here worn, your presence in my eye.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord FALCONBRIDGE *and Sir* WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Lord. Sir William,
How old say you is your kinsman, Scarborow?
Wil. Eighteen, my lord, next Pentecost.
Lord. Bethink you, good sir William,
I reckon thereabout myself; so by that account
There's full three winters yet he must attend,
Under our awe, before he sue his livery:
Is't not so?

Cynthia's Revels, A. 1. S. 4.: "It is a relic I could not so easily have *departed* with."
Ibid. A. 2. S. 4.: "He will not *depart* with the weight of a soldered crown."
Ibid. A. 4. S. 2.: "I have denied it princes; nevertheless to you (the true female twins of perfection) I am won to *depart* with all."
The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Shakespeare and Fletcher, A. 2. S. 1.: "I may *depart* with little while I live."

[10] Them one. First edition.

Wil. Not a day less, my lord.
Lord. Sir William, you are his uncle, and I must speak,
That am his guardian; would I had a son
Might merit commendation [11] equal with him.
I'll tell you what he is; he is a youth,
A noble branch, increasing blessed fruit,
Where caterpillar vice dare not to touch:
He is himself with so much gravity,
Praise cannot praise him with hyperbole:
He is one whom older look upon as on a book,
Wherein are printed noble sentences
For them to rule their lives by. Indeed he is one,
All emulate his virtues, hate him none.
Wil. His friends are proud, to hear this good of him.
Lord. And yet, sir William, being as he is,
Young and unsettled, though of virtuous thoughts,
By genuine disposition, yet our eyes
See daily precedents, hopeful gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their own will,
Divert the good is looked from them to ill;
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note:
With company they keep, such revelling
With panders, parasites, prodigies of knaves,
That they sell all, even their old fathers graves.
Which to prevent, we'll match him to a wife;
Marriage restrains the scope of single life.
Wil. My lord speaks like a father for my kinsman.
Lord. And I have found him one of noble parentage,
A niece of mine; nay I have broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure,
As also for the good appears in him,
She is pleased of all that's hers to make him king.
Wil. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage.

Enter Doctor BAXTER.

Lord. Also, I have appointed Doctor Baxter,
Chancellor of Oxford, to attend me here:
And see he is come.—Good master Doctor.
Bax. My honourable lord!
Wil. [12] I have possessed you with this business, master Doctor.
Bax. To see the contract 'twixt your honoured niece and master Scarborow.
Lord. 'Tis so, and I did look for him by this.
Bax. I saw him leave his horse as I came up.
Lord. So, so.
Then he will be here forthwith: you, master Baxter,
Go usher hither straight young Katherine;
Sir William here and I will keep this room till you return. [*Exit Doctor.*

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scar. My [13] honourable lord!
Lord. 'Tis well done, Scarborow.
Scar. Kind uncle!
Wil. Thanks, my good coz.
Lord. You have been welcome in your country, Yorkshire?
Scar. The time that I spent there, my lord, was merry.
Lord. 'Twas well, 'twas very well; and in your absence,
Your uncle here and I have been bethinking
What gift betwixt us we might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignity might bring,
With fair increase, as from a crystal spring.

Enter Doctor and KATHERINE.

Scar. My name is bound to your beneficence,
Your hands have been to me like bounty's purse,
Never shut up; yourself my foster-nurse:
Nothing can from your honour come, prove me so rude,
But I'll accept, to shun ingratitude.
Lord. We accept thy promise, now return thee this,
A virtuous wife; accept her with a kiss.
Scar. My honourable lord—
Lord. Fear not to take her, man: she will fear neither,
Do what thou canst, being both a-bed together.
Scar. O but, my lord—
Lord. But me a dog of wax; come kiss, and agree,
Your friends have thought it fit, and it must be.
Scar. I have no hands to take her to my wife.
Lord. How, sauce-box?
Scar. O pardon me, my lord; the unripeness of my years,
Too green for government, is old in fears
To undertake that charge.
Lord. Sir, sir, aye and sir knave, then here is a mellowed experience knows how to teach you.
Scar. O God!
Lord. O Jack!
[14] Have both our cares, your uncle and myself,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A maid, a niece of mine, both fair and chaste;
And must we stand at your discretion?
Scar. O good my lord,
Had I two souls, then might I have two wives:
Had I two faiths, then had I one for her;
Having of both but one, that one is given

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[11] *equal*—even. First edition.
[12] *I have possessed you.*—See Note 7 to *The City Night-cap*.
[13] *Honourable*—Honoured. Second and third editions.
[14] *Have*—How. First edition.

To sir John Harcop's daughter.
Lord. Ha, ha, what's that? let me hear that again.
Scar. To sir John Harcop's Clare I have made an oath.
Part me in twain, yet she's one half of both.
This hand, the which I wear, it is half hers:
Such power hath faith and troth 'twixt couples young,
Death only cuts that knot tied with the tongue.
Lord. And have you knit that knot, sir?
Scar. I have done so much, that, if I wed not her,
My marriage makes me an adulterer:
In which black sheets I wallow all my life,
My babes being bastards, and a whore my wife.

Enter Secretary.

Lord. Ha, is't even so? my secretary there,
Write me a letter straight to sir John Harcop.
I'll see sir Jack, and if that Harcop dare,
Being my ward, contract you to his daughter.
[*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Steward.

My steward too; post you to Yorkshire,
Where lies my youngster's land: and, sirrah,
Fell me his wood, make havoc, spoil and waste.
[*Exit Steward.*
Sir, you shall know that you are ward to me,
I'll make you poor enough: then mend yourself.
Wil. O, cousin!
Scar. O, uncle!
Lord. Contract yourself, and where you list,
I'll make you know me, sir, to be your guard.
Scar. World, now thou seest what 'tis to be a ward.
Lord. And where I meant myself to have disbursed
Four thousand pounds upon this marriage;
Surrendered up your land to your own use,
And compassed other portions to your hands,
Sir, I'll now yoke you still.
Scar. A yoke indeed.
Lord. And spite of they dare contradict my will,
I'll make thee marry to my chambermaid. Come, coz. [*Exit.*
Bax. Faith, sir, it fits you to be more advised.
Scar. Do not you flatter for preferment, sir?
Wil. O but, good coz!
Scar. O but, good uncle, could I command my love,
Or cancel oaths out of heaven's brazen book,
Engrossed by God's own finger, then you might speak.
Had men that law to love, as most have tongues
To love a thousand women with, then you might speak.
Were love like dust, lawful for every wind,
To bear from place to place; were oaths but puffs,
Men might forswear themselves; but I do know,
Though sin being past with us, the act's forgot,
The poor soul groans, and she forgets it not.
Wil. Yet hear your own case.
Scar. O, 'tis too miserable!
That I, a gentleman, should be thus torn
From mine own right, and forced to be forsworn.
Wil. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salve it with advice, not with despair;
You are his ward; being so, the law intends,
He is to have your duty, and in his rule
Is both your marriage, and your heritage:
If you rebel against these injunctions,
The penalty takes hold on you; which for himself,
He straight thus prosecutes; he wastes your land,
Weds you where he thinks fit, sir: but if yourself
Have of some violent humour matched yourself,
Without his knowledge, than hath he power
[15] To merce your purse, and in a sum so great,
That shall for ever keep your fortunes weak,
Where otherwise, if you be ruled by him,
Your house is raised by matching to his kin.

Enter FALCONBRIDGE.

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be crossed by such a jack? he wed
Himself, and where he list? sirrah malapert, I'll hamper you,
You that will have your will, come get you in:
I'll make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her,
Or wish thy birth had been thy murderer.
Scar. Fate pity me, because I am enforced:
For I have heard those matches have cost blood
Where love is once begun, and then withstood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter ILFORD, *and a Page with him.*

Ilf. Boy, hast thou delivered my letter?
Boy. Aye, sir, I saw him open the lips on't.
Ilf. He had not a new suit on, had he?
Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his wardrobe, sir; but I saw a lean fellow, with sunk eyes, and shamble legs, sigh pitifully at his chamber-door, and entreat his man to put his master in mind of him.

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[15] *To merce*—i. e. amerce. S.

Ilf. O, that was his tailor; I see now he will be blest, he profits by my counsel: he will pay no debts before he be arrested, nor then neither, if he can find e'er a beast that dare but be bail for him; but he will seal i'the afternoon?

Boy. Yes, sir; he will imprint for you as deep as he can.

Ilf. Good, good, now have I a parson's nose, and smell *tithe coming in then.* Now let me number how many rooks I have half-undone already *this* term by the first return: four by dice, six by being bound with me, and ten by queans, of which some be courtiers, some country gentlemen, and some citizens sons. Thou art a good Frank; [16] if thou pergest thus, thou art still a companion for gallants, mayst keep a catamite, take physic at the spring and the fall.

Enter WENTLOE.

Went. Frank, news that will make thee fat, Frank.

Ilf. Pr'ythee rather give me somewhat will keep me lean,
I have no mind yet to take physic.

Went. Master Scarborow is a married man.

Ilf. Then heaven grant he may, as few married men do, make much of his wife.

Went. Why? wouldst have him love her, let her command all, and make her his master?

Ilf. No, no; they that do so, make not much of their wives, but give them their will, and its the marring of them.

Enter BARTLEY.

Bart. Honest Frank, valourous Frank, a portion of thy wit, but to help us in this enterprize, and we may walk London streets, and cry pish at the serjeants.

Ilf. You may shift out one term, and yet die in the counter: these are the scabs now that hang upon honest Job; I am Job, and these are the scurvy scabs; but what's this your pot seeths *over withal?*

Bart. Master Scarborow is a married man.

Went. He has all his land in his own hand.

Bart. His brother's and sister's portions.

Went. Besides four thousand pounds in ready money with his wife.

Ilf. A good talent, by my faith! it might help many gentlemen to pay their tailors, and I might be one of them.

Went. Nay, honest Frank, hast thou found a trick for him? If thou hast not, look here's a line to direct thee. First draw him into [17] bands for money, then to dice for it: then take up stuff at the mercers; straight to a punk with it: then mortgage his land, and be drunk with that: so with them and the rest, from an ancient gentleman, make him a young beggar.

Ilf. What a rogue is this, to read a lecture to me, and mine own lesson too, which he knows I have made perfect to nine hundred fourscore and nineteen. A cheating rascal, will teach me! I that have made them, [18] that have worn a spacious park, lodge, and all on their backs this morning; been fain to pawn it afore night: they that have stalked like a huge elephant, with a castle on their necks, and removed that to their own shoulders in one day which their fathers built up in seven years, been glad by my means, in so much time as a child sucks, to drink bottle-ale, though a punk pay for't. And shall this parrot instruct me?

Went. Nay, but Frank.

Ilf. A rogue that hath fed upon me, and the fruit of my wit like pullen [19] from a pantler's chippings, and now I have put him into good clothes to shift two suits in a day, that could scarce shift a patched shirt once in a year, and say his prayers when he had it: hark, how he prates!

Went. Besides, Frank, since his marriage, he stalks me like a cashier'd captain discontent; in which melancholy, the least drop of mirth, of which thou hast an ocean, will make him and all his, ours for ever.

Ilf. Says mine own rogue so? give me thy hand then, we'll do't, and there's earnest. *(Strikes him.)* S'foot, you chittiface, that looks worse than a collier through a wooden window, an ape afraid of a whip, or a knave's head shook seven years in the weather upon [20] London-Bridge, do you catechise me?

Went. Nay, but valourous Frank, he that knows the secrets of all hearts, knows I did it in kindness.

Ilf. Know your seasons: besides, I am not of

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[16] *If thou* pergest—i. e. goest on. *Pergo.* Lat. S.

[17] *Bands.*—See Note 219 to *Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 504.

[18] *That have worn a spacious park, lodge, and all, &c.*—In a similar vein of humour, but much more exquisite, Mr Addison, speaking of Sir Roger de Coverley, says, "he told me some time since, that, upon his courting the perverse widow, he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He farther informed me, that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a wind-mill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the sheering of his sheep for her under petticoats."—*Spectator, No* 295.

[19] *Pullen*—See Note 86 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 125

[20] *London Bridge*—The place most commonly used for exposing the heads of traitors.

that species for you to instruct. Then know your season.

Bart. S'foot friends, friends, all friends: here comes young Scarborow; should he know of this, all our designs were prevented.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Ilf. What! melancholy, my young master, my young married man? God give your worship joy.

Scar. Joy of what, Frank?

Ilf. Of thy wealth; for I hear of few that have joy of their wives.

Scar. Who weds, as I have, to enforced sheets,
His care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Ilf. Thou having so much wit, what a devil meant'st thou to marry?

Scar. O speak not of it;
Marriage sounds in mine ear like to a bell,
Not rung for pleasure, but a doleful knell.

Ilf. A common course, those men that are married in the morning, to wish themselves buried ere night.

Scar. I cannot love her.

Ilf. No news neither; wives know that's a general fault amongst their husbands.

Scar. I will not lie with her.

Ilf. *Cætera volunt*, she'll say still;
If you will not, another will.

Scar. Why did she marry me, knowing I did not love her?

Ilf. As other women do, either to be maintain'd by you, or to make you a cuckold. Now, sir, what come you for?

Enter Clown.

Clown. As men do in haste, to make an end of their business.

Ilf. What's your business?

Clown. My business is this, sir, this, sir, and this, sir.

Ilf. The meaning of all this, sir?

Clown. By this is as much as to say, sir, my master has sent unto you. By this is as much as to say, sir, my master has him humbly commended unto you; and by this is as much as to say, my master craves your answer.

Ilf. Give me your letter. And you shall have this, sir, this, sir, and this, sir.

Clown. No, sir.

Ilf. Why, sir?

Clown. Because, as the learned have very well instructed me, *Qui supra nos, nihil ad nos*, and though many gentlemen will have to do with other men's business, yet from me know, the most part of them prove knaves for their labour.

Went. You have the knave i'faith, Frank.

Clown. Long may he live to enjoy it. From Sir John Harcop of Harcop, in the county of York, knight, by me his man, to yourself my young master, by these presents greeting.

Ilf. How camest thou by these good words?

Clown. As you by your good clothes, took them upon trust, and swore I would never pay for them.

Scar. Thy master, Sir John Harcop, writes to me,
That I should entertain thee for my man;
His wish is acceptable, thou art welcome, fellow.
Oh, but thy master's daughter sends an article,
Which makes me think upon my present sin;
Here she remembers me to keep in mind
My promised faith to her, which I have broke.
Here she remembers me I am a man,
Blacked o'er with perjury, whose sinful breast
Is charactered like those curst of the blest.

Ilf. How now, my young bully? like a young wench forty weeks after the loss of her maidenhead, crying out?

Scar. Trouble me not.
Give me pen, ink, and paper, I will write to her.
O! but what shall I write?
Mine own excuse? why no excuse can serve
For him that swears, and from his oath doth swerve.
Or shall I say, my marriage was enforced?
'Twas bad in them, not well in me to yield.
Wretched they two whose marriage was compelled.
I'll only write that which my grief hath bred,
"Forgive me, Clare, for I am married:"
'Tis soon set down, but not so soon forgot, or worn from hence.
Deliver it unto her, there's for thy pains.
Would I as soon could cleanse these perjured stains!

Clown. Well, I could alter mine eyes from filthy mud into fair water: you have paid for my tears, and mine eyes shall prove bankrouts, and break out for you; let no man persuade me. I will cry, and every town betwixt Shoreditch-church and York-bridge shall bear me witness. [*Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, I'll take my leave of you.
She that I am married to, but not my wife,
Will London leave, in Yorkshire lead our life.
[*Exit.*

Ilf. We must not leave you so, my young gallant; we three are sick in state, and your wealth must help to make us whole again. For this saying is as true as old:
Strife nurst 'twixt man and wife makes such a flaw,
How great soe'er their wealth, 'twill have a thaw.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP *with his Daughter* CLARE, *and two younger Brothers,* THOMAS *and* JOHN SCARBOROW.

Har. Brothers to him ere long shall be my son,
By wedding this young girl, you are welcome both.
Nay kiss her, kiss her, though that she shall be
Your brother's wife, to kiss the cheek is free.

Tho. Kiss? s'foot, what else? thou art a good plump wench, I like you well, pr'ythee make haste and bring store of boys, but be sure they have

good faces, that they may call me uncle.

John. Glad of so fair a sister, I salute you.

Har. Good, good i'faith, this kissing's good i'faith;
I loved to smack it too when I was young.
But mum: they have felt thy cheek, Clare, let them hear thy tongue:

Clare. Such welcome as befits my Scarborow's brothers,
From me his troth-plight wife be sure to have;
And though my tongue prove scant in any part,
The bounds be sure are large, full in my heart.

Tho. Tut, that's not that we doubt on, wench: but do you hear, sir John, what do you think drew me from London, and the Inns of court, thus far into Yorkshire?

Har. I guess to see this girl, shall be your sister.

Tho. Faith, and I guess partly so too; but the main was, and I will not lye to you, that your coming now in this wise into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you aforehand, that after my brother had married your daughter, I his brother might borrow some money of you.

Har. What! do you borrow of your kindred, sir?

Tho. S'foot what else? they having interest in my blood, why should not I have interest in their coin? Besides, sir, I, being a younger brother, would be ashamed of my generation, if I would not borrow of any man that would lend, especially of my affinity, of whom I keep a kalendar. And look you, sir, thus I go over them: First o'er my uncles, often o'er mine aunts, then up to my nephews, straight down to my nieces, to this cousin Thomas, and that cousin Jeffrey, leaving the courteous claw given to none of their elbows, even unto the third and fourth remove of any that hath interest in our blood. All which do upon their summons made by me, duly and faithfully provide for appearance; and so as they are, I hope we shall be, more indeared, entirely better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. You are a merry gentleman.

Tho. 'Tis the hope of money makes me so; and I know none but fools use to be sad with it.

John. From Oxford am I drawn from serious studies,
Expecting that my brother still had sojourned
With you his best of choice, and this good knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our hearts less merry
Than if we had his presence. A day ere long
Will bring him back, when one the other meets,
At noon i'the church, at night between the sheets.
We'll wash this chat with wine. Some wine: fill up,
The sharpner of the wit is a full cup.
And so to you, sir.

Tho. Do, and I'll drink to my new sister; but upon this condition, that she may have quiet days, little rest a nights, have pleasant afternoons, be pliant to my brother, and lend me money whensoe'er I'll borrow it.

Har. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weak, and we must bear with them;
Your frolic healths are only fit for men.

Tho. Well, I am contented; women must to the wall, though it be to a feather-bed. Fill up then.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. From London am I come, though not with pipe and drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poor paper,
Will make my young mistress, delighting in kisses,
Do as all maidens will, hearing of such an ill,
As to have lost, the thing they wished most,
A husband, a husband, a pretty sweet husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas, and at last ho, ho, ho, as I do.

Clare. Returned so soon from London! what's the news?

Clown. O mistress, if ever you have seen Demoniceaclear look into mine eyes, mine eyes are Severn, plain Severn; the Thames nor the river of Tweed, are nothing to them: nay, all the rain that fell at Noah's flood had not the discretion that my eyes have: that drunk but up the whole world, and I have drowned all the way betwixt this and London.

Clare. Thy news, good Robin.

Clown. My news, mistress? I'll tell you strange news; the dust upon London way being so great, that not a lord, gentleman, knight or knave, could travel, lest his eyes should be blown out; at last, they all agreed to hire me to go before them, when I, looking but upon this letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the dust, as well as if it had rained from the beginning of April to the last of May.

Clare. A letter from my Scarborow? give it thy mistress.

Clown. But mistress—

Clare. Pr'ythee be gone,
I would not have my father, nor these gentlemen,
Be witness of the comfort it doth bring.

Clown. Oh, but mistress—

Clare. Pr'ythee be gone,
With this, and the glad news, leave me alone.
[*Exit* CLOWN.

Tho. 'Tis your turn, knight; take your liquor, know I am bountiful; I'll forgive any man any thing that he owes me, but his drink, and that I'll be paid for.

Clare. Nay, gentlemen, the honesty of mirth
Consists not in carousing with excess;
My father hath more welcomes than in wine:
Pray you, no more.

Tho. Says my sister so? I'll be ruled by thee then. Do you hear? In hope hereafter you'll lend me some money: now we are half drunk, let's go to dinner. Come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Manet CLARE.

Clare. I am glad you're gone.
Shall I now open't? no, I'll kiss it first,

Because this outside last did kiss his hand.
Within this fold, I'll call't a sacred sheet,
Are writ black lines, where our white hearts shall meet;
Before I ope this door of my delight,
Methinks I guess how kindly he doth write,
Of his true love to me: as chuck, sweet-heart,
I pr'ythee do not think the time too long,
That keeps us from the sweets of marriage rites;
And then he sets my name and kisses it,
Wishing my lips his sheet to write upon:
With like desire methinks as mine own thoughts,
Ask him now here for me to look upon;
Yet at the last thinking his love too slack,
Ere it arrive at my desired eyes,
He hastens up his message with like speed,
Even as I break this ope, wishing to read.—
Oh, what's here? mine eyes are not mine own; sure th' are not,
Though you have been my lamps this sixteen years,
[*Lets fall the Letter.*
You do belie my Scarborow, reading so.
Forgive him, he is married, that were ill:
What lying lights are these? look, I have no such letter,
No wedded syllable of the least wrong
Done to a troth-plight virgin like myself.
Beshrew you for your blindness: *forgive him, he is married!*
I know my Scarborow's constancy to me
Is as firm knit, as faith to charity,
That I shall kiss him often, hug him thus,
Be made a happy and a fruitful mother
Of many prosperous children like to him;
And read I, he was married! ask forgiveness?
What a blind fool was I; yet here's a letter,
To whom directed to? *To my beloved* Clare.
Why la!
Women will read, and read not that they saw.
'Twas but my fervent love misled mine eyes,
I'll once again to the inside;—*Forgive me, I am married;*
William Scarborow. He has set his name to't too.
O, perjury! within the hearts of men
Thy feasts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter THOMAS SCARBOROW.

Tho. Sister, God's precious, the cloth's laid, the meat cools,
We all stay, and your father calls for you.
Clare. Kind sir, excuse me I pray you a little;
I'll but peruse this letter, and come straight.
Tho. Pray you make haste, the meat stays for us, and our stomachs
Ready for the meat; for believe this,
Drink makes men hungry, or it makes them lye,
And he that's drunk o'er night, i' the morning's dry.
Seen and approved. [*Exit.*
Clare. He was contracted mine, yet he unjust
Hath married to another: what's my estate then?
A wretched maid, not fit for any man;
For, being united his with plighted faiths,
Whoever sues to me commits a sin,
Besiegeth me, and who shall marry me
Is like myself, lives in adultery (O God,
That such hard fortune should betide my youth!)
I am young, fair, rich, honest, virtuous;
Yet for all this, whoe'er shall marry me,
I am but his whore, live in adultery.
I cannot step into the path of pleasure
For which I was created, born unto;
Let me live ne'er so honest, rich or poor,
If I once wed, yet I must live a whore.
I must be made a strumpet 'gainst my will,
A name I have abhorred; a shameful ill,
I have eschewed; and now cannot withstand it
In myself. I am my father's only child;
In me he hath a hope, though not his name
Can be increast, yet by my issue
His land shall be possest, his age delighted.
And though that I should vow a single life
To keep my soul unspotted, yet will he
Inforce me to a marriage:
So that my grief doth of that weight consist,
It helps me not to yield, nor to resist.
And was I then created for a whore! a whore,
Bad name, bad act, bad man, makes me a scorn;
Than live a strumpet, better be unborn.

Enter JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. Sister, pray you, will you come?
Your father and the whole meeting stays for you.
Clare. I come, I come, I pray return; I come.
John. I must not go without you.
Clare. Be thou my usher, sooth I'll follow you.
[*Exit.*
He writes here *To forgive him, he is married;*
False gentleman! I do forgive thee with my heart;
Yet will I send an answer to thy letter,
And in so short words thou shalt weep to read them,
And here's my agent ready: *Forgive me, I am dead.*
'Tis writ, and I will act it: be judge, you maids,
Have trusted the false promises of men.
Be judge, you wives, the which have been inforced
From the white sheets you loved, to them you loathed;
Whether this axiom may not be assured,
—*Better one sin, than many be endured.*
My arms embracings, kisses, chastity,
Were his possessions; and whilst I live
He doth but steal those pleasures he enjoys,
Is an adulterer in his married arms,
And never goes to his defiled bed,
But God writes sin upon the tester's head.
I'll be a wife now, help to save his soul,
Though I have lost his body, give a slake
To his iniquities, and with one sin,
Done by this hand, end many done by him.
[*Stabs herself.*
Farewell the world, then farewell the wedded joys,
Till this I have hop't for, from that gentleman;

Scarborow, forgive me; thus thou hast lost thy wife;
Yet record world, though by an act too foul,
A wife thus died, to cleanse her husband's soul.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP.

Har. God's precious, for his mercy, where's this wench?
Must all my friends and guests attend on you?
Where are you, minion?
Clare. Scarborow, come close mine eyes, for I am dead.
Har. That sad voice was not hers, I hope:
Who's this, my daughter?
Clare. Your daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried,
Prays Scarborow to forgive her; she is dead.
[*Dies.*
Har. Patience, good tears, and let my words have way.
Clare, my daughter! help, my servants there:
Lift up thine eyes, and look upon thy father,
They were not born to lose their light so soon;
I did beget thee for my comforter,
And not to be the author of my care.
Why speak'st thou not? some help, my servants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? or if thine own,
What cause hadst thou, that wert thy father's joy,
The treasure of his age, the cradle of his sleep,
His all in all? I pr'ythee speak to me:
Thou art not ripe for death, come back again;
Clare, my Clare, if death must needs have one,
I am the fittest, pr'ythee let me go;
Thou dying whilst I live, I am dead with woe.

Enter THOMAS, *and* JOHN SCARBOROW.

Tho. What means this outcry?
John. O ruthful spectacle!
Har. Thou wert not wont to be so sullen, child,
But kind and loving to thy aged father;
Awake, awake; if't be thy lasting sleep,
Would I had not sense for grief, nor eyes to weep.
John. What paper's this? the sad contents doth tell me:
My brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,
And she replies, for him she hath killed herself.
Har. Was that the cause that thou hast soiled thyself
With these red spots, these blemishes of beauty?
My child, my child! was't perjury in him,
Made thee, so fair, act now so foul a sin,
That he deceived thee in a mother's hopes,
Posterity, the bliss of marriage?
Thou hast no tongue to answer no, or aye,
But in red letters writes, *For him I die.*
Curse on his traitorous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, children, and possessions!
Be all his days like winter, comfortless!
Restless his nights, his wants [21] remorseless!
And may his corpse be the physician's stage,
Which, plaid upon, stands not to honoured age!
Or with diseases may he lie and pine,
Till grief wax blind his eyes, as grief doth mine!
[*Exit.*
John. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, more to be pitied!

Enter SCARBOROW, *his Wife* KATHERINE, IFFORD, WENTLOE, BARTLEY, *and Butler.*

Ilf. What, ride by the gate, and not call? that were a shame, i'faith.
Went. We'll but taste of his beer, kiss his daughter, and to horse again.—Where's the good knight here?
Scar. You bring me to my shame unwillingly.
Ilf. Shamed of what? for deceiving *of* a wench!
I have not blushed that have done't to a hundred of 'em.
In women's love, he's wise doth follow this—
Love one so long till her another kiss.
Where's the good knight, here?
John. O brother, you are come to make your eye
Sad mourner at a fatal tragedy.
Peruse this letter first, and then this corpse.
Scar. O wronged Clare! accursed Scarborow!
I writ to her, *that I was married,*
She writes to me, *forgive her, she is dead.*
I'll balm thy body with my faithful tears,
And be perpetual mourner at thy tomb;
I'll sacrifice this comet into sighs,
Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my parents gave
Shall turn distempered, to appease the wrath
For this blood-shed, and I am guilty of.
Kath. Dear husband!
Scar. False woman, not my wife, though married to me;
Look what thy friends and thou art guilty of,
The murder of a creature, equalled heaven
In her creation, whose thoughts, like fire,
Never looked base, but ever did aspire
To blessed benefits, till you and yours undid her.
Eye her, view her! though dead, yet she does look
Like a fresh frame, or a new printed book
Of the best paper, never looked into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her own too; but who was cause of it?
Thou and thy friends, and I will loath thee for't.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP.

Har. They do bely her, that do say she's dead;

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[21] *Remorseless.*—i. e. pityless, without pity. See Note on *Othello*, edit. 1778, Vol. X. p. 553. S.

She is but strayed to some by-gallery,
And I must have her again. Clare, where art thou, Clare?
Scar. Here, laid to take her everlasting sleep.
Har. He lies that says so!—
Yet now I know thee, I do lie that say it;
For if she be, a villain like thyself,
A perjured traitor, recreant, miscreant,
Dog, a dog, a dog has done't.
Scar. O Sir John Harcop!
Har. O Sir John! villain! to betroth thyself
To this good creature, harmless, harmless child;
This kernel, hope, and comfort of my house,
Without inforcement, of thine own accord,
Draw all her soul in the compass of an oath,
Take that oath from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her!
Scar. Shame on them were the cause of it.
Har. But hark, what thou hast got by it;
Thy wife is but a strumpet, thy children bastards,
Thyself a murderer, thy wife accessary,
Thy bed a stew, thy house a brothel.
Scar. O, it is too true!
Har. I, made a wretched father, childless.
Scar. I, made a married man, yet wifeless.
Har. Thou the cause of it!
Scar. Thou the cause of it! [*To his Wife.*
Har. Curse on the day that e'er it was begun,
For I, an old man, am undone, undone. [*Exit.*
Scar. For charity, have care upon that father,
Lest that his grief bring on a more mishap.
[*Exeunt* THO. *and* JOHN SCARBOROW.
This to my arms my sorrow shall bequeath,
Though I have lost her, to thy grave I'll bring;
Thou wert my wife, and I'll thy requiem sing.
Go you to the country, I'll to London back,
All riot now, since that my soul's so black.
[*Exit, with* CLARE.
Kath. Thus am I left like sea-tost mariners,
My fortunes being no more than my distress,
Upon what shore soever I am driven,
Be it good or bad, I must account it heaven.
Though married, I am reputed not a wife,
Neglected of my husband, scorned, despised;
And though my love and true obedience
Lies prostrate to his beck, his heedless eye
Receives my services unworthily.
I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better days when bad be gone.
You are my guide, whither must I, butler?
Butler. Toward Wakefield, where my master's living lies.
Kath. Toward Wakefield, where thy master we'll attend;
When things are at the worst, 'tis hoped they'll mend.

Enter THOMAS, *and* JOHN SCARBOROW.

Tho. How now, sister, no further forward on your journey yet?
Kath. When grief's before one, who'd go on to grief?
I'd rather turn me back to find some comfort.
John. And that way sorrow's hurtfuller than this,
My brother having brought unto a grave
That murdered body whom he called his wife,
And spent so many tears upon her hearse,
As would have made a tyrant to relent;
Then kneeling at her coffin, this he vowed,
From thence he never would embrace your bed.
Tho. The more fool he.
John. Never from hence acknowledge you his wife;
When others strive to enrich their father's name,
It should be his only aim to beggar ours,
To spend their means should be his only pride:
Which with a sigh confirmed, he's rid to London,
Vowing a [22] course, that by his life so foul
Men ne'er should join the hands without the soul.
Kath. All is but grief, and I am armed for it.
John. We'll bring you on your way in hope thus strong,
Time may at length make strait what yet is wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter ILFORD, WENTLOE, BARTLEY.

Went. He's our own; he's our own; come, let's make use of his wealth, as the sun of ice; melt it, melt it.
Ilf. But art sure he will hold his meeting?
Went. As sure as I am now, and was dead drunk last night.
Ilf. Why then so sure will I be arrested by a couple of serjeants, and fall into one of the unlucky cranks about Cheapside, called counters.
Bart. Withall, I have provided Mr Gripe the usurer, who upon the instant will be ready to step in, charge the serjeants to keep thee fast, and that now he will have his five hundred pounds, or thou shalt rot for it.
Went. When it follows, young Scarborow shall be bound for the one, then take up as much more; we share the one half, and help him to be drunk with the other.
Ilf. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Bart. Why dost laugh, Frank?
Ilf. To see that we and usurers live by the fall

[22] *A course, that by.*—Example by, &c. Second and third editions.

of young heirs, as swine by the dropping of acorns. But he's come.—Where be these rogues; shall we have no tendance here?

Scar. Good day, gentlemen.

Ilf. A thousand good days, my noble bully, and as many good fortunes as there were grashoppers in Egypt, and that's covered over with good luck: but nouns, pronouns, and participles! where be these rogues here? what, shall we have no wine here?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir.

Ilf. Anon, goodman rascal! must we stay your leisure? give't us by and by, with a pox to you.

Scar. O, do not hurt the fellow.

[*Exit Drawer.*

Ilf. Hurt him! hang him, scrape-trencher, starwearer, wine-spiller, mettle-clanker, rogue by generation. Why, dost hear, Will? If thou dost not use these grape-spillers as you do their pottle-pots, quoit them down stairs three or four times at a supper, they'll grow as saucy with you as serjeants, and make bills more unconscionable than tailors.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's the pure and neat grape, gentlemen, I ha't for you.[23]

Ilf. Fill up: what have you brought here, goodman rogue?

Draw. The pure element of claret, sir.

Ilf. Have you so? and did not I call for Rhenish, you mungrel?

[*Throws the Wine in the Drawer's face.*

Scar. Thou needest no wine, I pr'ythee be more mild.

Ilf. Be mild in a tavern? 'tis treason to the red[24] lattice, enemy to their sign-post, and slave to humour:

Pr'ythee, let's be mad;

Sings this.

Then fill our heads with wine, till every pate be drunk,
Then piss i'the street, jussel all you meet, and swagger with a punk,

As thou wilt do now and then: thank me thy good master, that brought thee to it.

Went. Nay, he profits well; but the worst is, he will not swear yet.

Scar. Do not belye me: if there be any good in me that's the best: oaths are necessary for nothing; they pass out of a man's mouth like smoke through a chimney, that files[25] all the way it goes.

Went. Why then I think tobacco to be a kind of swearing, for it furs our nose pockily.

Scar. But come, let's drink ourselves into a stomach afore supper.

Ilf. Agreed. I'll begin with a new health. Fill up.

To them that make land fly,
By wine, whores, and a dye.
To them that only thrives,
By kissing others' wives.
To them that pay for clothes,
With nothing but with oaths:
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt.
This health my hearts! [Drinks.
But who their tailors pay,
Borrow, and keep their day,
We'll hold him like this glass,
A brainless empty ass,
And not a mate for us.

Drink round, my hearts.

Went. An excellent health!

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Master Ilford, there's a couple of strangers beneath desires to speak with you.

Ilf. What beards have they? gentlemen-like-beards, or broker-like beards?

Draw. I am not so well acquainted with the art of face-mending, sir; but they would speak with you.

Ilf. I'll go down to them.

Went. Do; and we'll stay here and drink tobacco.[26]

Scar. Thus, like a fever, that doth shake a man
From strength to weakness, I consume myself.
I know this company, their custom vile,
Hated, abhorred of good men; yet like a child,
By reason's rule instructed how to know
Evil from good, I to the worser go.
Why do you suffer this, you upper powers,

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[23] *Assure you.*—Second and third editions.

[24] *Red lattice.*—"Red lattice at the doors and windows were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house; hence the present *chequers.*" Mr Steevens observes (Note to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.), that "perhaps the reader will express some surprise, when he is told, that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand street of Pompeii (No. 9.), presented by Sir William Hamilton (together with several others equally curious), to the Antiquarian Society."

Marston, in the First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 5. makes Balurdo say: "No, I am not Sir Jeffrey Balurdo: I am not as well known by my wit as an *ale-house* by *a red lattice.*"

[25] *Files.*—i. e. defiles. See Note on *Macbeth*, edit. 1778, Vol. IV. p. 524. S.

[26] *Drink tobacco.*—See Note 38 to Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 586.

That I should surfeit in the sin of taste,
Have sense to feel my mischiefs, yet make waste
Of heaven and earth?
Myself will answer what myself doth ask.
Who once doth cherish sin, begets his shame;
For, vice being fostered once, comes impudence,
Which makes men count sin, custom, not offence;
When all, like me, their reputation blot,
Pursuing evil, while the good's forgot.

Enter ILFORD, *led in by a couple of Serjeants, and* GRIPE *the Usurer.*

Serj. Nay, never strive, we can hold you.

Ilf. Aye, me, [27] and the devil too, an' he fall into your clutches; let go your tugging; as I am a gentleman, I'll be your true prisoner.

Went. How now; what's the matter, Frank?

Ilf. I am fallen into the hands of serjeants, I am arrested.

Bart. How, arrest a gentleman in our company?

Ilf. Put up, put up; for sin's sake put up; let's not all sup in the compter to-night: let me speak with Mr Gripe, the creditor.

Gripe. Well, what say you to me, sir?

Ilf. You have arrested me here, Master Gripe.

Gripe. Not I, sir, the serjeants have.

Ilf. But at your suit, Master Gripe: yet hear me, as I am a gentleman.

Gripe. I rather you could say as you were an honest man, and then I might believe you.

Ilf. Yet hear me.

Gripe. Hear me no hearings; I lent you my money for good will.

Ilf. And I spent it for mere necessity; I confess I owe you five hundred pound; and I confess I owe not a penny to any man, but he would be glad to ha't: my bond you have already, Master Gripe. If you will, now take my word.

Gripe. Word me no words; officers, look to your prisoner. If you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in security, such as I shall like too——

Ilf. Such as you shall like too; what say you to this young gentleman? he is the widgeon that we must feed upon.

Gripe. Who, young Master Scarborow? he's an honest gentleman for aught I know; I ne'er lost a penny by him.

Ilf. I would be ashamed any man should say so by me, that I have had dealings withal; but, my inforced friends, wilt please you but to retire into some small distance, whilst I descend with a few words to these gentlemen, and I'll commit myself into your merciless hands immediately.

Serj. Well, sir, we'll wait upon you.

Ilf. Gentlemen, I am to proffer some conference, and especially to you, Master Scarborow. Our meeting here for your mirth hath proved to me thus adverse, that in your companies I am arrested: how ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations, when men of rank and note communicate, that I, Frank Ilford, gentleman, whose fortunes may transcend, to make ample gratuities future, and heap satisfaction for any present extension of his friends' kindness, was inforced from the Mitre in Bread-street, to the Compter in the Poultry: for mine own part, if you shall think it meet, and that it shall accord with the state of gentry, to submit myself from the feather-bed in the master's side, [28] or the flock-bed in the knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heels, instead of gilt spurs, the armour of patience, and do't.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this? this is *mellis flora*, the sweetest of the honey; he that was not made to fat cattle, but to feed gentlemen.

Bart. You wear good clothes.

Went. Are well descended.

Bart. Keep the best company.

Went. Should regard your credit.

Bart. Stand not upon't, be bound, be bound.

Went. Ye are richly married.

Bart. Love not your wife.

Went. Have store of friends.

Bart. Who shall be your heir?

Went. The son of some slave.

Bart. Some groom.

Went. Some horse-keeper.

Bart. Stand not upon't, be bound, be bound.

Scar. Well, at your importance, for once I'll
stretch my purse;
Who's born to sink, as good this way as worse.

Went. Now speaks my bully like a gentleman of worth.

Bart. Of merit.

Went. Fit to be regarded.

Bart. That shall command our souls.

Went. Our swords.

Bart. Ourselves.

Ilf. To feed upon you as Pharaoh's lean kine did upon the fat.

Scar. Master Gripe, is my bond current for this gentleman?

Ilf. Good security, you Egyptian grashopper, good security.

Gripe. And for as much more, kind Master Scarborow,
Provided that men, mortal as we are,
May have——

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[27] *And the devil too, and he.*—The first edition reads, *and any man else and he.*

[28] *Master's-side, Knight's-ward, Hole.*—These different departments of a prison, in which debtors were confined, according to their ability or incapacity to pay for their accommodation: all three are pretty accurately described by Fennor in *The Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, 4to.

Scar. May have security.
Gripe. Your bond with land conveyed, which may assure me of mine own again.
Scar. You shall be satisfied, and I'll become your debtor
For full five hundred more than he doth owe you.
This night we sup here, bear us company,
And bring your counsel, scrivener, and the money with you,
Where I will make as *full* assurance as in the law you'd wish.
Gripe. I take your word, sir,
And so discharge you of your prisoner.
Ilf. Why then, let's come and take up a new room; the infected hath spit in this.
He that hath store of coin wants not a friend;
Thou shalt receive, sweet rogue, and we will spend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter THOMAS *and* JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. Brother, you see the extremity of want
Inforceth us to question for our own,
The rather that we see, not like a brother,
Our brother keeps from us to spend on other.
Tho. True, he has in his hands our portions, the patrimony which our father gave us, with which he lies fatting himself with sack and sugar [29] in the house, and we are fain to walk with lean purses abroad. Credit must be maintained, which will not be without money; good clothes must be had, which will not be without money; company must be kept, which will not be without money; all which we must have, and from him we will have money.
John. Besides, we have brought our sister to this town,
That she herself having her own from him,
Might bring herself in court to be preferred,
Under some noble personage; or else that he,
Whose friends are great in court, by his late match,
As he is in nature bound, provide for her.
Tho. And he shall do it, brother, though we have waited at his lodging longer than a tailor's bill on a young knight for an old reckoning, without speaking with him; here we know he is, and we will call him to parle.
John. Yet let us do't in mild and gentle terms;
Fair words perhaps may sooner draw our own,
Than rougher courses, by which is mischief grown.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, look down into the Dolphin there.
Tho. Here comes a drawer, we will question him.
Do you hear my friend, is not Master Scarborow here?
Draw. Here, sir, what a jest is that! where should he be else? I would have you well know my master hopes to grow rich before he leaves him.
John. How long hath he continued here since he came hither?
Draw. Faith, sir, not so long as Noah's flood, yet long enough to have drowned up the livings of three knights, as knights go now-a-days; some month or thereabouts.
John. Time ill consumed to ruinate our house;
But what are they that keep him company?
Draw. Pitch, pitch, but I must not say so; but, for your further satisfaction, did you ever see a young whelp and a lion play together?
John. Yes.
Draw. Such is Master Scarborow's company.
[*Within*, OLIVER!
Anon, anon, look down to the Pomegranate there.

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[29] *Sack and sugar.*—*Sack* with *sugar* was formerly a favourite liquor. Although it is mentioned very often in contemporary writers, it is difficult to collect from any circumstances, what the kind of wine then called *Sack* was understood to be. In the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, A. 4. S. 3. Falstaff speaks of *Sherris Sack*; and Dr Johnson supposes the fat knight's admired potation was what we now call *Sherry*, which he says is drunk with *sugar*. This last assertion is contradicted by Mr Steevens, who, with more truth asserts, that *Sherry* is at this time never drunk with *sugar*, whereas *Rhenish* frequently is. Dr Warburton seems to be of opinion, that the sweet wine still denominated Sack was that so often mentioned by Falstaff; and the great fondness of the English nation for *sugar* rather countenances that idea. Hentzner, p. 88. edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, *in potum copiosi immiscent saccarum*, they put a great deal of sugar in their drink; and Moryson, in his *Itinerary*, 1617, p. 155, mentioning the Scots, observes, "They drinke pure wines, not with *sugar*, *as the English*." Again, p. 157, "— but gentlemen garrawse onely in wine, with which many mixe *sugar*, which I never observed in any other place or kingdome, to be used for that purpose: and because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetnesse, the wines in tavernes (for I speake not of merchants or gentlemen's cellars), are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." Sack and sugar are mentioned in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, Sign. G 3. *The Shoemaker's Holyday*, Sign. E. *Everie Woman in her Humour*, Sign. D 4; and in *Deckker's Wonderful Yeare*, 1603. It appears, however, from the following passage in *The English House-wife*, by Gervase Markham, 1631, p. 162, that there were various species of *Sack*: "Your best *sacke* are of *Seres* in *Spaine*, your smaller of *Gallicia* and *Portugall*: your strong *Sackes* are of the islands of the *Canaries* and of *Malligo*, and your Muscadine and Malmsey's are of many parts of *Italy*, *Greece*, and some speciall islands."

Tho. I pr'ythee, say, here's them would speak with him.

Draw. I'll do your message: anon, anon, there. [*Exit.*

John. This fool speaks wiser than he is aware;
Young heirs left in this town, where sin's so rank,
And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young whelps thrown in the lion's den,
Who play with them a while, at length devour them.

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scar. Who's there would speak with me?

John. Your brothers, who are glad to see you well.

Scar. Well.

John. 'Tis not your riot, that we hear you use,
(With such as waste their goods, as time the world
With a continual spending, nor that you keep
The company of a most leprous rout,
Consumes your body's wealth, infects your name
With such plague-sores, that had you reason's eye,
'Twould make you sick, to see you visit them)
Hath drawn us, but our wants to crave the due
Our father gave, and yet remains with you.

Tho. Our birth-right, good brother; this town craves maintenance, silk stockings must be had, and we would be loth our heritage should be arraigned at the vintner's bar, and so condemned to the vintner's box. Though while you did keep house, we had some belly-timber at your table, or so, yet we would have you think we are your brothers, yet no Esaus to sell our patrimony for porridge.

Scar. So, so; what hath your coming else?

John. With us our sister joins in our request,
Whom we have brought along with us to London,
To have her portion, wherewith to provide
An honoured service, or an honest bride.

Scar. So, then you two my brothers, and she my sister, come not as in duty you are bound, to an elder brother, out of Yorkshire to see us, but like leeches to suck from us.

John. We come, compelled by want, to crave our own.

Scar. Sir, for your own, then thus be satisfied.
Both hers and yours were left in trust with me,
And I will keep it for ye: must you appoint us,
Or what we please to like mix with reproof?
You have been too saucy both, and you shall know,
I'll curb you for it; ask why? I'll have it so.

John. We do but crave our own.

Scar. Your own, sir; what's your own?

Tho. Our portions given us by our father's will.

John. Which here you spend.

Tho. Consume.

John. Ways worse than ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter ILFORD.

Ilf. Nay, nay, nay, Will: pr'ythee come away, we have a full gallon of sack stays in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the health of a friend of thine.

Scar. What dost think these are, Frank?

Ilf. They are fiddlers I think; if they be, I pr'ythee send them into the next room, and let them scrape there, and we'll send to them presently.

Scar. They are my brothers, Frank, come out of Yorkshire,
To the tavern here, to ask their portions:
They call my pleasures riots, my company lepers;
And, like a school-boy, they would tutor me.

Ilf. O, thou shouldst have done well to have bound them 'prentices when they were young; they would have made a couple of good saucy tailors.

Tho. Tailors?

Ilf. Ay, birdlime; tailors: tailors are good men, and in the term time they wear good clothes. Come, you must learn more manners; as to stand at your brother's back, to shift a treucher neatly, and take a cup of sack, and a capon's leg contentedly.

Tho. You are a slave,
That feeds upon my brother like a fly,
Poisoning where thou dost suck.

Scar. You lie.

John. O, to my grief I speak it, you shall find
There's no more difference in a tavern haunter
Than is between a spittle and a beggar.

Tho. Thou work'st on him like tempests on a ship.

John. And he the worthy traffic that doth sink.

Tho. Thou makest his name more loathsome than a grave.

John. Livest like a dog, by vomit.

Tho. Die a slave.

[*Here they draw;* WENTLOE *and* BARTLEY *come in, and the two Vintner's Boys with Clubs. All set upon the two Brothers. Butler, Scarborow's Man, comes in, stands by, sees them fight, takes part with neither.*

But. Do, fight: I love you all well, because you were my old master's sons, but I'll neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my master news; he hath two sons born at a birth in Yorkshire, and I find him together by the ears with his brothers in a tavern in London. Brother and brother at odds, 'tis naught: sure, it was not thus in the days of charity. What's this world like to? faith, just like an innkeeper's chamber-pot, receives all waters, good and bad; it had need of much scowering. My old master kept a good house, and twenty or thirty tall sword and buckler men about him, and i'faith his son differs not much; he will have mettle too, though he hath not store of cutler's blades, he will have plenty of vintners' pots. His father kept a good house for honest men, his tenants, that brought him in part; and his son keeps a bad house with knaves that help to consume all. 'Tis but the change of time: why should any man repine at

it? crickets, good living, and lucky worms, were wont to feed, sing, and rejoice, in the father's chimney, and now carrion crows build in the son's kitchen; I could be sorry for it, but I am too old to weep. Well, then, I will go tell him news of his offsprings. [*Exit.*

Enter the two Brothers, THOMAS *and* JOHN SCARBOROW, *hurt, and Sister.*

Sis. Alas, good brothers, how came this mischance?

Tho. Our portions, our brother hath given us our portions; sister, hath he not?

Sis. He would not be so monstrous, I am sure.

John. Excuse him not; he is more degenerate,
Than greedy vipers that devour their mother;
They eat on her but to preserve themselves,
And he consumes himself, and beggars us.
A tavern is his inn, where, amongst slaves,
He kills his substance, making pots the graves
To bury that which our forefathers gave.
I asked him for our portions, told him, that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we craved our own; when his reply
Was, he knew none we had, beg, starve, or die.

Sis. Alas, what course is left for us to live by then?

Tho. In troth, sister, we two to beg in the fields,
And you to betake yourself to the old trade,
Filling of small cans in the suburbs.

Sis. Shall I be left then like a common road,
That every beast that can but pay his toll
May travel over, and, like to [30] camomile,
Flourish the better being trodden on!

Enter Butler, bleeding.

But. Well, I will not curse him: he feeds now upon sack and anchovies, with a pox to him: but if he be not fain before he dies to eat acorns, let me live with nothing but pollerd, and my mouth be made a ducking-stool for every scold to set her tail on.

Tho. How now, Butler, what's the meaning of this?

But. Your brother means to lame as many as he can; that, when he is a beggar himself, he may live with them in the hospital. His wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him, that God had blest him with two sons; he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her, crosses me over the pate, and sends me to the surgeon's to seek salve: I looked, at least he should have given me a brace of angels for my pains.

Tho. Thou hast not lost all thy longing; I am sure he hath given thee a cracked crown.

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tell: he is your brother and my master, I would be loth to prophesy of him; but whosoe'er doth curse his children, being infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beats his man brings him news of it, they may be born rich, but they shall live slaves, be knaves, and die beggars.

Sis. Did he do so?

But. Guess you: he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, and sent me to the surgeons.

Sis. Why then I see there is no hope of him;
Some husbands are respectless of their wives,
During the time that they are issueless;
But none with infants blest can nourish hate,
But love the mother for the childrens' sake.

John. But he that is given over unto sin,
Leprosied therewith without, and so within;
O Butler, we were issue to one father!

But. And he was an honest gentleman.

John. Whose hopes were better than the sun he left
Should set so soon, unto his house's shame.
He lives in taverns, spending of his wealth,
And here his brothers and distressed sister,
Not having any means to help us with.

Tho. Not a Scots baubee, by this hand, to bless us with.

John. And not content to riot out his own,
But he detains our portions, suffers us
In this strange air, open to every wreck,
Whilst he in riot swims, to be in lack.

But. The more's the pity.

Sis. I know not what in course to take me to,
Honestly I fain would live; what shall I do?

But. Sooth I'll tell you; your brother hath hurt us,
We three will hurt you, and then go all to a spittle together.

Sis. Jest not at her, whose burden is too grievous,
But rather lend a means how to relieve us.

But. Well, I do pity you, and the rather because you say, you would fain live honest and want means for it; for I can tell you, 'tis as strange here to see a maid fair, poor, and honest, as to see a collier with a clean face. Maids here do live, especially without maintenance,
Like mice going to a trap,
They nibble long, at last they get a clap.
Your father was my good benefactor, and gave me a house whilst I live to put my head in: I would be loth then to see his only daughter, for want of means, turn punk; I have a drift to keep you honest. Have you a care to keep yourself so, yet you shall not know of it; for women's tongues are like sieves, they will hold nothing they have power to vent. You two will further me?

John. In any thing, good honest Butler.

Tho. If't be to take a purse, I'll be one.

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[30] *Like to camomile,*—See Note 6 to *The City Night-cap.*

But. Perhaps thou speakest righter than thou art aware of. Well, as chance is, I have received my wages; there is forty shillings for you, I'll set you in a lodging, and till you hear from us, let that provide for you; we'll first to the surgeons.
To keep you honest, and to keep you brave,
For once an honest man will turn a knave.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SCARBOROW, *drunk, having a Boy carrying a Torch with him,* ILFORD, WENTLOE, *and* BARTLEY.

Scar. Boy, bear the torch fair: now am I armed to fight with a windmill, and to take the wall of an emperor; much drink, no money; a heavy head, and a light pair of heels.

Went. O stand, man.

Scar. I were an excellent creature to make a punk of; I should down with the least touch of a knave's finger; thou hast made a good night of this: what hast won, Frank?

Ilf. A matter of nothing, some hundred pounds.

Scar. This is the hell of all gamesters. I think when they are at play, the board eats up the money: for if there be five hundred pound lost, there's never but a hundred pounds won. Boy, take the wall of any man; and yet by light such deeds of darkness may not be.
[*Puts out the Torch.*

Went. What dost mean by that, Will?

Scar. To save charge, and walk like a fury with a firebrand in my hand; every one goes by the light, and we'll go by the smoke.

Enter Lord FAULCONBRIDGE.

Scar. Boy, keep the wall: I will not [31] budge for any man, by these thumbs; and the paring of the nails shall stick in thy teeth not for a world.

Lord. Who's this, young Scarborow?

Scar. The man that the mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reverence that you owe to me?

Scar. You should have brought me up better.

Lord. That vice should thus transform man to a beast!

Scar. Go to, your name's lord; I'll talk with you when you're out a debt and have better clothes.

Lord. I pity thee even with my very soul.

Scar. Pity i'thy throat, I can drink muscadine and eggs, and mulled sack; do you hear? you put a piece of turned stuff upon me, but I will—

Lord. What will you do, sir?

Scar. Piss in thy way, and that's no slander.

Lord. Your sober blood will teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Sir Wil. My honoured lord, you're happily well met.

Lord. Ill met, to see your nephew in this case,
More like a brute beast, than a gentleman.

Sir Wil. Fie, nephew, shame you not thus to transform yourself?

Scar. Can your nose smell a torch?

Ilf. Be not so wild, it is thine uncle, Scarborow.

Scar. Why then 'tis the more likely, 'tis my father's brother.

Sir Wil. Shame to our name, to make thyself a beast!
Thy body worthy born, and thy youth's breast
Tilled in due time for better discipline.

Lord. Thyself new married to a noble house,
Rich in possessions, and posterity,
Which should call home thy unstayed affections.

Sir Wil. Where thou makest havoc.

Lord. Riot, spoil, and waste.

Sir Wil. Of what thy father left.

Lord. And livest disgraced.

Scar. I'll send you shorter to heaven, than you came to the earth; do you catechise? do you catechise? [*He draws, and strikes at them.*

Ilf. Hold, hold, do you draw upon your uncle?

Scar. Pox of that lord,
We'll meet at Mitre, where we'll sup down sorrow;
We are drunk to-night, and so we'll be to-morrow.
[*Exeunt.*

Lord. Why now I see: what I heard of I believed not.
Your kinsman lives—

Sir Wil. Like to a swine.

Lord. [32] A perfect Epythite: he feeds on draff,
And wallows in the mire, to make men laugh;
I pity him.

Sir Wil. No pity's fit for him.

Lord. Yet we'll advise him.

Sir Wil. He is my kinsman.

Lord. Being in the pit where many do fall in,
We will both comfort him, and counsel him.
[*Exeunt.*

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[31] *Budge*—Move, or stir. *Bouger.* Fr.

[32] *A perfect Epythite*—I believe an *Epythite* signifies a beggar—ἐπιθέτης. S.

ACT IV.

A Noise within, crying, "Follow, follow, follow;" *then enter* Butler, THOMAS *and* JOHN SCARBOROW, *with Money-bags.*

Tho. What shall we do now, butler?

But. A man had better line a good handsome pair of gallows before his time, than be born to do these sucklings good; their mother's milk not wrung out of their nose yet; they know no more how to behave themselves in this honest and needful calling of purse-taking, than I do to piece stockings.

Within. This way, this way, this way.

Both. 'Sfoot, what shall we do now?

But. See if they do not quake like a trembling asp-leaf, and look more miserable than one of the wicked elders pictured in the painted cloth; should they but come to the credit to be arraigned for their valour before a worshipful bench, their very looks would hang 'em, an' they were indicted but for stealing of eggs.

Within. Follow, follow, this way follow.

Tho. Butler!

John. Honest butler!

But. Squat, heart, squat! creep me into these bushes,
And lie me as close to the ground as you would do to a wench.

Tho. How, good butler? shew us how.

But. By the moon, patroness of all purse-takers, who would be troubled with such changelings? squat, heart, squat.

Tho. Thus, butler?

But. Aye, so, suckling, so; stir not now; if the peering rogues chance to go over you, yet stir not: younger brothers call you them, and have no more forecast? I am ashamed of you. These are such whose fathers had need leave them money, even to make them ready withal; for by these hilts, they have not wit to button their sleeves without teaching: close, squat close. Now if the lot of hanging do fall to my share, so; then the father's old man drops for his young masters. If it chance, it chances; and when it chances, heaven and the sheriff send me a good rope! I would not go up the ladder twice for any thing: in the mean time, preventions, honest preventions do well; off with my skin; so; you on the ground, and I to this tree, to escape the gallows.

Within. Follow, follow, follow.

But. Do follow; if I do not deceive you, I'll bid a pox of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter Sir JOHN HARCOP *with two or three others with him.*

Har. Up to this wood they took; search near, my friends, I am this morn robbed of three hundred pound.

But. I am sorry there was not four to have made even money.—Now, by the devil's horns, 'tis Sir John Harcop.

Har. Leave not a bush unbeat, nor tree unsearch'd;
As sure as I was robb'd, the thieves went this way.

But. There's nobody I perceive but may lie at some time,
For one of them climb'd this ways.

1 *Man.* Stand, I hear a voice; and here's an owl in an ivy-bush.

But. You lie, 'tis an old servingman in a nut-tree.

2 *Man.* Sirrah, sir, what make you in that tree?

But. Gathering of nuts, that such fools as you are may crack the shells, and I eat the kernels.

Har. What fellow's that?

But. Sir John Harcop, my noble knight, I am glad of your good health; you bear your age fair, you keep a good house, I have fed at your board, and been drunk in your buttery.

Har. But sirrah, sirrah; what made you in that tree?
My man and I, at foot of yonder hill,
Were by three knaves robb'd of three hundred pound.

But. A shrewd loss, by'rlady, sir; but your good worship may now see the fruit of being miserable: you will ride but with one man to save horse-meat and man's meat at your inn at night, and lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Har. Sirrah, I say, I have lost three hundred pound.

But. And I say, sir, I wish all miserable knights might be served so; for had you kept half a dozen tall fellows, as a man of your coat should do, they would have helped now to keep your money.

Har. But tell me, sir, why lurk'd you in that tree?

But. Marry, I will tell you, sir. Coming to the top of the hill where you, right worshipful, were robbed at the bottom, and seeing some a scuffling together, my mind straight gave me there were knaves abroad. Now, sir, I, knowing myself to be old, tough, and unwieldy, not being able to do as I would; as much as to say, rescue you, right worshipful, I like an honest man, one of the king's liege people, and a good subject——

Ser. He says well, sir.

But. Got me up to the top of that tree, (the tree, if it could speak, would bear me witness,) that there I might see which way the knaves took, then to tell you of it, and you right worshipfully to send hue to cry after them.

Har. Was it so?

But. Nay, 'twas so, sir.

Har. Nay then, I tell thee they took into this wood.

But. And I tell thee, setting thy worship's knighthood aside, he lies in his throat that says so: had not one of them a white frock? did they

not bind your worship's knighthood by the thumbs? *then* faggotted you *and the fool your man back to back?*

Man. He says true.

But. Why then so truly came not they into this wood, but took over the lawns, and left Winno steeple on the left hand.

Har. It may be so, by this they are out of reach; Well, farewell it.

But. Ride with more men, good knight.

Har. It shall teach me wit.

[*Exit* HARCOP, *with Followers.*

But. So, if this be not played a weapon beyond a scholar's prize, let me be hist at. Now to the next. Come out, you hedgehogs.

Tho. O Butler, thou deservest to be chronicled for this.

But. Do not bely me; if I had my right I deserve to be hanged for't. But come, down with your dust, our morning's [33] purchase.

Tho. Here 'tis, thou hast played well, thou deservest two shares in it.

But. Three hundred pound! a pretty breakfast; many a man works hard all his days, and never sees half the money. But come, though it be badly got, it shall be better bestowed. But do you hear, gallants, I have not taught you this trade to get your livings by. Use it not, for if you do, though I scaped by the nut tree, be sure you'll speed by the rope; but for your pains at this time, there's a hundred pounds for you; how you shall bestow it, I'll give you instructions. But do you hear, look you, go not to your gills, your punks, and your cock-tricks with it; if I hear you do, as I am an honest thief, though I helped you now out of the briers, I'll be a means yet to help you to the gallows. How the rest shall be employed I have determined, and by the way I'll make you acquainted with it.

To steal is bad; but taken where is store,
The fault's the less, being done to help the poor.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ILFORD, WENTLOE, BARTLEY. ILFORD *having a Letter in his Hand.*

Ilf. Sure, I have said my prayers, and lived virtuously a late, that this good fortune's befall'n me. Look, gallants; I am sent for to come down to my father's burial.

Went. But dost mean to go?

Ilf. Troth, no, I'll go down to take possession of his land, let the country bury him, an' they will; I'll stay here a while, to save charge at his funeral.

Bart. And how dost feel thyself, Frank, now thy father is dead?

Ilf. As I did before, with my hands; how should I feel myself else? but I'll tell you news, gallants.

Went. What's that? dost mean now to serve God?

Ilf. Faith, partly; for I intend shortly to go to church, and from thence do faithful service to one woman.

Enter Butler.

But. Good! I have met my flesh-hooks together.

Bart. What, dost mean to be married?

Ilf. Aye, mungrel, married.

But. That's a bait for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

Went. It's impossible, for thou hast been a whore-master this seven year.

Ilf. 'Tis no matter, I will now marry, and to some honest woman too, and so from hence her virtues shall be a countenance to my vices.

Bart. What shall she be, pr'ythee?

Ilf. No lady, no widow, nor no waiting gentlewoman; for, under protection,

Ladies may lard their husbands heads,
Widows will woodcocks make,
And chambermaids of serving-men
Learn that they'll never forsake.

Went. Who wilt thou wed then, pr'ythee?

Ilf. To any maid, so she be fair; to any maid, so she be rich;
To any maid, so she be young; and to any maid—

Bart. So she be honest.

Ilf. Faith, it's no great matter for her honesty; for in these days, that's a dowry out of request.

But. From these crabs will I gather sweetness; wherein I'll imitate the bee, that sucks her honey, not from the sweetest flowers, but thyme the bitterest: so these having been the means to beggar my master, shall be the helps to relieve his brothers and sister.

Ilf. To whom shall I now be a suitor?

But. Fair fall ye, gallants.

Ilf. Nay, an' she be fair, she shall fall sure enough. Butler, how is't, good butler?

But. Will you be made gallants?

Went. Aye, but not *willingly* cuckolds, though we are now talking about wives.

But. Let your wives agree of that after: will you first be richly married?

All. How, butler? richly married?

But. Rich in beauty, rich in purse, rich in virtue, rich in all things. But mum, I'll say nothing; I know of two or three rich heirs. But [34] cargo! my fiddlestick cannot play without rosin; avaunt.

Went. Butler.

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[33] *Purchase*—See Note 33 to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 582.

[34] *But cargo!*—This is a corruption of *coraggio*, Italian, courage; a hortatory exclamation. So, in the Epilogue to *Albumazer*:

"Two hundred crowns? and twenty pound a-year
For three good lives? *cargo!* hai Trincalo!" S.

Ilf. Dost not know me, Butler?

But. For [35] kex, dried kex, that in summer has been so liberal to fodder other men's cattle, and scarce have enough to keep your own in winter. Mine are precious cabinets, and must have precious jewels put into them, and I know you to be merchants of stock-fish, and not men for my market; then vanish.

Ilf. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? cannot a man have been a little whore-master in his youth, but you must upbraid him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his wife shall find in him? why, my father is dead, man, now, who by his death has left me the better part of a thousand a-year.

But. Tut, she of Lancashire has fifteen hundred.

Ilf. Let me have her then, good butler.

But. And then she, the bright beauty of Leicestershire, has a thousand, nay, thirteen hundred a-year, at least.

Ilf. Or let me have her, honest butler.

But. Besides, she the most delicate, sweet countenanced, black browed gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substance equals the best of them.

Ilf. Let me have her then.

Bart. Or I.

Went. Or I, good butler.

But. You were best play the parts of right fools, and most desperate whore-masters, and go together by the ears for them ere ye see them. But they are the most rare featured, well faced, excellent spoke, rare qualified, virtuous, and worthy to be admired gentlewomen——

All. And rich, butler?

But. Aye, that must be one, though they want all the rest.—And rich, gallants, as are from the utmost parts of Asia, to these present confines of Europe.

All. And wilt thou help us to them, butler?

But. Faith, 'tis to be doubted; for precious pearl will hardly be bought without precious stones, and I think there's scarce one indifferent one to be found betwixt you three: yet since there is some hope ye may prove honest, as by the death of your fathers you are proved rich, walk severally; for I, knowing you all three to be covetous tug-muttons, will not trust you with the sight of each other's beauty, but will severally talk with you; and since you have deigned in this needful portion of wedlock to be ruled by me, Butler will most bountifully provide wives for you generally.

All. Why that's honestly said.

But. Why so; and now first to you, sir knight.

Ilf. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abominable woodcocks here.

Ilf. A pox on them, absolute coxcombs.

But. You heard me tell them, I had intelligence to give of three gentlewomen.

Ilf. True.

But. Now indeed, sir, I have but the performance of one.

Ilf. Good.

But. And her I do intend for you, only for you.

Ilf. Honest butler!

But. Now, sir, she being but lately come to this town, and so nearly watched by the jealous eyes of her friends, she being a rich heir, lest she should be stolen away by some dissolute prodigal, or desperate estated spendthrift, as you have been, sir——

Ilf. O, but that's past, butler.

But. True, I know it, and intend now but to make use of them, flatter them with hopeful promises, and make them needful instruments.

Ilf. To help me to the wench?

But. You have hit it, which thus must be effected; first by keeping close your purpose.

Ilf. Good.

Bart. Also concealing from them the lodging, beauty, and riches, of your new, but admirable mistress.

Ilf. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happiness if they should know, either in envy of your good, or hope of their own advancement, they'd make our labours known to the gentlewoman's uncles, and so our benefit be frustrate.

Ilf. Admirable, butler.

But. Which done, all's but this; being as you shall be brought into her company, and by my praising your virtues, you get possession of her love, one morning step to the tower, or, to make all sure, hire some stipendary priest for money: for money in these days, what will not be done? and what will not a man do for a rich wife? and with him make no more ado but marry her in her lodging, and, being married, lie with her, and spare not.

Ilf. Do they not see us, do they not see us? let me kiss thee, let me kiss thee, butler: let but this be done, and all the benefit, requital, and happiness, I can promise thee for't, shall be this, I'll be thy rich master, and thou shalt carry my purse.

But. Enough, meet me at her lodging some half an hour hence: hark, she lies.

Ilf. I ha't.

But. Fail not.

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[35] *Kex*—A Fr. G. *Cigue*, utr. a Lat. Cicuta. SKINNER.
Cigue f. Hemlocke, Homlocke, hearbe Bennet, *Kex*. COTGRAVE.

Ilf. Will I live?

But. I will but shift off these two rhinoceros—

Ilf. Widgeons, widgeons, a couple of gulls.

But. With some discourse of hope to wive them too, and be with you straight.

Ilf. Blest day! my love shall be thy cushion, honest butler. [*Exit.*

But. So now to my t'other gallants.

Went. O butler, we have been in passion at thy tediousness.

But. Why look you, I had all this talk for your good.

Bart. Hadst?

But. For you know the knight is but a scurvy-proud-prating-prodigal, licentious, unnecessary—

Went. An ass, an ass, an ass.

But. Now you heard me tell him I had three wenches in store.

Bart. And he would have had them all, would he?

But. Hear me; though he may live to be an ox, he had not now so much of the goat in him, but only hopes for one of the three, when indeed I have but two; and knowing you to be men of more virtue, and dearer in my respect, intend them to be yours.

Went. We shall honour thee.

Bart. But how, butler?

But. I am now going to their place of residence, situate in the choicest place in the city, and at the sign of the wolf, just against Goldsmiths-row, where you shall meet me; but ask not for me, only walk to and fro; and to avoid suspicion, you may spend some conference with the shop-keepers' wives; they [36] have seats built a purpose for such familiar entertainment, where from a bay window [37] which is opposite, I will make you known to your desired beauties, commend the good parts you have—

Went. By the mass, mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire, as women are soon won, to make you be beloved; where you shall first kiss, then woo, at length wed, and at last bed, my noble hearts.

Both. O, butler!

But. Wenches, bona robas, [38] blessed beauties, without colour or counterfeit: away, put on your best clothes, get you to the barbers, curl up your hair, walk with the best strouts you can; you shall see more at the window, and I have vowed to make you.

Bart. Wilt thou?

But. Both fools; and I'll want of my wit, but I'll do't. [*Aside.*

Bart. We will live together as fellows.

Went. As brothers. [*Exeunt.*

But. As arrant knaves, if I keep you company. O, the most wretched season of this time!
These men, like fish, do swim within one stream,
Yet they'd eat one another, making no conscience
To drink with them they'd poison; no offence
Betwixt their thoughts and actions have control'd,
But headlong run, like an unbiass'd bowl:
Yet I will throw them on, but like to *him*,
At play knows how to lose, and when to win.

Enter THOMAS, *and* JOHN SCARBOROW.

Tho. Butler.

But. O, are you come,
And fit as I appointed? so, 'tis well,
You know your cues, and have instructions
How to bear yourselves; all, all is fit:
Play but your part, your states from hence are firm. [*Exit.*

John. What shall I term this creature? not a man,
[*Betwixt this, Butler leads* ILFORD *in.*
He's not of mortal's temper, but he's one,
Made all of goodness, though of flesh and bone.
O brother, brother, but for that honest man,

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[36] *They have seats built a purpose*—The following extracts from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 4to. 1595, p. 57. will shew the manners of the English in some particulars which are alluded to in the course of these volumes. "Other some (*i. e.* of the women of England) spend the greatest part of the day *in sitting at the dore*, to shew their braveries, and to make knowne their beauties, to beholde the passengers by, to view the coast, to see fashions, and to acquaint themselves with the bravest fellows; for if not for these causes, I see no other causes why they *should sit at their doores*, from morning till noon, as many do, from noon to night, thus vainly spending their golden dayes in filthy idleness and sin. Againe, other some being weary of that exercise, take occasion, about urgent affaires you must suppose, to walke into the towne, and least any thing might be gathered, but that they goe about serious matters indeed, they take their baskets in their hands, or under their arms, under which pretence pretie conceits are practised, and yet may no man say black is their eye.

"In the fields and suburbes of the cities they have gardens either palled or walled round about very high, with their harbers and bowers fit for the purpose. And least they might be espied in these open places, they have their banquetting houses with gallaries, turrets, and what not, therein sumptuously erected: wherein they may, and doubtless do, many of them play the filthy persons. And for that their gardens are locked, some of them have three or four keyes a piece, whereof one they keep for themselves, the other their paramours have to goe in before them, least happily they might be perceived, for then were all the sport dasht. Then to these gardens they repair, when they list, with a basket and a boy, where they meeting their sweet harts, receive their wished desires."

[37] *Bay window*—See note 13 to *The Parson's Wedding*.

[38] *Bona robas*—See note to *King Henry IV.* part 2. edit. 1778. Vol. V. p. 522. S.

As near to misery had been our breath,
As where the thundering pellet strikes is death.

Tho. Aye, my shift of shirts, and change of clothes, know't.

John. We'll tell of him, like bells whose music rings
On coronation day for joy of kings,
That hath preserved their steeples, not like tolls,
That summons living tears for the dead souls.

Enter Butler, and ILFORD *above.*

But. God's precious! see, the hell, sir, even as you had new kist, and were about to court her, if her uncles be not come.

Ilf. A plague on the spite on't.

But. But 'tis no matter, sir; stay you here in this upper chamber, and I'll stay beneath with her; 'tis ten to one you shall hear them talk now of the greatness of her possessions, the care they have to see her well bestowed, the admirableness of her virtues, all which for all their coming shall be but happiness ordained for you, and by my means be your inheritance.

Ilf. Then thou'lt shift them away, and keep me from the sight of them?

But. Have I not promised to make you?

Ilf. Thou hast.

But. Go to then, rest here with patience, and be confident in my trust; only in my absence, you may praise God for the blessedness you have to come, and say your prayers if you will, I'll but prepare her heart for entertainment of your love; dismiss them, for your free access, and return straight.

Ilf. Honest, blest, natural friend, thou dealest with me like a brother, butler. [*Exit Butler.*]—Sure heaven hath reserved this man to wear grey-hairs to do me good. Now will I listen, listen close, and suck in her uncles' words with a rejoicing ear.

Tho. As we were saying, brother,
Where shall we find a husband for my niece?

Ilf. Marry, she shall find one here though you little know't;
Thanks, thanks, honest butler.

John. She is left rich in money, plate, and jewels.

Ilf. Comfort, comfort to my soul.

Tho. Hath all her manor houses richly furnished.

Ilf. Good, good, I'll find employment for them.

But. [*Within.*] Speak loud enough, that he may hear you.

John. I take her estate to be about a thousand pound a year.

Ilf. And that which my father hath left me, will make it about fifteen hundred; admirable!

John. In debt to no man; then must our natural care be,
As she is wealthy, to see her married well.

Ilf. And that she shall be as well as the priest can;
He shall not leave a word out.

Tho. I think she has—

Ilf. What, a God's name?

Tho. About four thousand pound in her great chest.

Ilf. And I'll find a vent for't, I hope.

John. She is virtuous, and she is fair.

Ilf. An' she were foul, being rich, I would be glad of her.

Aut. Pish, pish.

John. Come, we'll go visit her, but with this care,
That to no spendthrift we do marry her. [*Exeunt.*

Ilf. You may chance be deceived, old graybeards; here's he will spend some of it, thanks, thanks, honest butler! Now do I see the happiness of my future estate. I walk me as to-morrow, being the day after my marriage, with my fourteen men in livery cloaks after me, and step to the wall in some chief streets of the city, though I have no occasion to use it, that the shopkeepers may take notice how many followers stand bare to me; and yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turn my aforesaid fourteen into two pages and two coaches; I will get myself into grace at court, run head-long into debt, and then look scurvily upon the city; I will walk you into the presence in the afternoon, having put on a richer suit than I wore in the morning, and call boy, or sirrah; I will have the grace of some great lady, though I pay for it; and at the next triumphs run a-tilt, that when I run my course, though I break not my lance, she may whisper to herself, looking upon my jewel, well run, my knight: I will now keep great horses, scorning to have a quean to keep me; indeed I will practise all the gallantry in use, for by a wife comes all my happiness.

Enter Butler.

But. Now, sir, you have heard her uncles, and how do you like them?

Ilf. O, butler, they have made good thy words, and I am ravished with them.

But. And having seen and kissed the gentlewoman, how do you like her?

Ilf. O, butler, beyond discourse! she's a paragon for a prince, than a fit implement for a gentleman, beyond my element.

But. Well then, since you like her, and, by my means, she shall like you, nothing rests now, but to have you married.

Ilf. True, butler, but withal to have her portion.

But. Tut, that's sure yours when you are married once, for 'tis hers by inheritance; but do you love her?

Ilf. O, with my soul.

But. Have you sworn as much?

Ilf. To thee, to her, and have called heaven to witness.

But. How shall I know that?

Ilf. Butler, here I protest, make vows irrevocable.

But. Upon your knees?

Ilf. Upon my knees, with my heart and soul I love her.

But. Will live with her?

Ilf. Will live with her.

But. Marry her and maintain her?

Ilf. Marry her and maintain her.

But. For her forsake all other women?

Ilf. Nay, for her forswear all other women.

But. In all degrees of love?

Ilf. In all degrees of love, either to court, kiss, give private favours, or use private means; I'll do nothing that married men being close whore-masters do, so I may have her.

But. And yet you having been an open whore-master, I will not believe you till I hear you swear as much in the way of contract to herself, and call me to be a witness.

Ilf. By heaven, by earth, by hell, by all that man can swear, I will, so I may have her.

But. Enough.

Thus at first sight, rash men to women swear,
When such oaths broke, heaven grieves and sheds a tear:
But she's come, ply her, ply her.

Enter SCARBOROW's *Sister.*

Ilf. Kind mistress, as I protested, so again I vow; 'Faith I love you.

Sis. And I am not, sir, so uncharitable,
To hate the man that loves me.

Ilf. Love me then,
The which loves you as angels love good men;
Who wisheth them to live with them for ever,
In that high bliss whom hell cannot dissever.

But. I'll steal away and leave them, as wise men do;
Whom they would match, let them have leave to woo. [*Exit Butler.*

Ilf. Mistress, I know your worth is beyond my desert; yet by my praising of your virtues, I would not have you, as women use to do, become proud.

Sis. None of my affections are pride's children, nor a-kin to them.

Ilf. Can you love me then?

Sis. I can; for I love all the world, but am in love with none.

Ilf. Yet be in love with me: let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our souls
Like turtles have a mutual sympathy,
Who love so well, that they together die;
Such is my life, who covets to expire,
If it should lose your love.

Sis. May I believe you?

Ilf. In troth you may,
Your life's my life, your death my dying-day;

Sis. Sir, the commendations I have received from butler of your birth and worth, together with the judgment of mine own eye, bids me believe and love you.

Ilf. O seal it with a kiss;
Blest hour! my life had never joy till this.

Enter WENTLOE, *and* BARTLEY *beneath.*

Bart. Hereabout is the house, sure.

Went. We cannot mistake it, for here's the sign of the Wolf and the bay-window.

Enter Butler above.

But. What, so close? 'Tis well I have shifted away your uncles, mistress; but see the spite Sir Francis, if yon same couple of smell-smocks, Wentloe and Bartley, have not scented after us.

Ilf. A pox on them! what shall we do then, butler!

But. What! but be married straight, man.

Ilf. Aye, but how, butler?

But. Tut, I never fail at a dead lift; for, to perfect your bliss, I have provided you a priest.

Ilf. Where? pr'ythee, butler, where?

But. Where? but beneath in her chamber. I have filled his hands with coin, and he shall tie you fast with words; he shall close your hands in one, and then do clap yourself into her sheets, and spare not.

Ilf. O sweet! [*Exit* ILFORD, *with Sister.*

But. Down, down, 'tis the only way for you to get up.—
Thus in this task for others good I toil,
And the kind gentlewoman weds herself,
Having been scarcely woo'd, and ere her thoughts
Have learned to love him, that, being her husband,
She may relieve her brothers in their wants;
She marries him to help her nearest kin,
I make the match, and hope it is no sin.

Went. 'Sfoot, it is scurvy walking for us so near the two counters; would he would come once!

Bart. Mass he's yonder.—Now, butler.

But. O gallants, are you here? I have done wonders for you, commended you to the gentlewomen, who, having taken note of your good legs and good faces, have a liking to you; meet me beneath.

Both. Happy butler!

But. They are yours, and you are theirs; meet me beneath, I say.
By this they are wed; aye, and perhaps have bedded.
[*Exeunt* WENTLOE *and* BARTLEY.
Now follows, whether, knowing she is poor,
He'll swear he loved her as he swore before.
[*Exit Butler.*

ACT V.

Enter ILFORD, *with* SCARBOROW'S *Sister.*

Ilf. Ho, sirrah, who would have thought it? I perceive now a woman may be a maid, be married, and lose her maidenhead, and all in half an hour; and how dost like me now, wench?

Sis. As doth befit your servant and your wife,
That owe you love and duty all my life.

Ilf. And there shall be no love lost, nor service neither; I'll do thee service at board, and thou shalt do me service a-bed.—Now must I, as young married men use to do, kiss my portion out of my young wife.—Thou art my sweet rogue, my lamb, my pigsny, my play-fellow, my pretty, pretty any thing; come a buss pr'ythee; so! 'tis my kind heart; and wots thou what now?

Sis. Not till you tell me, sir.

Ilf. I have got thee with child in my conscience, and, like a kind husband, methinks I breed it for thee. For I am already sick at my stomach, and long extremely. Now must thou be my helpful physician, and provide for me.

Sis. Even to my blood;
What's mine is yours, to gain your peace or good.

Ilf. What a kind soul is this! could a man have found a greater content in a wife, if he should have sought through the world for her? Pr'ythee, heart, as I said, I long, and in good troth I do, and methinks thy first child will be born without a nose, if I lose my longing: 'tis but for a trifle too; yet methinks it will do me no good, unless thou effect it for me. I could take thy keys myself, go into thy closet, and read over the deeds and evidences of thy land; and in reading over them, rejoice I had such blest fortune to have so fair a wife with so much endowment, and then open thy chests, and survey thy plate, jewels, treasure. But a pox on't, all will do me no good, unless thou effect it for me.

Sis. Sir, I will shew you all the wealth I have,
Of coin, of jewels, or possessions.

Ilf. Good gentle heart, I'll give thee another buss for that; for that, give thee a new gown to-morrow morning by this hand; do thou but dream what stuff and what fashion thou wilt have it on to-night.

Sis. The land I can endow you with is my love;
The riches I possess for you is love;
A treasure greater than is land or gold,
It cannot be forfeit, and it shall ne'er be sold.

Ilf. Love, I know that; and I'll answer thee love for love in abundance: but come, pr'ythee come, let's see these deeds and evidences; this money, plate, and jewels; wilt have thy child born without a nose? if thou be'st so careless, spare not: why, my little frappet you, I heard thy uncles talk of thy riches, that thou hadst hundreds a year, several lordships, manors, houses, thousands of pounds in your great chest; jewels, plate, and rings in your little box.

Sis. And for that riches you did marry me?

Ilf. Troth I did, as now-a-days bachelors do: swear I loved thee, but indeed married thee for thy wealth.

Sis. Sir, I beseech you, say not your oaths were such,
So like false coin, being put unto the touch;
Who bear a flourish in the outward show,
Of a true stamp, but [39] truly are not so.
You swore me love, I gave the like to you:
Then as a ship, being wedded to the sea,
Does either sail or sink, even so must I,
You being the haven to which my hopes must fly.

Ilf. True, chuck, I am thy haven and harbour too,
And like a ship I took thee, who brings home treasure
As thou to me, the merchant-venturer.

Sis. What riches I am ballast with are yours.

Ilf. That's kindly said now.

Sis. If but with sand, as I am but with earth,
Being your right of right, you must receive me;
I have no other lading but my love,
Which in abundance I will render you;
If other freight you do expect my store,
I'll pay you tears; my riches are no more.

Ilf. How's this? how's this? I hope you do but jest.

Sis. I am sister to decayed Scarborow.

Ilf. Ha!

Sis. Whose substance your enticements did consume.

Ilf. Worse than an ague!

Sis. Which as you did believe, so they supposed.
'Twas fitter for yourself than for another,
To keep the sister, had undone the brother.

Ilf. I am gulled, by this hand. An old coney-catcher, and beguiled; where the pox now are my two coaches, choice of houses, several suits, a plague on them, and I know not what! Do you hear, puppet, do you think you shall not be damned for this, to cozen a gentleman of his hopes, and compel yourself into matrimony with a man, whether he will or no with you? I have made a fair match, i'faith; will any man buy my commodity out of my hand? As God save me, he shall have her for half the money she cost me.

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[39] *Truly*—indeed. Second and third editions.

Enter WENTLOE *and* BARTLEY.

Went. O, have we met you, sir?

Bart. What, turned micher, steal a wife, and not make your old friends acquainted with it?

Ilf. A pox on her, I would you had her.

Went. Well, God give you joy; we can hear of your good fortune, now 'tis done, though we could not be acquainted with it aforehand.

Bart. As that you have two thousand pounds a-year.

Went. Two or three manor-houses.

Bart. A wife, fair, rich, and virtuous.

Ilf. Pretty, in faith, very pretty.

Went. Store of gold.

Bart. Plate in abundance.

Ilf. Better, better, better.

Went. And so many oxen, that their horns are able to store all the cuckolds in your country.

Ilf. Do not make me mad, good gentlemen, do not make me mad: I could be made a cuckold with more patience, than endure this.

Went. Foh, we shall have you turn proud now, grow respectless of your ancient acquaintance. Why, butler told us of it; who was the maker of the match for you.

Ilf. A pox of his furtherance! Gentlemen, as you are Christians, vex me no more; that I am married, I confess; a plague of the fates, that wedding and hanging comes by destiny; but for the riches she has brought, bear witness how I'll reward her. [*Kicks her.*

Sis. Sir?

Ilf. Whore, aye and jade, witch! Ill-faced, stinking breath, crooked nose, worse than the devil; and a plague on thee that ever I saw thee!

Bart. A comedy, a comedy!

Went. What's the meaning of all this? is this the mask after thy marriage?

Ilf. O, gentlemen, I am undone, I am undone, for I am married; I that could not abide a woman, but to make her a whore, hated all she-creatures, fair and poor; swore I would never marry but to one that was rich, and to be thus coney-catched! Who do you think this is, gentlemen?

Went. Why, your wife; who should it be else?

Ilf. That's my misfortune; that marrying her in hope she was rich, she proves to be the beggarly sister to the more beggarly Scarborow.

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha!

Ilf. Aye, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I for't.

Bart. Nay, do not weep.

Went. He does but counterfeit now to delude us; he has all her portion of land, coin, plate, jewels; and now dissembles thus, lest we should borrow some money of him.

Ilf. An' you be kind, gentlemen, lend me some; for, having paid the priest, I have not so much left in the world as will hire me a horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But art thou thus gulled, in faith?

Ilf. Are you sure you have eyes in your head?

Went. Why, then, by her brother's setting on in my conscience, who, knowing thee now to have somewhat to take to by the death of thy father, and that he hath spent her portion, and his own possessions, hath laid this plot for thee to marry her, and so he to be rid of her himself.

Ilf. Nay, that's without question; but I'll be revenged of 'em both. For you, minx,—nay, 'sfoot, give 'em me, or I'll kick else.

Sis. Good, sweet—

Ilf. Sweet with a pox, you stink in my nose, give me your jewels; nay, bracelets too.

Sis. O me, most miserable!

Ilf. Out of my sight, aye, and out of my doors; for now what's within this house is mine; and for your brother,
He made this match, in hope to do you good,
And I wear this, for which shall draw his blood.

Went. A brave resolution.

Bart. In which we'll second thee.

[*Exit, with* WENTLOE.

Ilf. Away, whore; out of my doors, whore.

[*Exit.*

Sis. O grief, that poverty should have that power to tear
Men from themselves, though they wed, bed, and swear.

Enter THOMAS *and* JOHN SCARBOROW, *with Butler.*

Tho. How now, sister?

Sis. Undone, undone.

But. Why, mistress, how is't? how is't?

Sis. My husband has forsook me.

But. O perjury!

Sis. Has ta'en my jewels and my bracelets from me.

Tho. Vengeance! I played the thief for the money that bought 'em.

Sis. Left me distressed, and thrust me forth a-doors.

Tho. Damnation on him! I will hear no more,
But for his wrong revenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the cause of all;
He spent our portion, and I'll see his fall.

John. O but, brother—

Tho. Persuade me not.
All hopes are shipwrecked, misery comes on,
The comfort we did look from him is frustrate,
All means, all maintenance, but grief, is gone;
And all shall end by his destruction. [*Exit.*

John. I'll follow, and prevent what in this heat may happen:
His want makes sharp his sword. Too great's the ill,
If that one brother should another kill. [*Exit.*

But. And what will you do, mistress?

Sis. I'll sit me down, sigh loud instead of words,
And wound myself with grief as they with swords;
And for the sustenance that I should eat,
I'll feed on grief, 'tis woe's best relished meat.

But. Good heart, I pity you,
You shall not be so cruel to yourself;
I have the poor serving-man's allowance,
Twelve-pence a-day, to buy me sustenance;
One meal a-day I'll eat, the t'other fast,
To give your wants relief. And, mistress,
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
I'll have thin cheeks, ere you shall have wet eyes.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scar. What is a prodigal? Faith, like a brush,
That wears himself to flourish others clothes;
And, having worn his heart even to the stump,
He's thrown away like a deformed lump.
Oh such am I! I have spent all the wealth
My ancestors did purchase, made others brave
In shape and riches, and myself a knave.
For though my wealth raised some to paint their door,
'Tis shut against me, saying, I am but poor:
Nay, even the greatest arm, whose hand hath graced
My presence to the eye of majesty, shrinks back,
His fingers clutch, and, like to lead,
They are heavy to raise up my stare, being dead.
By which I find, spendthrifts, and such am I,
Like strumpets flourish, but are foul within,
And they, like snakes, know when to cast their skin.

Enter THOMAS SCARBOROW.

Tho. Turn, draw, and die; I come to kill thee.
Scar. What's he that speaks like sickness? Oh! is't you?
Sleep still, you cannot move me; fare you well.
Tho. Think not my fury slakes so, or my blood
Can cool itself to temper by refusal:
Turn, or thou diest.
Scar. Away.
Tho. I do not wish to kill thee like a slave,
That taps men in their cups, and broach their hearts,
Ere with a warning piece they have waked their ears;
I would not, like to powder, shoot thee down
To a flat grave, ere thou hast thought to frown:
I am no coward, but in manly terms,
And fairest oppositions, vow to kill thee.
Scar. From whence proceeds this heat?
Tho. From sparkles bred by thee, that like a villain—
Scar. Ha!
Tho. I'll hollow it in thine ears till thy soul quake to hear it,
That like a villain hast undone thy brothers.
Scar. Would thou wert not so near me! yet farewell.
Tho. Bye nature and her laws: make us a-kin,
As near as are these hands, or sin to sin—
Draw and defend thyself, or I'll forget
Thou art a man.
Scar. Would thou wert not my brother!
Tho. I disclaim thee.
Scar. Are we not offspring of one parent, wretch?
Tho. I do forget it;—pardon me the dead,
I should deny the pains you bid for me!—
My blood grows hot for vengeance; thou hast spent
My life's revenues that our parents purchased.
Scar. O do not rack me with remembrance on't.
Tho. Thou hast made my life a beggar in this world,
And I will make thee bankrupt of thy breath;
Thou hast been so bad, the best that I can give,
Thou art a devil, not with men to live.
Scar. Then take a devil's payment.
[*Here they make a pass one upon another, when, at* SCARBOROW's *back, come in* ILFORD, WENTLOE, *and* BARTLEY.
Ilf. He's here; draw, gentlemen.
Went. and Bart. Die, Scarborow.
Scar. Girt round with death!
Tho. How, set upon by three! 'Sfoot, fear not, brother;—you cowards, three to one! slaves, worse than fencers that wear long weapons. You shall be fought withal, you shall be fought withal.
[*Here the Brothers join, drive the rest out, and return.*
Scar. Brother, I thank you, for you now have been
A patron of my life; forget the sin,
I pray you, which my loose and wasteful hours
Hath made against your fortunes; I repent 'em,
And wish I could new joint and strength your hopes,
Though with indifferent ruin of mine own.
I have a many sins, the thought of which,
Like [40] finisht needles, prick me to the soul,
But find your wrongs to have the sharpest point.
If penitence your losses might repair,
You should be rich in wealth, and I in care.
Tho. I do believe you, sir; but I must tell you,
Evils the which are 'gainst another done,
Repentance makes no satisfaction
To him that feels the smart. Our father, sir,
Left in your trust my portion: you have spent it,
And suffered me, (whilst you in riot's house,
A drunken tavern, spilled my maintenance,
Perhaps upon the ground, with o'erflown cups,)
Like birds, in hardest winter half-starved, to fly
And pick up any food, lest I should die.
Scar. I pr'ythee let us be at peace together.
Tho. At peace, for what? For spending my inheritance?

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[40] *Finisht*,—Perhaps *finest* needles, which are the sharpest. S.

By yonder sun, that every soul has life by,
As sure as thou hast life, I'll fight with thee.
Scar. I'll not be moved unto't.
Tho. I'll kill thee then, wert thou now clasp
Within thy mother, wife, or children's arms.
Scar. Would'st, homicide? art so degenerate?
Then let my blood grow hot.
Tho. For it shall cool.
Scar. To kill, rather than be killed, is manhood's rule.

Enter JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. Stay, let not your wraths meet.
Tho. Heart, what mak'st thou here?
John. Say who are you, or you? are you not one,
That scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other? Are you not brothers?
Tho. I renounce him.
Scar. Shalt not need.
Tho. Give way.
Scar. Have at thee.
John. Who stirs, which of you both hath strength within his arm
To wound his own breast? who's so desperate,
To damn himself by killing of himself?
Are you not both one flesh?
Tho. Heart, give me way.
Scar. Be not a bar betwixt us, or by my sword
I'll [41] mete thy grave out.
John. O do, for God's sake do;
'Tis happy death if I may die, and you
Not murder one another. O do but hearken!
When does the sun and moon, born in one frame,
Contend, but they breed earthquakes in men's hearts?
When any star [42] prodigiously appears,
Tells it not fall of kings, or fatal years?
And then, if brothers fight, what may men think?
Sin grows so high, 'tis time the world should sink.
Scar. My heart grows cool again, I wish it not.
Tho. Stop not my fury, or by my life I swear,
I will reveal the robbery we have done,
And take revenge on thee,
That hinders me to take revenge on him.
John. I yield to that, but ne'er consent to this;
I shall then die as mine own sin affords,
Fall by the law, not by my brothers' swords.
Tho. Then by that light that guides me here, I vow,
I'll straight to sir John Harcop, and make known
We were the two that robbed him.
John. Pr'ythee do.
Tho. Sin has his shame, and thou shalt have thy due. [*Exit.*
John. Thus have I shewn the nature of a brother,
Though you have proved unnatural to me.
He's gone in heat to publish out the theft,
Which want, and your unkindness, forced us to;
If now I die, that death and public shame
Is a corsive to your soul, blot to your name. [*Exit.*
Scar. O 'tis too true; there's not a thought I think,
But must partake thy grief, and drink
A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.
With weight of others tears I am o'erborne,
That scarce am Atlas to hold up mine own,
And all too good for me. A happy creature
In my cradle, and I have made myself
The common curse of mankind by my life;
Undone my brothers, made them thieves for bread,
And begot pretty children to live beggars.
O conscience, how thou art stung to think upon't!
My brothers unto shame must yield their blood,
My babes, at other stirrups beg their food,
Or else turn thieves too, and be choked for't,
Die a dog's death, be perched upon a tree;
Hang betwixt heaven and earth, as fit for neither:
The curse of heaven that's due to reprobates
Descends upon my brothers, and my children,
And I am parent to it; I, I am parent to it.

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you, sir?
Scar. Why starest thou, what's thy haste?
But. Here's fellows swarm like flies to speak with you.
Scar. What are they?
But. Snakes, I think, sir; for they come with stings in their mouths, and their tongues are turned to teeth too: they claw villainously, they have eat up your honest name, and honourable reputation, by railing against you: and now they come to devour your possessions.
Scar. Implainer [43] evargy, what are they? speak.
But. [44] Mantichoras, monstrous beasts, enemies to mankind, that have double rows of teeth in their mouths. They are usurers, they come yawning for money, and the sheriff with them is come to serve an extent upon your land, and then seize on your body by force of execution; they have begirt the house round.

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[41] *Mete*—i. e. measure it out. Hesperiam metire jacens. *Virgil.* S.
[42] *Prodigiously.*—See Note 1 to the First Part of *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 520.
[43] *Evargy*—i. e. facility; ἐυεργὸς, *facilis.* S.
[44] *Mantichoras*—"Apud eosdem nasci Ctesias scribit, quam *mantichoram* appellat, triplici dentium "ordine pectinatim coëuntium, facie et auriculis hominis, oculis glaucis, colore sanguineo, corpore leonis, "cauda, scorpionis modo spicula infigentem: vocis, ut si misceatur fistulæ et tubæ, concentus: velocitatis "magnæ, humani corporis vel præcipue appetentem." *C. Plinii Nat. Hist.* lib. viii. c. 21.

Scar. So that the roof our ancestors did build
For their sons comfort, and their wives for charity,
I dare not to look out at.
But. Besides, sir, here's your poor children.
Scar. Poor children they are indeed.
But. Come with fire and water, tears in their eyes, and burning grief in their hearts, and desire to speak with you.
Scar. Heap sorrow upon sorrow: tell me, are
My brothers gone to execution?
For what I did? for every heinous sin,
Sits on his soul, by whom it did begin,
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withal,
My children carry moisture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops say,—Father, thus must we
Ask our relief, or die with infamy;
For you have made us beggars. Yet when thy tale has killed me,
To give my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done by an inforced marriage:
My grave will then be welcome.
But. What shall we do, sir?
Scar. Do as the devil does, hate panther-like mankind;
And yet I lye: for devils sinners love,
When men hate men, though good, like some above.

Enter SCARBOROW's *wife* KATHARINE, *with two Children.*

But. Your wife's come in, sir.
Scar. Thou lyest, I have not a wife: None can be called
True man and wife, but those whom heaven installed.
Say—
Kath. O, my dear husband!
Scar. You are very welcome; peace: we'll have compliment.
Who are you, gentlewoman?
Kath. Sir, your distressed wife, and these your children.
Scar. Mine! Where, how begot?
Prove me by certain instance that's divine,
That I should call them lawful, or thee mine.
Kath. Were we not married, sir?
Scar. No; though we heard the words of ceremony,
But had hands knit as felons that wear fetters
Forced upon them. For tell me, woman,
Did e'er my love with sighs intreat thee mine?
Did ever I, in willing conference,
Speak words, made half with tears, that I did love thee?
Or was I ever but glad to see thee, as all lovers are?
No, no, thou know'st I was not.
Kath. Oh me!
But. The more's the pity.
Scar. But when I came to church, I did there stand
All water, whose forced [45] breach had drowned my land;
Are you my wife, or these my children?
Why 'tis impossible: for like the skies,
Without the sun's light, so look all your eyes;
Dark, cloudy, thick, and full of heaviness;
Within my country there was hope to see
Me and my issue to be like our fathers,
Upholders of our country, all our life,
Which should have been, if I had wed a wife
Where now,
As dropping leaves in autumn you look all,
And I, that should uphold you, like to fall.
Kath. 'Twas, nor shall be my fault; Heaven bear me witness.
Scar. Thou lyest, strumpet, thou lyest.
But. O sir!
Scar. Peace, saucy Jack!—Strumpet, I say thou lyest,
For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy bastards
Whom I begot of thee, with this unrest,
That bastards born, are born not to be blest.
Kath. On me pour all your wrath, but not on them.
Scar. On thee, and them, for 'tis the end of lust,
To scourge itself, heaven lingering to be just:
Harlot!
Kath. Husband.
Scar. Bastards!
Chil. Father.
But. What heart not pities this?
Scar. Even in your cradle, you were accurst of heaven,
Thou an adultress in my married arms,
And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust:
Aye, now you hang the head, shouldst have done so before,
Then these had not been bastards, thou a whore.
But. I can brook't no longer: sir, you do not well in this.
Scar. Ha, slave!
But. 'Tis not the aim of gentry to bring forth
Such harsh unrelished fruit unto their wives,
And to their pretty, pretty children, by my troth.
Scar. How, rascal!
But. Sir, I must tell you, your progenitors,
Two of the which these years were servant to,
Had not such mists before their understanding,
Thus to behave themselves.
Scar. And you'll controul me, sir!
But. Aye, I will.
Scar. You rogue!
But. Aye, 'tis I, will tell you 'tis ungently done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children.
Wrong them, you wrong yourself; are they not yours?
Scar. Pretty, pretty impudence in faith.
But. Her whom you are bound to love, to rail against?

[45] *Breach*—Breath, Third edit.

These whom you are bound to keep, to spurn like dogs?
An' you were not my master, I would tell you—
Scar. What, slave?
But. Put up your bird-spit, tut, I fear it not;
In doing deeds so base, so vile as these,
'Tis but a kna, kna, kna.
Scar. Rogue!
But. Tut, howsoever, 'tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these I throw off duty.
Kath. Good butler!
But. Peace, honest mistress, I will say you are wronged;
Prove it upon him, even in his blood, his bones,
His guts, his maw, his throat, his intrails.
Scar. You runnagate of threescore!
But. 'Tis better than a knave of three-and-twenty.
Scar. Patience be my buckler,
[46] As not to file my hands in villain's blood;
You knave slave-trencher-groom!
Who is your master?
But. You, if you were a master.
Scar. Off with your coat then, get you forth a-doors.
But. My coat, sir?
Scar. Aye, your coat, slave.
But. 'Sfoot when you ha't, 'tis but a thread-bare coat,
And there 'tis for you: know that I scorn
To wear his livery is so worthy born,
And live so base a life; old as I am,
I'll rather be a beggar than your man,
And there's your service for you. [*Exit.*
Scar. Away, out of my door; away.
So, now your champion's gone, minx, thou hadst better
Have gone quick unto thy grave——
Kath. O me! that am no cause of it.
Scar. Than have suborned that slave to lift his hand against me.
Kath. O me! what shall become of me!
Scar. I'll teach you tricks for this: have you a companion?

Enter Butler.

But. My heart not suffers me to leave my honest mistress and her pretty children.
Scar. I'll mark thee for a strumpet, and thy bastard——
But. What will you do to them, sir?
Scar. The devil in thy shape come back again!
But. No, but an honest servant, sir, will take this coat,
And wear it with this sword to safeguard these,
And pity them, and [47] I am woe for you too;
But will not suffer
The husband, viper-like, to prey on them
That love him, and have cherished him, as these
And they have you.
Scar. Slave!
But. I will not humour you,
Fight with you, and lose my life, or these
Shall taste no wrong whom you are bound to love.
Scar. Out of my doors, slave.
But. I will not, but will stay and wear this coat,
And do you service whether you will or no.
I'll wear this sword too, and be champion,
To fight for her in spite of any man.
Scar. You shall: you shall be my master, sir.
But. No, I desire it not;
I'll pay you duty, even upon my knee,
But lose my life, ere these opprest I'll see.
Scar. Yes, goodman slave, you shall be master,
Lie with my wife, and get more bastards; do, do, do.
Kath. Oh me!
Scar. Turns the world upside down,
That men o'erbear their masters? it does, it does.
For even as Judas sold his master Christ,
Men buy and sell their wives at highest price:
What will you give me? what will you give me?
What will you give me? [*Exit.*
But. O, mistress, my soul weeps, though mine eyes be dry,
To see his fall, and your adversity;
Some means I have left, which I'll relieve you with;
Into your chamber, and if comfort be a-kin
To such great grief, comfort your children.
Kath. I thank thee, butler; heaven when he please,
Send death unto the troubled, a blest ease.
[*Exit, with Children.*
But. In troth, I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endless toil I labour thus:
'Tis but the old times ancient conscience
That would do no man hurt, that makes me do't:
If it be sin that I do pity these,

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[46] *As not to file*—i. e. to defile. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 251:

"Away fowle workes, that *fild* my face with blurs."

Again, *Macbeth*, A. 3. S. 1.:

"If it be so,
"For Banquo's issue have *I fil'd* my mind."

See also Mr Steevens's Note on the last passage.

[47] *I am woe*—See Note on *The Four P's*, Vol. I.

If it be sin I have relieved his brothers,
Have played the thief with them to get their food,
And made a luckless marriage for his sister,
Intended for her good, heaven pardon me.
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were unhappy [48] men;
For they caused all, and may heaven pardon them.

Enter Sir WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

Sir Wil. Who's within here?
But. Sir William, kindly welcome.
Sir Wil. Where is my kinsman Scarborow?
But. Sooth, he's within, sir, but not very well.
Sir Wil. His sickness?
But. The hell of sickness,—troubled in his mind.
Sir Wil. I guess the cause of it,
But cannot now intend to visit him.
Great business for my sovereign hastes me hence;
Only this letter from his lord and guardian to him,
Whose inside, I do guess, tends to his good;
At my return I'll see him. So farewell. [*Exit.*
But. Whose inside I do guess turns to his good:
He shall not see it now then; for men's minds,
Perplexed like his, are like land-troubling winds,
Who have no gracious temper.

Enter JOHN SCARBOROW.

John. O, butler!
But. What's the fright now?
John. Help strait, or on the tree of shame
We both shall perish for the robbery.
But. What, is't revealed, man?
John. Not yet, good butler; only my brother Thomas,
In spleen to me, that would not suffer him
To kill our elder brother, had undone us,
Is riding now to Sir John Harcop straight to disclose it.
But. Heart, who would rob with sucklings?—
Where did you leave him?
John. Now taking horse to ride to Yorkshire.
But. I'll stay his journey, lest I meet a hanging. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SCARBOROW.

Scar. I'll parley with the devil; aye, I will;
He gives his counsel freely, and the cause
He for his clients pleads, goes always with them;
He in my cause shall deal then: and I'll ask him,
Whether a cormorant may have stuffed chests,
And see his brother starve? why, he'll say I, [49]
The less they give, the more I gain thereby;

Enter Butler.

Their souls, their souls, their souls!—
How now, master? Nay, you are my master;
Is my wife's sheets warm? does she kiss well?
But. Good sir!
Scar. Foh! make't not strange; for in these days,
There's many men lie in their masters sheets,
And so may you in mine, and yet—your business, sir?
But. There's one in civil habit, sir, would speak with you.
Scar. In civil habit?
But. He is of seemly rank, sir, and calls himself
By the name of Doctor Baxter of Oxford.
Scar. That man undid me; he did blossoms blow,
Whose fruit proved poison, though 'twas good in show:
With him I'll parley, and disrobe my thoughts
Of this wild phrensy that becomes me not.
A table, candles, stools, and all things fit:
I know he comes to chide me, and I'll hear him;
With our sad conference we will call up tears,
Teach doctors' rules, instruct succeeding years.—
Usher him in:
Heaven spare a drop from thence where's bounties throng,
Give patience to my soul, inflame my tongue.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Good Master Scarborow!
Scar. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.
Doc. I have important business to deliver you.
Scar. And I have leisure to attend your hearing.
Doc. Sir, you know I married you.
Scar. I know you did, sir.
Doc. At which you promised both to God and men,
Your life unto your spouse should be like snow,
That falls to comfort, not to overthrow;
And love unto your issue should be like
The dew of heaven, that hurts not, though it strike;
When heaven and men did witness and record
'Twas an eternal oath, no idle word.
Heaven, being pleased therewith, blest you with children;
And at heaven's blessings, all good men rejoice.
So that God's chair and footstool, heaven and earth,
Made offering at your nuptials, as a knot
To mind you of your vow: O, break it not.
Scar. 'Tis very true.

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[48] *Unhappy*—Mischievous, unlucky.
[49] *He'll say I*,—i. e. Aye. I, formerly, was the mode of writing as well as pronouncing this word.

Doc. Now, sir, from this your oath and band,[50]
Faith's pledge and seal of conscience, you have run,
Broken all contracts; and the forfeiture,
Justice hath now in suit against your soul;
Angels are made the jurors, who are witnesses
Unto the oath you took; and God himself,
Maker of marriage, he that sealed the deed,
As a firm lease unto you during life,
Sits now as judge of your transgression;
The world informs against you with this voice,
If such sins reign, what mortals can rejoice.
Scar. What then ensues to me?
Doc. A heavy doom, whose execution's
Now served upon your conscience, that ever
You shall feel plagues which time shall not dissever;
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oaths, and all the injuries,
You have done unto your soul; then comes your wife,
Full of woe's drops, and yet as full of pity,
Who though she speaks not, yet her eyes are swords,
That cut your heart-strings; and then your children—
Scar. Oh, oh, oh!
Doc. Who, what they cannot say, talk in their looks;
You have made us up, but as misfortune's books,
Whom other men may read in; when presently,
Tasked by yourself, you are not, like a thief,
Astonied being accused, but scorched with grief.
Scar. Aye, aye, aye.
Doc. Here stand your wife's tears.
Scar. Where?
Doc. And you fry for them: Here lie your children's wants.
Scar. Here?
Doc. For which you pine, in conscience burn,
And wish you had been better, or ne'er born.
Scar. Does all this happen to a wretch like me?
Doc. Both this and worse; your soul eternally
Shall live in torment, though the body die.
Scar. I shall have need of drink then.—Butler!
Doc. Nay, all your sins are on your children laid,
For the offences that the father made.
Scar. Are they, sir?
Doc. Be sure they are.

Enter Butler.

Scar. Butler!
But. Sir.
Scar. Go, fetch my wife and children hither.
But. I will, sir.
Scar. I'll read a lecture[51] to the doctor too:
He's a divine? aye, he's a divine.
But. I see his mind is troubled, and have made bold with duty to read a letter tending to his good; have made his brothers friends: both which I will conceal till better temper. He sends me for his wife and children; shall I fetch them?
Scar. He's a divine; and this divine did marry me;
That's good, that's good.
Doc. Master Scarborow,
Scar. I'll be with you straight, sir.
But. I will obey him;
If any thing doth happen that is ill,
Heaven bear me record, 'tis against butler's will.
[*Exit.*
Scar. And this divine did marry me,
Whose tongue should be the key to open truth,
As God's ambassador. Deliver, deliver, deliver,
Doc. Master Scarborow.
Scar. I'll be with you straight, sir.—
Salvation to afflicted consciences,
And not give torment to contented minds,
Who should be lamps to comfort out our way,
And not like firedrakes[52] to lead men astray.—
Aye, I'll be with you straight, sir.

Enter Butler, with Wife and Children.

But. Here's your wife and children, sir.
Scar. Give way then,
I have my lesson perfect: Leave us here.
But. Yes, I will go, but I will be so near,
To hinder the mishap, the which I fear.
[*Exit Butler.*
Scar. Now, sir, you know this gentlewoman?
Doc. Kind Mistress Scarborow.
Scar. Nay, pray you keep your seat, for you shall hear
The same affliction you have taught me fear,
Due to yourself.
Doc. To me, sir?
Scar. To you, sir.
You matched me to this gentlewoman?
Doc. I know I did, sir.
Scar. And you will say she is my wife then?
Doc. I have reason, sir, because I married you.
Scar. O that such tongues should have the time to lie,
Who teach men how to live, and how to die!
Did not you know my soul had given my faith,
In contract to another; and yet you
Would join this loom unto unlawful twists.
Doc. Sir?
Scar. But, sir,
You that can see a mote within my eye,

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[50] *Band*—See Note to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p: 504.
[51] *Lecture*—First edition, letter.
[52] *Firedrakes—Ignes fatui, Wills o' the Wisp.* See Mr Steevens's Note on *King Henry VIII.* A. 5. S. 3.

And with a cassock blind your own defects,
I'll teach you this; 'tis better to do ill,
That's never known to us, than of self will;
And these, all these in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life make them be glad to die.
Doc. Master Scarborow——
Scar. Here will I write, that they which marry wives,
Unlawful, live with strumpets all their lives.
Here will I seal, the children that are born
From wombs unconsecrate, even when their soul
Has her infusion, it registers they are foul,
And shrinks to dwell with them; and in my close
I'll shew the world, that such abortive men
Knit hands without free tongues, look red like them.
Stand you and you, to acts most tragical;
Heaven has dry eyes, when sin makes sinners fall.
Doc. Help!—Master Scarborow!
Children. Father!
Kat. Husband!
Scar. These for thy act should die; she for my Clare,
Whose wounds stare thus upon me for revenge.
These, to be rid from misery; this, from sin;
And thou thyself shalt have a push amongst them,
That made heaven's word a pack-horse to thy tongue,
Quotest scripture to make evil shine like good;
And as I send you thus with worms to dwell,
Angels applaud it as a deed done well.

Enter Butler.

But. Stay him, stay him!
What will you do, sir?
Scar. Make fat worms of stinking carcases:
What hast thou to do with it?

Enter ILFORD, *and his Wife, the two Brothers, and Sir* WILLIAM SCARBOROW.

But. Look, who are here, sir.
Scar. Injurious villain, that prevent'st me still!
But. They are your brothers and alliance, sir.
Scar. They are like full ordnance then, who, once discharged,
Afar off give a warning to my soul,
That I have done them wrong.
Sir Wil. Kinsman!
Brother and Sister. Brother!
Kat. Husband!
Children. Father!
Scar. Hark, how their words like bullets shoot me thorough,
And tell me I have undone them: This side might say,
We are in want, and you are the cause of it;
This points at me, you're shame unto your house;
This tongue says nothing, but her looks do tell,
She's married, but as those that live in hell:
Whereby all eyes are but misfortune's pipe,
Filled full of woe by me: this feels the stripe.
But. Yet, look, sir,
Here's your brothers hand in hand, whom I have knit so.
Sister. And look, sir, here's my husband's hand in mine,
And I rejoice in him, and he in me.
Sir Wil. I say, coz, what is past is the way to bliss,
For they know best to mend, that know amiss.
Kat. We kneel: forget, and say if you but love us,
You gave us grief for future happiness.
Scar. What's all this to my conscience?
But. Ease, promise of succeeding joy to you;
Read but this letter.
Sir Wil. Which tells you that your lord and guardian's dead.
But. Which tells you, that he knew he did you wrong,
Was grieved for't, and, for satisfaction,
Hath given you double of the wealth you had.
Brother. Increased our portions.
Wife. Given me a dowry too.
But. And that he knew,
Your sin was his, the punishment his due.
Scar. All this is here!
Is heaven so gracious to sinners then?
But. Heaven is, and has his gracious eyes,
To give men life, not like entrapping spies.
Scar. Your hand; yours; yours to my soul; to you a kiss:
In troth, I am sorry I have strayed amiss.
To whom shall I be thankful? all silent?
None speak? whist: why, then, to God,
That gives men comfort as he gives his rod.—
Your portions I'll see paid, and I will love you.—
You three I'll live withal, my soul shall love you.—
You are an honest servant, sooth you are;
To whom I, these, and all must pay amends.—
But you I will admonish in cool terms,
Let not promotion's hope be as a string,
To tie your tongue, or let it loose to sting.
Doc. From hence it shall not, sir.
Scar. Then husbands thus shall nourish with their wives. [*Kiss.*
Ilf. As thou and I will, wench.
Scar. Brothers, in brotherly love thus link together; [*Embrace.*
Children and servants pay their duty thus: [*Bow and kneel.*
And are all pleased?
All. We are.
Scar. Then if all these be so,
I am new wed, so ends old marriage woe;
And in your eyes so lovingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring us to our bed.
[*Exeunt.*

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Miseries of Inforst Mariage. As it is now playd by his Majesties Servants. *Qui alios (seipsum) docet.* By George Wilkins. London. Printed for George Vincent, and are to be sold at his Shop in Woodstreet, 1607, 4to."

(2.) "The Miseries of Inforst Marriage. Playd by his Majesties Servants. *Qui alios (seipsum) docet.* By George Wilkins. London. Printed by Aug. Mathews, for Richard Thrale, and are to bee sold at his Shop at Paul's Gate, next to Cheape-side, 1629, 4to."

(3.) "The Miseries of Inforst Marriage. Play'd by his Majesties Servants. *Qui alios (seipsum) docet.* By George Wilkins. London. Printed by I. N. for Richard Thrale, and are to be sold at his Shop at Paul's Gate, next to Cheape-side, M.DC.XXXVII. 4to."

LINGUA:

OR, THE

COMBAT OF THE TONGUE AND THE FIVE SENSES FOR SUPERIORITY.

ANTHONY BREWER *is said, by Winstanly, to be the author of this play; but Langbaine positively says he was not, yet gives no reason for his assertion, neither does he assign any other author for it. It is said to have been acted at Cambridge, and that Oliver Cromwell performed the part of Tactus; the subject of the play being a contention amongst the Senses for a crown, it hath been foolishly imagined by Winstanly, and others, to have first inspired him with ambition. Anthony Brewer was the author of*

"*The Countrie Girl. A comedie, as it hath beene often acted with much applause, never printed before,* 4*to*, 1647."

"*The Love-sick King, an English tragical history, with the Life and Death of Cartesmunda, the fair Nun of Winchester,* 4*to*, 1655."

In a poem, called, "Steps to Parnassus," as quoted by Chetwood, Brewer is complimented in the following lines:

"Let Brewer take his artful pen in hand,
Attending muses will obey command,
Invoke the aid of Shakespeare's sleeping clay,
And strike from utter darkness new-born day."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LINGUA, *Comœdus.*
AUDITUS, *Tragœdus.*
MENDACIO, *Lingua's Page.*
TACTUS, *Odor.*
OLFACTUS, *Tobacco.*
VISUS, *Lumen, Cœlum, Terra, Heraldry, Color.*
GUSTUS, *Bacchus, Ceres, Beer,*

APPETITUS, *a Parasite.*
PHANTASTES.
HEURESIS, *Phantastes's Page.*
CRAPULA, *Gustus's follower.*
COMMUNIS SENSUS.
MEMORIA.
ANAMNESTES, *Memoria's Page.*
SOMNUS.

Personæ, quarum mentio tantum sit, PSYCHE, ACRASIA, VERITAS, OBLIVIO.

The SCENE is Microcosmus in a Grove.

The Time from Morning till Night.

PROLOGUE.

Our muse describes no lover's passion,
No wretched father, no unthrifty son;
No craving subtle whore, or shameless bawd,
Nor stubborn clown, or daring parasite,
No lying servant, or bold sycophant.
We are not wanton, or satirical.
These have their time and places fit; but we,
Sad hours, and serious studies, to reprieve,
Have taught severe philosophy to smile,
The senses rash contentions we compose,
And give displeas'd ambitious Tongue her due.
Here's all, judicious friends, accept what is not ill,
Who are not such, let them do what they will.

LINGUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

LINGUA, *appareled in a Crimson Sattin Gown, a dressing of White Roses, a little skene* [1] *tied in a Purple Scarf, a pair of White Buskins drawn with White Ribbon, Silk Garters, Gloves, &c.*
AUDITUS, *in a Garland of Bays, intermingled with Red and White Roses upon a false Hair, a Cloth of Silver Mantle, upon a pair of Sattin Bases, wrought Sleeves, Buskins, Gloves, &c.*

LINGUA, AUDITUS.

Lin. Nay, good Auditus, do but hear me speak.
Audi. Lingua, thou strikest too much upon one string,
Thy tedious plain-song [2] grates my tender ears.
Lin. 'Tis plain indeed, for truth no descant needs:
Una's her name, she cannot be divided.
Audi. O but the ground [3] itself is nought, from whence
Thou canst not relish out a good division:
Therefore at length surcease, prove not stark-mad,
Hopeless to prosecute a hapless suit;
For though, perchance, thy first strains pleasing are,
I dare engage, my ears the close [4] will jar.
Lin. If then your confidence esteem my cause
To be so frivolous and weakly wrought;
Why do you daily subtle plots devise,
To stop me from the ears of Common Sense?
Whom since our great Queen Psyche hath ordain'd,
For his sound wisdom, our vice-governor,
To him, and to his two so wise assistants,
Nimble Phantastes, and firm Memory,
Myself and cause, I humbly do commit;
Let them but hear and judge, I wish no more.
Audi. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the sharpest sort:
Good Jove! what sense hast thou to be a sense!
Since, from the first foundation of the world,
We never were accounted more than five.
Yet you, forsooth, an idle prating dame,
Would fain increase the number, and upstart
To our high seats, decking your baubling self
With usurp'd titles of our dignity.
Lin. An idle prating dame! know, fond Auditus,
Records affirm my title full as good
As his amongst the five is counted best.
Audi. Lingua, confess the truth; thou'rt wont to lie.

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[1] *A little skene*—A skene or skane. *Gladius, Ensis brevior.* Skinner.
Dekker's *Belman's Night Walks*, Sign. F. 2:—"The bloody tragedies of all these, are onely acted by the women, who carrying long knives, or *skeanes*, under their mantles, doe thus play their parts." See the notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Nichols on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 4.

[2] *Plain-song*, descant—Musical terms. See notes on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. III. p. 68. and *King Richard* III. Vol. VII. p. 6. edit. 1778. S.

[3] *O but the ground*, &c.—A metaphor drawn from music, more particularly that kind of composition called *a ground*, with its *divisions*. Instead of *relish*, I would propose to read *flourish*. S. P.

[4] *The close*—Mr Steevens supposes this to be a musical term. See note on *Richard* II. A. 2. S. 1:—
"The setting sun and music at *the close*."

Lin. I say so too, therefore I do not lie.
But now, spite of you all, I speak the truth.
You five, among us subjects, tyrannize;
Making the sacred name of Common Sense
A cloak to cover your enormities;
He bears the rule; he's judge, but judgeth still
As he's informed by your false evidence:
So that a plaintiff cannot have access,
But through *your gates*. He hears, but what? nought else
But what thy crafty ears to him convey;
And all he sees is by proud Visus shewed him:
And what he touches is by Tactus' hand;
And smells, I know, but through Olfactus' nose;
Gustus begins to him whate'er he tastes;
By these quaint tricks free passage hath been barr'd,
That I could never equally be heard.
But well, 'tis well.

Audi. Lingua, thy feeble sex
Hath hitherto withheld my ready hands,
That long'd to pluck that nimble instrument.

Lin. O horrible ingratitude! that thou,
That thou of all the rest should'st threaten me;
Who, by my means, conceiv'st as many tongues,
As Neptune closeth lands betwixt his arms:
The ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries,
The learned Greek rich in fit epithets,
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Caldee wise, the Arabian physical,
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French.
These precious jewels that adorn thine ears,
All from my mouth's rich cabinet are stolen.
How oft hast thou been chain'd unto my tongue,
Hang'd at my lips, and ravished with my words;
So that a speech fair-feather'd could not fly,
But thy ears pit-fall caught it instantly?
But now, O heavens!

Audi. O heavens! thou wrong'st me much,
Thou wrong'st me much, thus falsely to upbraid me:
Had not I granted thee the use of hearing,
That sharp-edged tongue whetted against her master,
Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those dropsy lips,
That scalding throat, those nostrils full of ire,
Thy palate, proper instruments of speech,
Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
Uttering nought else but idle sifflements,[5]
Tunes without sense, words inarticulate,
Had ne'er been able to have abused me thus.
Words are thy children, but of my begetting.

Lin. Perfidious liar, how can I endure thee!
Call'st my unspotted chastity in question?
O could I use the breath mine anger spends,
I'd make thee know—

Audi. Heavens! look on my distress,
Defend me from this railing viperess;
For if I stay, her words sharp vinegar
Will fret me through. Lingua, I must be gone:
I hear one call me more than earnestly.
[*Exit* AUDITUS.

Lin. May the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
Screeking of wolves, howling of tortured ghosts,
Pursue thee still, and fill thy amazed ears
With cold astonishment and horrid fears!
O how these Senses muffle Common Sense!
And more, and more with pleasing objects strive,
To dull his judgment, and pervert his will
To their behests! who, were he not so wrapt
I' the dusky clouds of their dark policies,
Would never suffer right to suffer wrong.
Fie, Lingua, wilt thou now degenerate?
Art not a woman? dost not love revenge?
Delightful speeches, sweet persuasions,
I have this long time used to get my right;
My right; that is, to make the Senses six;
And have both name and power with the rest.
Oft have I seasoned savoury periods
With sugar'd words, to delude Gustus' taste,
And oft embellish'd my entreative phrase
With smelling flowers of vernant rhetoric,
Limning and flashing it with various dyes,
To draw proud Visus to me by the eyes;
And oft perfumed my petitory[6] stile,
With civil-speech, t'entrap Olfactus' nose,
And clad myself in silken eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of Tactus' hand:
But all's become lost labour, and my cause
Is still procrastinated: therefore now,
Hence ye base offspring of a broken mind,
Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries:
Go kiss the love-sick lips of puling girls,
That still their brain to quench their love's disdain:
Go gild the tongues of bawds and parasites,
Come not within my thoughts. But thou, deceit,
Break up the pleasure of my brimful breast,
Enrich my mind with subtle policies.
Well then I'll go; whither? nay, what know I?
And do, and faith I will, the devil knows what.
What if I set them all at variance,
And so obtain to speak? it must be so.
It must be so, but how? there lies the point:
How? thus: tut, this device will never prove,
Augment it so; 'twill be too soon descried;
Or so, nor so; 'tis too too dangerous.
Pish, none of these! what if I take this course? ha?
Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent;
He that will catch eels must disturb the flood:
The chicken's hatch'd i'faith, for they are proud,
And soon will take a cause of disagreement.
[*Exit.*

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[5] *Idle sifflements*—Fr. whistlings. S.

[6] *Petitory*—i. e. petitionary. S.

SCENE II.

MENDACIO, *attired in a Taffata Suit of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary Page.*[7]

LINGUA, MENDACIO.

Lin. I see the heavens nurse my new-born device;
For lo, my page Mendacio comes already,
To file and burnish that I hammer'd out.—
Never in better time, Mendacio;
What, hast thou done?
Men. Done, yes long ago.
Lin. Is't possible thou shouldst dispatch so soon?
Men. Madam, I had no sooner told
Tactus, that Gustus would fain speak with him,
But I spied Visus, Gustus, and the rest,
And served them all with sauce of several lies.
Now the last sense I spake with was Olfactus,
Who having smelt the meaning of my message,
Straight blew his nose, and quickly puff'd me hither;
But in the whirlwind of his furious blast,
Had not by chance a cobweb held me fast,
Mendacio had been with you long ere this.
Lin. Witness this lie, Mendacio's with me now;
But, sirrah, out of jesting, will they come?
Men. Yes, and it like your ladyship, presently;
Here may you have me prest[8] to flatter them.
Lin. I'll flatter no such proud companions;
'Twill do no good, therefore I am determined
To leave such baseness.
Men. Then shall I turn and bid them stay at home?
Lin. No; for their coming hither to this grove
Shall be a means to further my device.
Therefore I pray thee, Mendacio, go presently;
Run, you vile ape.
Men. Whither?
Lin. What, dost thou stand?
Men. Till I know what to do.
Lin. S'precious, 'tis true,
So might'st thou finely over-run thine errand.
Haste to my chest.
Men. Ay, ay.
Lin. There shalt thou find
A gorgeous robe, and golden coronet;
Convey them hither nimbly, let none see them.
Men. Madam, I fly, I fly. [*Going.*
Lin. But hear you, sirrah?
Lock up your fellow-servant, Veritas.
Men. I warrant you,
You need not fear so long as I am with you.
[*He goes out, and comes in presently.*
What colour is the robe?
Lin. There is but one.
[MENDACIO *going, turns in haste.*
Men. The key, madam, the key.
Lin. By Juno, how forgetful is sudden speed!
Here, take it, run.
Men. I'll be here instantly. [*Exit* MENDACIO.

SCENE III.

LINGUA *sola.*

Lin. Whileome this crown and gorgeous ornament
Were the great prize for which five orators
With the sharp weapons of their tongues contended:
But all their speeches were so equal wrought,
And alike gracious,[9] that if his were witty,
His was as wise; the third's fair eloquence
Did parallel the fourth's firm gravity;
The last's good gesture kept the balance even
With all the rest; so that the sharpest eye,
And most judicious censor, could not judge
To whom the hanging victory should fall.
Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
To offer up both crown and robe to me,
As the chief patroness of their profession,
Which heretofore I holily have kept,
Like to a miser's gold, to look on only.
But now I'll put them to a better use,
And venture both, in hope to——

SCENE IV.

MENDACIO, LINGUA.

Men. Have I not hied me, madam? look you here,
What shall be done with these temptations?
Lin. They say a golden ball
Bred enmity betwixt three goddesses:
So shall this crown be author of debate
Betwixt five Senses.
Men. Where shall it be laid?
Lin. There, there, there; 'tis well, so, so, so.
Men. A crown's a pleasing bait to look upon;
The craftiest fox will hardly 'scape this trap.
Lin. Come let us away, and leave it to the chance.
Men. Nay, rather let me stand close hereabouts,
And see the event.
Lin. Do so, and if they doubt
How it came there, feign them some pretty fable,
How that some God ———
Men. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone:
I that have feigned so many hundred gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turn:

---

[7] *Like an ordinary page, gloves, hamper*—So the first edition, but as the two last words seem only the Prompter's Memoranda, they are omitted.

[8] *Prest*—i. e. ready. See note to *The Four P's*, Vol. I. p. 11.

[9] *Gracious*—i. e. graceful. See Mr Malone's Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 2. S. 1.

What, madam! away, away: you fright the fowl;
Tactus comes hard-by, look you.
Lin. Is't he for certain?
Men. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he.
Lin. 'Tis he indeed. [*Exit* LINGUA.

SCENE V.

TACTUS, *in a dark-coloured Sattin Mantle over a pair of Silk Bases, a garland of Bays, mixed with white and red Roses, upon a black Grogram, a Faulchion, wrought Sleeves, Buskins, &c.*

MENDACIO, TACTUS.

Men. Now, chaste Diana, grant my nets to hold.
Tac. [10] The blasting childhood of the cheerful morn
Is almost grown a youth, and [11] over-climbs
Yonder gilt eastern hills: about which time
Gustus most earnestly importuned me
To meet him hereabouts, what cause I know not.
Men. You shall do shortly to your cost, I hope.
Tac. Sure by the sun it should be nine o'clock.
Men. What, a star-gazer! will you ne'er look down?
Tac. Clear is the sun, and blue the firmament;
Methinks the heavens do smile.
[TACTUS *sneezeth.*
Men. At thy mishap,
To look so high, and stumble in a trap.
[TACTUS *stumbleth at the Robe and Crown.*
Tac. High thoughts have slippery feet, I had well nigh fallen.
Men. Well doth he fall, that riseth with a fall.
Tac. What's this?
Men. O, are you taken? 'tis in vain to strive.
Tac. How now?
Men. You'll be so entangled straight—
Tac. A crown!
Men. That it will be hard—
Tac. And a robe.
Men. To loose yourself.
Tac. A crown and a robe.
Men. It had been fitter for you to have found a [12] fool's coat and a bauble, hey, hey.
Tac. Jupiter, Jupiter, how came this here?
Men. O sir, Jupiter is making thunder, he hears you not; here's one knows better.
Tac. 'Tis wondrous rich, ha; but sure it is not so; ho!
Do I not sleep and dream of this good luck, ha?
No, I am awake and feel it now;
Whose should it be? [*He takes it up.*
Men. Set up a *si quis* for it.
Tac. Mercury! all's mine own; here's none to cry half's mine.
Men. When I am gone. [*Exit* MENDACIO.

SCENE VI.

TACTUS *solus.*

Tac. Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.
Was ever man so fortunate as I,
To break his shins at such a stumbling block!
[13] Roses and bays, pack hence: this crown and robe,
My brows and body circles and invests;
How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave
Measured my head that wrought this coronet.
They lye that say complexions cannot change:
My blood's ennobled, and I am transformed
Unto the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander!
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment. How my pace is mended!
How princely do I speak! how sharp I threaten!
Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
And make you tremble when the lion roars,
Ye earth-bred worms. O for a looking-glass!
Poets will write whole volumes of this scar;

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[10] *The blasting childhood*—I would propose to read *the blushing childhood*, alluding to the ruddiness of Aurora, the *rosy morn*, as in A. 3. S. 6.:

> "Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious sun,
> Opening the casements of the *rosy morn*, &c." S. P.

[11] ——— *over-climbs*
Yonder gilt eastern hills;—So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2.:

> "But look the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> *Walks* o'er the dew of *yon high eastern hill*."

[12] *Fool's bauble*—A fool's bauble in its *literal* meaning is the carved truncheon, which the licensed fools, or jesters, anciently carried in their hands. See Notes on *All's well that ends well*, A. 4. S. 5. S.

[13] *Roses and bays pack hence*, &c.—Winstanley has asserted, that Oliver Cromwell performed the part of Tactus at Cambridge; and some who have written the life of that great but wicked man, as he has been called, have fixed upon this speech as what first gave him ideas of sovereignty. The notion is too vague to be depended upon, and too ridiculous either to establish or refute. It may, however, not be unnecessary to mention, that Cromwell was born in 1599, and the First Edition of this Play, though without a date, is supposed to have been printed before 1607. If therefore the protector ever did represent this character, it is more probable to have been at Huntingdon School.

Where's my attendants? come hither, sirrah, quickly;
Or by the wings of Hermes——

SCENE VII.

OLFACTUS, *in a Garland of Bays intermingled with white and red Roses upon a false Hair, his Sleeves wrought with Flowers under a damask Mantle, over a pair of Silk Bases, a pair of buskins drawn with Ribbon, a Flower in his Hand.*

TACTUS, OLFACTUS.

Tac. Ay me! Olfactus comes; I called too soon.
He'll have half part, I fear; what shall I do?
Where shall I run? how shall I shift him off?
[TACTUS *wraps up the Robe and Crown, and sits upon them.*
Olf. This is the time, and this the place appointed,
Where Visus promised to confer with me.
I think he's there—No, no, 'tis Tactus sure.
How now? what makes you sit so nicely?
Tac. 'Tis past imagination, 'tis so indeed.
Olf. [14] How fast his deeds are fixed! and how melancholy he looks!—Tactus! Tactus!
Tac. For this is true, man's life is wondrous brittle.
Olf. He's mad, I think, he talks so idly. So ho, Tactus!
Tac. And many have been metamorphosed
To stranger matters and more uncouth forms.
Olf. I must go nearer him, he doth not hear.
Tac. And yet, methinks, I speak as I was wont; And——
Olf. Tactus, Tactus!
Tac. Olfactus, as thou lov'st me, come not near me.
Olf. Why, art thou hatching eggs? thou'rt feared to break them?
Tac. Touch me not, lest thou chance to break my life.
Olf. What's this under thee?
Tac. If thou meddle with me, I am utterly undone.
Olf. Why man, what ails thee?
Tac. Let me alone and I'll tell thee;
Lately I came from fine Phantastes' house.
Olf. So I believe, for thou art very foolish.
Tac. [15] No sooner had I parted out of doors,
But up I held my hands before my face,
To shield mine eyes from the light's piercing beams;
When I protest I saw the sun as clear
Through these my palms as through a perspective:
No marvel, for when I beheld my fingers,
I saw my fingers were transformed to glass;
Opening my breast, my breast was like a window,
Through which I plainly did perceive my heart:
In whose two conclaves I discerned my thoughts
Confusedly lodged in great multitudes.
Olf. Ha, ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent;
Momus himself can find no fault with thee,
Thou'dst make a passing live anatomy;
And decide the question much disputed
Betwixt the Galenists and Aristotle.
Tac. But when I had arrived, and set me down,
Viewing myself, myself, ay me! was changed,
As thou now seest, to a perfect urinal.
Olf. T'a perfect urinal!
O monstrous, monstrous, art not mad to think so?
Tac. I do not think so, but I say I am so;
Therefore, Olfactus, come not near, I advise you.
Olf. See the strange working of dull melancholy!
Whose drossy thoughts, drying the feeble brain,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
And in the soul's fair table falsely graves
Whole squadrons of fantastical chimeras,
And thousand vain imaginations;
Making some think their heads as big as horses,
[16] Some that they're dead, some that they're turned to wolves,
As now it makes him think himself all glass.—
Tactus, dissuade thyself, thou dost but think so.
Tac. Olfactus, if thou lovest me, get thee gone;
I am an urinal, I dare not stir
For fear of cracking in the bottom.
Olf. Wilt thou sit thus all day?
Tac. Unless thou help me.
Olf. Bedlam must help thee; what wouldst have me do?
Tac. Go to the city, make a case for me;
Stuff it with wool, then come again and fetch me.
Olf. Ha, ha, ha!
Thou'lt be laughed out of case and countenance.
Tac. I care not; so it must be, or I cannot stir.
Olf. I had best leave troubling him, he's obsti-

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[14] *How fast his deeds are fixed!*—We should now say, his *deedship is fixed*; for Tactus is here called *deeds* by way of metonymy, *Actions* being his property, just as in S. 9. *Auditus* is called *Ears*. S. P.

[15] *No sooner had I parted out of doors*, &c.—In Surphlet's *Discourse on the Diseases of Melancholy*, 4to, 1599, p. 102. the case alluded to by Brewer is set down. "There was also of late a great lord, *which thought himself to be a glasse*, and had not his imagination troubled, otherwise then in this onely thing, for he could speake mervailouslie well of any other thing: he used commonly to sit, and tooke great delight that his friends should come and see him, but so as that he would desire them, that they would not come neere unto him."

[16] *Some that they're dead.*—See *Surphlet*, p. 102.

nate. Urinal, I leave you; but above all things take heed Jupiter sees you not, for if he do he'll ne'er make water in a sieve again; thou'lt serve his turn so fit, to carry his water unto Esculapius. Farewell, Urinal, farewell. [*Exit* OLFACTUS.

Tac. Speak not so loud, the sound's enough to crack me.—What, is he gone? I am an Urinal! ha, ha, ha! I protest I might have had my face washed finely, if he had meant to abuse me: I an Urinal! *ha, ha, ha!* go to, Urinal, you have 'scaped a fair scouring. Well, I'll away, and get me to mine own house; there I'll lock up myself fast, playing the chemic, augmenting this one crown to troops of angels, with which gold-winged messengers, I mean
To work great wonders, as to build and purchase,
Fare daintily, tie up men's tongues, and loose them;
Command their lives, their goods, their liberties,
And captive all the world with chains of gold.
Hey, hey, very linkum tinkum.

[*He offers to go out, but comes in suddenly amazed.*

O Hercules!
Fortune, the queen, delights to play with me,
Stopping my passage with the sight of Visus;
But as he makes hither, I'll make hence,
[17] There's more ways to the wood than one.

[*He offers to go out at the other Door, but returns again in haste.*

What, more devils to affright me?
O Diabolo, Gustus comes here to vex me;
So that I, poor wretch, am like
A shuttle-cock betwixt two battledores.
If I run there, Visus beats me to Scylla;
If here, then Gustus blows me to Charybdis.
Neptune hath sworn my hope shall suffer shipwreck.
What shall I say? mine Urinal's too thin
To bide the fury of such storms as these.

SCENE VIII.

VISUS *in a Garland of Bays, mixed with white and red Roses, a light-coloured taffeta Mantle strip'd with Silver, and fringed upon green silk Bases, Buskins, &c.*

GUSTUS *in the same fashion, differing only in colour.*

TACTUS *in a corner of the Stage.*

VISUS, GUSTUS, TACTUS.

Vis. Gustus, good day.
Gus. I cannot have a bad,
Meeting so fair an omen as yourself.
Tac. Shall I? wilt prove? ha, well 'tis best to venture. [TACTUS *puts on the Robes*
Gus. Saw you not Tactus? I should speak with him.
Tac. Perchance so; a sudden lie hath best luck.
Vis. That face is his, or else mine eye's deceived.
Why, how now, Tactus! what, so gorgeous?
Gus. Where didst thou get these fair habiliments?
Tac. Stand back, I charge you, as you love your lives;
By Styx, the first that toucheth me shall die.
Vis. I can discern no weapons. Will he kill us?
Tac. Kill you? not I; but come not near me, you had best.
Vis. Why, art thou mad?
Tac. Friends, as you love your lives,
Venture not once to come within my reach.
Gus. Why dost threaten so?
Tac. I do not threaten, but in pure love advise you for the best:
Dare not to touch me, but hence fly apace;
Add wings unto your feet, and save your lives.
Vis. Why, what's the matter, Tactus, pr'ythee tell me?
Tac. If you will needs jeopard your lives so long,
As hear the ground of my amazedness,
Then, for your better safety, stand aside.
Gus. How full of ceremonies! sure he'll conjure;
For such like robes magicians used to wear.
Vis. I'll see the end, though he should unlock hell,
And set the infernal hags at liberty.
Tac. [18] How rash is man on bidden arms to rush!
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walk that way that to Crumena leads.
Gus. You mean Cremona, a little town hard by.
Tac. I say Crumena, called Vacua,
A town which doth, and always hath belonged
Chiefly to scholars: from Crumena walls,
I saw a man come stealing craftily,
Apparel'd in this vesture which I wear;
But seeing me, [19] eft-soons he took his heels,
And threw his garment from him all in haste,
Which I perceiving to be richly wrought,
Took it me up: but good-now get you gone,
Warned by my harms, and 'scape my misery.

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[17] *There's more ways*, &c.—This is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, 1742, p 167.

[18] *How rash is man on sudden arms to rush!*—It is impossible to make sense of this; it should rather be *forbidden arms*: but the metre will not admit of it. And *arms* can have no business in this place. The word apparently should be *harms*, and the sense is, *on harms foretold, forespoken, told*, which is the sense and meaning of *bidden* here. *Tactus* had bidden them fly again, for fear of mischief, but they would not. S. P.

[19] *Eft-soons*,—presently, forthwith.

Vis. I know no danger; leave these circumstances.
Tac. No sooner had I put it on my back,
But suddenly mine eyes began to dim,
My joints wax sore, and all my body burn
With most intestine torture; and at length,
It was too evident I had caught the plague.
Vis. The plague! away, good Gustus, let's be gone;
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,
Crumena Vacua never wants the plague.
Gus. Tactus, I'll put myself in jeopardy to pleasure thee.
Tac. No, gentle Gustus, your absence is the only thing I wish,
Lest I infect you with my company.
Gus. Farewell. [*Exit* GUSTUS.
Vis. I willingly would stay to do thee good.
Tac. A thousand thanks; but since I needs must die,
Let it suffice, death only murders me.
Oh twould augment the dolor of my death,
To know myself the most unhappy bow
Through which pale death should aim his shafts at you.
Vis. Tactus, farewell; yet die with this good hope,
Thy corpse shall be interred as it ought.
[*Exit* VISUS.
Tac. Go, make my tomb, provide my funerals; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Excellent asses thus to be deluded!
Bewail his death and cruel destinies,
That lives, and laughs your fooleries to scorn!
But where's my crown? oh here: I well deserve
Thus to be crowned for two great victories: ha, ha, ha!
Visus, take care my corpse be well interred;
Go make my tomb, and write upon the stone,
Here lies the Sense, that, living, gulled them all,
With a false plague, and feigned Urinal.

SCENE IX.

AUDITUS, TACTUS.

Audi. Tactus, Tactus!
Tac. O Jupiter, 'tis Auditus, all's marred I doubt; the sly knave hears so far; but yet I'll grope him.—How now, Ears,[20] what make you here, ha?
Audi. Nay, what make you here, I pray? what were you talking even now, of an ass, and a crown, and an urinal, and a plague?
Tac. A plague on you, what I?
Audi. Oh, what you!
Tac. O, I had well nigh forgot; nothing; but I say—
Audi. What?
Tac. That if a man, do you mark, sir? being sick of the plague, do you see, sir? had a, a, a, hem, hem, this cold troubles me; it makes me cough sometimes extremely; had a French crown, sir, you understand me? lying by him, and, come hither, come hither, and would not bestow twopence, do you hear? to buy an urinal, do you mark me? to carry his water to the *physician*, hem!
Audi. What of all this?
Tac. I say such a one was a very ass. This was all. I use to speak to myself, when I am alone; but, Auditus, when shall we have a new set of singing books? or the viols? or the concert of instruments?
Audi. This was not all, for I heard mention of a tomb and an epitaph.
Tac. True, true, I made myself merry with this epitaph, upon such a fool's tomb thus a, thus, thus: plague brought this man! foh I have forgotten: oh thus, plague brought this man, so, so, so, unto his burial, because, because, because, hem, hem, because he would not buy an urinal. Come, come, Auditus, shall we hear thee play the Lyreway, or the Luteway, shall we? or the cornet, or any music? I am greatly revived when I hear—
Audi. Tactus, Tactus, this will not serve, I heard all: you have not found a crown, you; no, you have not! [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

TACTUS, AUDITUS, VISUS, GUSTUS, MENDACIO.

Tac. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, hark thee good now.
Audi. I cannot hold, I must needs tell.
Tac. O do not, do not, do not; come hither, will you be a fool?
Vis. Had he not wings upon his feet and shoulders?
Men. Yes, yes, and a fine wand in his hand, Curiously wrapt with a pair of snakes.
Tac. Will half content you? pish, 'twill ne'er be known.
Gus. My life, 'twas Mercury.
Men. I do not know his name; but this I'm sure, his hat had wings upon't.
Vis. Doubtless 'twas he; but say, my boy, what did he?
Men. First I beheld him hovering in the air, And then down stooping with an hundred gires:[21]

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[20] *How now, Ears,*—Auditus is here called *Ears*, as Tactus is before called *Deeds*. S. P.
[21] *Gires*—i. e. circles. So, in Milton:—

"Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel." S.

His feet he fixed on Mount Cephalon;
From whence he flew and lighted on that plain,
And with disdainful steps soon glided thither:
Whither arrived, he suddenly unfolds
A gorgeous robe, and glittering ornament,
And lays them all upon that hillock:
This done he wafts his wand, took wing again,
And in a moment vanish'd out of sight.
With that mine eyes 'gan stare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quiv'ring joints with sweat bedew'd;
My heels methought had wings as well as his,
And so away I run; but by the way
I met a man, as I thought, coming thither.

Gus. What marks had he?

Men. He had a great—what! this is he, this is he.

Vis. What, Tactus?

Gus. This was the plague vex'd him so!
Tactus, your grave gapes for you; are you ready?

Vis. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leave all your goods behind you; bequeath the
Crown and robe to your executors.

Tac. No such matter; I, like the Egyptian knights,[22]
For the more state, will be buried in them.

Vis. Come, come deliver.

[VISUS *snatcheth the Crown, and sees letters graven in it.*

Tac. What, will you take my purse from me?

Vis. No, but a crown, that's just more than your own.
Ha, what's this? 'tis a very small hand,
What inscription is this?

He of the five that proves himself the best,
Shall have his temples with this coronet blest.

This crown is mine, and mine this garment is;
For I have always been accounted best.

Tac. Next after me, ay as yourself at any time:
Besides I found it first, therefore 'tis mine.

Gus. Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

Audi. And mine the most of any of you all.

Vis. Give me it, or else—

Tac. I'll make you late repent it—

Gus. Presumptuous as you are—

Audi. Spite of your teeth—

Men. Never till now—a ha! it works a-pace.
Visus, I know 'tis yours; and yet, methinks,
Auditus, you should have some challenge to it.—
But that your title, Tactus, is so good,
Gustus, I would swear the coronet were yours:
What, will you all go brawl about a trifle?
View but the pleasant coast of Mycrocosme,
Is't not great pity to be rent with wars;
Is't not a shame, to stain with brinish tears
The smiling cheeks of ever-chearful peace?
Is't not far better to live quietly,
Than broil in fury of dissention?
Give me the crown, ye shall not disagree,
If I can please you; I'll play Paris' part,
And, most impartial, judge the controversy.

Vis. Sauce-box! go meddle with your lady fans,
And prate not here.

Men. I speak not for myself,
But for my country's safe commodity.

Vis. Sirrah, be still.

Men. Nay, and you be so hot, the devil part you.
I'll to Olfactus, and send him amongst you.
O that I were Alecto for your sakes!
How liberally would I bestow my snakes!

[*Exit* MENDACIO.

Vis. Tactus, upon thine honour,
I challenge thee to meet me here,
Strong as thou canst provide, in the afternoon.

Tac. I undertake the challenge, and here's my hand,
In sign thou shalt be answered.

Gus. Tactus, I'll join with thee, on this condition,
That if we win, he that fought best of us
Shall have the crown, the other wear the robe.

Tac. Give me your hand, I like the motion.

Vis. Auditus, shall we make our forces double,
Upon the same terms?

Audi. Very willingly.

Vis. Come, let's away, fear not the victory.
Right's more advantage than an host of soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

APPETITUS. *A long, lean, raw-boned Fellow, in a Soldier's Coat, a Sword, &c.*

MENDACIO, APPETITUS.

Men. I long to see those hot-spur Senses at it; they say they have gallant preparations, and not unlikely, for most of the soldiers are ready in arms since the last field fought against their yearly enemy Meleager,[23] and his wife Acrasia; that conquest hath so flesh'd them that no peace can hold them. But had not Meleager been sick, and Acrasia drunk, the Senses might have whistled for the victory.

Appe. Foh, what a stink of gunpowder is yonder?

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[22] *Egyptian knights*—Q. Egyptian kings. S. P.

[23] *Yearly enemy Meleager*—A pun; for he means *Male æger*, sickness. S. P.

Men. Who's this! oh, oh, 'tis Appetitus, Gustus's hungry parasite.

Appe. I cannot endure the smoking of guns, the thundering of drums: I had rather hear the merry hacking of pot-herbs, and see the reeking of a hot capon. If they would use no other bucklers in war but shields of brawn, brandish no swords but swords of bacon, trail no spears but spar-ribs of pork, and instead of harquebuss pieces discharge artichoke-pies, toss no pikes but boiled pickrils, then Appetitus would rouse up his crest, and bear up himself with the proudest.

Men. Ah, here's a youth stark naught at a trench, but an old dog at a trencher, a tall squire at a square table.

Appe. But now my good masters must pardon me, I am not for their service, for their service is without service, and indeed their service is too hot for my diet. But what if I be not myself, but only this be my spirit that wanders up and down, and Appetitus be kill'd in the camp? the devil he is as soon. How's that possible? tut, tut, I know I am, I am Appetitus, and alive too, by this infallible token, that I feel myself hungry.

Men. Thou mightest have taken a better token of thyself, by knowing thou art a fool.

Appe. Well then, though I made my fellow-soldiers admire the beauty of my back, and wonder at the nimbleness of my heels; yet now will I, at safety at home, tell in what dangers they are in abroad. I'll speak nothing but guns, and glaves, [23] and staves, and phalanges, [24] and squadrons, and barricadoes, ambuscadoes, palmedoes, blank point deep, counterpoint, counterscarpe, sallies and lies, saladoes, tarantantaras, ranta, tara, tara, hey.

Men I must take the fife out of his mouth, or he'll ne'er have done.

Appe. But above all, I'll be sure on my knees to thank the great— [MENDACIO *blinds him.*

Men. Who am I, who am I, who I?

Appe. By the blood-stain'd faulchion of Mavors [25]—I am on your side.

Men. Why, who am I?

Appe. Are you a soldier?

Men. No.

Appe. Then you are master Helluo the bear-herd?

Men. No, no, he's dead.

Appe. Or Gulono the gutty serjeant, or Delphino the vintner, or else I know you not; for these are all my acquaintance.

Men. Would I were hang'd, if I be any of these!

Appe. What, Mendacio! by the faith of a knight thou art welcome; I must borrow thy whetstone, to sharpen the edges of my martial compliments.

Men. By the faith of a knight! What a pox, where are thy spurs? [26]

Appe. I need no spurs; I ride like Pegasus on a winged horse, on a swift gennet, my boy, called Fear.

Men. What should'st thou fear in the wars? he's not a good soldier that hath not a good stomach.

Appe. O, but the stink of powder spoils Appetitus's stomach, and then thou knowest when 'tis gone, Appetitus is dead; therefore I very manfully drew my sword, and flourished it bravely about mine ears, kist, and finding myself hurt, most manfully ran away.

Men. All heart indeed! for thou ran'st like a hart out of the field. It seems, then, the Senses mean to fight it out.

Appe. Aye, and out-fight themselves I think; and all about a trifle, a paultry bawble, found I know not where.

Men. Thou art deceived, they fight for more than that; a thing called superiority, of which the crown is but an emblem.

Appe. Mendacio, hang this superiority! Crown me no crown but Bacchus's crown of roses; give me no sceptre but a fat capon's leg, to shew that I am the great king of Hungary. Therefore I pr'ythee talk no more of state matters; but, in brief, tell me, my little rascal, how thou hast spent thy time this many a day.

Men. Faith, in some credit since thou saw'st me last.

Appe. How so, where?

Men. Every where; in the court your gentlewomen hang me at their apron-strings, and that makes them answer so readily. In the city I am honoured like a god; none so well acquainted with your tradesmen. Your lawyers, all the term-time, hire me of my lady; your gallants, if they hear my name abused, they stab for my sake; your travellers so doat upon me as passes; [27] O, they have good reason, for I have carried them to many a good meal, under the countenance of my familiarity. Nay, your statesmen have oftentimes closely conveyed me under their tongues, to make their policies more current. As for old men, they challenge my company by authority.

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[23] *Glaves*—*Glaves* are swords, and sometimes partizans. S. So elsewhere. See note 44 to *Edward* II. Vol. I. p. 181.

[24] *Phalanges*—Lat. for *phalanxes*. S.

[25] *Mavors*—i. e. Mars.

[26] *Where are thy spurs?*—See Note 2 to the First Part of *Jeronimo*, Vol. I. p. 459.

[27] *As passes*—i. e. exceeds bounds, or belief. See a Note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 4. S. 2. S.

Appe. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

Men. Now, when I am disposed, I can philosophy it in the university with the subtlest of them all.

Appe. I cannot be persuaded that thou art acquainted with scholars, ever since thou wert pressed to death in a printing house.

Men. No! why I was the first founder of the three sects of philosophy, except one of the Peripatetics, who acknowledge Aristotle, I confess, their great-grandfather.

Appe. Thou, boy! how is this possible? Thou art but a child, and there were sects of philosophy before thou wert born.

Men. Appetitus, thou mistakest me; I tell thee three thousand years ago was Mendacio born in Greece,[28] nursed in Crete, and ever since honoured every where: I'll be sworn I held old Homer's pen when he writ his Iliads and his Odysseys.

Appe. Thou hadst need, for I hear say he was blind.

Men. I helped Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his History; rounded Rabelais in the ear[29] when he historified Puntagruel; as for Lucian, I was his genius; O, those two books *de Vera Historia*, howsoever they go under his name, I'll be sworn I writ them every tittle.

Appe. Sure as I am hungry, thou'st have it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

Men. Nothing less. I must confess I would fain have jogged Stow and great Hollingshed on their elbows, when they were about their chronicles; and, as I remember, Sir John Mandevill's travels, and a great part of the Decads, were of my doing. But for the Mirror of Knighthood, Bevis of Southampton, Palmerin of England, Amadis of Gaul, Huon de Bourdeaux, Sir Guy of Warwick, Martin Marprelate, Robin Hood, Garragantua, Gerilion, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breathe in my breath up and down.

Appe. Downwards I'll swear, for there's stinking lies in them.

Men. But what should I light a candle to the bright sunshine of my glorious renown? The whole world is full of Mendacio's fame.

Appe. And so it will be, so long as the world is full of fame.

Men. But, sirrah, how hast thou done this long time?

Appe. In as much request as thyself. To begin with the court, as thou didst, I lie with the ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for cullies and cruellies so early before their prayers: your gallants never sup, breakfast, or beaver,[30] without me.

Men. That's false, for I have seen them eat with a full stomach.

Appe. True; but because they know a little thing drives me from them, therefore, in the midst of meat, they present me with some sharp sauce, or a dish of delicate anchovies, or a caviare,[31] to entice me back again. Nay more, your old Sirs, that hardly go without a prop, will walk a mile or two every day to renew their acquaintance with me. As for the academy, it is beholden to me for adding the eighth province unto the noble heptarchy of the liberal sciences.

Men. What's that, I pr'ythee?

Appe. The most desired and honourable art of Cookery.

Now, sirrah, in the city I am ——'st, 'st.
O the body of a louse.

Men. What, art a louse in the city?

Appe. Not a word more, for yonder comes Phantastes and somebody else.

Men. What a pox can Phantastes do?

Appe. Work a miracle if he would prove wise.

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[28] *Was Mendacio born in Greece,—*

" ——*Græcia mendax*
Audet in historia." S.

[29] *Rounded Rabelais in the ear*—i. e. whispered him. See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 476.

[30] *Breakfast or beaver*—More properly *bever;* a luncheon before dinner. The farmers in Essex still use the word. S.

So, in *The Woman Hater*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 1. S. 3., Count Valore, describing Lazarillo, says:

" ——He is none of these
Same ordinary eaters, that 'll devour
Three breakfasts, as many dinners, and, without any
Prejudice to their *beavers*, drinkings, suppers;
But he hath a more courtly kind of hunger,
And doth hunt more after novelty, than plenty."

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains *a boever*, " a drinking betweene dinner and supper, and *a boïer*, meate eaten after noone; a collation, a noone meale."

[31] *Caviare*—See Note 19 to *The Ordinary*.

Men. 'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup![32] yet the fool loves me exceedingly; but I care not for his company, for if he once catch me, I shall never be rid of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PHANTASTES, *a Swart-complexioned Fellow, but quick-eyed, in a White Sattin Doublet of one fashion, Green Velvet Hose of another; a fantastical Hat, with a plume of Feathers of several colours; a little short taffeta Cloak; a pair of Buskins cut, drawn out with sundry coloured Ribbands, with Scarfs hung about him, after all fashions, and of all colours; Rings, Jewels, a Fan, and in every place other odd complements.*[33]

HEURESIS, *a nimble-sprighted Page in the newest fashion, with a Garland of Bays, &c.*

PHANTASTES, HEURESIS.

Phan. Sirrah, boy, Heuresis! Boy, how now, biting your nails?

Heu. Three things have troubled my brain this many a-day; and just now, when I was laying hold on the invention of them, your sudden call made them, like Tantalus's apples, fly from my fingers.

Phan. Some great matters questionless; what were they?

Heu. The quadrature of a circle, the philosopher's stone, and the next way to the Indies.

Phan. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for they'll be found out altogether, *ad Græcas Calendas;* but let them pass, and carry the conceit I told you this morning to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis capricious, 'twill take, I warrant thee.

Heu. I will, sir. But what say you to the gentleman that was with you yesterday?

Phan. O, I think thou meanest him that made nineteen sonnets of his mistress's busk-point.[34]

Heu. The same, the same, sir. You promised to help him out with the twentieth.

Phan. By Jupiter's cloven pate, 'tis true. But we witty fellows are so forgetful: but stay, hu, hu! carry him this:

The Gordian knot, which Alexander great
Did whilom cut with his all-conquering sword,
Was nothing like thy busk point, pretty peat![35]
Nor could so fair an augury afford.

Then, to conclude, let him pervert Catullus's *Zonam solvit diu ligatam* thus, thus:

Which if I chance to cut, or else untie,
Thy little world I'll conquer presently.

'Tis pretty, pretty; tell him 'twas extemporal.

Heu. Well, sir, but now for Master Inamorato's love-letter.

Phan. Some nettling stuff i'faith. Let him write thus: *Most heart-commanding faced gentlewoman, even as the stone in India, called Basaliscus, hurts all that looks on it; and as the serpent in Arabia, called Smaragdus, delighteth the sight, so does thy celestial orb-assimilating eyes both please, and in pleasing wound my love-darted heart.*

Heu. But what trick shall I invent for the conclusion?

Phan. Pish, any thing; love will minister ink for the rest. He that, once begun well, hath half done, let him begin again, and there's all.

Heu. Master Gullio spoke for a new fashion; what for him?

Phan. A fashion for his suit; let him button it down the sleeve with four elbows, and so make it the pure hieroglyphic of a fool.

Heu. Nay, then, let me request one thing of you.

Phan. What's that, boy? by this fair hand thou shalt have it.

Heu. Mistress Superbia, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance, wished me to devise her a new set for her ruff, and an odd tire: I pray, sir, help me out with it.

Phan. Ah, boy! in my conceit 'tis a hard matter to perform. These women have well nigh tired me with devising tires for them; and set me at a nonplus for new sets, their heads are so

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[32] *The vilest nup*—This word, which occurs in Ben Jonson and some other writers, seems to have the same meaning as our *numps*. I am ignorant of its etymology. S.

[33] *Other odd complements*—i. e. other requisites towards the fitting out of a character. See a Note on *Love's Labour Lost*, Vol. II. p. 385. edit. 1778. S.

[34] *Busk-point*—A *busk-point* was, I believe, the lace of a lady's stays. Minshieu explains *a buske* to be a part of dress "made of wood or whalebone, a plated or quilted thing to keepe the body straight." The word, I am informed, is still in common use, particularly in the country among the farmers' daughters and servants, for a piece of wood to preserve the stays from being bent. *Points*, or laces, were worn by both sexes, and are frequently mentioned in our ancient dramatic writers.

[35] *Pretty peat!*—Mr Steevens says that *peat*, in one of the Scotch proverbs, signifies *darling*. Dr Johnson, that it is a word of endearment from *petit, little*. See Notes on *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. I. S. I. Again, in *The City Madam*, by Massinger, A. 2. S. 2:

"——you are *pretty peats*, and your great portions
Add much unto your handsomeness."

light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

Heu. I pray, sir, she hath a bad face, and fain would have suitors. Fantastical and odd apparel would perchance draw somebody to look on her.

Phan. If her face be naught, in my opinion, the more view it the worse. Bid her wear the multitude of her deformities under a mask, till my leisure will serve to devise some durable and unstained blush of painting.

Heu. Very good, sir.

Phan. Away then, hie thee again; meet me at the court within this hour at the farthest. [*Exit* HEURESIS.]—Oh heavens! how have I been troubled these latter times with women, fools, babes, tailors, poets, swaggerers, gulls, ballad-makers! they have almost disrobed me of all the toys and trifles I can devise; were it not that I pity the multitude of printers, these sonnet-mongers should starve for conceits, for all Phantastes. But these puling lovers, I cannot but laugh at them and their encomiums of their mistresses. They make, forsooth, her hair of gold, her eyes of diamond, her cheeks of roses, her lips of rubies, her teeth of pearl, and her whole body of ivory; and when they have thus idoled her like Pygmalion, they fall down and worship her. Psyche, thou hast laid a hard task upon my shoulders, to invent at every one's ask: were it not that I refresh my dulness once a day with thy most angelical presence, 'twere impossible for me to undergo it.

SCENE III.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, *a grave Man, in a Black Velvet Cassock, like a Counsellor, speaks coming out of the Door.*

COMMUNIS SENSUS, PHANTASTES.

Com. Sen. I cannot stay, I tell you; 'tis more than time I were at court; I know my sovereign Psyche hath expected me this hour.

Phan. In good time, yonder comes Common Sense; I imagine it should be he by his voice.

Com. Sen. Crave my counsel! tell me what manner of man he is? Can he entertain a man in his house? Can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and vale[36] his bonnet with the other? Knows he how to become a scarlet gown? Hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door?[37]

Phan. He's about some hasty state matters; he talks of posts methinks.

Com. Sen. Can he part a couple of dogs brawling in the street? why, then, chuse him mayor; upon my credit, he'll prove a wise officer.

Phan. Save you, my lord; I have attended your leisure this hour.

Com. Sen. Fie upon't! what a toil have I had to chuse them a mayor yonder? There's a fusty currier will have this man; there's a chandler wipes his nose on his sleeve, and swears it shall not be so: there's a mustard-maker, looks as keen as vinegar, will have another. O, this many-headed multitude, 'tis a hard matter to please them.

Phan. Especially where the multitude is so well headed. But I pray you where's Master Memory? hath he forgotten himself, that he is not here?

Com. Sen. 'Tis high time he were at court, I would he would come.

SCENE IV.

MEMORY, *an old decrepid Man, in a black velvet Cassock,*[38] *a taffeta Gown, furred with white Grogram, a white Beard, Velvet Slippers, a Watch, Staff, &c.*

ANAMNESTES, *his Page, in a grave sattin Suit, purple Buskins, a Garland of Bays and Rosemary, a Gimmal Ring*[39] *with one link hanging; Ribbands and Threads tied to some of his Fingers; in his Hand a pair of Table-books, &c.*

MEMORY, ANAMNESTES, PHANTASTES, COMMUNIS SENSUS.

Mem. How soon a wise man shall have his wish!

Com. Sen. Memory, the season of your coming is very ripe.

Phan. Had you staid a little longer, 'twould have been stark rotten.

Mem. I am glad I save it from the swine.—S'precious, I have forgot something. O my purse, my purse! why, Anamnestes, Remembrance? where art thou Anamnestes, Remembrance: that vile boy is always gadding; I remember he was at my heels even now, and now the vile rascal is vanished.

Phan. Is he not here? why then in my imagi-

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[36] *Vale his bonnet*—See Note 13 to George a Greene, *The Pinner of Wakefield*, Vol. I. p 448.

[37] *A fresh pair of posts at the door*—Alluding to the office of sheriff. See Note 44 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 537.

[38] *Cassock*—"*Cassock*," says Mr Steevens, "signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakespeare; it likewise appears to have been part of the dress of rustics." See Note to *All's well that ends well*, A. 4. S. 3.

[39] *Gimmal ring.*—"A gimmal, or gimbal ring, a Fr. G. Gemeau, ut. a Lat. Gemellus, q. d. Annulus Gemellus, quoniam sc. duobus aut pluribus orbibus constat." SKINNER.

Gimmal rings are often mentioned in ancient writers.

nation he's left behind. Hola, Anamnestes, Remembrance!

Anam. [*Running in haste.*] Anon, anon, sir; anon, anon, sir; anon, anon, sir; anon, anon, sir.

Mem. Ha, sirrah, what a brawling's here?

Anam. I do but give you an answer with anon, sir.

Mem You answer sweetly; I have called you three or four times one after another.

Anam. Sir, I hope I answered you three or four times, one in the neck of another. But if your good worship have lent me any more calls, tell me, and I'll repay them, as I'm a gentleman.

Mem. Leave your tattle; had you come at first, I had not spent so much breath in vain.

Anam. The truth is, sir, the first time you called I heard you not; the second I understood you not; the third I knew not whether it were you or not; the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I answer'd so suddenly.

Mem. Go, sirrah, run, seek every where, I have lost my purse somewhere.

Anam I go, sir. Go, sirrah, seek, run, I have lost, bring: here's a dog's life with a pox! shall I be always used like a water-spaniel?

[*Exit* ANAMNESTES

Com. Sen. Come, good master Register, I wonder you be so late now-a-days.

Mem. My good lord, I remember that I knew your grandfather in this your place, and I remember your grandfather's great grandfather's grandfather's father's father; yet in those days I never remember that any of them could say, that Register Memory ever broke one minute of his appointment.

Com. Sen. Why, good father, why are you so late now-a-days?

Mem. Thus 'tis; the most customers I remember myself to have, are, as your lordship knows, scholars, and now-a-days the most of them are become critics, bringing me home such paltry things to lay up for them, that I can hardly find them again.

Phan. Jupiter, Jupiter, I had thought these flies had bit none but myself: do critics tickle you, i'faith?

Mem. Very familiarly: for they must know of me, forsooth, how every idle word is written in all the musty moth-eaten manuscripts, kept in all the old libraries in every city betwixt England and Peru.

Com. Sen. Indeed I have noted these times to affect antiquities more than is requisite.

Mem. I remember in the age of Assaracus and Ninus, and about the wars of Thebes, and the siege of Troy, there were few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving; but now every trifle must be wrap'd up in the volume of eternity. A rich pudding-wife, or a cobler, cannot die but I must immortalize his name with an epitaph; a dog cannot piss in a nobleman's shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the chronicles; so that I never could remember my treasure more full, and never emptier of honourable and true heroical actions.

Phan. By your leave, Memory, you are not alone troubled; chronologers many of them are so fantastic, as when they bring a captain to the combat, lifting up his revengeful arm to dispart the head of his enemy, they'll hold up his arms so long, till they have bestowed three or four pages in describing the gold hilts of his threatening faulchion; so that in my fancy the reader may well wonder his adversary stabs him not before he strikes. Moreover, they are become most palpable flatterers, always begging at my gates for invention.

Com. Sen. This is a great fault in a chronologer to turn parasite: an absolute historian should be in fear of none; [40] neither should he write any thing more than truth for friendship, or less for hate; but keep himself equal and constant in all his discourses. But for us, we must be contented, for as our honours increase, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices urge us to wax heavy.

Phan. But not till our backs break; 'slud there was never any so haunted as I am; this day there comes a sophister to my house, knocks at my door; his errand being asked, forsooth his answer was to borrow a fair suit of conceits out of my wardrobe, to apparel a show he had in hand: and what think you is the plot?

Com. Sen. Nay, I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toys.

Phan. Mean while he's somewhat acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your person upon the stage.

Com Sen. What me? I can't remember that I was ever brought upon the stage before.

Phan. Yes, you and you, and myself with all my fantastical tricks and humours; but I trow I have fitted him with fooleries, I trust he'll never trouble me again.

Com. Sen. O times! O manners! when boys dare to traduce men in authority; was ever such an attempt heard?

Mem. I remember there was: for, to say the truth, at my last being at Athens, it is now, let me see, about one thousand eight hundred years

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40 —*Neither should he write*, &c.—"Quis nescit primam esse Historiæ legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat; deinde, ne quid veri non audeat." *Cicero de Orat.* lib. ii. 15.

ago, [41] I was at a Comedy of Aristophanes making. I shall never forget it, the arch-governor of Athens took me by the hand, and placed me; and there I say, I saw Socrates abused most grossly, himself being then a present spectator: I remember he sat full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

Com. Sen. In those days it was lawful, but now the abuse of such liberty is unsufferable.

Phan. Think what you will of it, I think 'tis done, and I think it is acting by this time: hark, hark; what drumming's yonder! I'll lay my life they are come to present the show I spake of.

Com. Sen. It may be so; stay, we'll see what 'tis.

SCENE V.

LINGUA, MENDACIO, COMMUNIS SENSUS, *and the Rest.*

Lin. Feign thyself in great haste.

Men. I warrant you, madam.—I doubt 'tis in vain to run, by this they are all past overtaking.

Com. Sen. Is not this Lingua, that is in such haste?

Phan. Yes, yes, stand still.

Men. I must speak with him.

Com. Sen. With whom?

Men. Assure yourself they are all at court ere this.

Lin. Run after them, for unless he know it——

Com. Sen. Lingua!

Lin. O, is't your lordship? I beseech you pardon me. Haste and fear, I protest, put out mine eyes: I looked so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

Phan. In my conceit, that's like the man that enquired, who saw his ass, when himself rid on him.

Lin. O my heart beats so! fie, fie, fie, fie!

Men. I am so weary; fo, fo, fo, fo!

Com. Sen. I pr'ythee, Lingua, make an end:

Lin. Let me begin first, I beseech you; but if you will needs have the end first, thus 'tis. The commonwealth of Microcosme at this instant suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you have all? 'tis poisoned.

Phan. What apothecary durst be so bold as make such a confection? ha, what poison is't?

Lin. A golden crown.

Men. I mistake; or else Galen, in his book *de sanitate tuenda*, commends gold as restorative.

Com. Sen. Lingua, express yourself.

Men. Madam, if you want breath, let me help you out.

Lin. I pr'ythee do, do.

Men. My lord, the report is, that Mercury coming late into this country, in this very place left a coronet with this inscription, "that the best of the five should have it," which the Senses thinking to belong unto them——

Lin. Challenge each other, and are now in arms, and't like your lordship.

Com. Sen. I protest it likes not me.

Lin. Their battles are not far hence ready ranged.

Com. Sen. O monstrous presumption! what shall we do?

Mem. My lord, in your great grandfather's time, there was, I remember, such a breach amongst them; therefore my counsel is, that, after his example, by the strength of your authority, you convene them before you.

Com. Sen. Lingua, go presently; command the Senses, upon their allegiance to our dread sovereign queen Psyche, to dismiss their companies, and personally to appear before me without any pretence of excuse.

Lin. I go, my lord.

Phan. But hear you, madam? I pray you let your page's tongue walk with us a little, till you return again.

Lin. With all my heart. [*Exit* LINGUA.

SCENE VI.

PHANTASTES, MENDACIO, COMMUNIS SENSUS, *and* MEMORY.

Phan. Hot youths, I protest! Saw you those warlike preparations?

Men. Lately, my lords, I sped into the army;
But oh, 'tis far beyond my reach of wit,
Or strength of utterance, to describe their forces.

Com. Sen. Go to; speak what thou canst.

Men. Upon the right hand of a spacious hill,
Proud Visus marshalleth a puissant army,

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[41] *I was at a Comedy*, &c.—This was called THE CLOUDS, in which piece Socrates was represented hanging up in a basket in the air, uttering numberless chimerical absurdities, and blaspheming, as it was then reputed, the Gods of his country. At the performance of this piece, Socrates was present himself; and "notwithstanding," says his Biographer, "the gross abuse that was offered to his character, he did not shew the least signs of resentment or anger; nay, such was the unparalleled good nature of this godlike man, that some strangers there being desirous to see the original of this scenic picture, he rose up in the middle of the performance, stood all the rest of the time, and shewed himself to the people; by which well-placed confidence in his own merit and innocence, reminding them of those virtues and wisdom so opposite to the sophist in the play his pretended likeness, he detected the false circumstances which were obtruded into his character, and obviated the malicious designs of the poet, who, having brought his play a second time upon the stage, met with the contempt he justly merited for such a composition." Cooper's *Life of Socrates*, p. 55.

Three thousand eagles strong, whose valiant captain
Is Jove's swift thunder-bearer, that same bird,
That hoist up Ganimede from the Trojan plains.
The vanguard strengthened with a wondrous flight
[41] Of falcons, haggards, hobbies, terselets,
Lanards and goshawks, sparhawks, and ravenous birds.
The rearward, granted to Auditus' charge,
Is stoutly followed with an impetuous herd
Of stiff-necked bulls, and many horn-mad stags,
Of the best head the forest can afford.

Phan. I promise you, a fearful troop of soldiers.

Men. Right opposite stands Tactus, strongly manned
With three thousand bristled urchens[42] for his pikemen,
Four hundred tortoises for elephants;
Besides a monstrous troop of ugly spiders,
Within an ambushment he hath commanded
Of their own guts to spin a cordage fine,
Whereof to have framed a net (O wondrous work!)
That, fastened by the concave of the moon,
Spreads down itself to the earth's circumference.

Mem. 'Tis very strange; I cannot remember the like engine at any time.

Men. Nay more, my lord, the masks are made so strong,
That I myself upon them scaled the heavens,
And boldly walked about the middle region;
Where, in the province of the meteors,
I saw the cloudy shops of hail and rain,
Garners of snow, and crystals full of dew;
Rivers of burning arrows, dens of dragons,
Huge beams of flames, and spears like fire-brands.
Where I beheld hot Mars and Mercury,
With rackets made of spheres and balls of stars,
Playing at tennis for a tun of nectar.
And that vast gaping of the firmament,
Under the southern pole, is nothing else
But the great hazard of their tennis-court;
The Zodiac is the line; the shooting stars,
Which in an eye-bright evening seem to fall,
Are nothing but the balls they lose at bandy.
Thus having took my pleasure with those sights,
By the same net I went up I descended.

Com. Sen. Well, sirrah, to what purpose tends this stratagem?

Men. None know directly, but I think it is
To entrap the eagles, when the battles join.

Phan. Who takes Tactus his part?

Men. Under the standard of thrice hardy Tactus,
Thrice valiant Gustus leads his warlike forces;
An endless multitude of desperate apes,
Five hundred marmosets, and long-tailed monkeys,
All trained to the field, and nimble gunners.

Phan. I imagine there's old moving[43] amongst them; methinks a handful of nuts would turn them all out of their soldiers coats.

Men. Ramparts of pasty crust, and forts of pies,
Entrenched with dishes full of custard stuff,
Hath Gustus made; and planted ordnance,
Strange ordnance! cannons of hollow canes,
Whose powder's rape seed, charged with turnip shot.

Mem. I remember, in the country of Utopia,[44] they use no other kind of artillery.

Com. Sen. But what's become of Olfactus?

Men. He politicly leans to neither part,
But stands betwixt the camps as at receipt,
Having great swine, his pioneers, to entrench them.

Phan. In my foolish imagination, Olfactus is very like the goddess of victory, that never takes any part but the conqueror's.

Men. And in the woods he placed secretly
Two hundred couple of hounds and hungry mastiffs;
And o'er his head hover at his command
A cloud of vultures, which o'erspread the light,
Making a night before the day be done:
But to what end not known, but feared of all.

Phan. I conjecture he intends to see them fight, and after the battle to feed his dogs, hogs, and vultures, upon the murdered carcases.

Men. My lord, I think the fury of their anger will not be obedient to the message of Lingua; for otherwise, in my conceit, they should have been here ere this. With your lordship's good liking, we'll attend upon you to see the field for more certainty.

Com. Sen. It shall be so; come, Master Register, let's walk. [*Exeunt.*

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[41] *Of falcons, haggards, &c.*—These were the names of several species of hawks. See an account of them in the Treatises on Falconry, particularly those of *Turberville* and *Latham*.

[42] *Urchens*—i. e. hedge-hogs. See a Note on Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Vol. I. p. 28. edit. 1778. S.

Again, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. Q 2: "—that the soule of Duns woulde a little leve Sorbone College, and enter into my brest, be he never so thornie, and fuller of pricles than is any *urcheon*."

[43] *Old moving*—This is one of the many phrases in these volumes which, being not understood, was altered without any authority from the ancient copies. The last edition reads *odd mouthing*; the text, however, is right: for *old*, as Mr Steevens observes, was formerly a common argumentative in colloquial language, and as such is often used by Shakespeare and others. See Notes on the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4. and *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 3. S. 2.

Again, in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 1630, p. 34: "—on Sunday at Masse there was *old ringing of bells*, and old and yong came to church to see the new roode."

[44] *In the country of Utopia*—A sneer at the Utopian Treatises on Government. S.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

ANAMNESTES, *with a Purse in his Hand.*

Anam. Forsooth, Oblivio, shut the door upon me! I could come no sooner.—Ha! is he not here? O excellent! would I were hanged, but I looked for a sound rap on the pate, and that made me beforehand to lift up this excuse for a buckler. I know he's not at court, for here is his purse, without which warrant there's no coming thither; wherefore now, Anamnestes, sport thyself a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do? by my troth anatomise his purse in his absence. Plutus send there be jewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones. The best sure lies in the bottom: Pox on't, here's nothing but a company of worm-eaten papers. What's this? Memorandum, that Master Prodigo owes me four thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawn for it. Memorandum, that I owe—that he owes? 'tis well the old slave hath some care of his credit: To whom owes he, trow I? That I owe Anamnestes—What, me? I never lent him any thing: ha, this is good! there's something coming to me more than I looked for. Come on; what is't? Memorandum, that I owe Anamnestes a breeching![45]—I'faith, sir, I will ease you of that payment. [*He reads the Bill.*]—Memorandum, that, when I was a child, Robusto tripped up my heels at football. What a revengeful dizard[46] is this!

SCENE II.

MENDACIO, *with Cushions under his arms, trips up* ANAMNESTES'S *heels.*

MENDACIO, ANAMNESTES.

Anam. How now?

Men. Nothing, but lay you upon the cushion, sir, or so.

Anam. Nothing, but lay the cushion upon you, sir?

Men. What, my little Nam? by this foot I am sorry I mistook thee.

Anam. What, my little Men? by this hand it grieves me I took thee so right. But, sirrah, whither with these cushions?

Men. To lay them here, that the judges may sit softly, lest my Lady Lingua's cause go hard with her.

Anam. They should have been wrought with gold; these will do nothing: but what makes my lady with the judges?

Men. Pish, know'st not? she sueth for the title of a Sense, as well as the rest that bear the name of the Pentarchy.

Anam. Will Common Sense and my master leave their affairs to determine that controversy?

Men. Then thou hear'st nothing.

Anam. What should I hear?

Men. All the Senses fell out about a crown fallen from heaven, and pitch'd a field for it; but Vicegerent Common Sense hearing of it, took upon him to umpire the contention; in which regard he hath appointed them, their arms dismissed, to appear before him, charging every one to bring, as it were in a show, their proper objects, that by them he may determine of their several excellencies.

Anam. When is all this?

Men. As soon as they can possibly provide.

Anam. But can he tell which deserves best by their objects?

Men. No, not only; for every Sense must describe his instrument, that *is*, his house, where he performs his daily duty; so that by the object and the instrument my lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities.

Anam. His lordship's very wise.

Men. Thou shalt hear all anon. Fine master Phantastes and thy master will be here shortly. But how is't, my little rogue? methinks thou look'st lean upon't.

Anam. Alas! how should I do otherwise, that lie all night with such a raw-boned skeleton as Memory, and run all day on his errands? the churl's grown so old and forgetful, that every hour he's calling Anamnestes, Remembrance, where art, Anamnestes? then presently something's lost; poor I must run for it; and these words, run boy, come sirrah, quick, quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the cough, never out of his mouth.

Men. Alack, alack! poor rogue, I see my fortunes are better. My lady loves me exceedingly; she's always kissing me: so that I tell thee, Nam, Mendacio's never from betwixt her lips.

Anam. Nor out of Memory's mouth; but in a worse sort, always exercising my stumps; and which is more, when he favours best, then I am in the worst taking.

Men. How so?

Anam. Thus; when we are friends, then must I come and be dandled upon his palsy-quaking knees, and he'll tell me a long story of his acquaintance with King Priamus; and his familiarity with Nestor; and how he played at blow-point[47] with Jupiter, when he was in his side-coats; and how he went to look bird-nests with

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[45] *A breeching*—See Note 48 to *Edward II.* Vol. I. p. 188.
[46] *Dizard*—i. e. a blockhead, a fool. S.
[47] *Blow-point*—See note 9 to *The Antiquary.*

Athous; and where he was at Deucalion's flood; and twenty such old wives' tales.

Men. I wonder he, being so old, can talk so much.

Anam. Nature, thou know'st, knowing what an unruly engine the tongue is, hath set teeth round about for watchmen: now, sir, my master's old age hath cough'd out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runs so much at liberty.

Men. Philosophical!

Anam. O, but there's one thing stings me to the very heart, to see an ugly, foul, idle, fat, dusty, clog-head, called Oblivio, preferred before me; dost know him?

Men. Who I? ay; but care not for his acquaintance; hang him, blockhead, I could never abide him. Thou, Remembrance, art the only friend that the arms of my friendship shall embrace. Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem.* But what of Oblivio?

Anam. The very naming of him hath made me forget myself. O, O, O, O, that rascal is so made of every where.

Men. Who, Oblivio?

Anam. Ay, for our courtiers hug him continually in their ungrateful bosoms; and your smooth belly, fat back'd, barrel-paunch'd, tun-gutted drones are never without him: as for Memory, he's a false-hearted fellow, he always deceives them; they respect not him, except it be to play a game at chests,[48] primero,[49] saunt,[50] maw,[51] or such like.

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[48] *Chests*—i. e. chess.

[49] *Primero*—A favourite game formerly, and apparently one of the oldest in use. The manner in which it was played will appear from the following Epigram of Sir John Harrington, the translator of Ariosto:—

The Story of Marcus' life at Primero.

"Fond Marcus ever at *Primero* playes,
Long winter nights, and as long summer dayes:
And I heard once, to idle talke attending,
The story of his time's and coine's mis-spending.
At first, he thought himselfe halfe way to heaven,
If in his hand he had but got a seven.
His father's death set him so high on flote,
All rests went up upon a seven and coate.
But while he drawes from these gray coats and gownes,
The gamesters from his purse drew all his crownes.
And he ne'er ceast to venter all in prime,
Till of his age, quite was consumed the prime.
Then he more warily his rest regards,
And sets with certainties upon the cards,
On sixe-and-thirtie, or on seven and nine,
If any set his rest, and saith, and mine:
But seed with his, he either gaines or saves,
For either Faustus prime is with three knaves,
Or Marcus never can encounter right,
Yet drew two Aces, and for further spight
Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
But not encountred, it avail'd him naught.
Well, sith encountering, he so faire doth misse,
He sets not, till he nine-and-fortie is.
And thinking now his rest would sure be doubled,
He lost it by the hand, with which sore troubled,
He joynes now all his stocke unto his stake,
That of his fortune he full proofe may make.
At last both eldest hand and five-and-fifty,
He thinketh now or never, thrive unthrifty.
Now for the greatest rest he hath the push;
But Crassus stopt a club, and so was flush:
And thus what with the stop, and with the packe,
Poore Marcus and his rest goes still to wracke.
Now must he seek new spoile to rest his rest,
For here his seeds turne weeds, his rest, unrest.
His land, his plate he pawnes, he sels his leases,
To patch, to borrow, and shift he never ceases.
Till at the last, two catch-poles him encounter,
And by arrest; they beare him to the Counter.
Now Marcus may set up all rests securely;
For now he's sure to be encountred surely."

See also note 24 to *The Jovial Crew.*

[50] *Saunt*—See note to *The Dumb Knight*, p. 154.

[51] *Maw*—See note 37 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 111. in which this game is mentioned. So again, in Dekker's *Belman's Night-walkes*, Sign. I 3. it is again alluded to, "The set at *Maw* being plaid out."

Men. I cannot think such fellows have to do with Oblivio, since they never got any thing to forget.

Anam. Again, these prodigal swaggerers, that are so much bound to their creditors, if they have but one cross about them, they'll spend it in wine upon Oblivio.

Men. To what purpose, I pr'ythee?

Anam. Only in hope he'll wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

Men. Why then no man cares for thee.

Anam. Yes, a company of studious paper-worms, and lean scholars, and niggarly scraping usurers, and a troop of heart-eating envious persons, and those canker-stomach'd spiteful creatures that furnish up common-place books with other men's faults. The time hath been in those golden days when Saturn reigned, that if a man received a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in mind of it; but now in these iron afternoons, save your friend's life, and Oblivio will be more familiar with him than you. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

HEURESIS, MENDACIO, ANAMNESTES.

Heu. Phantastes not at court! is't possible! 'tis the strangest accident that ever was heard of. I had thought the ladies and gallants would never lie without him.

Anam. Hist, hist, Mendacio; I pr'ythee observe Heuresis; it seems he cannot find his master, that's able to find out all things; and art thou now at a fault? canst not find out thine own master?

Heu. I'll try one more way. O yes!

Men. What, a proclamation for him?

Anam. Ay, ay, his nimble head is always full of proclamations.

Heu. O yes!

Men. But doth he cry him in the wood?

Anam. O good sir, and good reason, for every beast hath Phantasy at his pleasure.

Heu. O yes! if any man can tell any tidings of a spruce, neat, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humourous, conceited, fantastic gallant, with hollow eyes, sharp look, swart complexion, meagre face, wearing as many toys in his apparel as fooleries in his looks and gesture; let him come forth and certify me thereof, and he shall have for his reward—

Anam. I can tell you where he is; what shall he have?

Heu. A box o'the ear, sirrah. [*Snap.*

Anam. How now, Invention, are you so quick-finger'd? i'faith, there's your principal, sirrah, [*Snap.*] and here's the interest ready in my hand. [*Snap: They fall together by the Ears.*] Yea, have you found out scratching? now I remember me—

Heu. Do you bite me, rascal?

Men. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the lively picture of this axiom, *a quick invention and a good memory can never agree.* Fie, fie, fie, Heuresis; beat him when he's down?

Anam. Pr'ythee let's alone; proud jackanapes, I'll—

Heu. What will you do?

Anam. Untruss thy points, and whip thee, thou paltry—Let me go, Mendacio, if thou lovest me: shall I put up the—

Men. Come, come, come, you shall fight no more, in good faith: Heuresis, your master will catch you anon.

Heu. My master! where is he?

Men. I'll bring you to him, come away.

Heu. Anamnestes, I scorn that thou shouldst think I go away for fear of any thing thou canst do unto me; here's my hand, as soon as thou canst pick the least occasion, put up thy finger, I am for thee.

Anam. When thou darest, Heuresis, when thou darest, I'll be as ready as thyself at any time. [*Exeunt* MENDACIO *and* HEURESIS.] This Heuresis, this Invention, is the proudest jackanapes, the pertest self-conceited boy that ever breath'd: because, forsooth, some odd poet, or some such fantastic fellows, make much on him, there's no ho[32] with him; the vile dandi-prat will overlook the proudest of his acquaintance: but well I remember me, I learn'd a trick t'other day, to bring a boy o'er the thigh finely: If he come, i'faith I'll tickle him with it.

[MENDACIO *comes running back in great haste.*

Men. As I am a rascal, Nam, they are all coming. I see master Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feet will carry up his four ages. [*Exit* MENDACIO.

SCENE IV.

MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

Mem. Ah you leaden-heeled rascal!

Anam. Here 'tis, sir; I have it, I have it.

Mem. Is this all the haste you make?

Anam. An't like your worship, your clog-head Oblivio went before me, and foiled the trail of your footsteps, that I could hardly undertake the quest of your purse, forsooth.

Mem. You might have been here long ere this: come hither, sirrah, come hither; what, must you go round about? goodly, goodly, you are so full of circumstances.

Anam. In truth, sir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the city, sought you

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[32] *There's no ho*—See note 70 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 553.

in every ale-house, inn, tavern, dicing-house, tennis-court, stews, and such like places, likely to find your worship in.

Mem. Ha, villain, am I a man likely to be found in such places, ha?

Anam. No, no, sir; but I was told by my lady Lingua's page, that your worship was seeking me, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would ask for me, an it please your worship.

Mem. I remember another quarrel, sirrah; but well, well, I have no leisure.

SCENE V.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, LINGUA, PHANTASTES, MEMORY, ANAMNESTES.

Com. Sen. Lingua, the Senses, by our appointment, anon are to present their objects before us; seeing therefore they be not in readiness, we license you in the mean while, either in your own person, or by your advocate, to speak what you can for yourself.

Lin. My lord, if I should bring before your honour all my friends, ready to importune you in my behalf, I should have so many rhetoricians, logicians, lawyers, and which is more, so many women to attend me, that this grove would hardly contain the company; wherefore, to avoid the tediousness, I will lay the whole cause upon the tip of mine own tongue.

Com. Sen. Be as brief as the necessity of our short time requires.

Lin. My lord, though the *imbecillitas* of my feeble sex might draw me back from this tribunal, with the *habenis*, to wit, *timoris* and the *Catenis pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairly led on with the gracious επιείκεια of your *justissime* δικαιοσύνης: especially so *aspremente spurd' conzli spronidi necessita mia pugente*, I will, without the help of orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *volutabilitati* τῶν γυναικείων λόγων, which *avec vostre bonne plaiseur*, I will finish with more than *Laconicá brevitate*.

Com. Sen. What's this? here's a gallemaufry of speech indeed.

Mem. I remember, about the year 1602, many used this skew kind of language; which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, Platony,[53] the son of Lagus, King of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white, half black.

Com. Sen. I am persuaded these same language-makers have the very quality of cold in their wit, that freezeth all heterogeneal languages together, congealing English tin, Grecian gold, Roman latten[54] all in a lump.

Phan. Or rather, in my imagination, like your fantastical gull's apparel, wearing a Spanish felt, a French dublet, a Granado stocking, a Dutch slop, an Italian cloak, with a Welch freeze jerkin.

Com. Sen. Well, leave your toying, we cannot pluck the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore, Lingua, go on, but in a less formal manner; you know an ingenious oration must neither swell above the banks with insolent words, nor creep too shallow in the ford with vulgar terms; but run equally, smooth, and chearful, through the clean current of a pure style.

Lin. My lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirm my worth to be equal or better than the Senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the deft[55] file of time; whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this means re-edifying such excellencies, as time and age do easily depopulate.

Com. Sen. But what profitable service do you undertake for our dread Queen Psyche?

Lin. O how I am ravished to think how infinitely she hath graced me with her most acceptable service! But above all, which you, master Register, well remember, when her highness, taking my mouth for her instrument, with the bow of my tongue struck so heavenly a touch upon my teeth, that she charmed the very tigers asleep, the listening bears and lions to couch at her feet, while the hills leaped, and the woods danced to the sweet harmony of her most angelical accents.

Mem. I remember it very well. Orpheus played upon the harp, while she sung, about some four years after the contention betwixt Apollo and Pan, and a little before the excoriation of Marsyas.

Anam. By the same token the river Alpheus,

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[53] *Platony*—Rather Ptolemy. S. P.

[54] *Roman latten—Latten*, as explained by Dr Jonson, is "Brass; a mixture of Copper and Calaminaris stone." Mr Theobald, from Monsieur Dacier, says: "C'est une espece de cuivre de montagne, comme son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons au jourd 'huy du *leton*. It is a sort of mountain copper, as its very name imports, and which we at this time of day call *latten*." See Mr Theobald's note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1.

[55] *Deft—Deft* is handy, dextrous. So, in *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 1:—

"Thyself and office deftly show."

See note on *Macbeth*, edit. 1778. S.

at that time pursuing his beloved Arethusa, dischannel'd himself of his former course, to be partaker of their admirable concert, and the music being ended, thrust himself headlong into earth, the next way to follow his amorous chace: if you go to Arcadia, you shall see his coming up again.

Com. Sen. Forward, Lingua, with your reason.

Lin. How oft hath her excellency employed me as ambassador in her most urgent affairs to foreign kings and emperors? I may say to the Gods themselves. How many bloodless battles have my persuasions attained, when the Senses forces have been vanquished? how many rebels have I reclaimed, when her sacred authority was little regarded? Her laws, without exprobation be it spoken, had been altogether unpublished, her will unperformed, her illustrious deeds unrenowned, had not the silver sound of my trumpet filled the whole circuit of the universe with her deserved fame. Her cities would dissolve, traffic would decay, friendships be broken, were not my speech the knot, Mercury and Mastique, to bind, defend, and glew them together. What should I say more? I can never speak enough of the unspeakable praise of speech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the most exquisite power and excellency of speech cannot sufficiently express the exquisite power and excellency of speaking.

Com. Sen. Lingua, your service and dignity we confess to be great; nevertheless these reasons prove you not to have the nature of a Sense.

Lin. By your ladyship's favour, I can soon prove that a sense is a faculty, by which our queen sitting in her privy chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrences. That I am of this nature, I prove thus. *The object which I challenge is—*

Enter APPETITUS *in haste.*

Appe. Stay, stay, my lord; defer, I beseech you, defer the judgment.

Com. Sen. Who's this that boldly interrupts us?

Appe. My name is Appetitus, common servant to the pentarchy of the Senses, who, understanding that your honour was handling this action of Lingua's, sent me hither thus hastily, most humbly requesting the bench to consider these articles they allege against her, before you proceed to judgment.

Com. Sen. Hum, here's good stuff; master Register, read them. Appetitus, you may depart, and bid your mistress make convenient speed.

Appe. At your lordship's pleasure.

[*Exit* APPETITUS.

Mem. I remember that I forgot my spectacles; I left them in the 349th page of Hall's Chronicles, where he tells a great wonder of a multitude of mice, which had almost destroyed the country; but that there resorted a great mighty flight of owls, that destroyed them. Anamnestes, read these articles distinctly.

Anam. Art. 1. Imprimis, We accuse Lingua of high treason and sacrilege against the most honourable commonwealth of letters; for, under pretence of profiting the people with translations, she hath most vilely prostituted the hard mysteries of unknown languages to the prophane ears of the vulgar.

Phan. This is as much as to make a new hell in the upper world; for in hell they say Alexander is no better than a cobler, and now by these translations every cobler is as familiar with Alexander as he that wrote his life.

Anam. Art. 2. Item, that she hath wrongfully imprisoned a lady called Veritas.

Art. 3. Item, that she's a witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcisms.

Art. 4. Item, that she's a common whore, and lets every one lie with her.

Art. 5. Item, that she rails on men in authority, depraving their honours with bitter jests and taunts; and that she's a backbiter, setting strife betwixt bosom friends.

Art. 6. Item, that she lends wives weapons to fight against their husbands.

Art. 7. Item, that she maintains a train of prating petty-foggers, prouling sumners,[56] smooth-tongued bawds, artless empirics, hungry parasites, news-carriers, janglers,[57] and such like idle companions, that delude the commonalty.

Art. 8. Item, that she made rhetoric wanton, logic to babble, astronomy to lie.

Art. 9. Item, that she's an incontinent tell-tale.

Art. 10. Item, which is the last and worst, that she's a woman in every respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these articles be true, we pawn our honours, and subscribe our names.

1. VISUS. 4. OLFACTUS.
3. GUSTUS.
2. AUDITUS. 5. TACTUS.

Com. Sen. Lingua, these be shrewd allegations, and, as I think, unanswerable. I will defer the judgment of your cause till I have finished the contention of the Senses.

Lin. Your lordship must be obeyed. But as for them, most ungrateful and perfidious wretches——

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[56] *Sumners*—See note 5 to *The Heir*, A. 2. Vol. I. p. 203.

[57] *Janglers*—A jangler, says Barret, is "a jangling fellow: a babbling attornie. *Rabula un pledoieur criard, une plaidereau.*"

Com. Sen. Good words become you better; you may depart if you will, till we send for you. Anamnestes run, remember Visus, 'tis time he were ready.

Anam. I go. [*Exit* ANAMNESTES, *et redit.*]—He stays here expecting your lordship's pleasure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Page carrying a Scutcheon Argent, charged with an Eagle displayed proper; then VISUS, *with a Fan of Peacock's Feathers; next* LUMEN, *with a Crown of Bays, and a Shield with a Bright Sun in it, apparelled in Tissue; then a Page bearing a Shield before* CŒLUM, *clad in Azure Taffata, dimpled with Stars, a Crown of Stars on his Head, and a Scarf resembling the Zodiac overthwart the Shoulders; next a Page clad in Green, with a Terrestrial Globe before* TERRA *in a Green Velvet Gown, stuck with Branches and Flowers, a Crown of Turrets upon her Head, in her Hand a Key; then a Herald, leading in his Hand,* COLOUR, *clad in changeable Silk, with a Rainbow out of a Cloud on her Head; last, a Boy.* VISUS *marshalleth his Show about the Stage, and presents it before the Bench.*

VISUS, LUMEN, CŒLUM, PHANTASTES, COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY.

Vis. Lo here the objects that delight the sight!
The goodliest objects that man's heart can wish!
For all things, that the orb first moveable
Wraps in the circuit of his large-stretch'd arms,
Are subject to the power of Visus' eyes.
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note Lumen's words, that speaks next following.

Lum. Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious sun,
Opening the casements of the rosy morn,
Makes the abashed heavens soon to shun
The ugly darkness it embraced before;
And, at his first appearance, puts to flight
The utmost relics of the hell-born night.
This heavenly shield, soon as it is displayed,
Dismays the vices that abhor the light;
To wanderers by sea and land gives aid;
Conquers dismay, recomforteth affright;
Rouseth dull idleness, and starts soft sleep,
And all the world to daily labour keeps.
This a true looking-glass impartial,
Where beauty's self herself doth beautify
With native hue, not artificial,
Discovering falsehood, opening verity:
The day's bright eye colours distinction,
Just judge of measure and proportion.
The only means by which each mortal eye
Sends messengers to the wide firmament,
That to the longing soul brings presently
High contemplation and deep wonderment;
By which aspirement she her wings displays,
And herself thither whence she came upraise.

Phan. What blue thing's that, that's dappled so with stars?

Vis. He represents the heaven.

Phan. In my conceit it were pretty, if he thundered when he speaks.

Vis. Then none could understand him.

Cœl. Tropic, colures, the equinoctial,
The zodiac, poles, and line ecliptical,
The nadir, zenith, and anomalies,
The azimuth and ephimerides,
Stars, orbs, and planets, with their motions,
The oriental regradations,
Excentrics, epicyctes, and—and—and—

Phan. How now, Visus, is your heaven at a stay?
Or is it his *motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer?
I pray you, Memory, set him a-gate[58] again.

Mem. I remember when Jupiter made Amphitrio cuckold, and lay with his wife Alcmena, Cœlum was in this taking for three days space, and stood still just like him at a nonplus.

Com. Sen. Leave jesting, you'll put the fresh actor out of countenance.

Cœl. Excentrics, epicyctes, and aspects,
In sextile, trine, and quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth: also the oblique part
Of signs, that make the day both long and short,
The constellations, rising cosmical,
Setting of stars, chronic, and heliacal,
In the horizon or meridional,
And all the skill in deep astronomy,
Is to the soul derived by the eye.

Phan. Visus, you have made Cœlum a heavenly speech, past earthly capacity; it had been as good for him he had thundered. But I pray you, who taught him to speak, and use no action? methinks it had been excellent to have turned round about in his speech.

Vis. He hath so many motions, he knows not which to begin withal.

Phan. Nay, rather it seems he's of Copernicus's opinion, and that makes him stand still.

[TERRA *comes to the midst of the Stage, stands still a while, saith nothing, and steps back.*

Com. Sen. Let's hear what Terra can say—just nothing.

Vis. And 't like your lordship, 'twere an indecorum Terra should speak.

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[58] *A-gate*—i. e. "going. *Gate*, in the Northern Dialect, signifies a way; so that *a-gate* is at or upon the way."—RAY'S *Collection of Local Words*, p. 13. edit. 1740.

Mem. You are deceived; for I remember when Phaeton ruled the Sun,—I shall never forget him, he was a very pretty youth,—the Earth opened her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to Jupiter.

Anam. By the same token Nilus hid his head then, he could never find it since.

Phan. You know, Memory, that was an extreme hot day, and 'tis likely Terra sweat much, and so took cold presently after, that ever since she hath lost her voice.

Herald. A Canton Ermins added to the field,
Is a sure sign the man that bore these arms
Was to his prince as a defensive shield,
Saving him from the force of present arms.

Phan. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a herald: Many a centaur, chimera,[59] barnacle,[60] crocodile, hippotame, and such like toys, hath he stolen out of the shop of my invention, to shape new coats for his upstart gentlemen.—Either Africa must breed more monsters, or you make fewer gentlemen, Mr Herald, for you have spent all my devices already: but since you are here, let me ask you a question in your own profession; how comes it to pass that the victorious arms of England, quartered with the conquered coat of France, are not placed on the dexter side, but give the flower-de-luce the better hand?

Herald. Because that the three lions are one coat, made of two French dukedoms, Normandy and Aquitain; but I pray you, Visus, what jay is that, that follows him?

Vis. 'Tis Color, an object of mine, subject to his commandment.

Phan. Why speaks he not?

Vis. He is so bashful, he dares not speak for blushing:
What thing is that? tell me without delay.

A Boy. That's nothing of itself, yet every way
As like a man as a thing like may be;
And yet so unlike as clean contrary,
For in one point it every way doth miss,
The right side of it a man's left side is;
'Tis lighter than a feather, and withal
It fills no place, nor room, it is so small.

Com. Sen. How now, Visus, have you brought a boy with a riddle to pose us all?

Phan. Pose us all, and I here? that were a jest indeed! My lord, if he have a Sphinx, I have an Œdipus, assure yourself. Let's hear it once again.

Boy. What thing is that, sir, &c.

Phan. This such a knotty enigma? Why, my lord, I think 'tis a woman: for, first, a woman is nothing of herself; and, again, she is likest a man of any thing.

Com. Sen. But wherein is she unlike?

Phan. In every thing; in peevishness, in folly. 'St, boy.

Heu. In pride, deceit, prating, lying, cogging, coyness, spite, hate, sir.

Phan. And in many more such vices: Now he may well say, the left side a man's right side is; for a cross wife is always contrary to her husband, ever contradicting what he wisheth for, like to the verse in Martial, *Velle tuum.*

Mem. *Velle tuum nolo,* Dindyme, *nolle volo.*

Phan. Lighter than a feather; doth any man make question of that?

Mem. They need not; for I remember I saw a cardinal weigh them once, and the woman was found three grains lighter.

Com. Sen. 'Tis strange, for I have seen gentlewomen wear feathers oftentimes; can they carry heavier things than themselves?

Mem. O, sir, I remember, 'tis their only delight to do so.

Com. Sen. But how apply you the last verse, It fills no place, sir?

Phan. By my faith, that spoils all the former, for these farthingals take up all the room now-a-days. 'Tis not a woman, questionless.—Shall I be put down with a riddle?—Sirrah, Heuresis, search the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

Heu. Hay, εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα. I have it; 'tis a man's face in a looking-glass.

Phan. My lord, 'tis so indeed. Sirrah, let's see it. For do you see my right eye here?

Com. Sen. What of your eye?

Phan. O Lord, sir, this kind of frown is excellent, especially when 'tis sweetened with such a pleasing smile.

Com. Sen. Phantastes!

Phan. O, sir, my left eye is my right in the glass, do you see? By these lips my garters hang so neatly! my gloves and shoes become my hands and feet so well!—Heuresis, tie my shoe-strings with a new knot;—this point was scarce well trussed;—so, 'tis excellent. Looking-glasses were a passing invention; I protest, the fittest books for ladies to study on.

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[59] *Chimera*—A monster feigned to have the head of a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a dragon.

[60] Barnacle—"If at any time, in Rolls and Alphabets of Arms, you meet with this term, you must not apprehend it to be that fowl, which, in barbarous Latine, they call *Bernicla*, and more properly (from the Greek) *Chenalopex*; a creature well known in Scotland, yet rarely used in arms; but an instrument used by farriers to curb and command an unruly horse, and termed *Pastomides*."—GIBBONS's *Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam*, 1682, p. 1.

Mem. Take heed you fall not in love with yourself. Phantastes, as I remember,—Anamnestes, who was't that died of the looking disease?

Anam. Forsooth, Narcissus, by the same token he was turned to a daffodil; and as he died for love of himself, so, if you remember, there was an old ill-favoured, precious-nosed, babber-lipped, beetle-browed, bleer-eyed, slouch-eared slave, that, looking himself by chance in a glass, died for pure hate.

Phan. By the lip of my—I could live and die with this face!

Com. Sen. Fie, fie, Phantastes, so effeminate! for shame, leave off!—Visus, your objects, I must needs say, are admirable, if the house and instrument be answerable; let's hear therefore, in brief, your description.

Vis. Under the forehead of mount Cephalon,
That over-peers the coast of Microcosm,
All in the shadow of two pleasant groves,
Stand my two mansion-houses; both as round
As the clear heavens; both twins, as like each other
As star to star; which, by the vulgar sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are named the bright eyes of mount Cephalon:
With four fair rooms those lodgings are contrived,
Four goodly rooms, in form most spherical,
Closing each other like the heavenly orbs;
The first whereof, of nature's substance wrought,
As a strange moat the other to defend,
Is trained moveable by art divine,
Stirring the whole compacture of the rest:
The second chamber is most curiously
Composed of burnished and transparent horn.

Phan. That's matter of nothing. I have known many have such bed-chambers.

Mem. It may be so; for I remember being once in the town's library, I read such a thing in their great book of monuments, called, Cornucopia, or rather their Copiacornu.

Vis. The third's a lesser room of purest glass;
The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former
In worth of matter; built most sumptuously,
With walls transparent of pure crystalline.
This the soul's mirror, and the body's guide,
Love's cabinet, bright beacons of the realm,
Casements of light, quiver of Cupid's shafts,
Wherein I sit, and immediately receive
The species of things corporeal;
Keeping continual watch and centinel,
Lest foreign hurt invade our Microcosm,
And warning give, if pleasant things approach,
To entertain them. From this costly room
Leadeth, my lord, an entry to your house,
Through which I hourly to yourself convey
Matters of wisdom by experience bred:
Art's first invention, pleasant vision,
Deep contemplation, that attires the soul
In gorgeous robes of flowing literature:
Then if that Visus have deserved best,
Let his victorious brow with crown be blest.

Com. Sen. Anamnestes, see who's to come next.

Anam. Presently, my lord.

Phan. Visus, I wonder that amongst all your objects, you presented us not with Plato's idea, or the sight of Nineveh,[61] Babylon, London, or some Sturbridge-fair monsters; they would have done passing well; those motions, in my imagination, are very delightful.

Vis. I was loth to trouble your honours with such toys, neither could I provide them in so short a time.

Com. Sen. We will consider your worth; meanwhile we dismiss you.

[VISUS *leads his Show about the Stage, and so goeth out with it.*

SCENE VII.

AUDITUS, &c.

Aud. Hark, hark, hark, hark! peace, peace, O peace! O sweet, admirable, swan-like, heavenly! Hark! O most mellifluous strain! O what a pleasant close was there! O fall,[62] most delicate!

Com. Sen. How now, Phantastes, is Auditus mad?

Phan. Let him alone, his musical head is always full of odd crotchets.

Aud. Did you mark the dainty driving of the last point, an excellent maintaining of the song? By the choice timpan of mine ear, I never heard a better! hist, 'st, 'st, hark! why there's a cadence able to ravish the dullest stoic!

Com. Sen. I know not what to think on him.

Aud. There, how sweetly the plain song was dissolved into descant, and how easily they came off with the last rest! Hark, hark! the bitter sweetest achromatic!

Com. Sen. Auditus!

Aud. Thanks, good Apollo, for this timely grace; never could'st thou in fitter hour indulge it! O more than most musical harmony! O most admirable concert! Have you no ears? do you not hear this music?

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[61] *The sight of Nineveh*—A celebrated puppet-show, often mentioned by writers of the times by the name of the Motion of Nineveh. See Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 5. S. 1. *Wit at Several Weapons*, A. 1. *Every Woman in Humour*, 1609, Sign. H. and *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, A. 5. S. 9.

[62] *O fall, most delicate!*—So, in *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. S. 1:

"That strain again; it had a dying *fall*." S.

Phan. It may be good, but, in my opinion, they rest too long in the beginning.

Aud. Are you then deaf? do you not yet perceive the wondrous sound the heavenly orbs do make with their continual motion? Hark, hark! O honey sweet!

Com. Sen. What tune do they play?

Aud. Why such a tune as never was, nor ever shall be heard. Mark now! now, mark, now, now!

Phan. List, list, list!

Aud. Hark! O, sweet, sweet, sweet!

Phan. List! How my heart envies my happy ears! Hisht; by the gold-strung harp of Apollo, I hear the celestial music of the spheres as plainly as ever Pythagoras did. O most excellent diapason! Good, good; it plays *Fortune my foe,*[63] as distinctly as may be.

Com. Sen. As the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh. I protest, I hear no more than a post.

Phan. What, the Lavolta![64] Hey! nay, if the heavens fiddle, Fancy must needs dance.

Com. Sen. Pr'ythee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the passing measures.[65]—Memory, do you hear this harmony of the spheres?

Mem. Not now, my lord; but I remember, about some four thousand years ago, when the sky was first made, we heard very perfectly.

Anam. By the same token, the first tune the planets played, I remember, Venus, the treble, ran sweet division upon Saturn, the bass. The first tune they played was Sellenger's round;[66] in memory whereof, ever since it hath been called, the beginning of the world.

Com. Sen. How comes it we cannot hear it now?

Mem. Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound, that we never mark it. As I remember, the Egyptian Catadupes[67] never heard the roaring of the fall of Nilus, because the noise was so familiar unto them.

Com. Sen. Have you no other objects to judge by than these, Auditus?

Aud. This is the rarest, and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelical;
But since your duller ears cannot perceive it,
May it please your lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you see
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,

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[63] *It plays,* Fortune my foe—"*Fortune my foe* was the beginning of an old Ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of fortune." See Note on *The Custom of the Country,* A. 1. S. 1. by Mr Theobald, who observes, that this Ballad is mentioned again in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle;* and likewise in a comedy, by John Tatham, printed 1660, called *The Rump, or Mirrour of the Times,* wherein a Frenchman is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps, and catching hold of Priscilla, will oblige her to dance, and orders the music to play *Fortune my foe.* Again, in *Tom Essence,* 1677, p. 37.

[64] *The Levolta*—A dance. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra,* Stanza 70, thus describes it:

"Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where, arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves, with strict embracements bound.
And still their feet an *anapest* do sound;
An *anapest* is all their music's song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

"As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,
That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands,
Of swift Eurotas dance in heaven above,
Knit and united with eternal bands,
Among the stars their double image stands,
Where both are carried with an equal pace,
Together jumping in their turning race."

[65] *Passing measures*—or, as it is oftener called, *passa mezzo,* "from *passer* to walk, and *mezzo* the middle or half; a slow dance, little differing from the action of walking. As a Galliard consists of five paces or bars in the first strain, and is therefore called a Cinque pace; the *passa mezzo,* which is a diminutive of the Galliard, is just half that number, and from that peculiarity takes its name."—Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music,* Vol. IV. p. 386.

[66] *Sellenger's round*—i. e. St Leger's round. "Sellinger's round was an old country-dance, and was not quite out of knowledge at the beginning of the present century, there being persons now living who remember it. Morley mentions it in his Introduction, p. 118., and Taylor the Water Poet, in his tract, entitled, "The World runs on Wheels;" and it is printed in a Collection of Country Dances, published by John Playford in 1679."—Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music,* Vol. III. p. 288. where the notes are engraved.

[67] *Catadupes*—See Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. v. cap. 9.

Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the bass murmuring of the bubbling brook,
Becomes a concert of good instruments;
While twenty babbling echoes round about,
Out of the stony concave of their mouths,
Restore the vanished music of each close,
And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure.

Com. Sen. I will walk with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come, Master Register, and Master Phantastes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

MENDACIO, ANAMNESTES, HEURESIS.

Men. Pr'ythee, Nam, be persuaded; is't not better to go to a feast, than stay here for a fray?

Anam. A feast! dost think Auditus will make the judges a feast?

Men. Faith, aye. Why should he carry them to his house else?

Anam. Why, sirrah, to hear a set or two of songs: 'Slid, his banquets are nothing but fish; all soll, soll, soll.[68] I'll teach thee wit, boy; never go thee to a musician's house for junkets, unless thy stomach lies in thine ears; for there is nothing but commending this song's delicate air, that ode's dainty air, this sonnet's sweet air, that madrigal's melting air, this dirge's mournful air, this church air, that chamber air, French air, English air, Italian air. Why, lad, they be pure cameleons, they feed only upon air.

Men. Cameleons? I'll be sworn some of your fiddlers be rather camels, for, by their good wills, they will never leave eating.

Anam. True, and good reason; for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts. But oh, yonder's the ape Heuresis; let me go, I pr'ythee.

Men. Nay, good now stay a little, let's see his humour.

Heu. I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintessence of wine will convert water into wine; why therefore should not the elixir of gold turn lead into pure gold?

Men. Ha, ha, ha, ha! he is turned chemic, sirrah; it seems so by his talk.

Heu. But how shall I devise to blow the fire of beech coals with a continual and equal blast? Ha? I will have my bellows driven with a wheel, which wheel shall be a self-mover.

Anam. Here's old turning;[69] these chemics, seeking to turn lead into gold, turn away all their own silver.

Heu. And my wheel shall be geometrically proportioned into seven or nine concave encircled arms, wherein I will put equal poises: hai, hai; εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα; I have it, I have it, I have it, I have it!

Men. Heuresis!

Heu. But what's best to contain the quicksilver? ha!

Anam. Do you remember your promise, Heuresis?

Heu. It must not be iron, for quicksilver is the tyrant of metals, and will soon fret it.

Anam. Heuresis, Heuresis!

Heu. Nor brass, nor copper, nor mastlin,[70] nor mineral: εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, I have it, I have it, it must be——

Anam. You have indeed, sirrah, and thus much more than you looked for. [*Beats him.*

[HEURESIS *and* ANAMNESTES *about to fight, but* MENDACIO *parts them.*

Men. You shall not fight; but if you will always disagree, let us have words and no blows. Heuresis, what reason have you to fall out with him?

Heu. Because he is always abusing me, and takes the upper hand of me every where.

Anam. And why not, sirrah? I am thy better in any place.

Heu. Have I been the author of the seven liberal sciences, and consequently of all learning? have I been the patron of all mechanical devices, to be thy inferior? I tell thee, Anamnestes, thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

Anam. Good, good: but what had your invention been, but for my remembrance? I can prove, that thou belly-sprung invention art the most unprofitable member in the world; for ever since thou wert born, thou hast been a bloody murderer, and thus I prove it: In the quiet years of Saturn,—I remember Jupiter was then but in his swath-bands,—thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughtest gold to light, whose beauty, like Helen, set all the world by the ears. Then, upon that, thou foundest out iron, and puttest weapons in their hands; and now, in the

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[68] *Soll, soll, soll*—Alluding to the fish called the *Sole*, and the musical note *Sol*. S. P.
[69] *Old turning*—See Note 43. p. 210.
[70] *Mastlin*—i. e. a mixed metal, from the French word *mesler*, to mingle, mix.

last populous age, thou taughtest a scab-shin friar the hellish invention of powder and guns.

Heu. Call'st it hellish? thou liest, it is the admirablest invention of all others; for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature herself.

Men. True, for a cannon will kill as many at one shot, as thunder doth commonly at twenty.

Anam. Therefore more murdering art thou than the light-bolt.

Heu. But, to shew the strength of my conceit, I have found out a means to withstand the stroke of the most violent culverin. Mendacio, thou saw'st it when I demonstrated the invention.

Anam. What, some wool-packs? or mud-walls? or such like?

Heu. Mendacio, I pr'ythee tell it him, for I love not to be a trumpeter of mine own praises.

Men. I must needs confess this device to pass all that ever I heard or saw; and thus it was: first he takes a faulcon, and charges it without all deceits, with dry powder well camphired; then did he put in a single bullet, and a great quantity of drop-shot both round and lachrymal. This done, he sets me a boy sixty paces off, just point-blank over-against the mouth of the piece. Now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, upon which he hangs me in a cord, [71] a siderite of Herculean stone.

Anam. Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in Ida, in the year of the world——by one Magnes, whose name it retains, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

Men. When he had hanged this adamant in a cord, he comes back, and gives fire to the touch-hole, now the powder consumed to a void vacuum.

Heu. Which is intolerable in nature; for first shall the whole machine of the world, heaven, earth, sea, and air, return to the mishapen house of Chaos, than the least vacuum be found in the universe.

Men. The bullet and drop-shot flew most impetuously from the fiery throat of the culverin; but, O strange, no sooner came they near the adamant in the cord, but they were all arrested by the serjeant of nature, and hovered in the air round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the stone in most lovely manner, and not any one flew to endanger the mark; so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

Anam. This is a very artificial lie.

Men. Nam, believe it, for I saw it, and, which is more, I have practised this device often. Once when I had a quarrel with one of my lady Veritas' naked knaves, and had pointed him the field, I conveyed into the heart of my buckler an adamant; and when we met, I drew all the foins of his rapier, whithersoever he intended them, or howsoever I guided mine arm, pointed still to the midst of my buckler; so that by this means I hurt the knave mortally, and myself came away untouched, to the wonder of all the beholders.

Anam. Sirrah, you speak metaphorically, because thy wit, Mendacio, always draws men's objections to thy fore-thought excuses.

Heu. Anamnestes, 'tis true; and I have an addition to this, which is, to make the bullet-shot from the enemy to return immediately upon the gunner: but let all these pass, and say the worst thou canst against me.

Anam. I say, guns were found out for the quick dispatch of mortality; and when thou sawest men grow wise, and beget so fair a child as Peace, of so foul and deformed a mother as War, lest there should be no murder, thou devisedst poison.

Men. Nay fie, Nam, urge him not too far.

Anam. And, last and worst, thou foundest out cookery, that kills more than weapons, guns, wars, or poisons, and would destroy all, but that thou invented'st physic, that helps to make away some.

Heu. But, sirrah, besides all this, I devised pillories for such forging villains as thyself.

Anam. Callest me villain?

[*They fight, and are parted by* MENDACIO.

Men. You shall not fight as long as I am here. Give over, I say.

Heu. Mendacio, you offer me great wrong to hold me, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

Men. Away, away, away; you are Invention, are you not?

Heu. Yes, sir, what then?

Men. And you Remembrance?

Anam. Well, sir, well.

Men. Then I will be Judicium, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

Heu. Well, well, if you will needs have it so.

Anam. I am in some sort content.

[MENDACIO *walks with them, holding them by the hands.*

Men. Why this is as it should be; when Mendacio hath Invention on the one hand, and Remembrance on the other, as he'll be sure never to be found with truth in his mouth; so he scorns to be taken in a lie, hai, hai, hai, my fine wags; whist!

Anam. Whist!

Heu. Whist!

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[71] *A siderite of Herculean stone.*—Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. c. 16. "Sideritin ob hoc alio nomine appellant quidam Heracleon: Magnes appellatus est ab inventore (ut auctor est Nicander) in Ida repertus." S. P.

SCENE II.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, *take their places on the Bench as before;* AUDITUS *on the Stage, a Page before him bearing his Target, the Field Sable, an Heart Or; next him* TRAGEDUS, *apparelled in black Velvet, fair Buskins, a Faulchion, &c. then* COMEDUS *in a light-coloured green taffata Robe, silk Stockings, Pumps, Gloves, &c.*

Com. Sen. They had some reason that held the soul a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with music: how fast we were tied by the ears to the concert of Voice's power! but all is but a little pleasure; what profitable objects hath he?

Phan. Your ears will teach you presently, for now he is coming. That fellow in the bays, methinks I should have known him; O, 'tis Comedus, 'tis so, but he is become now a-days something humorous, and too too satirical, up and down, like his great-grandfather Aristophanes.

Anam. These two, my lord, Comedus and Tragedus,
My fellows both, both twins, but so unlike,
As birth to death, wedding to funeral:
For this that rears himself in buskins quaint
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance,
Trouble in the midst, but in the end concludes,
Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe.
This grave and sad, distained with brinish tears;
That light and quick, [72] with wrinkled laughter painted;
This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors,
Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprizes:
This other trades with men of mean condition,
His projects small, small hopes and dangers little.
This gorgeous, broidered with rich sentences:
That fair and purfled round with merriments.
Both vice detect, and virtue beautify,
By being death's mirror, and life's looking-glass.

Com. [73] *Salutem jam primum a principio propitiam.*
Mihi atque vobis spectatores nuntio.

Phan. Pish, pish, this is a speech with no action; let's hear Terence,
Quid igitur faciam, &c.

Com. [74] *Quid igitur faciam? non eam? ne nunc quidem,*
Cum arcessor ultro?

Phan. Fy, fy, fy, no more action! lend me your bays, do it thus, *Quid igitur*, &c.

[*He acts it after the old kind of Pantomimic action.*

Com. Sen. I should judge this action, Phantastes, most absurd, unless we should come to a comedy, as gentlewomen to the [75] Commencement, only to see men speak.

Phan. In my imagination 'tis excellent; for in this kind the hand, you know, is harbinger to the tongue, and provides the words a lodging in the ears of the auditors.

Com. Sen. Auditus, it is now time you make us acquainted with the quality of the house you keep in, for our better help in judgment.

Audi. Upon the sides of fair mount Cephalon,
Have I two houses passing human skill:
Of finest matter by dame Nature wrought,
Whose learned fingers have adorned the same
With gorgeous porches of so strange a form,
That they command the passengers to stay:
The doors whereof, in hospitality,
Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide,
Gently invite all comers; whereupon
They are named the open ears of Cephalon.
But lest some bolder sound should boldly rush,
And break the nice composure of the work,
The skilful builder wisely hath arranged
An entry from each port with curious twines,
And crooked meanders, like the labyrinth
That Dedalus framed t'inclose the Minotaur;
At th'end whereof is placed a costly portal,
Resembling much the figure of a drum,
Granting slow entrance to a private closet;
Where daily, with a mallet in my hand,
I set and frame all words and sounds that come,
Upon an anvil, and so make them fit
For the [76] perewinkling porch, that winding leads
From my close chamber to your lordship's cell.
Thither do I, chief justice of all accents,
Psyche's next porter, Microcosme's front,
Learning's rich treasure, bring discipline,
Reason's discourse, knowledge of foreign states,
Loud fame of great heroes' virtuous deeds,
The marrow of grave speeches, and the flowers
Of quickest wits, neat jests, and pure conceits;
And often times, to ease the heavy burthen
Of government, your lordship's shoulders bear,

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[72] *With wrinkled laughter painted.*—So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1:

"With mirth and *laughter* let old *wrinkles* come."

See also the Notes of Bp. Warburton and Dr Farmer, on *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 5. S. 4.—S.

[73] *Salutem*, &c.—The first lines of the Prologue to Plautus's *Menechmi*.

[74] *Quid igitur*, &c.—See Terence's *Eunuch*, A. 1. S. 1.

[75] *Commencement.*—At the Universities, when Degrees are conferred.

[76] *Perewinkling porch*,—i. e. a porch, which has as many spiral windings in it as the shell of the *perewinkle*, or sea snail. S.

I thither do conduce the pleasing nuptials
Of sweetest instruments, with heavenly noise.
If then Auditus have deserved the best,
Let him be dignified before the rest.

Com. Sen. Auditus, I am almost a sceptic in this matter; scarce knowing which way the balance of the cause will decline. When I have heard the rest, I will dispatch judgment; meanwhile you may depart.

[AUDITUS *leads his Show about the Stage, and then goes out.*

SCENE III.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORIA, PHANTASTES, ANAMNESTES, HEURESIS, *as before;* OLFACTUS *in a Garland of several Flowers, a Page before him, bearing his Target, his field Vert, a Hound Argent, two Boys with* [77] *casting Bottles, and* [78] *two Censors, with Incense, another with a velvet Cushion, stuck with Flowers, another with a Basket of Herbs, another with a Box of Ointment;* OLFACTUS *leads them about, and, making obeisance, presents them before the Bench.*

1 *Boy.* Your only way to make a good [79] pomander, is this; take an ounce of the purest garden mold, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water, then take the best laudanum, benione, both storaxes, ambergrease, civet, and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please; this, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.

Phan. This boy, it should seem, represents Odor, he is so perfect a perfumer.

Odor. I do, my lord, and have at my command
The smell of flowers, and odoriferous drugs,
Of ointments sweet, and excellent perfumes,
And court-like waters, which, if once you smell,
You in your heart would wish, as I suppose,
That all your body were transformed to nose:

Phan. Olfactus, of all the Senses, your objects have the worst luck, they are always jarring with their contraries; for none can wear civet, but [80] they are suspected of a proper bad scent; whence the proverb springs, "He smelleth best, that doth of nothing smell."

SCENE IV.

The Bench and OLFACTUS, *as before;* TOBACCO *apparelled in a taffata Mantle, his arms brown and naked, Buskins made of the peelings of Osiers, his neck bare, hung with Indian Leaves, his face brown, painted with blue stripes, in his nose swines' Teeth, on his head a painted wicker Crown, with tobacco Pipes set in it, plumes of tobacco Leaves, led by two Indian Boys naked, with Tapers in their hands, Tobacco-boxes, and Pipes lighted.*

Phan. Foh, foh, what a smell is here! is this one of your delightful objects?

Olf. It is your only scent in request, sir.

Com. Sen. What fiery fellow is that, which smokes so much in the mouth?

Olf. It is the great and puissant god of tobacco.

Tob. *Ladoch guevarroh pufuer shelvaro baggon, Olfia di quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.*

Phan. Ha, ha, ha, ha! this, in my opinion, is the tongue of the Antipodes.

Mem. No, I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians spake, that lived long before the moon.

Com. Sen. What signifies it, Olfactus?

Olf. This is the mighty emperor Tobacco, king of Trinidado, that, in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their smoke.

Tob. *Erfronge inglues conde hesingo, Develin floscoth ma pu cocthingo.*

Olf. Expeller of catarrhs, banisher of all agues, your guts' only salve for the green wounds of a *non plus.*

Tob. *All vulcam vercu, I parda pora si de gratam, ka famala mara, che Bauho respartera, quirara.*

Olf. Son to the god Vulcan, and Tellus, kin to the father of mirth, called Bacchus.

Tob. *Viscardonok, pillostuphe, pascano tinaromagas,*
Pagi dagon stollisinfe, carocibato scribas.

Olf. Genius of all swaggerers, professed enemy to physicians, sweet ointment for sour teeth, firm knot of good fellowship, adamant of company, swift wind to spread the wings of time, hated

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77 *Casting Bottles,*—i. e. bottles to cast or scatter liquid odours. S.

78 *Two censors with incense.*—The custom of censing or dispersing fragrant scents seems formerly to have been not uncommon. See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 4.

79 *A pomander.*—Pomanders were balls of perfume, formerly worn by the higher ranks of people. Dr Gray, in his Notes on Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 269, says, "that a Pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague." From the above receipt it appears they were molded in different shapes, and not wholly confined to that of balls; and the like direction is given in another receipt for making *Pomanders*, printed in Markham's *English Housewife*, p. 151, edit. 1631.

80 *They are suspected,* &c.—Non bene olet qui semper bene olet.

of none but those that know him not, and of so great deserts, that whoso is acquainted with him can hardly forsake him.

Phan. It seems these last words were very significant. I promise you, a god of great denomination; he may be my [81] lord Tappes for his large titles.

Com. Sen. But forward, Olfactus, as they have done before you, with your description?

Olf. Just in the midst of Cephalon's round face,
As 'twere a frontispiece unto the hill,
Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly disparted with two precious vaults,
The roots whereof most richly are enclosed
With orient pearls, and sparkling diamonds
Beset at th' end with emeralds and [82] turchis,
And rubies red, and flaming crysolites;
At upper end whereof, in costly manner,
I lay my head between two spongeous pillows,
Like fair Adonis 'twixt the paps of Venus,
Where *I*, conducting in and out the wind,
Daily examine all the air inspired,
By my pure searching, if that it be pure,
And fit to serve the lungs with lively breath:
Hence do I likewise minister perfume
Unto the neighbour brain, perfumes of force
To cleanse your head, and make your fancy bright,
To refine wit, and sharp invention,
And strengthen memory; from whence it came,
That old devotion incense did ordain
To make man's spirits more apt for things divine.
Besides a thousand more commodities,
In lieu whereof, your lordships I request,
Give me the crown if I deserve it best.

[OLFACTUS *leads his Company about the Stage, and goes out.*

SCENE V.

The Bench, as before. A Page with a Shield Argent, an Ape proper with an Apple; then GUSTUS *with a Cornucopia in his hand;* BACCHUS *in a Garland of leaves and grapes, a white suit, and over it a thin sarsnet to his foot, in his hand a Spear wreathed with vine leaves, on his arm a Target with a Tiger;* CERES *with a Crown of ears of Corn, in a yellow silk Robe, a bunch of Poppy in her hand, a Scutcheon charged with a Dragon.*

Com. Sen. In good time, Gustus; have you brought your objects?

Gus. My servant Appetitus followeth with them.

Appe. Come, come, Bacchus, you are so fat; enter, enter.

Phan. Fie, fie, Gustus, this is a great indecorum to bring Bacchus alone; you should have made Thirst lead him by the hand.

Gus. Right, sir; but men now-a-days drink often when they be not dry; besides, I could not get red-herrings and dried neats tongues enough to apparel him in.

Com. Sen. What, never a speech of him?

Gus. I put an octave of iambicks in his mouth, and he hath drunk it down.

App. Well done, muscadine and eggs stand hot! what, buttered claret? go thy way, thou hadst best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou look'st—how now, what small thin fellow are you here? ha?

Boy. Beer forsooth, beer forsooth.

App. Beer forsooth? get you gone to the buttery, till I call for you; you are none of Bacchus's attendants, I am sure; he cannot endure the smell of malt. Where's Ceres? O well, well, is the March-pane broken? Ill luck, ill luck, come, hang't, never stand to set it together again; serve out fruit there; [*Enter Boys with a Banquet, marmalade, sweet,* &c. *deliver it round among the Gentlewomen, and go out*] what, do you come with roast-meat after apples? away with it. Digestion, serve out cheese; what, but a penny-worth! it is just the measure of his nose that sold it! lambs wool; the meekest meat in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snapdragon there.

Mem. O, I remember this dish well, it was first invented by Pluto, to entertain Proserpine withal.

Phan. I think not so, Memory; for when Hercules had killed the flaming dragon of Hesperida with the apples of that orchard, he made this fiery meat, in memory whereof he named it snap-dragon.

Com. Sen. Gustus, let's hear your description?

Gus. Near to the lowly base of Cephalon,
My house is placed not much unlike a cave:
Yet arched above by wondrous workmanship,
With hewn stones wrought smoother and more fine
Than jet or marble fair, from Iceland brought.
Over the door directly doth incline
A fair percullis of compacture strong,
To shut out all that may annoy the state,
Or health of Microcosme; and within
Is spread a long board like a pliant tongue,
At which I hourly sit, and trial take
Of meats and drinks needful and delectable:
Twice every day do I provision make
For the sumptuous kitchen of the commonwealth:
Which, once well boiled, is soon distributed
To all the members, well refreshing them.

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[81] *Lord Tappes for his large titles.*—Probably some character notorious in the University of Cambridge at the time when this play was written or represented. S.

[82] *Turchis,*—i. e. turquois. See Note 10 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 135.

With good supply of strength-renewing food.
Should I neglect this musing diligence,
The body of the realm would ruinate;
Yourself, my lord, with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preserve yourself,
Nor you, Phantastes, nor you, Memory;
Psyche herself, were't not that I repair
Her crazy house with props of nourishment,
Would soon forsake us: for whose dearest sake
Many a grievous pain have I sustained,
By bitter pills, and sour purgations;
Which if I had not valiantly abidden,
She had been long ere this departed.
Since the *whole* Microcosme I maintain,
Let me, as prince, above the Senses reign.

Com. Sen. The reasons you urge, Gustus, breed a new doubt, whether it be better to be commodious or necessary, the resolution whereof I refer to your judgment; licensing you mean while to depart.

[GUSTUS *leads his Show about the Stage, and goes out.*

SCENE VI.

The Bench as before; TACTUS, *a Page before him bearing his Scutcheon, a tortesse Sables.*

Tac. Ready anon, forsooth! the devil she will!
Who would be toiled with wenches in a show?

Com. Sen. Why in such anger, Tactus? what's the matter?

Tac. My lord, I had thought as other Senses did,
By sight of objects to have proved my worth;
Wherefore considering, that of all the things
That please me most, women are counted chief,
I had thought to have represented in my show
The queen of pleasure, Venus and her son,
Leading a gentleman enamoured,
With his sweet touching of his mistress' lips,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And divers pleasant relishes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

Phan. Tactus, of all I long to see your objects; How comes it we have lost those pretty sports?

Tac. Thus 'tis; five hours ago I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning, setting, unsetting, formings and conformings; painting blue veins and cheeks; such stir with sticks and combs, cascanets, dressings, purls, falls, squares, busks, bodies, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fusles, partlets, frislets, bandlets, fillets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, braceletes, and so many lets, that yet she's scarce drest to the girdle; and now there is such calling for farthingales, kirtles, busk-points, shoe-ties, &c. that seven pedlars' shops, nay, all Sturbridge fair, will scarce furnish her. A ship is sooner rigged by far, than a gentlewoman made ready.

Phan. 'Tis strange, that women, being so mutable,
Will never change in changing their apparel.

Com. Sen. Well, let them pass; Tactus, we are content
To know your dignity by relation.

Tac. The instrument of instruments, the hand,
Courtesy's index, chamberlain to nature,
The body's soldier, and mouth's caterer,
Psyche's great secretary, the dumb's eloquence,
The blindman's candle, and his forehead's buckler,
The minister of wrath, and friendship's sign,
This is my instrument: nevertheless, my power
Extends itself far as our queen commands,
Through all the parts and climes of Microcosme.
I am the root of life, spreading my virtue
By sinews, that extend from head to foot,
To every living part.
For as a subtle spider closely sitting
In centre of her web that spreadeth round,
If the least fly but touch the smallest thread,
She feels it instantly; so doth myself,
Casting my slender nerves, and sundry nets,
O'er every particle of all the body,
By proper skill perceive the difference
Of several qualities, hot, cold, moist, and dry;
Hard, soft, rough, smooth, clammy, and slippery:
Sweet pleasure, and sharp pain profitable,
That makes us, wounded, seek for remedy.
By these means do I teach the body fly
From such bad things as may endanger it.
A wall of brass can be no more defence
Unto a town, than I to Microcosme.
Tell me, what sense is not beholding to me?
The nose is hot or cold, the eyes do weep,
The ears do feel, the taste's a kind of touching.
Thus, when I please, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them.
I am the eldest, and biggest of all the rest,
The chiefest note, and first distinction,
Betwixt a living tree and living beast;
For though one hear, and see, and smell, and taste,
If he wants touch, he is counted but a block.
Therefore, my lord, grant me the royalty;
Of whom there is such great necessity.

Com. Sen. Tactus, stand aside; you, sirrah, Anamnestes, tell the Senses we expect their appearance.

Anam. At your lordship's pleasure.

[*Exit* ANAMNESTES.

SCENE VII.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, PHANTASTES, MEMORIA, HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, *upon the Bench consulting among themselves.* VISUS, AUDITUS, TACTUS, GUSTUS, *and* OLFACTUS, *every one with his Shield upon his arm.* LINGUA *and* MENDACIO *with them.*

Com. Sen. Though you deserve no small punishment for these uproars, yet, at the request of these my assistants, I remit it; and by the power

of judgment our gracious sovereign Psyche hath given me, thus I determine of your controversies: hum! By your former objects, instruments, and reasons, I conceive the state of Sense to be divided into two parts, one of commodity, the other of necessity, both which are either for our queen or for our country; but as the soul is more excellent than the body, so are the Senses that profit the soul to be estimated before those that are needful for the body. Visus and Auditus, serve yourselves. Master Register, give me the crown; because it is better to be well, than simply to be; therefore I judge the crown by right to belong to you of the commodity's part, and the robe to you of the necessity's side: and since you, Visus, are the author of invention, and you, Auditus, of increase and addition to the same, seeing it is more excellent to invent than to augment; I establish you, Visus, the better of the two, and chief of all the rest; in token whereof, I bestow upon you this crown, to wear at your liberty.

Vis. I most humbly thank your lordships.

Com. Sen. But lest I should seem to neglect you, Auditus, I here chuse you to be the lords' intelligencer to Psyche her majesty; and you, Olfactus, we bestow upon you the chief priesthood of Microcosme, perpetually to offer incense in her majesty's temple. As for you, Tactus, upon your reasons alleged, I bestow upon you the robe.

Tac. I accept it most gratefully at your just hands, and will wear it in the dear remembrance of your good lordship.

Com. Sen. And lastly, Gustus, we elect you Psyche's only taster, and great purveyor for all her dominions, both by sea and land, in her realm of Microcosme.

Gus. We thank your lordship, and rest well content with equal arbitrement.

Com. Sen. Now for you, Lingua.

Lin. I beseech your honour let me speak; I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Com. Sen. I cannot stay so long; we have consulted about you, and find your cause to stand upon these terms and conditions. The number of the Senses in this little world is answerable to the first bodies in the great world: now, since there be but five in the universe, the four elements and the pure substance of the heavens; therefore there can be but five Senses in our Microcosme, correspondent to those; as the sight to the heavens, hearing to the air, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water, by which five means only the understanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all corporeal substances; wherefore we judge you to be no Sense simply; only thus much we from henceforth pronounce, that all women for your sake shall have six Senses, that is, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, and the last and feminine sense, the sense of speaking.

Gus. I beseech your lordships and your assistants, the only cause of our friendship, to grace my table with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

Com. Sen. I am sorry I cannot stay with you; you know we may by no means omit our daily attendance at the court, therefore I pray you pardon us.

Gus. I hope I shall not have the denial at your hands, my masters, and you my lady Lingua; come, let us drown all our anger in a bowl of [83] hippocras.

[*Exeunt* SENSUS *Omnes exteriores.*

Com. Sen. Come, master Register, shall we walk?

Mem. I pray you stay a little. Let me see! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Phan. How now, Memory, so merry? what, do you trouble yourself with two palsies at once, shaking and laughing?

Mem. 'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against Plato's great year.

Phan. Why not?

Mem. 'Tis as true an opinion as need be; for I remember it very readily now, that, this time 49,000 years ago, all we were in this very place, and your lordship judged the very same controversy, after the very same manner, in all respects and circumstances alike.

Com. Sen. 'Tis wondrous strange.

Anam. By the same token you held your staff in your right hand, just as you do now; and Mr Phantastes stood wondering at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

Phan. Ay, but I did not give you a box on the ear, sirrah, 49,000 years ago, did I? [*Snap.*]

Anam. I do not remember that, sir.

Phan. This time Plato's twelvemonth to come, look you save your cheeks better.

Com. Sen. But what entertainment had we at court for our long staying?

Mem. Let's go, I'll tell you as we walk.

Phan. If I do not seem [84] pranker now than I did in those days, I'll be hanged.

[*Exeunt Omnes interiores* SENSUS, *manet* LINGUA.

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[83] *Hippocras*—See Note 27 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 530.

[84] *Pranker*—i. e. finer, more gaudily dressed. So, in *Wily beguiled*:

"——— come nurse, gather:
A crown of roses shall adorn my head,
I'll *prank* myself with flowers of the prime;
And thus I'll spend away my primrose time."

SCENE VIII.

LINGUA, MENDACIO.

Lin. Why this is good. By Common Sense's means,
Lingua, thou hast framed a perfect comedy.
They are all good friends, whom thou mad'st enemies;
And I am half a Sense: a sweet piece of service
I promise you! a fair step to preferment!
Was this the care and labour thou hast taken
To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
To lose thy crown, and be deluded thus!
Well, now I see my cause is desperate,
The judgment's past, sentence irrevocable,
Therefore I'll be content and clap my hands,
And give a Plaudite to their proceedings.
What, shall I leave my hate begun, unperfect?
So foully vanquished by the spiteful Senses?
Shall I, the ambassadress of Gods and men,
That pulled proud Phœbe from her brightsome sphere,
And dark'd Apollo's countenance with a word,
Raising at pleasure storms, and winds, and earthquakes,
Be over-crowed, and breathe without revenge?
Yet they, forsooth, base slaves, must be preferred,
And deck themselves with my right ornaments.
Doth the all-knowing Phœbus see this shame
Without redress? will not the heavens help me?
Then shall hell do it; my enchanting tongue
Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
From the pole arctic to dark Acheron.
I'll make them know mine anger is not spent;
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.—
Mendacio, come hither quickly, sirrah.

Men. Madam.

Lin. Hark, hither in thine ear.

Men. Why do you [85] whisht thus? here's none to hear you.

Lin. I dare not trust these secrets to the earth,
E'er since she brought forth reeds, whose babbling noise
Told all the world of Midas' asses ears.
[*She whispers him in the ear.*] Dost understand me?

Men. Ay, ay, ay,—never fear that—there's a jest indeed—
Pish, pish,—Madam—do you think me so foolish?—
Tut, tut, doubt not.

Lin. Tell her, if she do not—

Men. Why do you make any question of it?—what a stir is here—
I warrant you—presently. [*Exit* MENDACIO.

Lin. Well, I'll to supper, and so closely cover
The rusty canker of mine iron spite,
With golden foil of goodly semblances.
But if I do not trounce them—— [*Exit* LINGUA.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

MENDACIO, *with a Bottle in his hand.*

Men. My lady Lingua is just like one of these lean-witted comedians who, disturbing all to the fifth act, bring down some Mercury or Jupiter in an engine, to make all friends: so she, but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dispurposed, sends me to an old witch called Acrasia, to help to wreck her spite upon the Senses: the old hag, after many an encircled circumstance, and often naming of the direful Hecate and Demogorgon, gives me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish drugs and forcible words, that whosoever drinks of it shall be presently possessed with an enraged and mad kind of anger.

SCENE II.

MENDACIO, CRAPULA, APPETITUS *crying.*

Men. What's this, Crapula beating Appetitus out of doors? ha!

Cra. You filthy long crane, you meagre slave, will you kill our guests with blowing continual hunger in them? the Senses have overcharged their stomachs already, and you, sirrah, serve them up a fresh appetite with every new dish: they had burst their guts if thou hadst stayed but a thought longer. Begone, or I'll set thee away; begone, ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone rascal.

[*Beats him.*

Men. Then my device is clean spoiled. Appetitus should have been as the bowl to present

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A Chast Mayd in Cheapeside, 1638, p. 42:

"I hope to see thee wench within these few yeeres
Cirkled with children, *pranking* up a girle,
And putting jewels in their little eares,
Fine sport I faith."

[85] *Whisht*—i. e. whisper, or become silent. As in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 15. "But *whist*, these are the works of darknesse, and may not be talkt of in the day-time."

this medicine to the Senses, and now Crapula hath beaten him out of doors; what shall I do?

Cra. Away, sirrah. [*Beats him.*

Appe. Well, Crapula, well; I have deserved better at your hands than so; I was the man you know first brought you into Gustus's service; I lined your guts there, and you use me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

Cra. Dost thou talk? hence, hence; avaunt, cur; avaunt, you dog! [*Exit* CRAPULA.

Appe. The belching [86] gor-belly hath well nigh killed me; I am shut out of doors finely; well, this is my comfort, I may walk now in liberty at my own pleasure.

Men. Appetitus, Appetitus!

Appe. Ah? Mendacio, Mendacio.

Men. Why, how now man, how now? how is't? canst not speak?

Appe. Faith, I am like a bag-pipe, that never sounds but when the belly is full.

Men. Thou empty, and com'st from a feast?

Appe. From a fray. I tell thee, Mendacio, I am now just like the ewe that gave suck to a wolf's whelp; I have nursed up my fellow Crapula so long, that he's grown strong enough to beat me.

Men. And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banished out of service?

Appe. Faith, I'll travel to some college or other in an university.

Men. Why so?

Appe. Because Appetitus is well-beloved amongst scholars; for there I can dine and sup with them, and rise again as good friends as we sate down. I'll thither questionless.

Men. Hear'st thou? give me thy hand: by this hand I love thee: go to then; thou shalt not forsake thy masters thus, I say thou shalt not.

Appe. Alas! I am very loth; but how should I help it?

Men. Why, take this bottle of wine, come on; go thy ways to them again.

Appe. Ha, ha, ha, what good will this do?

Men. This is the Nepenthe that reconciles the Gods: do but let the Senses taste of it, and fear not, they'll love thee as well as ever they did.

Appe. I pray thee, where hadst it?

Men. My lady gave it me to bring her: Mercury stole it from Hebe for her: thou knowest there were some jars betwixt her and thy masters, and with this drink she would gladly wash out all the relicks of their disagreement. Now, because I love thee, thou shalt have the grace of presenting it to them, and so come in favour again.

Appe. It smells well, I would fain begin to them.

Men. Nay, stay no longer, lest they have supped before thou come.

Appe. Mendacio, how shall I requite thy infinite courtesy?

Men. Nay, pray thee leave, go catch occasion by the foretop: but hear'st thou? as soon as it is presented, [87] round my lady Lingua in the ear, and tell her of it.

Appe. I will, I will: adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Exit* APPETITUS.

SCENE III.

MENDACIO *solus.*

Men. Why, this is better than I could have wished it;
Fortune, I think, is fallen in love with me,
Answering so right mine expectation.
By this time Appetite is at the table,
And with a lowly cringe presents the wine
To his old master Gustus: now he takes it,
And drinks perchance to Lingua; she craftily
Kisses the cup, but lets not down a drop,
And gives it to the rest: 'tis sweet, they'll swallow it,
But when 'tis once descended to the stomach,
And sends up noisome vapours to the brain,
'Twill make them swagger gallantly; they'll rage
Most strangely, or Acrasia's art deceives her;
When if my lady stir her nimble tongue,
And closely sow contentious words amongst them,
O what a stabbing there will be! what bleeding!

SCENE IV.

LINGUA, MENDACIO.

Lin. What art thou there, Mendacio? pretty rascal!
Come let me kiss thee for thy good deserts.

Men. Madam, does't take? have they all tasted it?

Lin. All, all, and all are well nigh mad already:
O how they stare, and swear, and fume, and brawl!
Wrath gives them weapons; pots and candlesticks,
Joint-stools and trenchers, fly about the room,
Like to the bloody banquet of the centaurs.
But all the sport is to see what several thoughts
The potion works in their imaginations.
For Visus thinks himself——a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SCENE V.

APPETITUS, MENDACIO, LINGUA.

Appe. Soho, Mendacio! soho, soho!

Men. Madam, I doubt they come; yonder is Appetitus: you had best be gone, lest in their outrage they should injure you. [*Exit* LINGUA.]

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[86] *Gor-belly*—i. e. glutton; one whose paunch is distended by food. See Note on *King Henry* IV. P. I. Vol. V p. 504. edit. 1778. S.

[87] *Round my lady Lingua in the ear*—i. e. whisper. See Note 12 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 476.

How now, Hunger? how dost thou, my fine maypole, ha?

Appe. I may well be called a may-pole: for the Senses do nothing but dance a morrice about me.

Men. Why, what ails them? are they not, as I promised thee, friends with thee?

Appe. Friends with me! nay, rather frenzy: I never knew them in such a case, in all my life.

Men. Sure they drank too much, and are mad for love of thee.

Appe. They want Common Sense amongst them. There's such a hurly burly, Auditus is stark deaf, and wonders why men speak so softly that he cannot hear them. Visus hath drunk himself stark blind, and therefore imagineth himself to be Polyphemus: Tactus is raging mad, and cannot be otherwise persuaded, but he is Hercules *furens*; there's such conceits amongst them.

SCENE VI.

VISUS, APPETITUS, MENDACIO.

Vis. O that[38] I could but find the villain Outis,
Outis the villain, that thus blinded me!

Men. Who is this? Visus?

Appe. Ay, ay, ay; otherwise called Polyphemus.

Vis. By heaven's bright sun, the day's most glorious eye
That lightneth all the world but Polypheme,
And by mine eye that once was answerable
Unto that sun, but now's extinguished—

Men. He can see to swear, methinks.

Vis. If I but once lay hands upon the slave,
That thus hath robbed me of my dearest jewel,
I'll rend the miscreant into a thousand pieces,
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth;
Drinking his live-warm blood to satisfy
The boiling thirst of pain and furiousness,
That thus exasperates great Polypheme.

Men. Pray thee, Appetitus, see how he grasps for that he would be loth to find.

Appe. What's that? a stumbling block?

Vis. These hands, that whilom tore up sturdy oaks,
And rent the rock that dashed out Acis' brains,
Both in the stole bliss of my Galatea,
Serve now, O misery! to no better use,
But for bad guides to my unskilful feet,
Never accustomed thus to be directed.

Men. As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a wheel to make him the true picture of Fortune; how sayest? what, shall we play at blind-man's-buff with him?

Appe. Ay, if thou wilt, but first I'll try whether he can see?

Vis. Find me out Outis, search the rocks and woods,
The hills and dales, and all the coasts adjoining,
That I may have him, and revenge my wrong.

Appe. Visus, methinks your eyes are well enough.

Vis. What's he that calls me Visus? do'st not know——

[*They run about him, playing with him, and abusing him.*

Appe. To him, Mendacio, to him.

Men. There, there, Appetitus, he comes, he comes; ware, ware, he comes; ha, ha, ha, ha.

[VISUS *stumbles, falls down, and sits still.*

SCENE VII.

MENDACIO, APPETITUS, TACTUS *with a great Black Jack in his Hand.*

Men. Is this he that thinks himself Hercules?

Appe. Ay, wilt see me out-swagger him?

Men. Ay, do, do; I love not to sport with such mad play-fellows: tickle him, Appetitus; tickle him, tickle him. [*Exit* MENDACIO.

Tac. Have I not here the great and puissant club,
Wherewith I conquered three-chopped Cerberus?

Appe. Have I not here the sharp and warlike teeth,
That at one breakfast quailed thrice three hogs faces?

Tac. And are not these Alcides' brawny arms,
That rent the lion's jaws, and kill'd the boar?

Appe. And is not this the stomach that defeated
Nine yards of pudding, and a rank of pyes?

Tac. Did not I crop the seven-fold hydra's crest,
And with a river cleansed Augeus's stable?

Appe. Did not I crush a seven-fold custard's crust,
And with my tongue swept a well-furnish'd table?

Tac. Did not these feet and hands o'ertake and slay
The nimble stag and fierce impetuous bull?

Appe. Did not this throat at one good meal devour
That stag's sweet venison, and that strong bull's beef?

Tac. Shall Hercules be thus disparaged?
Juno! you pouting quean, you louring trull,
Take heed I take you not; for by Jove's thunder
I'll be revenged.

[APPETITUS *draws* VISUS *backward from* TACTUS.

Appe. Why Visus, Visus, will you be kill'd? away, away. [*Exit* VISUS.

Tac. Who have we here? see, see the giant Cacus
Draws an ox backward to his thievish den.
Hath this device so long deluded me?
Monster of men, Cacus, restore my cattle,

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[38] *O that*, &c.—See Homer's Odyssey.

Or instantly I'll crush thy idle coxcomb,
And dash thy doltish brains against thy cave.
Appe. Cacus! I Cacus? ha, ha, ha. Tactus, you mistake me,
I am yours to command, Appetitus.
Tac. Art Appetitus? Thou'rt so; run quickly, villain;
Fetch a whole ox to satisfy my stomach.
Appe. Fetch an ass to keep you company.
Tac. Then down to hell, tell Pluto, prince of devils,
That great Alcides wants a kitchen wench
To turn his spit. Command him from myself,
To send up Proserpine; she'll serve the turn.
Appe. I must find you meat, and the devil find you cooks;
Which is the next way?
Tac. Follow the beaten path, thou canst not miss it.
'Tis a wide causey that conducteth thither,
An easy tract, and down hill all the way.
But if the black prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow,
Tell him I'll drag him from his iron chair,
By the steel tresses, and then sew him fast
With the three furies in a leathern bag,
And thus will drown them in the ocean.
[*He pours the Jack of Beer upon* APPETITUS.
Appe. You had better keep him alive to light tobacco-pipes, or to sweep chimneys.
Tac. Art thou not gone? nay, then I'll send thy soul
Before thee; 'twill do thy message sooner.
[*Beats him.*
Appe. Hercules, Hercules, Hercules! do not you hear Omphale?
Hark how she calls you, hark!
Tac. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugar'd voice.
Omphale, dear commandress of my life,
My thoughts' repose, sweet centre of my cares,
Where all my hopes and best desires take rest!
Lo! where the mighty son of Jupiter
Throws himself captive at your conquering feet;
Do not disdain my voluntary humbleness:
Accept my service, bless me with commanding,
I will perform the hardest imposition,
And run through twelve new labours for thy sake.
Omphale, dear commandress of my life!
Appe. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her?
Look how she holds her distaff, look ye?
Tac. Where is she gone, that I may follow her?
Omphale. stay, stay, take thy Hercules!
Appe. There, there, man, you are right.
[*Exit* TACTUS.

SCENE VIII.

APPETITUS *solus.*

Appe. What a strange temper are the Senses in!
How come their wits thus topsy-turvy turn'd?
Hercules Tactus, Visus Polypheme,
Two goodly surnames have they purchased.
By the rare ambrosian of an oyster pye,
They have got such proud imaginations,
That I could wish I were mad for company:
But, since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
I'll rest contented with this wise estate.

SCENE IX.

APPETITUS, AUDITUS *with a Candlestick.*

Appe. What, more anger? Auditus got abroad too?
Audi. Take this abuse at base Olfactus' hands?
What, did he challenge me to meet me here,
And is not come? well, I'll proclaim the slave,
The vilest dastard that e'er broke his word:
But stay, yonder's Appetitus.
Appe. I pray you, Auditus, what ails you?
Audi. Ha, ha!
Appe. What ails you?
Audi. Ha! what say'st thou?
Appe. Who hath abused you thus?
Audi. Why dost thou whisper thus? Canst not speak out?
Appe. Save me, I had clean forgotten; why are you so angry, Auditus?
Audi. Bite us! who dare bite us?
Appe. I talk of no biting; I say, what's the matter between Olfactus and you?
Audi. Will Olfactus bite me? do if he dares; would he would meet me here according to his promise! Mine ears are somewhat thick of late; I pray thee speak-out louder.
Appe. Ha, ha, ha, ha! this is fine i'faith: ha, ha, ha! Hear you, have you lost your ears at supper?
Audi. Excellent cheer at supper, I confess it; But when 'tis sauced with sour contentions,
And breeds such quarrels, 'tis intolerable.
Appe. Pish, pish, this is my question; hath your supper spoil'd your hearing?
Audi. Hearing at supper! tell not me of hearing; But if thou saw'st Olfactus, bring me to him.
Appe. I ask you whether you have lost your hearing?
Audi. O dost thou hear them ring? what a grief is this
Thus to be deaf, and lose such harmony?
Wretched Auditus, now shalt thou never hear
The pleasing changes that a well-tuned cord
Of trouling bells will make, when they are true rung.
Appe. Here's a do indeed! I think he's mad, as well as drunk or deaf.
Audi. Ha, what's that?
Appe. I say you have made me hoarse with speaking so loud.
Audi. Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking crowd?
Appe. I am hoarse, I tell you, and my head aches.

Audi. Oh, I understand thee! the first crowd [88] was made of a horse-head.
'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head
Was the first invention of string instruments,
Whence rose the gitterne, vial, and the lute;
Though others think the lute was first devised,
In imitation of a tortoise back,
Whose sinews, parched by Apollo's beams,
Echo'd about the concave of the shell:
And seeing the shortest and smallest gave shrillest sound,
They found out frets, whose sweet diversity,
Well touched by the skilful learned fingers,
Raiseth so strange a multitude of chords.
Which their opinion many do confirm,
Because Testudo signifies a lute.
But if I by no means——
Appe. Nay, if you begin to critic once, we shall never have done.
[*Exit* APPETITUS, *and carries away* AUDITUS *per force.*

SCENE X.

CRAPULA, *a Fat-Bellied Slave, Clothed in a Light Veil of Sarsnet, a Garland of Vine-leaves on his Head, &c.* SOMNUS *in a Mantle of Black Cobweb Lawn down to the Foot, over a Dusky-Coloured Taffeta Coat, and a Crown of Poppy-Tops on his Head, a Company of Dark-Coloured Silk Scarfs in one Hand, a Mace of Poppy in the other, leaning his Head upon a Pillow on* CRAPULA'S *Shoulders.*

Cra. Somnus, good Somnus, sweet Somnus, come apace!
Som. Hei oh, oh; are you sure they be so? oho, oho, oho; hei, waw!
What good can I do? ou, hoh, haw!
Cra. Why I tell you, unless you help——
[SOMNUS *falls down and Sleeps.*
Soft son of night, right heir to quietness,
Labour's repose, life's best restorative,
Digestion's careful nurse, blood's comforter,
Wit's help, thought's charm, the stay of Microcosme,
Sweet Somnus, chiefest enemy to care:
My dearest friend, lift up thy lumpish head,
Ope thy dull eyes, shake off this drowsiness,
Rouse up thyself.
Som. O Crapula! how now, how now! oh, oh, how: who's there?
Crapula, speak quickly, what's the matter?
Cra. As I told you, the noble Senses, peers of Microcosme,
Will eft-soon fall to ruin perpetual,
Unless your ready helping hand recure them:
Lately they banquetted at Gustus' table,
And there fell mad, or drunk, I know not whether;
So that it's doubtful in these outrageous fits,
That they'll murder one another.
Som. Fear it not;
If they have 'scaped already, bring me to them,
Or them to me; I'll quickly make them know
The power of my large-stretch'd authority.
These cords of sleep, wherewith I wont to bind
The strongest arms that e'er resisted me,
Shall be the means, whereby I will correct
The Senses outrage and distemperature.
Cra. Thanks, gentle Somnus, *I'll go seek them* out,
And bring them to you as soon as possible.
Som. Dispatch it quickly, lest I fall asleep, for want of work.
Cra. Stand still, stand still! Visus, I think, comes yonder.
If you think good, begin and bind him first:
For, he made fast, the rest will soon be quiet.
[*Exit* CRAPULA.

SCENE XI.

VISUS, SOMNUS.

Vis. Sage Telemus, I now too late admire
Thy deep foresight and skill in prophecy,
Who whilome told'st me, that in time to come
Ulysses should deprive me of my sight.
And now the slave that march'd in Outis' name,
Is proved Ulysses; and by this device
Hath 'scaped my hands, and fled away by sea,
Leaving me desolate in eternal night.
Ah, wretched Polypheme! where's all thy hope,
And longing for thy beauteous Galatea?
She scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest
And loath to look upon thy dark'ned face:
Ay me most miserable Polyphemus!
But as for Ulysses, heaven and earth
Send vengeance ever on thy damned head,
In just revenge of my great injury.
[SOMNUS *binds him.*
Who is he that dares to touch me? Cyclops, come.
Come all ye Cyclops, help to rescue me.
[SOMNUS *charms him, he Sleeps.*
Som. There rest thyself, and let a quiet sleep
Restore thy weak imaginations.

SCENE XII.

LINGUA, SOMNUS, VISUS.

Lin. Ha, ha, ha! oh how my spleen is tickled with this sport,
The madding Senses make about the woods!
It cheers my soul, and makes my body fat,
To laugh at their mischances; ha, ha, ha, ha!
Heigh ho, the stitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
Would I had one to hold my sides awhile,

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[88] *The first crowd*—See note 18 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 110.

That I might laugh afresh: Oh how they run.
And chafe, and swear, and threaten one another!
[SOMNUS *binds her.*
Ay me, out, alas! ay me, help, help, who's this that binds me?
Help, Mendacio, Mendacio, help; here's one will ravish me.
Som. Lingua, content yourself, you must be bound.
Lin. What a spite's this! are my nails pared so near? Can I not scratch his eyes out? what have I done? what! do you mean to kill me? murder, murder, murder! [*She falls asleep.*

SCENE XIII.

GUSTUS, *with a Voiding Knife*[89] *in his Hand;* SOMNUS, LINGUA, VISUS.

Gus. Who cries out murder? what, a woman slain!
My Lady Lingua dead? Oh, heavens unjust!
Can you behold this fact, this bloody fact,
And shower not fire upon the murderer?
Ah peerless Lingua, mistress of heavenly words,
Sweet tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Heart's dear enchantress! what disaster, fates!
Have reft this jewel from our commonwealth?
Gustus, the ruby that adorns the ring,
Lo here defect, how shalt thou lead thy days,
Wanting the sweet companion of thy life,
But in dark sorrow and dull melancholy?
But stay, who's this? inhuman wretch!
Blood-thirsty miscreant! is this thy handy work?
To kill a woman, a harmless lady?
Villain, prepare thyself; draw, or I'll sheathe my faulchion in thy sides.
There, take the guerdon[90] fit for murderers.
[GUSTUS *offers to run at* SOMNUS; *but, being suddenly charmed, falls asleep.*
Som. Here's such a stir! I never knew the Senses in such disorder.
Lin. Ha, ha, ha; Mendacio, Mendacio! see how Visus hath broke his forehead against the oak yonder, ha, ha, ha!
Som. How now? Is not Lingua bound sufficiently? I have more trouble to make one woman sleep, than all the world besides, they are so full of tattle.

SCENE XIV.

SOMNUS, CRAPULA, LINGUA, VISUS, GUSTUS, AUDITUS *pulling* OLFACTUS *by the Nose; and* OLFACTUS *wringing* AUDITUS *by the Ears.*

Audi. Oh mine ears, mine ears, mine ears!
Olf. O my nose, my nose, my nose!
Cra. Leave, leave, at length, these base contentions; Olfactus, let him go.
Olf. Let him first loose my nose.
Cra. Good Auditus, give over.
Audi. I'll have his life that sought to kill me.
Som. Come, come, I'll end this quarrel; bind him, Crapula. [*They bind them both.*

SCENE XV.

TACTUS, *with the Robe in his Hand,* SOMNUS, CRAPULA, LINGUA, GUSTUS, OLFACTUS, VISUS, AUDITUS.

Tac. Thanks, Dejanira, for thy kind remembrance,
'Tis a fair shirt, I'll wear it for thy sake.
Cra. Somnus, here's Tactus, worse than all his fellows;
Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage!
Som. What will he do? see that he escapes us not.
Tac. 'Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well;
'Tis very warm indeed; but what's the matter?
Methinks I am somewhat hotter than I was,
My heart beats faster than 'twas wont to do,
My brain's enflamed, my temples ache extremely; oh, oh!
Oh what a wild-fire creeps among my bowels!
Ætna's within my breast, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones; oh my sides! oh my sides!
My sides, my reins, my head, my reins, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liver, my liver, oh!
I burn, I burn, I burn; oh how I burn
With scorching heat of implacable fire!
I burn extreme with flames unsufferable.
Som. Sure he doth but try how to act Hercules.
Tac. Is it this shirt that boils me thus! oh heavens!
It fires me worse, and heats more furiously
Than Jove's dire thunderbolts! oh miserable!
They bide less pain that bathe in Phlegeton!
Could not the triple kingdom of the world,
Heaven, earth, and hell, destroy great Hercules?
Could not the damned sprights of hateful Juno,
Nor the great dangers of my labours, kill me?
Am I the mighty son of Jupiter,
And shall this poison'd linen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? Villains, fly up to heaven,
Bid Iris muster up a troop of clouds,
And shower down cataracts of rain to cool me;
Or else I'll break her speckled bow in pieces.
Will she not? no, she hates me like her mistress.

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[89] *Voiding knife.*—A voiding knife was a long one used by our indelicate ancestors to sweep bones, &c. from the table into the *voider*, or basket, in which broken meat was carried from the table. S.

[90] *Guerdon*—See Note 46 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 419.

Why then descend, you rogues, to the vile deep,
Fetch Neptune hither, charge him bring the sea
To quench these flames, or else the world's fair frame
Will be in greater danger to be burnt,
Than when proud Phaeton ruled the sun's rich chariot.
Som. I'll take that care the world shall not be burnt,
If Somnus' cords can hold you. [SOMNUS *binds him.*
Tac. What Vulcan's this that offers to enchain
A greater soldier than the God of War?
Som. He that each night, with bloodless battle, conquers
The proudest conqueror that triumphs by wars.
Cra. Now, Somnus, there's but only one remaining,
That was the author of these outrages.
Som. Who's that? is he under my command?
Cra. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis Appetitus; if you go that way, and look about those thickets, I'll go hither, and search this grove, I doubt not but to find him.
Som. Content.
[*Exeunt* SOMNUS *and* CRAPULA.

SCENE XVI.

APPETITUS IRASCIBILIS, *with a Willow in his Hand, pulled up by the Roots,* SOMNUS, CRAPULA. *The Senses all asleep.*

Appe. So now's the time that I would gladly meet
These madding senses that abused me thus;
What! haunt me like an owl? make an ass of me?
No, they shall know I scorn to serve such masters,
As cannot master their affections.
Their injuries have changed my nature;
Now I'll be no more call'd hungry parasite,
But henceforth answer to the wrathful name
Of angry Appetite. My choler's up;
Zephyrus, cool me quickly with thy fan,
Or else I'll cut thy cheeks; why this is brave,
Far better than to fan at Gustus' table
For a few scraps; no, no: such words as these—
By Pluto stab the villain, kill the slave:
By the infernal hags, I'll hough the rogue,[91]
And paunch the rascal that abused me thus;
Such words as these fit angry Appetite.

Enter CRAPULA.

Cra. Somnus, Somnus, come hither, come hither quickly, he's here, he's here.
Appe. Ay marry is he, sirrah, what of that base miscreant, Crapula?
Cra. O gentle Appetitus!
Appe. You muddy gulch,[92] darest look me in the face, while mine eyes sparkle with revengeful fire? [*Beats him.*
Cra. Good Appetitus.
Appe. Peace, you fat bawson,[93] peace,
Seest not this fatal engine of my wrath?
Villain, I'll maul thee for thine old offences,
And grind thy bones to powder with this pestle:
You, when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beat me out of doors; but now prepare,
Make thyself ready, for thou shalt not 'scape.
Thus doth the great revengeful Appetite,
Upon his fat foe wreck his wrathful spite.
[APPETITUS *heaveth up his Club to brain* CRAPULA; *but* SOMNUS *in the mean time catcheth him behind, and binds him.*
Som. Why, how now, Crapula?
Cra. Am I not dead? is not my soul departed?
Som. No, no, see where he lies that would have hurt thee? fear nothing.
[SOMNUS *lays the Senses all in a Circle, Feet to Feet, and wafts his Wand over them.*
So rest you all in silent quietness;
Let nothing wake you till the power of sleep,
With his sweet dew, cooling your brains enflamed,
Hath rectified the vain and idle thoughts,
Bred by your surfeit and distemperature:
Lo, here the Senses, late outrageous,
All in a round together sleep like friends;
For there's no difference 'twixt the king and clown,
The poor and rich, the beauteous and deform'd,
Wrapt in the veil of night, and bonds of sleep;
Without whose power, and sweet dominion,
Our life were hell, and pleasure painfulness.
The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
Avarice' talons, and the fire of hate,
Would poison, wound, distract, and soon consume
The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man.
The sturdy mower, that with brawny arms
Wieldeth the crooked scythe, in many a swath,
Cutting the flowery pride on the velvet plain,
Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
Of his wife's arms forgets his labour past.

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[91] *I'll hough the rogue*—i. e. hamstring him. S.
[92] *Gulch—Fool.* "Gulchin, q. d. a *Gulckin*, i. e. parvus Gulo, *kin* enim minuit. Alludit, It. *Guccio*, Stultus, hoc autem procul dubio a Teut *Geck*, Stultus ortum ducit."—SKINNER. Florio explains *Guccio*, a gull, a sot, a ninnie, a meacock. Ben Jonson uses the word in *The Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 4. "Come, we must have you turn fiddler again, slave, get a base violin at your back, and march in a tawny coat, with one sleeve, to goose-fair; then you'll know us, you'll see us then, you will, *gulch*, you will."
[93] *Bawson—Bawsin*, in some counties, signifies a *badger*. I think I have heard the vulgar Irish use it to express bulkiness. Mr Chatterton, in the poems of the Pseudo Rowley, has it more than once in this sense. As *Bawsyn olyphantes*, i. e. bulky elephants. S.

The painful mariner, and careful smith,
The toiling plowman, all artificers,
Most humbly yield to my dominion;
Without due rest nothing is durable.
Lo, thus doth Somnus conquer all the world
With his most awful wand, and half the year
Reigns o'er the best and proudest emperors.
Only the nurslings of the Sisters nine
Rebel against me, scorn my great command;
And when dark night from her bedewy wings,
Drops sleepy silence to the eyes of all,
They only wake, and with unwearied toil,
Labour to find the *Via Lactea*,
That leads to the heaven of immortality;
And by the lofty towering of their minds,
Fledged with the feathers of a learned muse,
They raise themselves unto the highest pitch,
Marrying base earth and heaven in a thought.
But thus I punish their rebellion,
Their industry was never yet rewarded;
Better to sleep, than wake and toil for nothing.

[*Exeunt* SOMNUS *and* CRAPULA.

SCENE XVII.

The five Senses, LINGUA, APPETITUS, *all asleep, and dreaming,* PHANTASTES, HEURESIS.

Audi. So ho, Rockwood; so, ho, Rockwood; Rockwood, your organ: hey, Chanter, Chanter; by Acteon's head-tire it's a very deep-mouthed dog, a most admirable cry of hounds; look here, again, again, there, there, there, ah [94] ware counter.

Vis. Do you see the full moon yonder, and not the man in it? why, methinks 'tis too, too evident, I see his dog very plain, and, look you, just under his tail is a thorn-bush of furs.

Gus. 'Twill make a fine tooth-pick, that lark's heel there, O do not burn it.

Phan. Boy, Heuresis, what thinkst thou I think when I think nothing?

Heu. And it please you, sir, I think you are devising how to answer a man that asks you nothing.

Phan. Well guessed, boy; but yet thou mistook'st it; for I was thinking of the constancy of women. [APPETITUS *snores aloud.*] Beware, sirrah, take heed; I doubt me there's some wild boar lodged hereabout: how now? methinks these be the Senses; ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kissed them.

Tac. Oh, oh, oh, I am stabb'd, I am stabb'd! hold your hand, oh, oh, oh!

Phan. How, now? do they talk in their sleep? are they not awake, Heuresis?

Heu. No, questionless they be all fast asleep.

Gus. Eat not too many of those apples, they be very flative.

Olf. Foh, beat out this dog here; foh, was it you, Appetitus?

Audi. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoever it was; the warble is very good, and the horn is excellent.

Tac. Put on, man, put on; keep your head warm, 'tis cold.

Phan. Ha, ha, ha, ha! st' Heuresis, stir not, sirrah.

Appe. Shut the door, the pot runs over, sirrah; Cook, that will be a sweet pasty, if you nibble the venison so.

Gus. Say you so? is a marrow-pie the Helena of meats? give me't; if I play not Paris, hang me. Boy, a clean trencher.

Appe. Serve up, serve up; this is a fat rabbit, would I might have the maiden-head of it; come, give me the fish there; who hath meddled with these maids, ha?

Olf. Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame; 'tis the worst smell that can be.

Tac. O the cramp, the cramp, the cramp, my leg, my leg!

Ling. I must abroad presently, reach me my best necklace presently.

Phan. Ah, Lingua, are you there?

Audi. Here take this rope, and I'll help the leader close with the second bell: fie, fie, there's a goodly peal clean spoiled.

Vis. I'll lay my life that gentlewoman is painted: well, well, I know it; mark but her nose: do you not see the complexion crack out? I must confess 'tis a good picture.

Tac. Ha, ha, ha! fie, I pray you leave, you tickle me so: oh, ha, ha, ha! take away your hands, I cannot endure; ah, you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah!

Vis. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now,—look about that bush, she trust't her thereabout,—here she is, ware wing cater, ware wing, avaunt.

Lin. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

Phan. 'St, sirrah, take heed you wake her not.

Heu. I know, sir, she is fast asleep, for her mouth is shut.

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[94] *Ware counter.—Counter* is a term belonging to the chase. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, 1575, p. 243, says, "When a hounde hunteth backwardes the same way that the chase is come, then we say he hunteth *counter*. And if he hunt any other chase than that which he first undertooke, we say he hunteth *change*."

So, in *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5:

"How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is *counter*, you false Danish dogs."

See Dr Johnson's Note on this passage.

Lin. This 'tis to venture upon such uncertainties, to lose so rich a crown to no end! well, well.

Phan. Ha, ha, ha! we shall hear anon where she lost her maiden-head: 'st, boy, my lord Vicegerent and master Register are hard by, run quickly; tell them of this accident, wish them come softly. [*Exit* HEURESIS.

Lin. Mendacio, never talk farther, I doubt 'tis past recovery; and my robe likewise, I shall never have them again! well, well.

Phan. How? her crown and her robe, never recover them? hum, was it not said to be left by Mercury? ha! I conjecture here's some knavery,—fast locked with sleep, in good faith. Was that crown and garment yours, Lingua?

Lin. Ay marry were they, and that somebody hath felt, and shall feel more, if I live.

Phan. O strange, she answers in her sleep to my question! but how come the Senses to strive for it?

Lin. Why, I laid it on purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the ears.

Phan. What a strange thing is this!

SCENE XVIII.

The Senses, APPETITUS *and* LINGUA *asleep.*—PHANTASTES, COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

Phan. Hush, my lord, softly, softly; here's the notablest piece of treason discovered; how say you? Lingua set all the Senses at odds, she hath confessed it to me in her sleep.

Com. Sen. Is't possible, master Register? did you ever know any talk in their sleep?

Mem. I remember, my lord, many have done so very oft; but women are troubled especially with this talking disease; many of them have I heard answer in their dreams, and tell what they did all day awake.

Anam. By the same token, there was a wanton maid, that, being asked by her mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a room, she presently said, that—

Mem. Peace, you vile rake-hell, is such a jest fit for this company? no more I say, sirrah.

Phan. My lord, will you believe your own ears? you shall hear her answer me as directly and truly as may be. Lingua, what did you with the crown and garments?

Lin. I'll tell thee, Mendacio.

Phan. She thinks Mendacio speaks to her; mark now, mark how truly she will answer: what say you, madam?

Lin. I say, Phantastes is a foolish transparent gull; a mere fanatic [95] nupson, in my imagination not worthy to sit as a judge's assistant.

Com. Sen. Ha, ha, ha! how truly and directly she answers.

Phan. Faw, faw, she dreams now, she knows not what she says. I'll try her once again: madam! what remedy can you have for your great losses?

Lin. O, are you come, Acrasia? welcome, welcome; boy, reach a cushion, sit down, good Acrasia: I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedingly; the Senses were so mad, did not you see how they raged about the woods?

Com. Sen. Hum, Acrasia! is Acrasia her confederate? my life, that witch hath wrought some villainy—[LINGUA *riseth in her sleep, and walketh.*]—How's this? is she asleep? have you seen one walk thus before?

Mem. It is a very common thing, I have seen many sick of the peripatetic disease.

Anam. By the same token, my lord, I knew one that went abroad in his sleep, bent his bow, shot at a magpie, killed her, fetched his arrow, came home, locked the doors, and went to-bed again.

Com. Sen. What should be the reason of it?

Mem. I remember Scaliger told me the reason once, as I think thus: the nerves that carry the moving faculty from the brains to the thighs, legs, feet, and arms, are wider far than the other nerves; wherefore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleep, but are night and day ready to perform what fancy shall command them.

Com. Sen. It may be so; but, Phantastes, enquire more of Acrasia.

Phan. What did you with the potion Acrasia made you?

Lin. Gave it to the Senses, and made them as mad as—well, if I cannot recover it—let it go; I'll not leave them thus. [*She lies down again.*

Com. Sen. Boy, awake the Senses there.

Anam. Ho, ho, Auditus, up, up; so, ho: Olfactus, have at your nose; up Visus, Gustus, Tactus, up: what, can you not feel a pinch? have at you with a pin.

Tac. Oh, you stab me, oh!

Com. Sen. Tactus, know you how you came hither?

Tac. No, my lord, not I; this I remember,
We supp'd with Gustus, and had wine good store,
Whereof I think I tasted liberally.
Amongst the rest, we drunk a composition
Of a most delicate and pleasant relish,
That made our brains somewhat irregular.

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[95] *Nupson,*—See Note 32, p. 206.

SCENE XIX.

The Senses awake, LINGUA *asleep,* COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASIES, ANAMNESTES, HEURESIS *drawing* CRAPULA.

Heu. My lord, here's a fat rascal was lurking in a bush very suspiciously; his name he says is Crapula.

Com. Sen. Sirrah, speak quickly what you know of these troubles.

Cra. Nothing, my lord, but that the Senses were mad, and that Somnus, at my request, laid them asleep, in hope to recover them.

Com. Sen. Why then 'tis too evident, Acrasia, at Lingua's request, bewitched the Senses; wake her quickly, Heuresis.

Lin. Heigh ho, out, alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

Com. Sen. Lingua, look not so strangely upon the matter; you have confessed in your sleep, that with a crown and a robe you have disturbed the Senses, using a crafty help to enrage them; can you deny it?

Lin. Ay me, most miserable wretch? I beseech your lordship forgive me.

Com. Sen. No, no, 'tis a fault unpardonable.—[*He consults with* MEMORY.

Phan. In my conceit, Lingua, you should seal up your lips when you go to-bed, these feminine tongues be so glib.

Com. Sen. Visus, Tactus, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you, we confirm as irrevocable, and establish the crown to you Visus, and the robe to you Tactus; but as for you, Lingua—

Lin. Let me have mine own, howsoever you determine, I beseech you.

Com. Sen. That may not be; your goods are fallen into our hands; my sentence cannot be recalled; you may see, those that seek what is not theirs, oftentimes lose what's their own: therefore, Lingua, granting you your life, I commit you to close prison in Gustus's house, and charge you, Gustus, to keep her under the custody of two strong doors, and every day till she come to eighty years of age see she be well guarded with thirty tall watchmen, without whose licence she shall by no means wag abroad; nevertheless, use her lady-like, according to her estate.

Phan. I pray you, my lord, add this to the judgement; that whensoever she obtaineth licence to walk abroad, in token the tongue was the cause of her offence, let her wear a velvet hood, made just in the fashion of a great tongue; in my conceit 'tis a very pretty emblem of a woman.

Tac. My lord, she hath a wild boy to her page, a chief agent in this treason, his name's Mendacio.

Com. Sen. Ha! well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time; let him be soundly whipt, and ever after, though he shall strengthen his speeches with the sinews of truth, yet none shall believe him.

Phan. In my imagination, my lord, the day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it grows dark, by which I conjecture it will be cold, and therefore, in my fancy and opinion, 'tis best to repair to our lodgings.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter* ANAMNESTES *and* APPETITUS.

SCENE XX.

ANAMNESTES, APPETITUS *asleep in a corner.*

Anam. What's this? a fellow whispering so closely with the earth? so, ho, so, ho, Appetitus? faith now I think Morpheus himself hath been here; up with a pox to you, up you [96]lusk; I have such news to tell thee, sirrah: all the Senses are well, and Lingua is proved guilty: up, up, up; I never knew him so fast asleep in my life. [APPETITUS *snorts.*] Nay, then, have at you afresh. [*Jogs him.*

Appe. Jog me once again, and I'll throw this whole mess of pottage in your face; cannot one stand quiet at the dresser for you?

Anam. Ha, ha, ha! I think 'tis impossible for him to sleep longer than he dreams of his victuals. What, Appetitus, up quickly, quickly up, Appetitus; quickly, sirrah. [*Jogs him.*

Appe. I'll come presently, but I hope you'll stay till they be roasted; will you eat them raw?

Anam. Roasted? ha, ha, ha, ha! up, up, up, away.

Appe. Reach the sauce quickly; here's no sugar, whaw, whaw, oh, ou, oh!

Anam. What, never wake? [*Jogs him.*] wilt never be?
Then I must try another way, I see:

[*Exeunt.*

---

[96] *Lusk—lusk* is *idle, lazy, slothful.* Minshieu derives it from the Fr. *Lasche,* desidiosus.

EPILOGUE.

Judicious friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite:
Then since the close upon his rising stands,
Let me obtain this at your courteous hands,
Try if the friendly opportunity
Of your good-will and gracious plaudite,
With the thrice welcome murmur it shall keep,
Can beg this prisoner from the hands of sleep.
Plaudite.

[*Upon the Plaudite,* Appetitus *awakes, and runs in after* Anamnestes.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "Lingua; or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie. At London, printed by G. Eld, for Simon Waterson, 1607, 4to."

(2.) "Lingua; or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie. London, printed by N. Okes, for Simon Waterson, N. D. 4to."

(3.) "Lingua: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdie. London, printed by Nicholas Okes, for Simon Waterson, 1617, 4to."

(4.) "Lingua; or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comedy. London, printed by Nicholas Okes, for Simon Waterson, 1622, 4to."

(5.) "Lingua; or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the five Senses, for Superioritie. A pleasant Comœdie. London, printed by Augustine Matthewes, for Simon Waterson, 1632, 4to."

(6.) "Lingua: or, The Combat of the Tongue, and the five Senses, for Superiority. A pleasant Comœdy. London, printed for Simon Miller, at the Starre, in St Paul's Church-yard, 1657, 8vo."

THE

MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

One Kirkman, a bookseller, who, in the last century, made diligent enquiry after old plays, hath, upon what authority I am unable to say, ascribed this play to Shakespeare. If a judgment may be formed of the author from the internal evidence, it certainly will not be assigned to our great dramatic Bard, being in every respect very unworthy his genius. There are, however, many other circumstances from which it may be collected, that some other writer must take the merit or dishonour of the performance. Coxeter,[1] *says, that, in an old MS. of this play, he had seen it assigned to Michael Drayton; and Oldys, in his MS. Notes to Langbaine, speaks to the same effect. But, I believe, some other author must be still sought for; as from the entry in the Books*[2] *of the Stationers' Company, in the year* 1608, *when it was first published, it appears that the initial letters of the author's name were T. B. It had been acted before that time, being mentioned in the* Blacke Booke *by T. M.* 1604. *"Give him leave to see* The Merry Devil of Edmunton; *or,* A Woman Killed with Kindnesse;" *and that it was a favourite performance, may be concluded from the following lines in Ben Jonson's Prologue to* The Devil is an Ass:—

"——— If you'll come
To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
And shew this but the same face you have done,
Your dear delight, THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ARTHUR CLARE.
Sir RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY.
Sir RALPH JERNINGHAM.
HENRY CLARE.
RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.
FRANK JERNINGHAM.
Sir JOHN.
BANKS.
SMUG.
BILBO.
HOST.
BRIAN.
SEXTON.
Fryer HILDERSHAM.
BENEDIC.
Chamberlain.
FABEL.
COREB, *a Spirit.*

Lady CLARE.
MILLISENT.
Abbess.
Nuns and Attendants.

[1] Companion to the Play-house.

[2] Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 260. edit. 1778.

THE

MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

THE PROLOGUE.

Your silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our active scene:
To which intent, to calm this murm'ring breath,
We ring this round with our invoking spells;
If that your list'ning ears be yet prepared
To entertain the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience.
'Tis Peter Fabel,[3] a renowned scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
Not full seven miles from this great famous city;
That for his fame in flights and magic won,
Was called, The Merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any here make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton, yet fresh unto this day,
Fixed in the wall of that old ancient church,
His monument remaineth to be seen:
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he lived he could deceive the devil.
Imagine now, that whilst he is retired
From Cambridge, back unto his native home,
Suppose the silent, sable-visaged night,
Casts her black curtain over all the world;
And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,
Toiled with the studies of the passed day,
The very time and hour wherein that spirit,
That many years attended his command,
And often times 'twixt Cambridge and that town
Had in a minute borne him through the air,
By composition 'twixt the fiend and him,
Comes now to claim the scholar for his due.
[*Draws the Curtain.*
Behold him here laid on his restless couch!
His fatal chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable slights,
And by him stands that necromantic chair,
In which he makes his direful invocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleased eye, until you know
The comic end of our sad tragic show.

The Chime goes; in which time Fabel *is often seen to stare about him, and hold up his Hands.*

Fab. What means the rolling of this fatal chime?
O what a trembling horror strikes my heart!
My stiffened hair stands upright on my head,
As do the bristles of a porcupine.[4]

Enter Coreb, *a Spirit.*

Cor. Fabel, awake! or I will bear thee hence
Headlong to hell!

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[3] *'Tis Peter Fabel.*—"Here (i. e. at Edmondton) lieth interred under a seemelie tombe without inscription, the body of *Peter Fabell*, (as the report goes,) upon whom this fable was fathered, that he by his wittie devises beguiled the devill: belike he was some ingenious conceited gentleman, who did use some sleighte trickes for his owne disports. He lived and died in the raigne of Henry the Seventh, saith the booke of his merry pranks." *Weever's Funeral Monuments*, fol. 1631, p. 514. Norden says, "There is a fable of one *Peter Fabell* that lyeth in the same church also, who is saide to have beguiled the devill by pollicie for money." *Speculum Britanniæ*, Middlesex, p. 18.

[4] *As do the bristles of a porcupine.*—So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 5:

"And each particular hair to stand on end,
"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Fab. Ha, ha! why dost thou wake me? Coreb, is it thou?
Cor. 'Tis I.
Fab. I know thee well; I hear the watchful dogs,
With hollow howling, tell of thy approach:
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence;
And this distempered and tempestuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with some devil.
Cor. Come, art thou ready?
Fab. Whither, or to what?
Cor. Why, scholar, this is the hour my date expires;
I must depart, and come to claim my due.
Fab. Hah! what is thy due?
Cor. Fabel, thyself.
Fab. O let not darkness hear thee speak that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe:
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow, with her bill,
Take but so much as she can bear away;
That every day thus losing of my load,
I may again, in time, yet hope to rise.
Cor. Didst thou not write thy name with thine own blood?
And drew'st the formal deed 'twixt thee and me?
And is it not recorded now in hell?
Fab. Why com'st thou in this stern and horrid shape?
Not in familiar sort as thou wast wont?
Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.
Fab. Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I have earnest business for a private friend;
Reserve me, spirit, until some farther time.
Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.
Fab. Then let me rise, and ere I leave the world,
Dispatch some business that I have to do;
And in mean time repose thee in that chair.
Cor. Fabel, I will. [*Sits down.*
Fab. O that this soul, that cost so dear a price
As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
Inspired with knowledge, should by that alone,
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
Even lead him down into the depth of hell;
When men in their own pride strive to know more
Than man should know!
For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to sail
That [illegible] (which should be his pilot)
Hath skill to guide him; losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of haven:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour
The farther still he finds himself from land.
Man striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a god, becomes a devil.
Cor. Come, Fabel, hast thou done?
Fab. Yes, yes, come hither.
Cor. Fabel, I cannot.
Fab. Cannot! what ails your hollowness?
Cor. Good Fabel, help me.
Fab. Alas! where lies your grief?—Some aqua vitæ,
The devil's very sick, I fear he'll die,
For he looks very ill.
Cor. Darest thou deride the minister of darkness?
In Lucifer's great name, Coreb conjures thee
To set him free.
Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Unless thou give me liberty to see
Seven years more, before thou seize on me.
Cor. Fabel, I give it thee.
Fab. Swear, damned fiend.
Cor. Unbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee
Till seven years, from this hour, be full expired.
Fab. Enough, come out.
Cor. A vengeance take thy art!
Live, and convert all piety to evil;
Never did man thus over-reach the devil.
No time on earth, like Phaetontic flames,
Can have perpetual being. I'll return
To my infernal mansion: but be sure,
Thy seven years done, no trick shall make me tarry;
But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabel carry.
Fab. Then thus between us two this variance ends;
Thou to thy fellow-fiends, I to my friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARE, DOREAS *his Lady*, MILLISENT *his Daughter, young* HARRY CLARE; *the Men booted, the Gentlewomen in cloaks and*[5] *safe-guards;* BLAGUE, *the merry Host of the George, comes in with them.*

Host. Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham; my freehold, my tenements, goods, and chattels. Madam, here's a room is the very Ho-

[5] *Safe-guards.*—Safe-guards are outward petticoats, still worn by the wives of farmers, &c. who ride on horseback to market. S.
They are called so, says Minshieu, voce *Save-guard*, because they guard the other clothes from soiling. They are mentioned several times in *The Roaring Girl*:
Again, in *Ram-Alley*, A. I. S. I.

"On with *your cloak and safe-guard*, you arrant drab."

mer and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the four elements in it; I built it out of the centre, and I drink ne'er the less sack.—Welcome,—my little waste of maidenheads: what, I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Clare. God a mercy, my good host Blague: Thou hast a good seat here.

Host. 'Tis correspondent, or so: there's not a [6] Tartarian,
Nor a carrier, shall breathe upon your geldings;
They have villainous rank feet, the rogues,
And they shall not sweat in my linen:
Knights and lords too have been drunk in my house,
I thank the Destinies.

Har. Pr'ythee, good sinful inn-keeper, will that corruption, thine hostler, to look well to my gelding—[7] Hay! a pox of these rushes.

Host. You, St Dennis, your gelding shall walk without doors, and cool his feet for his master's sake. By the body of St George, I have an excellent intellect to go steal some venison: now when wast thou in the forest?

Har. Away, you stale mess of white broth.—Come hither, sister, let me help you.

Clare. Mine host, is not sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment when we last dined here?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent—marry here's a fore-runner that summons a parley, and saith he'll be here top and top-gallant presently.

Clare. 'Tis well: good mine host, go down and see breakfast be provided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me down; I am for the baser element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant soldier, face point-blank to the foe-man; or like a courtier, that must not shew his prince his posteriors: vanish to know my canvasadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serve the good duke of Norfolk. [*Exit.*

Clare. How doth my lady? are you not weary, madam?
Come hither, I must talk in private with you;
My daughter Millisent must not over-hear.

Mil. Ay! whispering! pray God it tend to my good!
Strange fear assails my heart, usurps my blood.

Clare. You know, our meeting with the knight Mounchensey
Is to assure our daughter to his heir.

Dor. 'Tis without question.

Clare. Two tedious winters have passed o'er, since first
These couple loved each other, and in passion
Glued first their naked hands with youthful moisture;
Just so long, on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this?

Clare. This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to Mounchensey's house convey our arms,
Quartered within his 'scutcheon; the affiance made
'Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealed.

Dor. I know it should.

Clare. [8] But there are crosses, wife; here's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abbey, and a third
At [9] Cheston; and it is ominous to pass

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[6] *Tartarian.*—Tartarian seems to have been a cant word for a thief. In *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, p. 3, the Hangman says, "I pray (Mr Jew) bestow a cast of your office upon me, (a poor member of the law,) by telling me my fortune whether I shall die in my bed or no, or what else shall happen to me; and if any thieving *Tartarian* shall break in upon you, I will with both hands nimbly lend a cast of my office to him."

[7] *Hay! a pox of these rushes.*—Before the use of carpets was introduced into England, it was customary to strew the floors of rooms with rushes. This practice is often mentioned.

Arden of Feversham, 1592:

"*Ales.* In vaine we strive, for here his blood remains.
Mos. Why, *strew rushes* on it, can you not?"

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 5. "That all the ladies and gallants lye languishing *upon the rushes*, like so many pounded cattle i'the midst of harvest," &c.

Dekker's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. B 4: "The windowes were spread with hearbs, the chimney drest up with greene boughes, and the *floore strewed with bulrushes*, as if some lasse were that morning to be married."

See Holingshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. II. p. 1706.

[8] *But there are crosses*, &c.—So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Stephano says of Portia:

"My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours."

[9] *Cheston*,—in Hertfordshire, now called Cheshunt.

Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two like spirits walk in night,
About those stony and hard-hearted plots.
Mil. O God! what means my father? [*Aside.*
Clare. For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath over-run his annual revenue,
In keeping jolly Christmas all the year;
The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuffed
With smoke, more chargeable than cane-tobacco;
His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst simple,
His leanest curs eat his hounds' carrion:
Besides, I heard of late, his younger brother,
Or Turkey-merchant, hath sure sucked the knight,
By means of some great losses on the sea:
That, you conceive me, before God, all is naught,
His seat is weak: thus each thing rightly scanned,
You'll see a flight, wife, shortly, of his land.
Mil. Treason to my heart's truest sovereign:
How soon is love smothered in foggy gain! [*Aside.*
Dor. But how shall we prevent this dangerous match?
Clare. I have a plot, a trick, and this it is:
Under this colour I'll break off the match;
I'll tell the knight, that now my mind is changed
For marrying of my daughter; for I intend
To send her unto [10] Cheston nunnery.
Mil. O me accurst!
Clare. There to become a most religious nun.
Mil. I'll first be buried quick.
Clare. To spend her beauty in most private prayers.
Mil. I'll sooner be a sinner, in forsaking Mother and father.
Clare. How dost like my plot?
Dor. Exceeding well: but is it your intent She shall continue there?
Clare. Continue there? ha, ha! that were a jest:
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelvemonth and a day, only on trial.
There shall my daughter sojourn some three months,
And in meantime I'll compass a fair match
'Twixt youthful Jerningham, the lusty heir
Of sir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the forest;
I think they'll both come hither with Mounchensey.
Dor. Your care argues the love you bear our child;
I will subscribe to any thing you'll have me.
[*Exeunt Sir* ARTHUR *and* DORCAS.
Mil. You will subscribe to it?—good, 'tis well;
Love hath two chairs of state, heaven and hell.
My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
Ere to thy heart Millisent prove untrue. [*Exit.*

Enter BLAGUE.

Host. Hostlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors: your honourable hulks have put into harborough, they'll take in fresh water here, and I have provided clean chamber-pots—[11] Via, they come!

Enter Sir RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY, *Sir* RALPH JERNINGHAM, *young* FRANK JERNINGHAM, RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, PETER FABEL, *and* BILBO.

Host. The destinies be most neat chamberlains to these swaggering puritans, knights of the subsidy.

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[10] *Cheston nunnery.*—At Cheshunt there was a Benedictine nunnery dedicated to the *Virgin Mary*. *It* was founded before the year 1183, and augmented with lands and tenements of the canons of *Cathale*, in the twenty-fourth year of King Henry the Third; but yet upon the general dissolution it was valued only at 14l. 1s. per annum. See *England Illustrated*, 4to, 1764, Vol. I. p. 318.

[11] *Via*—This cant phrase is common in the old plays. Mr Tollet supposes it taken from the Italian *via*, and to be used on occasions to quicken or pluck up courage. See Note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2. It here signifies *away!* So, in *Edward the Third*, A. 2. S. 2:

"Then *via* for the spacious bounds of France."

Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 2. S. 1:

"—— let her go
Via pecunia."

Eastward Hoe, Vol. I.:

"Avaunt, dull flat cap then!
Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!
There lie, thou husk of my envassalled state."

Marston's *What you will*, A. 2:

"Come now, *via*, aloune to Celia."

See also *Mons. Thomas*, A. 2. S. 2.

Sir Rich. God a mercy, good mine host.
Sir Ralph. Thanks, good host Blague.
Host. Room for my case of pistols, that have Greek and Latin bullets in them; let me cling to your flanks, my nimble giberalters, and blow wind in your calves to make them swell bigger. Ha! I'll caper in mine own fee-simple; away with punctilios and orthography, I serve the good duke of Norfolk.
Bil. [12] *Tytere, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.*
Truly, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your only blade still; I have a villainous sharp stomach to slice a breakfast.
Host. Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attournment—what! we know our terms of hunting, and the sea card.
Bil. And do you serve the good duke of Norfolk still?
Host. Still, and still, and still, my soldier of St Quintin's. Come, follow me; I have [13] Charles's-wain below in a butt of sack, 'twill glister like your crab-fish.
Bil. You have fine scholar-like terms; your [14] Cooper's Dictionary is your only book to study in a cellar; a man shall find very strange words in it: come, my host, let's serve the good duke of Norfolk.
Host. And still, and still, and still, my boy, I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.

[*Enter Sir* ARTHUR CLARE *and* HARRY CLARE.

Sir Ralph. Good sir Arthur Clare!
Clare. What gentleman is that? I know him not.
Sir Rich. 'Tis Mr Fabel, sir, a Cambridge scholar,
My son's dear friend.
Clare. Sir, I entreat you know me.
Fab. Command me, sir, I am affected to you
For your Mounchensey's sake.
Clare. Alas! for him,
I not respect whether he sink or swim:
A word in private, sir Ralph Jerningham.
Ray. Methinks your father looketh strangely on me:
Say, love, why are you sad?
Mil. I am not, sweet;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meet.
Clare. Shall's into breakfast? After, we'll conclude
The cause of this our coming: in and feed,
And let that usher a more serious deed. [*Exit.*
Mil. Whilst you desire his grief, my heart shall bleed. [*Exit.*
Y. Clare. Raymond Mounchensey, come, be frolic, friend;
This is the day thou hast expected long.
Ray. Pray God, dear Harry Clare, it prove so happy!
Y. Clare. There's nought can alter it; be merry, lad.
Fab. There's nought shall alter it; be lively, Raymond:
Stand any opposition 'gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FABEL, *solus.*

Fab. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty, and thy royal parts,
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn;
And after all these promises by Clare,
Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other,
And the old gray-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the garden. Is't even so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watched on the top of Peter-house highest tower?
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill, to lose the wench thou lovest?
We'll first hang Envil in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen;
I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford-bridge;
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them, like sheep, in every field:
We may perhaps be crossed; but if we be,
He shall cross the devil that but crosses me.

Enter RAYMOND *and young* JERNINGHAM.

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad;
And here's the gallant that must have the wench.
Jer. I pr'ythee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps,
Revive thy spirits; thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry,
As mirth herself.

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12 *Tytere*, &c.—The first line of Virgil's Eclogues.
13 *Charles's-wain*—in astronomy, seven stars in the constellation Ursa Minor.
14 *Cooper's Dictionary.*—A quibble alluding to Thomas Cooper's *Thesaurus linguæ Latinæ*, printed in fol. 1584.

If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou mayst thyself assure.
Ray. Ha! Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face
Of winter.
From thee, they have some power on my blood;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear;
From thee it cannot.
Jer. If I understand thee, I am a villain:
What! dost thou speak in parables to thy friend?

Enter young CLARE.

Come, boy, and make me this same groaning love,
Troubled with stitches and the cough o'the lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a child,
And ever since hath shot at [15] hudman-blind:
Make her leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-tricks.
Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove;
But, in this sort, boy, I would have thee love.
Fab. Why, how now, madcap? what, my lusty Frank,
So near a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this gear in [16] hugger-mugger:
Art thou turned miser, rascal, in thy loves?
Jer. Who I? z'blood, what should all you see in me,
That I should look like a married man? ha?
Am I bald? are my legs too-little for my hose?
If I feel any thing in my forehead, I am a villain.
Do I wear a night-cap? do I bend in the hams?
What dost thou see in me, that I should be towards marriage? ha?
Y. Clare. What, thou married? let me look upon thee;
Rogue, who has given this out of thee?
How cam'st thou into this ill name? what company
Hast thou been in, rascal?
Fab. You are the man, sir, must have Millisent,
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and the old men,
Your fathers, mean to launch their [17] busy bags.
But in mean time, to thrust Mounchensey off,
For colour of this new-intended match,
Fair Millisent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a nun.
Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.
Jer. Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to [18] slubber
Her angel-like perfections. But thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore;
Where e'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
But like a wag thou hast not laughed at me,
And with regardless jesting mocked my love?
How many a sad and weary summer's night,
My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she should have list to sing;
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow-paced hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seized on the beauty of another dame,
Before I'd wrong the chase, and o'ergive love
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.
Moun. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars;
Thou hast conquered me, dear friend, in my free soul,
There time, nor death, can by their power controul.
Fab. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupil, I would say,
He were as fine a metal'd gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and as fine a temper,
As is in England; and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love.
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchensey's honour to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?
Y. Clare. Raymond Mounchensey, I would have thee know,
He does not breathe this air,
Whose love I cherish, and whose soul I love,
More than Mounchensey's:
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But since the matter grows unto this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable door
Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure:

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[15] *Hudman-blind.*—That is, as Mr Steevens supposes, *blind man's buff.* See Note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 4. edit. 1778.
[16] *Hugger mugger*—See Note to *'Tis pity she's a Whore.*
[17] So the Quarto's, Mr Dodsley reads *pursy.*
[18] *Slubber*—See Note 13 to *The First Part of Jeronimo*, Vol. I. p. 467.

In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.
Moun. Then, care, away! let fate my fall pretend,
Backed with the favours of so true a friend.
Fab. Let us alone, to bustle for the set;
For age and craft, with wit and art have met.
I'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jiggs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam Cross,
The carrier's jades shall cast their heavy packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in:
The milk-maids [19] cuts shall turn the wenches off,
And lay their [20] dossers tumbling in the dust:
The frank and merry London 'prentices,
That come for cream and lusty country chear,
Shall lose their way; and scrambling in the ditches
All night, shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
Yet none to other find the way at all.
Moun. Pursue the project, scholar; what we can do
To help endeavour, join our lives thereto.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BANKS, *Sir* JOHN, *and* SMUG.

Banks. [21] Take me with you, good sir John; [22] a plague on thee, Smug, and thou touchest liquor thou art foundered straight—What! are your brains always water-mills? must they ever run round?

Smug. Banks, your ale is as a Philistine fox;—nouns! there's fire i'the tail on't;—you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i'the rear-ward;—a plague of this wind, [23] O it tickles our catastrophe.

Sir John. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and good-man Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both, at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses; they are good both, smart both;——Hem, grass and hay,—we are all mortal,—let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks. Well said, sir John, you are of the same humour *still*; and doth the water run the same way *still*, boy?

Smug. Vulcan was a rogue to him;—Sir John, lock, lock, lock fast, sir John;—So, sir John, I'll one of these years, when it shall please the goddesses and the destinies, be drunk in your company; that's all now, and God send us health;—Shall I swear I love you?

Sir John. No oaths, no oaths, good neighbour Smug,
We'll wet our lips together, and hug;
Carouse in private, and elevate the heart,
And the liver, and the lights, and the lights,
Mark you me, within us for—hem—
Grass and hay,—we are all mortal,—let's live *till* we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks. But to our former motion about stealing some venison; whither go we?

Sir John. Into the forest, neighbour Banks, into Brian's walk, the madkeeper.

Smug. Blood! I'll tickle your keeper.

Banks. I'faith thou art always drunk, when we have need of thee.

Smug. Need of me! heart, you shall have need of me always, while there is iron in an anvil.

Banks. Mr Parson, may the Smith go, think you, being in this taking?

Smug. Go! I'll go, in spite of all the bells in Waltham.

Sir John. The question is, good neighbour Banks—let me see, the moon shines to-night,—there's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forest,—his brain may be settled ere night,—he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague, of the George at Waltham: if he were here, our comfort were full. Look where comes my good host, the duke of Norfolk's man! and how? and how? A hem—grass and hay—we are not yet mortal; let us live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Enter Host.

Host. Ha! my Castilian dialogues; and art thou in breath still, boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading a little Geneva print: but [24] wend we merrily to the forest, to steal some of the king's

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[19] *Cuts*—i. e. horses. See Note 62 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 117.

[20] *Dossers*—i. e. panniers.

[21] *Take me with you*—Let me understand you. So Falstaff says, "I would your grace *would take me with you*; Whom means your Grace?" First Part of *King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 2. and Dr Johnson's and Dr Farmer's Notes.

[22] *Sir John*—This is one of the many instances which might be given where a *parson* is called *Sir*. "Upon which," says Sir John Hawkins, "it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller, somewhere in his Church History, says that anciently there were in England more *sirs* than *knights*; and so lately as temp. William and Mary, in a deposition in the Exchequer in a case of tythes, the witness, speaking of the curate whom he remembered, stiles him *Sir Gyles*. Vide Gibson's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. p. 36." Note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1. edit. 1778.

[23] *O it tickles our catastrophe*—This expression is used by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 1.

[24] *Wend*—See Note 16 to *Tancred and Gismunda*.

deer? I'll meet you at the time appointed. Away, I have knights and colonels at my house, and must tend the [25] Hungarians. If we be scared in the forest, we'll meet in the church porch at Enfield; is't correspondent?

Banks. 'Tis well: but how if any of us should be taken?

Smug. He shall have ransom by my sword.

Host. Tush, the knaves keepers are my [26] bona socias, and my pensioners—Nine o'clock—Be valiant, my little Gogmagogs;—I'll fence with all the justices in Hertfordshire—I'll have a buck till I die; I'll slay a doe while I live—Hold your bow strait and steady; I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug. O rare! who, ho, ho, boy.

Sir John. Peace, neighbour Smug; you see this boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and yet the citizen of good-fellows. Come, let's provide a hen—grass and hay,—we are not yet all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end; come, Smug.

Smug. Good night, Waltham—who, ho, ho, boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARE, *Sir* RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY, *and Gentlemen from Breakfast again.*

Old Moun. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this:
What! hast thou fed me all this while with [27] shalles?
And com'st to tell me now, thou lik'st it not?

Clare. I do not hold thy offer competent:
Nor do I like the assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Old Moun. Too good for thee: and, knight, thou know'st it well,
I fawned not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'Twas thine own motion; that thy wife doth know.

Lady Clare. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.

Clare. Hold thy chat, quean.

Old Moun. To which I hearkened willingly; and the rather,
Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behaved him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do:
Nor is my poor distressed state so low,
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.

Clare. Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.

Moun. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is as good and clear
As the best drop that panteth in thy veins:
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparaged by thy baseness,
Than the most orient and the precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same.

Clare. She is the last is left me to bestow;
And her I mean to dedicate to God.

Moun. You do, sir?

Clare. Sir, sir, I do; she is mine own.

Moun. And pity she is so:
Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf. [*Aside.*

Clare. Not thou, Mounchensey, shalt bestow my child.

Moun. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou meanest.

Clare. What wilt thou do?

Moun. No matter, let that be;
I will do that, perhaps, shall anger thee:
Thou hast wronged my love, and, by God's blessed angel,
Thou shalt well know it.

Clare. Tut, brave not me.

Moun. Brave thee, base churl! were't not for manhood sake—
I say no more, but that there be some by
Whose blood is hotter than ours is,
Which, being stirred, might make us both repent
This foolish meeting. But, Harry Clare,
Although thy father hath abused my friendship,
Yet I love thee, I do, my noble boy,
I do i'faith.

Lady Clare. Ay, do, do, fill all the world with talk of us, man; man, I never looked for better at your hands.

Fab. I hoped your great experience, and your years,
Would have proved patience rather to your soul,
Than with this frantic and untamed passion
To whet their [28] skeens; and, but for that
I hope their friendships are too well confirmed,

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[25] *Hungarians*—The Host's conversation is almost wholly made up of puns and quibbles. He means here his *hungry guests*. His address to the Smith before, on reading the *little Geneva print*, was intended to signify, that he had been drinking gin.

[26] *Bona Socias*—The Quarto of 1617, reads *bosonians*; that of 1631, *bonasosis*.

[27] *Shalles*—i. e. shells. The phrase seems to have been proverbial. Churchyard, in his *Challenge*, p. 153, says;

"Thus all with *shall*, or *shalles*, *ye shal be fed*."

[28] *Skeens*;—Knives or daggers. Skein is the Irish word for a knife. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Against the light-foot Irish have I served,
And in my skin bear tokens of the *skeins*."

And their minds tempered with more kindly heat,
Than for their froward parent's frowardness,
That they would break forth into public brawls:
Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
Hath molded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love.
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
Let it die gently, ne'er kill it with a scorn.
Ray. O thou base world! how leprous is that soul
That is once limed in that polluted mud!
O, sir Arthur! you have startled his free active spirit
With a too sharp spur for his mind to bear.
Have patience, sir; the remedy to woe,
Is, to leave that of force we must forego.
Mil. And I must take a twelvemonth's approbation,
That in the mean time this sole and private life,
At the year's end may fashion me a wife.
But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this year be done,
Thou'st be a friar, if that I be a nun.
And, father, ere young Jerningham's I'll be,
I will turn mad, to spite both him and thee.
[*Aside.*
Clare. Wife, come to horse; and, huswife, make you ready:
For if I live, I swear by this good light,
I'll see you lodged in Cheston-house to night.
[*Exeunt.*
Moun. Raymond, away, thou see'st how matters fall.
Churl, hell consume thee, and thy pelf, and all!
Fab. Now, Mr Clare, you see how matters fadge:[29]
Your Millisent must needs be made a nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must ply the match:
Hold you your peace, and be a looker-on:
And send her unto Cheston, where he will,
I'll send me fellows of a handful high
Into the cloisters where the nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like does about the dale;
And make the lady prioress of the house
To play at leap-frog naked in their smocks,
Until the merry wenches at their mass
Cry teehe, weehee;
And tickling these mad lasses in their flanks,
Shall sprawl and squeak, and pinch their fellow nuns.
Be lively, boys, before the wench we lose,
I'll make the abbess wear the canon's hose.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HARRY CLARE, FRANK JERNINGHAM, PETER FABEL, *and* MILLISENT.

Har. Clare. Spite now hath done her worst; sister, be patient.
Jer. Forewarned poor Raymond's company! O heaven!
When the composure of weak frailty meet
Upon this mart of dirt, O then weak love
Must in her own unhappiness be silent,
And wink on all deformities.
Mil. 'Tis well:
Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear Mounchensey?
Would we might weep together, and then part,
Our sighing parle would much ease my heart.
Fab. Sweet beauty, fold your sorrows in the thought
Of future reconcilement: let your tears
Shew you a woman, but be no farther spent
Than from the eyes: for, sweet experience says,
That love is firm that's flattered with delays.
Mil. Alas, sir, think you I shall e'er be his?
Fab. As sure as parting smiles on future bliss.
Yond comes my friend; see, he hath doated
So long upon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waste his blood;
For in true love music doth sweetly dwell;
Sever'd, these less worlds bear within them hell.

Enter MOUNCHENSEY.

Moun. Harry and Frank, you are enjoined to wean
Your friendship from me, we must part; the breath
Of all advised corruption: pardon me,
Faith, I must say so; you may think I love you,
I breathe not, rougher spite do sever us,
We'll meet by stealth, sweet friend, by stealth you twain;
Kisses are sweetest got by struggling pain.
Jer. Our friendship dies not, Raymond.
Moun. Pardon me:
I am busied; I have lost my faculties,
And buried them in Millisent's clear eyes.
Mil. Alas! sweet love, what shall become of me?
I must to Cheston to the nunnery,
I shall ne'er see thee more.
Moun. How, sweet!
I'll be thy votary, we'll often meet:
This kiss divides us, and breathes soft adieu—

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[29] *Fadge*—i. e. *go, proceed.* The word is used in Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599; "It would not *fadge*, for then the market was raised to three hundred."
Again, in *Old Law*, by Massinger, &c. A. 4. S. 4.:
"Now it begins *to fadge*."

This be a double charm to keep both true.
Fab. Have done, your fathers may chance spy your parting.
Refuse not you by any means, good sweetness,
To go into the nunnery, for from hence
Must we beget your loves sweet happiness:
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed
Shall be more soft, when nun and maid are dead.

Enter BILBO.

Moun. Now, sirrah, what's the matter?
Bil. Marry, you must to horse presently; that villainous old gouty churl, Sir Arthur Clare, longs till he be at the nunnery.
H. Clare. How, sir?
Bil. O, I cry you mercy; he is your father indeed, but I am sure, that there's less affinity betwixt your two natures, than there is between a broker and a cutpurse.
Moun. Bring me my gelding, sirrah.
Bil. Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor wench; she must now cry *vale* to lobster pies, artichokes, and all such meats of mortality. Poor gentlewoman! the sign must not be in *Virgo* any longer with her, and that me grieves: farewell.

Poor Millisent
Must pray and repent;
O fatal wonder!
She'll now be no fatter,
Love must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept under. [*Exit.*

Jer. Farewell, dear Raymond.
H. Clare. Friend, adieu.
Mil. Dear sweet,
No joy enjoys my heart till we next meet.
[*Exeunt.*

Fab. Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent
Beats in thy face; but ere't be long, the wind
Shall turn the flood. We must to Waltham abbey;
And as fair Millisent in Cheston lives
A most unwilling nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardless novice: to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
Taste thou my sleights, thy love I'll only share.
Moun. Turn friar? Come, my good counsellor, let's go:
Yet that disguise will hardly shroud my woe.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Prioress of CHESTON *with a Nun or two; Sir* ARTHUR CLARE, *Sir* RALPH JERNINGHAM, HARRY *and* FRANK, *the Lady and* BILBO, *with* MILLISENT.

Lady Clare. Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirmed opinion of your zeal
Hath truly won us to bestow our child,
Rather on this than any nether bower.
Prio. Jesus' daughter, Mary's [illegible]
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them,
For you shall sing a *Requiem.*
Frank. The wench is gone, Harry, she is no more a woman of this world—Mark her well, she looks like a nun already: what think'st on her?
Harry. By my faith, her face comes handsomely to't.
But peace, let's hear the rest.
Sir Ar. Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,
We mean to make this trial of our child.
Your care, and our dear blessing, in mean time,
We pray may prosper this intended work.
Prio. May your happy soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tithe:
He that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child should have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.
Mil. Good men and true, stand together,
And hear your charge. [*Aside.*
Prio. First, a mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turned to motions holy;
For your busk, attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys;
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray, and fast.
Bil. Let her take heed of fasting; and if ever she hurt herself with praying, I'll ne'er trust beast.
Mil. This goes hard, by'r lady. [*Aside.*
Prio. You shall ring the [30] sacring bell,
Keep your hours, and tell your knell,
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your psalter, sing your latins;
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.
Mil. Worse and worse, by Saint Mary. [*Aside.*
Frank. Sirrah, Hal, how does she hold her countenance?—well, go thy ways, if ever thou prove a nun, I'll build an abbey.
Har. She may be a nun; but if ever she prove an anchoress, I'll dig her grave with my nails.
Frank. To her again, mother.
Har. Hold thine own, wench.
Prio. You must read the morning mass,

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[30] *Sacring bell*—"The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching, when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell, from the French word *sacrer*." MR THEOBALD'S Note to *Henry VIII.* A. 3. S. 2.

[31] You must creep unto the cross,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have sackcloth for your bed.
Bil. She had rather have a man in her bed.
Prio. Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy aves, and your creeds:
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a nun.
Mil. The holy maid will be no nun. [*Aside.*
Sir Ar. Madam, we have some business of import,
And must be gone;
Will't please you take my wife into your closet,
Who farther will acquaint you with my mind:
And so, good madam, for this time adieu.
[*Exeunt Women, and Sir* ARTHUR.
Sir Ralph. Well now, Frank Jerningham, how say'st thou?
To be brief,
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Her father and myself, can bring about,
That we convert this nun to be a wife,
And thou the husband to this pretty nun?
How then, my lad? ha, Frank; it may be done.
Har. Ay, now it works. [*Aside.*
Frank. O God, sir! you amaze me at your words;
Think with yourself, sir, what a thing it were
To cause a recluse to renounce her vow;
A maimed, contrite, and repentant soul,
Ever mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, even as her eyes, are fixed on heaven;
To draw a virgin thus devout with zeal,
Back to the world; O impious deed!
Nor by the canon-law can it be done,
Without a dispensation from the church:
Besides, she is so prone unto this life,
As she'll even shriek to hear a husband named.
Bil. Ay, [32] a poor innocent she!—well, here's [33] no knavery;
He flouts the old fools to their teeth. [*Aside.*
Sir Ralph. Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou makest such scruple of that conscience,
And in a man so young as is yourself,
I promise you 'tis very seldom seen.
But, Frank, this is a trick, a mere device,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and myself,
To thrust Mounchensey's nose besides the cushion;
That being thus debarred of all access,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.
Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Jews! [*Aside.*
Har. How now, Frank, what say you to that?
Frank. Let me alone, I warrant thee.—
Sir, assured that this motion doth proceed
From your most kind and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure:
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must crave thus much,
To have some conference with my ghostly father,
Friar Hildersham, here by, at Waltham abbey,
To be absolved of things that it is fit
None only but my confessor should know.
Sir Ralph. With all my heart, he is a reverend man;
And to-morrow morning we will meet all at the abbey,
Where, by the opinion of that reverend man,
We will proceed; I like it passing well.
Till then we part, boy; I think of it, farewell:
A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARE, *and* RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY *like a Friar.*

Sir Ar. Holy young novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and do refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care:
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolen upon the way,
That we are come unto the abbey gate;
Because I know Mounchensey is a fox,
That craftily doth overlook my doings,
I'll not be seen, not I; tush, I have done,
I had a daughter, but she's now a nun.
Farewell, dear son, farewell. [*Exit.*
Moun. Fare you well.—Ay, you have done;
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a nun.
O my rare tutor! never mortal brain
Plotted out such a plot of policy;
And my dear bosom is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soul is fall'n in labour with her joy.
O my friends, Frank Jerningham, and Clare!
Did you but know but how this jest takes fire,
That good Sir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
Hath even poured himself into my bosom;
O you would vent your spleens with tickling mirth.
But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
For fear perhaps some of the nuns look out.

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[31] *You must* creep unto the cross.—This popish ceremony is particularly described in an ancient book of the Ceremonial of the Kings of England, purchased by the late Duchess of Northumberland, at the sale of the MSS. of Mr Anstis, Garter King at Arms. It appears from this curious treatise, that the bishop and the dean brought a crucifix out of the vestry, and placed it on a cushion before the altar. A carpet was then laid "for the kinge to *creepe to the crosse* upon." See Dr Percy's Note to the *Northumberland Household Book*, p. 436. S.

[32] *A poor innocent*—See note to *'Tis pity she's a Whore.*

[33] *Here's no knavery*—See note 11 to *The Mayor of Queenborough.*

Peace and charity within.
Never touched with deadly sin;
I cast holy-water pure
On this wall, and on this door,
That from evil shall defend,
And keep you from the ugly fiend;
Evil sprite, by night nor day,
Shall approach, or come this way;
Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.
Holy maidens— [*Knocks.*
Answer within. Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there?
Moun. Gentle nun, here is a friar.

Enter Nun.

Nun. A friar without? now Christ us save,
Holy man, what would'st thou have?
Moun. Holy maid, I hither come
From friar and father Hildersham,
By the favour and the grace
Of the prioress of this place,
Amongst you all to visit one
That's come for approbation;
Before she was as now you are,
The daughter of Sir Arthur Clare;
But since she now became a nun,
[34] Called Millisent of Edmonton.
Nun. Holy man, repose you there,
This news I'll to our abbess bear,
To tell what a man is sent,
And your message, and intent.
Moun. Benedicite.
Nun. Benedicite. [*Exit.*
Moun. Do, my good plump wench; if all fall right,
I'll make your sisterhood one less by night.
Now, happy fortune, speed this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter Lady and MILLISENT.

Lady. Have friars recourse then to the house of nuns?
Mil. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,
(Lest that for fear, or such sinister practice,
She should be forced to undergo this veil,
Which should proceed from conscience and devotion,)
A visitor is sent from Waltham house,
To take the true confession of the maid.
Lady. Is that the order? I commend it well:
You to your shrift, I'll back unto the cell. [*Exit.*
Moun. Life of my soul! bright angel!
Mil. What means the friar?
Moun. O Millisent, 'tis I.
Mil. My heart misgives me; I should know that voice.
You? who are you? the holy Virgin bless me!
Tell me your name? you shall ere you confess me.
Moun. Mounchensey, thy true friend
Mil. My Raymond! my dear heart!
Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul
To wake a little from this swoon of joy.
By what means camest thou to assume this shape?
Moun. By means of Peter Fabel, my kind tutor,
Who in the habit of Friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabel, and myself,
And so delivered to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the abbey-gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.
Mil. You are all sweet traitors to my poor old father.
O my dear life, I was a dreamed to-night,
That as I was praying in my psalter,
There came a spirit unto me as I kneel'd,
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery; and methought
He came in the most glorious angel-shape,
That mortal eye did ever look upon.
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own.
Moun. O thou idolatress, that dost this worship
To him whose likeness is but praise of thee!
Thou bright unsetting star, which through this veil,
For very envy, makest the sun look pale!
Mil. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
I this confess to my sweet ghostly father,
If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
I have offended three years now with thee.
Moun. But do you yet repent you of the same?
Mil. I'faith I cannot.
Moun. Nor will I absolve thee
Of that sweet sin, though it be venial:
Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses;
And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage,
That in the evening you bestow yourself
Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase:
No more reply if that you yield consent,
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.
Mil. Sweet life, farewell, 'tis done, let that suffice;
What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes.
[*Exit.*

Enter Young CLARE, *and* JERNINGHAM.

Jer. Now, visitor, how does this new-made nun?
Y. Clare. Come, come, how does she, noble capuchin?
Moun. She may be poor in spirit; but for the

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[34] *Called Millisent of Edmonton.*—Monks and nuns always changed their names when they entered into the religious houses. S. P.

flesh, 'tis fat and plump, boys. Ah, rogues, there is a company of girls would turn you all friars.

Jer. But how, Mounchensey, how, lad, for the wench?

Moun. Zounds, lads, (i'faith I thank my holy habit,)
I have confest her, and the lady prioress
Hath given me ghostly counsel, with her blessing.
And how say ye, boys,
If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Y. Clare. Blood! she'll have ne'er a nun unbag'd to sing mass then.

Jer. The abbot of Waltham will have as many children to put to nurse, as he has calves in the marsh.

Moun. Well, to be brief, the nun will soon at night turn Lippit; if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the nunnery, she is mine own.

Jer. But sirrah, Raymond, what news of Peter Fabel at the house?

Moun. Tush, he is the only man, a necromancer, and a conjurer, that works for young Mounchensey altogether; and if it be not for Friar Benedict, that he can cross him by his learned skill, the wench is gone; Fabel will fetch her out by very magic.

Enter FABEL.

Fab. Stands the wind there, boy? keep them in that key, the wench is ours before to-morrow day. Well, Harry and Frank, as ye are gentlemen, stick to us close this once: you know your fathers have men and horse lie ready still at Cheston, to watch the coast be clear, to scout about, and have an eye unto Mounchensey's walks; therefore you two may hover thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matter: be ready but to take her at our hands, leave us to [35] scamble for her getting out.

Jer. Blood! if all Hertfordshire were at our heels, we'll carry her away in spite of them.

Y. Clare. But whither, Raymond?

Moun. To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chase; he is mine honest friend, and a [36] tall keeper; I'll send my man unto him presently, to acquaint him with your coming and intent.

Fab. Be brief, and secret.

Moun. Soon at night, remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

Jer. 'Tis done, no more.

Y. Clare. We will not fail the hour;
My life and fortune now lies in your power.

Fab. About our business, Raymond, let's away: Think off your hour, it draws well off the day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BLAGUE, BANKS, SMUG, *and Sir* JOHN.

Blague. Come, ye [37] Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come under the Zona Torrida of the forest; let's be resolute; let's fly to and again; and the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot: What! foot, I'll put fire into you; ye shall all three serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug. Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk in thy house twenty times and ten; all's one for that: I was last night in the third heaven, my brain was poor, it had yeast in't, but now I am a man of action; is't not so, lad?

Banks. Why now thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou mayest serve the duke of Europe.

Smug. I will serve the duke of Christendom, and do him more credit in his cellar, than all the plate in his buttery; is't not so, lad?

Sir John. Mine host, and Smug, stand there; Banks, you and your horse keep together, but lie close; shew no tricks for fear of the keeper: if we be scared, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield.

Smug. Content, Sir John.

Banks. Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fellest out of last night?

Smug. Tush, and't had been as high as an abbey, I should ne'er have hurt myself; I have fallen into the river, coming home from Waltham, and 'scaped drowning.

Sir John. Come, sever, fear no spirits, we'll have a buck presently; we have watched later than this for a doe, mine host.

Host. Thou speakest as true as velvet.

Sir John. Why then come—grass and hay, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Young CLARE, JERNINGHAM, *and* MILLISENT.

Y. Clare. Frank Jerningham!

Jer. Speak softly, rogue, how now?

Y. Clare. 'Sfoot, we shall lose our way, it's so dark: whereabouts are we?

Jer. Why, man, at Porter's gate;

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[35] *Scamble*—Instances of this word, which means almost the same as *scramble*, are given in a note on Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* Sc. 1. edit. 1778. S.

[36] *Tall keeper*—See note 28 to *George a Greene*, Vol. I. p. 454.

[37] *Hungarian pilchers*—Hungarian was a cant term then frequently in use. See Mr Stevens's note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 3. Mr Tollet observes, that "the *Hungarians*, when infidels, overran Germany and France, and would have invaded England if they could have come to it. See Stowe, in the year 930, and Holingshed's *Invasions of Ireland*, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baseness."

The way lies right: hark, the clock strikes at Enfield; what's the hour?

Y. Clare. Ten, the bell says.

Jer. A lie's in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston; Sir John and his sexton are at their ale to-night, the clock runs at random.

Y. Clare. Nay, as sure as thou livest, the villainous vicar is abroad in the chase this dark night; the stone priest steals more venison than half the country.

Jer. Millisent, how dost thou?

Mil. Sir, very well.

I would to God we were at Brian's lodge.

Y. Clare. We shall anon—nowns, hark! What means this noise?

Jer. Stay, I hear horsemen.

Y. Clare. I hear footmen too.

Jer. Nay then I have it, we have been discovered,
And we are followed by our father's men.

Mil. Brother, and friend, alas! what shall we do?

Y. Clare. Sister, speak softly, or we are descried,
They are hard upon us, whatsoe'er they be;
Shadow yourself behind this brake of fern,
We'll get into the wood, and let them pass.

Enter Sir JOHN, BLAGUE, SMUG, *and* BANKS, *one after another.*

Sir John. Grass and hay, we are all mortal; the keeper's abroad, and there's an end.

Banks. Sir John!

Sir John. Neighbour Banks, what news?

Banks. Zounds, Sir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by 'em.

Sir John. Grass and hay, where's mine host Blague?

Blague. Here, metropolitan; the Philistines are upon us, be silent: let us serve the good duke of Norfolk. But where is Smug?

Smug. Here: a pox on you all, dogs; I have killed the greatest buck in Brian's walk:—Shift for yourselves, all the keepers are up; let's meet in Enfield church-porch:—Away, we are all taken else. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BRIAN, *with his Man and his Hound.*

Bri. Ralph, hear'st thou any stirring?

Ralph. I heard one speak here hard by, in the bottom. Peace, master, speak low—nouns, if I did not hear a bow go off and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life.

Bri. When went your fellows into their walks?

Ralph. An hour ago.

Bri. Life! is there stealers abroad, and we cannot hear of them?
Where the devil are my men to-night?
Sirrah, go up and wind toward Buckley's lodge:
I'll cast about the bottom with my hound,
And I will meet thee under Cony-oak.

Ralph. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bri. How now! by the mass my hound stays upon something; hark, hark, Bowman, hark, hark there.

Mil. Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare!

Bri. Peace; that's a woman's voice—Stand; who's there? Stand, or I'll shoot.

Mil. O lord! hold your hands, I mean no harm, sir.

Bri. Speak, who are you?

Mil. I am a maid, sir—who? Master Brian?

Bri. The very same: sure I should know her voice—Mrs Millisent!

Mil. Ay; it is I, sir.

Bri. God for his passion, what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my lodge an hour ago. What means your company to leave you thus? Who brought you hither?

Mil. My brother, sir, and Master Jerningham; who, hearing folks about us in the chase, feared it had been Sir Arthur, my father, who had pursued us, and thus dispersed ourselves till they were past us.

Bri. But where be they?

Mil. They be not far off, here about the grove.

Enter Young CLARE *and* JERNINGHAM.

Y. Clare. Be not afraid, man; I hear Brian's tongue, that's certain.

Jer. Call softly for your sister.

Y. Clare. Millisent!

Mil. Ay, brother, here.

Bri. Master Clare!

Y. Clare. I told you it was Brian.

Bri. Who is that, Master Jerningham? You are a couple of hotshots: does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grass at this time of night?

Jer. We heard a noise about us in the chase,
And fearing that our fathers had pursued us,
Severed ourselves.

Y. Clare. Brian, how hap'dst thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for stealers that are abroad to-night,
My hound stay'd on her, and so found her out.

Y. Clare. They were these stealers that affrighted us;
I was hard upon them when they horsed their deer,
And I perceive they took me for a keeper.

Bri. Which way took they?

Jer. Towards Enfield.

Bri. A plague upon't, that's the damn'd priest, and Blague of the George, he that serves the good Duke of Norfolk.

[*A Noise within.* Follow, follow, follow!]

Y. Clare. Peace; that's my father's voice.

Bri. Nouns, you suspected them, and now they are here indeed.

Mil. Alas! what shall we do?

Bri. If you go to the lodge, you are surely taken:
Strike down the wood to Enfield presently,
And if Mounchensey come, I'll send him to you.
Let me alone to bustle with your fathers;

I warrant you that I will keep them play
Till you have quit the chase; away, away. [*Exeunt.*
Who's there?

Enter the Knights.

Sir Ralph. In the king's name, pursue the ravisher.

Bri. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Sir Ar. Who's there?

Bri. I am the keeper, that do charge you stand; You have stolen my deer.

Sir Ar. We stolen thy deer? we do pursue a thief.

Bri. You are arrant thieves, and ye have stolen my deer.

Sir Ar. We are knights; Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Ralph Jerningham.

Bri. The more your shame, that knights should be such thieves.

Sir Ar. Who, or what art thou?

Bri. My name is Brian, keeper of this walk.

Sir Ar. O Brian, a villain!
Thou hast received my daughter to thy lodge.

Bri. You have stolen the best deer in my walk to-night; my deer.

Sir Ar. My daughter—
Stop not my way.

Bri. What make you in my walk? you have stolen the best buck in my walk to-night.

Sir Ar. My daughter—

Bri. My deer—

Sir Ralph. Where is Mounchensey?

Bri. Where is my buck?

Sir Ar. I will complain me of thee to the king.

Bri. I'll complain unto the king, you spoil his game; 'tis strange that men of your account and calling will offer it. I tell you true, Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph, that none but you have only spoil'd my game.

Sir Ar. I charge you stop us not.

Bri. I charge you both get out of my ground: is this a time for such as you, men of place, and of your gravity, to be abroad a thieving? 'tis a shame; and afore God if I had shot at you, I had served you well enough. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BANKS *the Miller, wet on his Legs.*

Banks. Foot, here's a dark night indeed; I think I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the forest—Soft, here's Enfield church: I am so wet with climbing over into an orchard, for to steal some filberts—Well, here I'll sit in the church-porch, and wait for the rest of my consorts.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Here's a sky as black as Lucifer, God bless us! here was goodman Theophilus buried, he was the best nut-cracker that ever dwelt in Enfield.—Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew.[38] Lord bless us, what a white thing is that in the church-porch! O Lord, my legs are too weak for my body, my hair is too stiff for my night-cap, my heart fails! this is the ghost of Theophilus! O Lord, it follows me, I cannot say my prayers, and one would give me a thousand pound. Good spirit! I have bowl'd, and drunk, and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deal with you—O Lord!

Enter Priest.

Priest. Grass and hay! we are all mortal; who's there?

Sex. We are grass and hay indeed; I know you to be master parson, by your phrase.

Priest. Sexton?

Sex. Ay, sir.

Priest. For mortality's sake, what's the matter?

Sex. O Lord, I am a man of another element; master Theophilus's ghost is in the church-porch; there was an hundred cats, all fire, dancing even now, and they are clomb up to the top of the steeple; I'll not into the belfry for a world.

Priest. O goodman Solomon, I have been about a deed of darkness to-night; O Lord! I saw fifteen spirits in the forest like white bulls; if I lie, I am an errant thief: mortality haunts us—grass and hay! the devil's at our heels, and let's hence to the parsonage. [*Exeunt.*

The Miller comes out very softly.

Mil. What noise was that? 'tis the watch; sure that villainous unlucky rogue Smug is ta'en, upon my life, and then all our knavery comes out: I heard one cry, sure—

Enter Host BLAGUE.

Host. If I go steal any more venison, I am a parodox: foot, I can scarce bear the sin of my flesh in the day, 'tis so heavy: if I turn not honest, and serve the good Duke of Norfolk as a true mareterraneum skinker[39] should do, let me never look higher than the element of a constable.

Mil. By the mass, there are some watchmen; I hear them name master constable: I would my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

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[38] *Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew.*—*Curfew* is derived from two French words *couvrir*, i. e. *tegere*, and *feu*, i. e. *ignis*. William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at *eight o'clock*, and that all people should put out their fire and candle, and go to bed. The ringing of a bell in the evening, is, in many places, still called ringing the Curfew Bell.

[39] *Skinker*—See Note 17 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*.

Host. Who's there?

Mil. 'Tis the constable, by this light: I'll steal hence, and if I can meet mine host Blague, I'll tell him how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himself. [*Exit.*

Host. What the devil is that white thing? this same is a church-yard, and I have heard that ghosts and villainous goblins have been seen here.

Enter Sexton and Priest.

Priest. Grass and hay! oh that I could conjure! we saw a spirit here in the church-yard; and in the fallow-field there's the devil with a man's body upon his back in a white sheet.

Sex. It may be a woman's body, Sir John.

Priest. If she be a woman, the sheets damn her; Lord bless us, what a night of mortality is this!

Host Priest!

Priest. Mine host!

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white cross you at the stile?

Sex. O no, mine host! but there sat one in the porch; I have not breath enough left to bless me from the devil.

Host. Who's that?

Priest. The Sexton, almost frighted out of his wits:
Did you see Banks, or Smug?

Host. No, they are gone to Waltham, sure. I would fain hence; come, let's to my house; I'll ne'er serve the Duke of Norfolk in this fashion again whilst I breathe. If the devil be among us, it's time to hoist sail, and cry roomer. Keep together; Sexton, thou art secret. What! let's be comfortable one to another.

Priest. We are all mortal, mine host.

Host. True; and I'll serve God in the night hereafter, afore the Duke of Norfolk. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARE, *and Sir* RALPH JERNINGHAM, *trussing their points, as newly up.*

Sir Ralph. Good-morrow, gentle knight;
A happy day after your short night's rest.

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, Sir Ralph, stirring so soon indeed?
By'r lady, sir, rest would have done right well:
Our riding late last night has made me drowsy;
Go to, go to, those days are gone with us.

Sir Ralph. Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, care go with those days,
Let 'em even go together, let 'em go;
'Tis time, i'faith, that we were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their parents;
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty.
Well, well, nay, it shall not do, it shall not:
No, Mounchensey, thou'lt hear on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt, i'faith; I'll hang thy son, if there be law in England.
A man's child ravish'd from a nunnery!
This is rare! well, there's one gone for friar Hildersham.

Sir Ar. Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus,
It will but hurt your heat;
You cannot grieve more than I do, but to what end? but hark you, Sir Ralph, I was about to say something; it makes no matter: but hark you, in your ear; the friar's a knave: but God forgive me, a man cannot tell neither; s'foot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.

Sir Ralph. There's one went for the friar an hour ago,
Comes he not yet? S'foot, if I do find knavery under's cowl,
I'll tickle him, I'll ferk him—Here, here, he's here, he's here.
Good-morrow, friar; good-morrow, gentle friar.

Enter HILDERSHAM.

Sir Ar. Good-morrow, father Hildersham, good-morrow.

Hil. Good-morrow, reverend knights, unto you both.

Sir Ar. Father, how now! you hear how matters go;
I am undone, my child is cast away;
You did your best, at least I think the best:
But we are all cross'd; flatly, all is dash'd.

Hil. Alas! good knights, how might the matter be?
Let me understand your grief, for charity.

Sir Ar. Who does not understand my grief? Alas! alas!
And yet you do not: will the church permit
A nun, in approbation of her habit,
To be ravished?

Hil. A holy woman? benedicite!
Now God forefend[40] that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house.

Sir Ar. Jesus deliver me!

Sir Ralph. Why, Millisent, the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheston taken this last night.

Hil. Was that fair maiden late become a nun?

Sir Ralph. Was she, quoth a? Knavery, knavery, knavery; I smell it, I smell it, i'faith; is the wind in that door? Is it even so? Dost thou ask me that now?

Hil. It is the first time that e'er I heard of it.

Sir Ar. That's very strange.

Sir Ralph. Why, tell me friar, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; do not play the hypocrite with me, nor bear with me, I cannot dissemble; did I aught but by thy own consent? by thy allowance? nay farther, by thy warrant?

Hil. Why, reverend knight—

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[40] *Forefend*—See Note 4 to *Tancred and Gismunda.*

Sir Ralph. Unreverend friar—
Hil. Nay, then give me leave, sir, to depart in quiet;
I had hoped you had sent for me to some other end.
Sir Ar. Nay stay, good friar, if any thing hath hapt
About this matter, in thy love to us,
That thy strict order cannot justify,
Admit it to be so, we will cover it;
Take no care, man:
Disclaim not yet my counsel and advice,
The wisest man that is may be o'er-reach'd.
Hil. Sir Arthur, by my order, and my faith,
I know not what you mean.
Sir Ralph. By your order, and by your faith! this is most strange of all: why tell me, friar, are not you confessor to my son Frank?
Hil. Yes, that I am.
Sir Ralph. And did not this good knight here, and myself,
Confess with you, being his ghostly father,
To deal with him about the unbanded marriage,
Betwixt him and that fair young Millisent?
Hil. I never heard of any match intended.
Sir Ar. Did not we break our minds that very time,
That our device in making her a nun
Was but a colour, and a very plot
To put by young Mounchensey? Is't not true?
Hil. The more I strive to know what you should mean,
The less I understand you.
Sir Ralph. Did not you tell us still, how Peter Fabel
At length would cross us, if we took not heed?
Hil. I have heard of one that is a great magician,
But he's about the university.
Sir Ralph. Did not you send your novice Benedic,
To persuade the girl to leave Mounchensey's love,
To cross that Peter Fabel in his art,
And to that purpose made him visitor?
Hil. I never sent my novice from my house,
Nor have we made our visitation yet.
Sir Ar. Never sent him! nay, did he not go? and did not I direct him to the house, and confer with him by the way? and did not he tell me what charge he had received from you, word by word, as I requested at your hands?
Hil. That you shall know; he came along with me,
And stays without:—Come hither, Benedic.

Enter BENEDIC.

Young Benedic, were you e'er sent by me
To Cheston-nunnery for a visitor?
Ben. Never, sir, truly.
Sir Ralph. Stranger than all the rest!
Sir Ar. Did not I direct you to the house,
Confer with you from Waltham-Abbey,
Unto Cheston-wall?
Ben. I never saw you, sir, before this hour.
Sir Ralph. The devil thou didst not!—Ho, Chamberlain.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Anon, anon.
Sir Ralph. Call mine host Blague hither.
Cham. I will send one over, sir, to see if he be up; I think he be scarce stirring yet.
Sir Ralph. Why, knave, didst not thou tell me an hour ago mine host was up?
Cham. Ay, sir, my master's up.
Sir Ralph. You knave, is he up, and is he not up? Dost thou mock me?
Cham. Ay, sir, my master is up, but I think master Blague indeed be not stirring.
Sir Ralph. Why, who's thy master? Is not the master of the house thy master?
Cham. Yes, sir, but master Blague dwells over the way.
Sir Ar. Is not this the George? Before Jove there's some villainy in this.
Cham. Foot, our sign's removed; this is strange!

Enter BLAGUE, *trussing his points.*

Host. Chamberlain, speak up to the new lodgings.
Bid Nell look well to the baked meat.
How now, my old jenerts bank, my horse,[41]
My castle; lie in Waltham all night, and
Not under the canopy of your host Blague's house?
Sir Ar. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, 'tis a question; look upon your sign.
Host. Body of Saint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers! I'll tickle his catastrophe for

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[41] *How now, my old* jenerts bank, *my horse,*
My castle, &c.—I once suspected this passage of corruption, but have found reason to change my opinion. The merry host seems willing to assemble ideas expressive of *trust* and *confidence*. The old quartos begin the word *jenert* with a capital letter; and therefore we may suppose *Jenert's bank* to have been the shop of some banker in whose possession money could be deposited with security. The Irish still say —as sure as *Burton's bank*; and our own countrymen—as safe as the *Bank of England*—We might read —my *house* instead of my *horse*, as the former agrees better with *Castle*. The services of a *horse* are of all things the most uncertain. S.

this: if I do not indict him at the next assizes for burglary, let me die of the yellows;[42] for I see 'tis no boot in these days to serve the good Duke of Norfolk: the villainous world is turned manger, one jade deceives another, and your hostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share: have we comedies in hand, you whorson, villainous male London-letcher?

Sir Ar. Mine host, we have had the moilingest night of it, that ever we had in our lives.

Host. Is it certain?

Sir Ar. We have been in the forest all night almost.

Host. Foot, how did I miss you? Heart, I was stealing of a buck there.

Sir Ar. A plague on you; we were staid for you.

Host. Were you, my noble Romans? Why you shall share; the venison is a footing, *sine Cerere et Baccho frigit Venus;* that *is*, there is a good breakfast provided for a marriage that is in my house this morning.

Sir Ar. A marriage, mine host!

Host. A conjunction copulative; a gallant match between your daughter and Raymond Mounchensey, young juventus.

Sir Ar. How?

Host. 'Tis firm; 'tis done.
We'll shew you a precedent in the civil law for't.

Sir Ralph. How! married?

Host. Leave tricks and admiration, there's a cleanly pair of sheets on the bed in the orchard-chamber, and they shall lie there—what? I'll do it, I serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir Ar. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

Sir Ralph. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity.

Host. I renounce your defiance; if you parley so roughly, I'll barricado my gates against you. Stand fair, bully; priest, come off from the rearward: what can you say now? 'Twas done in my house; I have shelter in the court for't. Do you see yon[43] bay window? I serve the good duke of Norfolk, and 'tis his lodging: storm, I care not, serving the good duke of Norfolk: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter SMUG, MOUNCHENSEY, HARRY CLARE, *and* MILLISENT.

Smug. Fire! nouns, there's no fire in England like your Trinidado sack. Is any man here humourous? We stole the venison, and we'll justify it: say you now.

Host. In good sooth, Smug, there's more sack on the fire, Smug.

Smug. I do not take any exceptions against your sack; but if you'll lend me a pike-staff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand.

Host. I say thou shalt into the cellar.

Smug. 'Sfoot, mine host, shall's not grapple?—Pray you, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg. Shall's not serve the duke of Norfolk? [*Exit.*

Host. In, skipper, in.

Sir Ar. Sirrah! hath young Mounchensey married your sister?

H. Clare. 'Tis certain, sir; here's the priest that coupled them, the parties joined, and the honest witness that cried, Amen.

Moun. Sir Arthur Clare, my new-created father, I beseech you hear me.

Sir Ar. Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you have done that you cannot answer: I dare be bold to seize her from you, for she's a professed nun.

Mil. With pardon, sir, that name is quite undone;
This true-love knot cancels both maid and nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept o'er my heart.
To Cheston with a smiling brow I went,
But yet, dear sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweet Raymond might find better means
To steal me thence. In brief, disguised he came,
Like novice to old father Hildersham;
His tutor, here, did act that cunning part,
And in our love hath joined much wit to art.

Sir Ar. Is it even so?

Mil. With pardon, therefore, we entreat your smiles;
Love thwarted, turns itself to thousand wiles.

Sir Ar. Young master Jerningham, were you an actor
In your own love's abuse?

Jer. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously unto this end,
To wrong myself, ere I'd abuse my friend.

Host. He speaks like a bachelor of music; all in numbers. Knights, if I had known you would have let this covey of partridges sit thus long upon their knees under my sign-post, I would have spread my door with coverlids.

Sir Ar. Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it?

Host. Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, master Peter Fabel; and Smug (Lord bless us!) could never stand upright since.

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[42] *Let me die of the* yellows—i. e. of a disease peculiar to horses. So, in Shakespeare's *Taming of a Shrew*,

"His horse sped with spavins, and raied with the *yellows*." S.

[43] *Bay window.*—See Note 13 to *The Parson's Wedding.*

Sir Ar. You, sir, 'twas you was his minister that married them.

Sir John. Sir, to prove myself an honest man, being that I was last night in the forest stealing venison; now, sir, to have you stand my friend, if the matter should be called in question, I married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack for't.

Sir John. If you do, I am as resolute as my Neighbour vicar of Waltham-abbey—a hem—
Grass and hay, we are all mortal;
Let's live till we be hanged, mine host,
And be merry, and there's an end.

Enter FABEL.

Fab. Now, knights, I enter, now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mouncheusey: you, sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham; to cross this match,
I used some pretty sleights, but I protest,
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art;
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soul to their performancy:
These, for his love who was once my dear pupil,
Have I effected. Now, methinks 'tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match; since reason fails,
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt;
Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent:
Smile then upon your daughter and kind son,
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The devil of Edmonton did good in love.

Sir Ar. Well, tis in vain to cross the providence:
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart;
Rise, daughter, this is a kind father's part.

Host. Why, sir George, send for [44]Spindle's noise presently;
Ha! ere't be night I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir John. Grass and hay, mine host, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast ready, mine host?

Host. 'Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirrah! ride strait to Cheston nunnery,
Fetch thence my lady; the house, I know,
By this time misses their young votary.
Come, knights, let's in.

Bil. I will to horse presently, sir. A plague on my lady, I shall miss a good breakfast.—Smug, how chance you cut so plaguily behind, Smug?

Smug. Stand away, I'll founder you else.

Bil. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

Smug. I will be, by and by, I will be Saint George again.

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himself.

Sir Ralph. Did we not last night find two Saint Georges here?

Fab. Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them.

Clare. Then thus conclude your night of merriment. [*Exeunt.*

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[44] *Spindle's noise.*—See Note 76 to *The Ordinary.*

EDITIONS.

(1.) The Merry Divel of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe, on the Banke-side. At London. Printed by G. Eld, for Arthur Johnson, dwelling at the signe of the White-horse, in Paule's Church-yard, over against the great North-doore of Paule's, 1617, 4to.

(2.) The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Banke-side. London, printed by A. M. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere unto S. Margarite's-hill in Southwarke, 1626, 4to.

(3.) The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Banke-side. London, printed by T. P. for Francis Falkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe, neere unto S. Margarite's-hill, in Southwarke, 1631, 4to.

There is also an edition, printed in 1608, by Henry Ballard, for Arthur Johnson, which I have not been able to obtain a sight of. That of 1655, from which the former edition of this play was printed, is unworthy of any notice, from the number of errors it contains.

A

MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

THOMAS MIDDLETON *was a writer in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles the First. Though an author of considerable reputation, the memory of him is almost lost. No contemporary writer hath transmitted any circumstances concerning him; and, except that we learn he was appointed in the year* 1620,[1] *chronologer to the city of London, we are totally ignorant of every thing else which relates to him. He is supposed to have died soon after the year* 1626,[2] *having first written the following dramatic performances:—*

(1.) *Your Five Gallants. As it is acted at Black-Friers. 4to, N. D.*

(2.) *Blurt Master Constable; or, The Spaniard's Night-walke. As it hath been sundry times privately acted by the Children of Paul's.* 1602, *4to.*

(3.) *The Phœnix. As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's, and presented before his Majestie.* 1607, *4to.* 1630, *4to.*

(4.) *Michaelmas Term. As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's. 4to,* 1607; *4to,* 1630.

(5.) *The Familie of Love. Acted by the Children of his Majestie's Revels.* 1608, *4to.*

(6.) *A Mad World, my Masters. As it hath been lately in action by the Children of Paul's.* 1608, *4to.* 1640, *4to.*

(7.) *A Tricke to catch the Old-one. As it hath been often in action both at Paul's and Blackfryers. Presented before his Majestie on New-years-night last.* 1608, *4to.* 1616, *4to.*

(8.) *The Roaring Girle; or, Moll Cut-purse. As it hath been acted on the Fortune stage by the prince his players. Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekker.* 1611, *4to.*

(9.) *A Faire Quarrell. With new additions of Mr Chough's and Trimtram's Roaring and the Baud's Song; never before printed. As it was acted before the King by the Prince his Highnesse Servants. Written by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, Gent.* 1617, *4to.*

(10.) *The Inner Temple Masque; or, Masque of Heroes. Presented, as an Entertainment for many worthy Ladies, by Gentlemen of the same ancient and noble House.* 1619, *4to.*

(11.) *A Courtley Masque: The Device, called The World tost at Tennis. As it hath beene divers times presented to the contentment of many noble and worthy Spectators; by the Prince his Servants. Invented and set downe by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, Gent. N. D. 4to.*

(12.) *A Game of Chæss. As it was acted nine days together at the Globe on the Banks-side. N. D. 4to. In a copy of this play, belonging to Thomas Pearson, Esq. in an old hand, is the following memorandum:—"After nine days, wherein I have heard some of the actors say, they took fifteen hundred pounds, the Spanish faction being prevalent, got it suppressed; and the author, Mr Thomas Middleton, committed to prison, where he lay some time, and at last got out upon this petition to King James.*

> "A harmless game coyned only for delight,
> Was play'd betwixt the black house and the white.
> The white house won. Yet still the black doth brag,
> They had the power to put me in the bag.
> Use but your royal hand, t'will set me free,
> 'Tis but removing of a man, that's me."
>
> THOMAS MIDDLETON.

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[1] Oldys's MS. Notes to Langbaine, p. 370.

[2] Malone's Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays, p. 324.

(13.) *A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side. A pleasant, conceited Comedy, never before printed. As it hath been often acted at the Swan, by the Lady Elizabeth her Servants.* 1630, 4*to.*

(14.) *The Widow: A Comedy. Acted at the private-house in Black-fryars, with great applause,* 4*to,* 1652. *This play was written by Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, and Thomas Middleton.*

(15.) *The Changeling: A Tragedy. Acted at the private-house in Drury-Lane and Salisbury-Court.* 4*to,* 1653. 4*to,* 1668. *Rowley joined in this.*

(16.) *The Spanish Gipsie. As it was acted, with great applause, at the private-house in Drury-Lane and Salisbury-Court. By Thomas Middleton and William Rowley.* 4*to,* 1653. 4*to,* 1661.

(17.) *The Old Law; or, A new Way to please you. By Phil. Massinger, Tho. Middleton, and William Rowley. Acted before the King and Queen at Salisbury-House, and several other places, with great applause.* 1656, 4*to.*

(18.) *No Wit; No Help like a Woman's: A Comedy.* 8*vo,* 1657.

(19.) *More Dissemblers besides Women: A Comedy.* 8*vo,* 1657.

(20.) *Women, beware Women: A Tragedy.* 8*vo,* 1657.

(21.) *The Mayor of Quinborough: A Comedy. Acted at Black-Fryars.* 4*to,* 1661.

(22.) *Any Thing for a Quiet Life: A Comedy. Formerly acted at Black-Fryars.* 4*to,* 1662.

He is also the Author of a Play called The Witch; *the MS. of which is in the possession of Thomas Pearson, Esq. A very full account of this play, from which there is reason to believe Shakespeare borrowed the incantations of Macbeth, is given by Mr Steevens in a Note on Mr Malone's Attempt to settle the Order of Shakespeare's Plays.*

He was also the Author of

(1.) *The Triumphs of Truth. A solemnity unparalleled for cost, art, and magnificence, at the confirmation and establishment of that worthy and true nobly-minded gentleman, Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight, in the honorable office of his Majesties Lieutenant the Lord Maior of the thrice famous Citty of London. Taking beginning at his Lordship's going and proceeding after his return from receiving the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow next after Simon and Jude's Day, October* 29, 1613. 4*to,* 1613.

(2.) *The Sunne in Aries. A noble solemnity performed through the citie at the sole cost and charges of the honourable and ancient Fraternity of Drapers, at the confirmation and establishment of their most worthy Brother, the Right Honourable Edward Barkham, in the high office of his Majesties Lieutenant the Lord Maior of the famous Citie of London. Taking beginning at his Lordship's going and perfecting itselfe after his returne from receiving the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Simon and Jude's Day, being the* 29*th of October,* 1621. 4*to,* 1621.

(3.) *The Triumph of Health and Prosperity, at the inauguration of the most worthy Brother the Right Honourable Cuthbert Hasket, Draper.* 4*to,* 1626.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Bounteous Progress.
Dick Folly-Wit, *his Grandson.*
Hairbrain.
Penitent Brothel.
Lieutenant Maweworm.
Ancient Hautboy.
Inesse.
Possibility.
Gum-Water.
Jasper.
Semus.
Footman.
Constable.

Hairbrain's *Wife.*
Courtezan.
Her Mother.
A Succubus.

A

MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

ACT I.

Enter DICK FOLLY-WIT, *and his Consorts, Lieutenant* MAWEWORM, *Antient* HAUTBOY, *and others his Comrades.*

Lieu. Captain, regent, principal!

Ant. What shall I call thee?
The noble spark of bounty?
The life-blood of society?

Fol. Call me your forecast, you whore-sons! when you come drunk out of a tavern, 'tis I must cast your plots into form still; 'tis I must manage the prank, or I'll not give a louse for the proceeding; I must let fly my civil fortunes, turn wildbrain, lay my wits upon the tenters, you rascals, to maintain a company of villains, whom I love in my very soul and conscience.

Lieu. A ha, our little forecast!

Fol. Hang you, you have bewitched me among you! [4] I was as well-given, till I fell to be wicked, my grandsire had hope of me: I went all in black, swore but a Sundays; never came home drunk, but upon fasting-nights to cleanse my stomach; 'slid, now I am quite altered! blown into light colours; let out oaths by the minute; sit up late, till it be early; drink drunk, till I am sober; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop: here's a transformation! I was wont yet to pity the simple, and leave 'em some money; 'slid, now I gull 'em without conscience! I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure.

Lieu. I deny the last; for if you drink ne'er so much, you drink within measure.

Fol. How prove you that, sir?

Lieu. Because the drawers never fill their pots.

Fol. Mass, that was well found out; all drunkards may lawfully say, they drink within measure by that trick. And, now I'm put i'the mind of a trick, can you keep your countenance, villains? yet I am a fool to ask that, for how can they keep their countenance that have lost their credits?

Ant. I warrant you for blushing, captain.

Fol. I easily believe that, Antient, for thou lost thy colours once. Nay faith, as for blushing, I think there's grace little enough amongst you all; 'tis Lent in your cheeks, [5] the flag's down. Well, your blushing-face, I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing-face, unless you had more money in your purses: then thus compendiously now, you all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolic grandsire, sir Bounteous Progress, whose death makes all possible to me. I shall have all, when he has nothing; but now he has all, I shall have nothing: I think one mind runs through a million of them; they love to keep us sober all the

[3] In the year 1715, Charles Johnson borrowed part of the plot of this play, and introduced it into a comedy then brought on the stage by him; entitled, "The Country Lasses, or the Custom of the Manor;" a Play ever since acted with universal applause.

[4] *I was as well given*, &c.—Imitated from Shakespeare's First Part of *King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 3. where Falstaff says, "I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need be; virtuous enough: swore little, diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass."

[5] *The flag's down*—On the tops of our ancient theatres were flags, which we may suppose to have been taken down during the season of Lent, when plays were not suffered to be represented. See Prefaces to the edition of Shakespeare, 1777. Vol. I. p. 85. S.

while they're alive, that when they are dead we may drink to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground, and that makes so many laugh at their fathers' funerals. I know my grandsire has his will in a box, and has bequeathed all to me, when he can carry nothing away; but stood I in need of poor ten pounds now, by his will I should hang myself ere I should get it; there's no such word in his will, I warrant you, nor so much thought in his mind.

Lieu. You may build upon that, captain.

Fol. Then since he has no will to do me good as long as he lives, by mine own will I will do myself good before he dies, and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant, I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief, first, that my grandsire sir Bounteous Progress is a knight of thousands, and therefore [6] no knight since one thousand six hundred; next, that he keeps a house like his name, Bounteous, open for all comers: thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon [7] the glory of his complement, variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his kitchen, longitude of his buttery, and fecundity of his larder; and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff lord or great countess alights, to make light his dishes: these being well mixed together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate. To be short, and cut off a great deal of dirty way, I'll down to my grandsire like a lord.

Lieu. How, captain?

Fol. A French ruff, a thin beard, and a strong perfume, will do't. I can hire blue coats for you all by Westminster clock, and that colour will be soonest believed.

Lieu. But pr'ythee, captain—

Fol. Push, I reach past your fathoms: you desire crowns?

Lieu. From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, bully.

Fol. Why carry yourselves but probably, and carry away enough with yourselves.

Enter Mr PENITENT BROTHEL.

Ant. Why there spoke a Roman captain!—Mr Penitent Brothel!

Pen. Sweet Mr Folly-wit!

[*Exeunt* FOLLY-WIT, *&c.*

Here's a mad brain a'the first rate, whose pranks scorn to have precedents, to be second to any, or walk beneath any madcap's inventions; has played more tricks than the cards can allow a man, and of the last stamp too, hating imitation; a fellow, whose only glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure of which he maintains all the rest: he's the carrion, and they the kites that gorge upon him.

But why in others do I check wild passions,
And retain deadly follies in myself?
I tax his youth of common-received riot,
Time's comic flashes, and the fruits of blood;
And in myself sooth up adulterous motions,
And such an appetite that I know damns me,
Yet willingly embrace it; love to Hairbrain's wife,
Over whose hours and pleasures her sick husband,
With a fantastic but deserved suspect,
Bestows his serious time in watch and ward;
And therefore I'm constrained to use the means
Of one that knows no mean, a curtezan,
One poison for another, whom her husband,
Without suspicion, innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried art
Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
Making his jealousy more than half a wittol,
Before his face plotting his own abuse,
To which himself [8] gives aim;
Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head
Misses his brow but narrowly. See here she comes,
The close curtezan, whose mother is her bawd.

Enter Courtezan.

Cour. Master Penitent Brothel.

Pen. My little pretty lady gull-man, the news, the comfort?

Cour. You're the fortunate man, sir knight of the holland skirt; there wants but opportunity, and she's wax of your own fashioning: she had wrought herself into the form of your love before my art set finger to her.

Pen. Did our affections meet? our thoughts keep time?

Cour. So it should seem by the music, the only jar is in the grumbling bass-viol her husband.

Pen. Oh his waking suspicion!

Cour. Sigh not, Mr Penitent; trust the managing of the business with me, 'tis for my credit now to see't well finished: if I do you no good, sir, you shall give me no money, sir.

Pen. I am arrived at the court of conscience; a courtezan! O admirable times! honesty is removed to the common place. Farewell, lady.

[*Exit* PENITENT.

Enter Mother.

Mother. How now, daughter?

Cour. What news, mother?

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[6] *No knight since one thousand six hundred*;—Alluding to the number of necessitous people, who were created knights by king James after his accession.

[7] *The glory of his* co-mplement,—i. e. the number of his servants. We still say of a ship full manned, that she has her full *complement*. See also Note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, edit. 1778. Vol. II. p. 384. S.

[8] *Gives aim.*—See Note 23 to *Cornelia*.

Mother. A token from thy keeper.

Cour. Oh, from sir Bounteous Progress; he's my keeper indeed, but there's many a piece of venison stolen that my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily, but loses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a park as a woman.

Mother. Hold thee there, girl.

Cour. Fear not me, mother.

Mother. Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtlety; the very spider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to intrap the fly.
The shallow ploughman can distinguish now
'Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow.
Your base mechanic fellow can spy out
A weakness in a lord, and learns to flout.
How do'st behove us then that live by slight,
To have our wits wound up to their stretched height?
Fifteen times thou knew'st I have sold thy maidenhead
To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet
There's maidenhead enough for old sir Bounteous still.
He'll be all his life-time about it yet, and be as far to
Seek when he has done.
The sums that I have told upon thy pillow!
I shall once see those golden days again:
Though fifteen, all thy maidenheads are not gone;
The Italian is not served yet, nor the French:
The British men come for a dozen at once,
They engross all the market. Tut, my girl,
'Tis nothing but a politic conveyance,
A sincere carriage, a religious eye-brow,
That throws their charms over the worldlings senses;
And when thou spyest a fool that truly pities
The false springs of thine eyes,
And honourably doats upon thy love.
If he be rich, set him by for a husband,
Be wisely tempered, and learn this, my wench,
Who gets the [9] opinion for a virtuous name,
May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of shame.

Cour. Mother, I am too deep a scholar grown
To learn my first rules now.

Mother. 'Twill be thy own, I say no more; peace, hark,
Remove thyself; oh, the two elder brothers.

[*Exit* COURTEZAN.

Enter INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

Pos. A fair hour, sweet lady.

Mother. Good morrow, gentlemen, Mr Inesse and Mr Possibility.

Inesse. Where's the little sweet lady, your daughter?

Mother. Even at her book, sir.

Pos. So religious?

Mother. 'Tis no new motion, sir, she has took it from an infant.

Pos. May we deserve a sight of her, lady?

Mother. Upon that condition you will promise me, gentlemen, to avoid all prophane talk, wanton compliments, indecent phrases, and lascivious courtings, which I know my daughter will sooner die than endure, I am contented your suits shall be granted.

Pos. Not a bawdy syllable, I protest.

Inesse. Syllable was well placed there; for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words, prick that down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Master HAIRBRAIN.

Hair. She may make night-work on't, 'twas well recovered,
He-cats and courtezans stroll most i'the night,
Her friend may be received and conveyed forth nightly;
I'll be at charge for [10] watch and ward, for watch and ward
I'faith, and here they come,

Enter two or three.

First. Give your worship good even.

Hair. Welcome, my friends; I must deserve your diligence in an employment serious. The truth is, there is a cunning plot laid, but happily discovered, to rob my house; the night uncertain when, but fixed within the circle of this month; nor does this villainy consist in numbers,
Or many partners, only some one
Shall, in the form of my familiar friend,
Be received privately into my house
By some perfidious servant of mine own,
Addressed fit for the practice.

First. O abominable!

Hair. If you be faithful watchmen, shew your goodness,
And with these angels shore up your eye-lids:
Let me not be purloined, purloined indeed; the merry Greeks conceive me: there is a gem I would not lose, kept by the Italian under lock and key: we Englishmen are careless creatures: well, I have said enough.

Second. And we will do enough, sir. [*Exeunt.*

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[9] *Opinion*—i. e. reputation. See Note 4 to *The Gamester.*

[10] *Watch and ward*—See Note 145 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 499.

Hair. Why well said, watch me a good turn now, so, so, so;
Rise villainy with the lark, why 'tis prevented,
Or steal't by with the leather-winged bat,
The evening cannot save it; peace.

Enter Courtezan.

Oh, Lady Gulman, my wife's only company, welcome! and how does the virtuous matron, that good old gentlewoman, thy mother? I persuade myself, if modesty be in the world, she has part on't; a woman of an excellent carriage all her life-time in court, city, and country.

Cour. She has always carried it well in those places, sir; witness three bastards a-piece. [*Aside.*] How does your sweet bed-fellow, sir? you see I am her boldest visitant.

Hair. And welcome, sweet virgin; the only companion my soul wishes for her. I left her within at her lute; pr'ythee give her good counsel.

Cour. Alas! she needs none, sir.

Hair. Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not come amiss to her.

Cour. I'll bestow my labour, sir.

Hair. Do, labour her, pr'ythee; I have conveyed away all her wanton pamphlets, as [11] Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis; oh two luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife! here, here, pr'ythee take the resolution, and read to her a little.

Cour. She has set up her resolution already, sir.

Hair. True, true, and this will confirm it the more; there's a chapter of Hell, 'tis good to read this cold weather; terrify her, terrify her; go, read to her the horrible punishments for itching wantons, the pains allotted for adultery; tell her her thoughts, her very dreams are answerable, say so; rip up the life of a courtezan, and shew how lothesome 'tis.

Cour. The gentleman would persuade me in time to disgrace myself, and speak ill of mine own function. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Hair. This is the course I take; I'll teach the married man
A new selected strain; I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company.
Puh, that's enough; I'll keep her to her stint,
I'll put her to her pension;
She gets but her allowance, that's bare one,
Few women but have that beside their own.
Ha, ha, ha! nay, I'll put her hard to't.

Enter Wife and Courtezan.

Wife. Fain would I meet the gentleman.

Cour. Pish, fain would you meet him? why, you do not take the course.

Hair. How earnestly she labours her, like a good wholesome sister of the family; she will prevail I hope.

Cour. Is that the means?

Wife. What is the means? I would as gladly, to enjoy his sight, embrace it as the——

Cour. Shall I have hearing? listen.

Hair. [12] She's round with her, i'faith.

Cour. When husbands in their rank'st suspicions dwell,
Then 'tis our best art to dissemble well;
Put but these notes in use that I'll direct you,
He'll curse himself that ere he did suspect you;
Perhaps he will solicit you, as in trial,
To visit such and such, still give denial:
Let no persuasions sway you; they are but fetches
Set to betray you, jealousies, slights, and reaches.
Seem in his sight to endure the sight of no man,
Put by all kisses, till you kiss in common;
Neglect all entertainment; if he bring in
Strangers, keep you your chamber, be not seen;
If he chance steal upon you, let him find
Some book lie open 'gainst an unchaste mind,
And quoted scriptures, though for your own pleasure
You read some stirring pamphlet, and convey it
Under your skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
This is the course, my wench, to enjoy thy wishes.
Here you perform best, when you most neglect;
The way to daunt, is to outvy suspect;
Manage these principles with art and life,
Welcome all nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

Hair. She puts it home i faith, e'en to the quick,
From her elaborate action I reach that.
I must requite this maid, faith I'm forgetful.

Wife. Here, lady, convey my heart unto him in this jewel.
Against you see me next you shall perceive
I have profited; in the mean season tell him
I am a prisoner yet i'the master's side,
My husband's jealousy, that masters him, as he doth master me;
And as a keeper that locks prisoners up,
Is himself prisoned under his own key;
Even so my husband, in restraining me,
With the same ward bars his own liberty.

Cour. I'll tell him how you wish it, and [13] I'll wear

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[11] *Hero and Leander*—By Christopher Marlow.
Venus and Adonis—By Shakespeare.

[12] *She's round with her i'faith*—i. e. she speaks plainly, in earnest to her. So Polonius in *Hamlet*:

Pray you be *round* with him. S.

[13] ——— *I'll wear*
My wits to the third pile, &c.—The allusion is to velvet. Autolycus, in *The Winter's Tale*, says, he has wore *three pile*. See Note on this passage, edit. 1778, Vol. IV. p. 367. S.

My wits to the third pile, but all shall clear.
Wife. I owe you more than thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.
Cour. Think you so, lady? he has small reason for't.
Hair. What, done so soon? away, to't again, to't again, good wench, to't again, leave her not so; where left you? come.
Cour. Faith I am weary, sir;
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion,
With all the arguments that sense can frame.
Hair. No? let me come. Fie wife, you must consent; what opinion is't? let's hear.
Cour. Fondly and wilfully she retains that thought,
That every sin is damn'd.
Hair. Oh fie, fie wife! pea, pea, pea, pea, how have you lost your time? for shame, be converted; there's a diabolical opinion indeed! then you may think that usury were damn'd: you're a fine merchant, i'faith; or bribery? you know the law well; or sloth? would some of the clergy heard you, i'faith; or pride? you come at court! or gluttony? you're not worthy to dine at an alderman's table:
Your only deadly sin's adultery,
That villainous ring-worm, woman's worst requital,
'Tis only lechery that's damn'd to the pit-hole;
Ah, that's an arch offence, believe it squal,
All sins are venial but venereal.
Cour. I've said enough to her.
Hair. And she will be ruled by you.
Cour. Fah.
Hair. I'll pawn my credit on't; come hither, lady, I will not altogether rest ingrateful.
Here, wear this ruby for thy pains and counsel.
Cour. It is not so much worth, sir; I am a very ill counsellor, truly.
Hair. Go to, I say.
Cour. You're to blame i'faith, sir, I shall ne'er deserve it.
Hair. Thou hast done it already: farewell, sweet virgin; pr'ythee let's see thee oftener.
Cour. Such gifts will soon entreat me. [*Exit.*
Hair. Wife, as thou lovest the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsel, yield to her advices;
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end;
Thou'lt feel an alteration, pr'ythee think on't:
Mine eyes can scarce refrain.
Wife. Keep in your dew, sir, lest when you would, you want it.
Hair. I've pawned my credit on't; ah, didst thou know
The sweet fruit once, thou'dst never let it go.
Wife. 'Tis that I strive to get.
Hair. And still do so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS, *with two Knights.*

Sir And. You have been too much like your name, sir Bounteous.
Sir Boun. Oh, not so, good knights, not so, you know my humour; most welcome, good sir Andrew Pelcut; sir Aquitain Colewort, most welcome.
Both. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.
[*Exeunt at one Door, at the other enter in haste a Footman.*
Foot. Oh, cry your worship heartily mercy, sir.
Sir Boun. How now, linen stocking, and three-score mile a-day; whose footman art thou?
Foot. Pray, can your worship tell me, ho, ho, ho, if my lord be come in yet?
Sir Boun. Thy lord! what lord?
Foot. My lord Owe-much, sir.
Sir Boun. My lord Owe-much! I have heard much speech of that lord, he has great acquaintance i'the city; that lord has been much followed.
Foot. And is still, sir; he wants no company when he's in London: he's free of the mercers, and there's none of them all dare cross him.
Sir Boun. And they did, he'd turn over a new leaf with 'em; he would make 'em all weary on't i'the end: much fine rumour have I heard of that lord, yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him. Art sure he will alight here, footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistook.
Foot. Thinks your worship so, sir? by your leave, sir.
Sir Boun. Puh; passion of me, footman, why pumps, I say, come back.
Foot. Does your worship call?
Sir Boun. Come hither, I say; I am but afraid on't, would it might happen so well. How do'st know? did he name the house with the great turret o'the top?
Foot. No, faith, did he not, sir.
Sir Boun. Come hither, I say; did he speak of a cloth o' gold chamber?
Foot. Not one word, by my troth, sir.
Sir Boun. Come again, you lousy seven mile an hour.
Foot. I beseech your worship detain me not.
Sir Boun. Was there no talk of a fair pair of organs, a great gilt candlestick, and a pair of silver snuffers?
Foot. 'Twere sin to bely my lord; I heard no such words, sir.
Sir Boun. A pox confine thee; come again, puh.
Foot. Your worship will undo me, sir.
Sir Boun. Was there no speech of a long dining-room, a huge kitchen, large meat, and a broad dresser board?
Foot. I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your worship.
Sir Boun. Whom did he name?
Foot. Why, one sir Bounteous Progress.
Sir Boun. Ah, a, a, I am that sir Bounteous, you progressive round-about rascal.
Foot. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Boun. I knew I should have him i'the end; there's not a lord will miss me, I thank their good honours'; tis a fortune laid upon me, they can scent out their best entertainment. I have a kind of complemental gift given me above ordinary country knights, and how soon 'tis smelt out! I warrant ye, there's not one knight i'the shire able to entertain a lord i'the cue, or a lady i'the nick like me; like me! there's a kind of grace belongs to't, a kind of art which naturally slips from me, I know not on't, I promise you, 'tis gone before I'm aware on't; cuds me, I forget myself, where—

Foot. Does your worship call?

Sir Boun. Run sirrah, [14] call in my chief gentleman i'the chain of gold, expedite; and how does my good lord? I never saw him before in my life. [15] A cup of bastard, for this footman!

Foot. My lord has travelled this five year, sir.

Sir Boun. Travelled this five year? how many children has he?—some bastard, I say!

Foot. No bastard, an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. A cup of sack to strengthen his wit, the footman's a fool.

Enter GUM-WATER.

Oh, come hither master Gum-water, come hither; send presently to Mr Pheasant for one of his hens, there's partridge i'the house.

Gum. And wild-duck, an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. And woodcock, an't please thy worship.

Gum. And woodcock, an't please your worship; I had thought to have spoke before you.

Sir Boun. Remember the pheasant, down with some plover; clap down six woodcocks, [16] my love's coming; now, sir,

Gum. An't please your worship, there's a lord and his followers newly alighted.

Sir Boun. Dispatch, I say, dispatch; why, where's my music? he's come indeed.

Enter FOLLY-WIT, *like a Lord, with his Comrades in* [17] *blue Coats.*

Fol. Footman.

Foot. My lord.

Fol. Run swiftly with my commendations to sir Jasper Topas. We'll ride and visit him i'the morning, say.

Foot. Your lordship's charge shall be effected. [*Exit.*

Fol. That courtly comely form should present to me sir Bounteous Progress.

Sir Boun. You've found me out, my lord; I cannot hide myself:
Your honour is most spaciously welcome.

Fol. In this forgive me, sir; that being a stranger to your [18] house
And you, I make my way so bold; and presume
Rather upon your kindness than your knowledge;
Only your bounteous disposition
Fame hath divulged, and is to me well known.

Sir Boun. Nay, and your lordship knows my disposition, you know me better than they that know my person; your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

Fol. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Pray pardon me, it has been often my ambition, my lord, both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigal fame that keeps even stroke with your unbounded worthiness,
To have wished your lordship, where your lordship is,
A noble guest in this unworthy seat:
Your lordship ne'er heard my organs?

Fol. Heard of 'em, sir Bounteous; but never heard 'em.

Sir Boun. They're but double gilt, my lord; some hundred and fifty pounds will fit your lordship with such another pair.

Fol. Indeed, sir Bounteous!

Sir Boun. O my lord, I have a present suit to you.

Fol. To me, sir Bounteous? and you could ne'er speak at fitter time; for I am here present to grant you.

Sir Boun. Your lordship has been a traveller?

Fol. Some five year, sir.

Sir Boun. I have a grandchild, my lord, I love him; and when I die I'll do somewhat for him:

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[14] *Call in my chief gentleman i'the chain of gold.*—Stewards of noblemen and gentlemen of property used formerly to wear a gold chain. So, in Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts*, A. 1. S. 1. Order the Steward says,

"Set all things right, or as my name is Order,
"And by this staff of office that commands you,
"*This chain* and double ruff, symbols of power!"

Again, in *The Lover's Progress*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 1. S. 1:

"*This chain*, which my lord's peasants worship flouted."

See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3.

[15] *A cup of bastard.*—See Note 38 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 533.

[16] *My love's.*—So both the editions. Probably we should read *my lord's*. S.

[17] *Blue coats.*—See Note 8 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 561.

[18] *House.*—Both the quartos read *houses*.

I'll tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has been.

Fol. So have we been all, sir.

Sir Boun. So have we been all indeed, my lord, I thank your lordship's assistance; some comic pranks he has been guilty of; but I'll pawn my credit for him, an honest trusty bosom.

Fol. And that's worth all, sir.

Sir Boun. And that's worth all indeed, my lord, for he's like to have all when I die; *imberbis juvenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet than a midwife's: there's great hope of his wit, his hair's so long a-coming. Shall I be bold with your honour, to prefer this aforesaid Ganimede to hold a plate under your lordship's cup?

Fol. You wrong both his worth and your bounty, and you call that boldness; sir, I have heard much good of that young gentleman.

Sir Boun. Nay, he has a good wit i'faith, my lord.

Fol. He has carried himself always generously.

Sir Boun. Are you advised of that, my lord? he has carried many things cleanly: I'll shew your lordship my will, I keep it above in an outlandish box; the whoreson boy must have all: I love him, yet he shall ne'er find it as long as I live.

Fol. Well, sir, for your sake, and his own deserving, I'll reserve a place for him nearest to my secrets.

Sir Boun. I understand your good lordship, you'll make him your secretary: my music, give my lord a taste of his welcome.

[*A strain played by the Concert; Sir* BOUNTEOUS *makes a courtly honour to that Lord, and seems to foot the Tune.*

So, how like you our airs, my lord? are they choice?

Fol. They're seldom matched, believe it.

Sir Boun. The concert of mine own household.

Fol. Yea, sir!

Sir Boun. The musicians are in ordinary, yet no ordinary musicians: your lordship shall hear my organs now.

Fol. Oh, I beseech you, sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. My organist.

[*The Organs play, and covered Dishes march over the Stage.*

Come, my lord, how does your honour relish my organ?

Fol. A very proud air i'faith, sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, how can't choose, a Walloon plays upon them, and a Welchman blows wind in their breech. [*Exeunt. A Song to the Organs.*

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS, *with* FOLLY-WIT *and his Concerts, towards his Lodging.*

Sir Boun. You must pardon us, my lord, hasty cates, your honour has had even a hunting meal on't; and now I am like to bring your lordship to as mean a lodging, a hard down-bed i'faith, my lord, poor cambric sheets, and a cloth of tissue-canopy; the curtains indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the prodigal child in silk and gold; only the swine are left out, my lord, for spoiling the curtains.

Fol. 'Twas well prevented, sir.

Sir Boun. Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venereal dreams, to your lordship.

Fol. The like to kind sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Fie, not to me, my lord; I'm old, past dreaming of such vanities.

Fol. Old men should dream best.

Sir Boun. Their dreams! indeed, my lord, you've giv'nt us: to-morrow your lordship shall see my cocks, my fish-ponds, my park, my champaigne grounds; I keep champers in my house can show your lordship some pleasure.

Fol. Sir Bounteous, you even whelm me with delights.

Sir Boun. Once again a musical night to your honour; I'll trouble your lordship no more.

[*Exit.*

Fol. Good rest, sir Bounteous.—So, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits?

Lieu. In your lordship's portmanteau.

Fol. Peace, lieutenant.

Lieu. I'd rather have war, captain.

Fol. Puh, the plot's ripe; come to our business, lad,
Though guilt condemns, 'tis [18] gilt must make us glad.

Lieu. Nay, and you be at your distinctions, captain,
I'll follow behind no longer.

Fol. Get you before then, and whelm your nose with your vizard, go.
Now, grandsire, you that hold me at hard meat,
And keep me out at the [19] dag's end, I'll fit you;
Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine
He and his will confesses; what I take then
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand;

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[18] *Gilt.*—i. e. money; *geld*, Dutch. See Notes on *King Henry V.* Vol. VI. p. 33, and on *Macbeth*, Vol. IV. p. 505, edit. 1778. S.

[19] *Dag's end.*—i. e. at a distance, as by a *sword* or *pistol* advanced against me. *Dag* is an ancient word, signifying either the one or the other. S.

See also Note 148 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 492.

I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many [20] blacks,
I'll have the church hung round with a noble a yard,
Or requite him in 'scutcheons, let him trap me
In gold, and I'll lap him in lead; *quid pro quo*: I
Must look none of his angels in the face, forsooth,
Until his face be not worth looking on; tut, lads,
Let sires and grandsires keep us low, we must
Live when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust. [*Exit.*

Enter Courtezan, with her Man.

Cour. Go, sirrah, run presently to Mr Penitent Brothel; you know his lodging, knock him up; I know he cannot sleep for sighing; tell him, I've happily bethought a mean
To make his purpose prosper in each limb,
Which only rests to be approved by him;
Make haste, I know he thirsts for't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, in a masking Suit, with a Vizard in his hand, FOLLY-WIT.

Within. Oh!

Fol. Hark, they're at their business.

1 *Ser.* Thieves, thieves!

Fol. Gag that gaping rascal, though he be my grandsire's [21] chief gentleman i'the chain of gold, I'll have no pity of him; how now, lads?

Enter the rest, vizarded.

Lieu. All's sure and safe; on with your vizard, sir; the servants are all bound.

Fol. There's one care past then; come, follow me, lads! I'll lead you now to the point and top of all your fortunes: yon lodging is my grandsire's.

Lieu. So, so, lead on, on! [*Exeunt.*

Ant. Here's a captain worth the following, and a wit worth a man's love and admiring!

Re-enter with Sir BOUNTEOUS, *in his Night-gown.*

Sir Boun. Oh, gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what countrymen are you?

Fol. Lincolnshire-men, sir.

Sir Boun. I am glad of that, i'faith.

Fol. And why should you be glad of that?

Sir Boun. Oh, the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire; the kindest natured gentlemen; they'll rob a man with conscience: they have a feeling of what they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes: ah, pitiful gentlemen!

Fol. Pish, money, money, we come for money.

Sir Boun. Is that all you come for? Ah, what a beast was I to put out my money t'other day! Alas, good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray, come again another time.

Fol. Tut, tut, sir, money.

Sir Boun. Oh, not so loud, you're too shrill a gentleman; I have a lord lies in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Fol. Who, my lord Owe-much? we have took order with him before hand, he lies bound in his bed, and all his followers.

Sir Boun. Who, my lord? bound, my lord! Alas, what did you mean to bind my lord? he could keep his bed well enough without binding; you've undone me in't already, you need rob me no farther.

Fol. Which is the key? come!

Sir Boun. Ah, I perceive now, you're no true Lincolnshire spirits; you come rather out of Bedfordshire, we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you: so, take enough, my masters; spur a free horse, my name's sir Bounteous, a merry world i'faith; what knight but I keep open house at midnight? well, there should be a conscience, if one could hit upon't.

Fol. Away now, seize upon him, bind him.

Sir Boun. Is this your court of equity? why should I be bound for mine own money? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't; I have been too liberal to-night, keep in my hands: nay, as hard as you list; I am too good to bear my lord company; you have watched your time, my masters; I was knighted at Westminster, but many of these nights will make me [22] a knight of Windsor; you've deserved so well, my masters, I bid you all to dinner to-morrow. I would I might have your companies i'faith, I desire no more.

Fol. Oh, ho, sir!

Sir Boun. Pray meddle not with my organs, to put 'em out of tune.

Fol. Oh no, here's better music, sir.

Sir Boun. Ah, pox feast you. [*Exit.*

Fol. Dispatch with him, away. So, thank you, good grandsire; this was bounteously done of him i'faith; it came somewhat hard from him at first; for indeed nothing comes stiff from an old man but money; and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon: where's our portmanteau?

Lieu. Here, bully captain.

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[20] *Blacks.*—The common term formerly for mourning. See Mr Steevens's Note on *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. IV. p. 300, edit. 1778.

[21] *Chief gentleman i'the chain of gold.*—See p. 265.

[22] *A knight of Windsor*—i. e. one of the poor knights of Windsor.

Fol. In with the [23] purchase, 'twill lie safe enough there under's nose, I warrant you: what, is all sure?

Enter ANTIENT.

Ant. All's sure, captain.

Fol. You know what follows now, one villain binds his fellows; go, we must be all bound for our own securities, rascals. There's no dallying upon the points; you conceit me: there is a lord to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers; can you pick out that lord now?

Lieu. O, admirable spirit!

Fol. You ne'er plot for your safeties, so your wants be satisfied.

Ant. But if we bind one another, how shall the last man be bound?

Fol. Pox on't, I'll have the footman 'scape.

Foot. That's I; I thank you, sir.

Fol. The footman of all other will be supposed to 'scape, for he comes in no bed all night; but lies in's clothes, to be first ready in the morning; the horse and he lies in litter together; that's the right fashion of your bonny footman; and his freedom will make the better for our purpose; for we must have one in the morning to unbind the knight, that we may have our sport within ourselves: we now arrive at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease, to be thieves and lie by't; look to't, lads, it concerns every man's gullet; I'll not have the jest spoiled, that's certain, though it hazard a wind-pipe. I'll either go like a lord as I came, or be hanged like a thief as I am; and that's my resolution.

Lieu. Troth, a match, captain, of all hands.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtezan, with Mr PENITENT BROTHEL.

Cour. Oh, Mr Penitent Brothel!

P. Broth. What is't, sweet lady Gullman, that so seizes on thee with rapture and admiration?

Cour. A thought, a trick, to make you, sir, especially happy, and yet I myself a saver by it.

P. Broth. I would embrace that, lady, with such courage, I would not leave you on the losing hand.

Cour. I will give trust to you, sir; the cause, then, why I raised you from your bed so soon, wherein I know sighs would not let you sleep, thus understand it:

You love that woman, Mr Hairbrain's wife,
Which no invented means can crown with freedom,
For your desires and her own wish but this,
Which in my slumbers did present itself.

P. Broth. I'm covetous, lady.

Cour. You know her husband ling'ring in suspect,
Locks her from all society, but mine.

P. Broth. Most true.

Cour. I only am admitted, yet hitherto
That has done you no real happiness; by my admittance
I cannot perform that deed, that should please you,
You know; wherefore thus I have conveyed it,
I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness.

P. Broth. Good.

Cour. Nay, 'tis not so good, by my faith, but to do you good.

P. Broth. And in that sense I called it; but [24] take me with you, lady: would it be probable enough to have a sickness so suddenly violent?

Cour. Puh, all the world knows women are soon down: we can be sick when we have a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfeit upon the rump of a lark, and bestow ten pound in physic upon't; we're likest ourselves when we're down: 'tis the easiest art and cunning for our [25] seet to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well; for since we were made for a weak imperfect creature, we can fit that best that we are made for; I thus translated, and yourself slipped into the form of a physician.

P. Broth. I a physician, lady! talk not on't I beseech you; I shall shame the whole college.

Cour. Tut, man, any quacksalving terms will serve for this purpose; for I am pitifully haunted with a brace of elder brothers, new perfumed in the first of their fortunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be to the pleasing of my palate, and restoring of my health. Lay on load enough upon them, and spare them not, for they are good plump fleshly asses, and may well enough bear it: let gold, amber, and dissolved pearl, be common ingredients; and that you cannot compose a cullice without them. Put but this cunningly in practice, it shall be both a sufficient recompence for all my pains in your love; and the ready means to make mistress Hairbrain's way, by the visiting of me, to your mutual desired company.

P. Broth. I applaud thee, kiss thee, and will instantly embrace it. [*Exeunt.*

Voices within.

Sir Boun. Ho, Gum-water!

Fol. Singlestone!

Within. Jenkin, wa, ha, ho!

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23 *Purchase.*—See Note 33 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 582.

24 *Take me with you, lady.*—See p. 245.

25 *Sect.*—i. e. sex. See Note 15 to *The Jew of Malta*, Vol. I. p. 257.

Within. Ewen!

Within. Simcod!

Fol. Footman! whew—

Foot. Oh, good your worship, let me help your good old worship.

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS, *with a Cord half unbound, Footman with him.*

Sir Boun. Ah, poor honest footman, how didst thou 'scape this massacre?

Foot. E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes, sir.

Sir Boun. I think so; I would I had lain in my clothes too, footman, so I had 'scaped them; I could have but risen like a beggar then, and so I do now, till more money come in. But nothing afflicts me so much, my poor geometrical footman, as that the barbarous villains should lay violence upon my lord. Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces. So, so, 'tis well! I thank thee, run to thy fellows; undo them, undo them, undo them!

Foot. Alas, if my lord should miscarry! they're unbound already, sir; they have no occupation but sleep, feed, and fart. [*Exit.*

Sir Boun. If I be not ashamed to look my lord in the face, I'm a Saracen. My lord!

Fol. Who's that?

Sir Boun. One may see he has been scared, a pox on them for their labours.

Fol. Singlestone!

Sir Boun. Singlestone? I'll never answer to that i'faith.

Fol. Suchman!

Sir Boun. Suchman? nor that neither i'faith; I am not brought so low, though I be old.

Fol. Who's that in the chamber?

Sir Boun. Good morrow, my lord, 'tis I.

Fol. Sir Bounteous, good morrow; I would give you my hand, sir, but I cannot come at it; is this the courtesy of the country, sir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. Your lordship grieves me more than all my loss;
'Tis the unnatural'st sight that can be found,
To see a noble gentleman hard bound.

Fol. Trust me, I thought you had been better beloved, sir Bounteous; but I see you have enemies, sir, and your friends fare the worse for them: I like your talk better than your lodging; I ne'er lay harder in a bed of down; I have had a mad night's rest on't. Can you not guess what they should be, sir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. Faith! Lincolnshire-men, my lord.

Fol. How? fie, fie, believe it not, sir, these lie not far off, I warrant you.

Sir Boun. Think you so, my lord?

Fol. I'll be burnt if they do; some that are used to your house, sir, and are familiar with all the conveyances.

Sir Boun. This is the commodity of keeping open house, my lord, that makes so many shut their doors about dinner-time.

Fol. They were resolute villains; I made myself known to them, told them what I was, gave them my honourable word not to disclose them.

Sir Boun. O saucy, unmannerly villains!

Fol. And think you the slaves would trust me upon my word?

Sir Boun. They would not?

Fol. Forsooth no, I must pardon them; they told me lords promises were mortal, and commonly die within half an hour after they are spoken: they were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full growth or perfection; and therefore, though I were a lord, I must enter into bond.

Sir Boun. Insupportable rascals!

Fol. Troth I'm of that mind. Sir Bounteous, you fared the worse for my coming hither.

Sir Boun. Ah, good my lord! but I'm sure your lordship fared the worse.

Fol. Pray pity not me, sir.

Sir Boun. Is not your honour sore about the brawn of the arm? A murrain meet them, I feel it.

Fol. About this place, Sir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. You feel as it were a twinge, my lord?

Fol. Ay e'en a twinge, you say right.

Sir Boun. A pox discover them, that twinge I feel too.

Fol. But that which disturbs the most, Sir Bounteous, lies here.

Sir Boun. True, about the wrist a kind of tumid numbness.

Fol. You say true, sir.

Sir Boun. The reason of that, my lord, is, the pulses had no play.

Fol. Mass, so I guessed it.

Sir Boun. A mischief swell them! for I feel that too.

Lieu. 'Slid, here's a house haunted indeed.

Sir Boun. A word with you, sir.

Fol. How now, Singlestone?

Lieu. I'm sorry, my lord, your lordship has lost—

Sir Boun. Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup.

Fol. What have I lost? Speak.

Sir Boun. A good night's sleep say.

Fol. Speak, what have I lost, I say?

Lieu. A good night's sleep, my lord, nothing else.

Fol. That's true; my clothes, come.

[*Curtains drawn.*

Lieu. My lord's clothes; his honour's rising.

Sir Boun. Hist, well said; come hither. What has my lord lost? Tell me, speak softly.

Lieu. His lordship must know that, sir.

Sir Boun. Hush, pr'ythee tell me.

Lieu. 'Twill do you no pleasure to know it, sir.

Sir Boun. Yet again, I desire it, I say.

Lieu. Since your worship will needs know it, they have stolen away a jewel in a blue silk ribband of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in fair Spur Royals.[26]

Sir Boun. That's some two hundred i'the total.

Lieu. Your worship's much about it, sir.

Sir Boun. Come, follow me; I'll make that whole again in so much money. Let not my lord know on't.

Lieu. Oh pardon me, Sir Bounteous, that were a dishonour to my lord; should it come to his ear, I should hazard my undoing by it.

Sir Boun. How should it come to his ear, if you be my lord's chief man about him? I hope you do not use to speak unless you be paid for it and I had rather give you a counsellor's double fee to hold your peace. Come, go to, follow me, I say.

Lieu. There will be scarce time to tell it, sir, my lord will away instantly.

Sir Boun. His honour shall stay dinner. By his leave, I'll prevail with him so far. And now I remember a jest, I bade the whoreson thieves to dinner last night: I would I might have their companies. A pox poison them. [*Exit.*

Lieu. Faith, and you are like to have no other guests, Sir Bounteous, if you have none but us. I'll give you that gift i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Mr HAIRBRAIN *with two elder Brothers, Mr* INESSE, *and Mr* POSSIBILITY.

Pos. You see bold guests, Mr Hairbrain.

Hair. You're kindly welcome to my house, good Mr Inesse and Mr Possibility.

Inesse. That's our presumption, sir.

Hair. Ralph?

Ralph. Here, sir.

Hair. Call down your mistress to welcome these two gentlemen, my friends.

Ralph. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Hair. I will observe her carriage, and watch
The slippery revolutions of her eye;
I'll lie in wait for every glance she gives,
And poise her words i'the balance of[27] suspect:
If she but swag, she's gone; either on this hand
Over familiar, or this too neglectful;
It does behove her carry herself even. [*Aside.*

Pos. But, Mr Hairbrain——

Hair. True, I hear you, sir; was't you said?——

Pos. I have not spoke it yet, sir.

Hair. Right, so I say.

Pos. Is it not strange, that in so short a time my little lady Gulman should be so violently handled?

Hair. Oh, sickness has no mercy, sir;
It neither pities lady's lip, nor eye:
It crops the rose out of the virgin's cheek,
[28] And so deflowers her that was ne'er deflowered.
Fools then are maids, to lock from men that treasure,
Which death will pluck, and never yield them pleasure.
Ah, gentlemen, though I shadow it, that sweet virgin's sickness grieves me not lightly, she was my wife's only delight and company. Did you not hear her, gentlemen, i'the midst of her extremest fit, still how she called upon my wife, remembered still my wife, sweet mistress Hairbrain? When she sent for me, on one side of her bed stood the physician, the scrivener on the other; two horrible objects, but mere opposites in the course of their lives; for the scrivener binds folks, and the physician makes them loose.

Pos. But not loose of their bonds, sir.

Hair. No, by my faith, sir, I say not so; if the physician could make them loose of their bonds, there's many a one would take physic, that dares not now for poisoning; but, as I was telling of you, her will was fashioning, wherein I found her best and richest jewel given as a legacy unto my wife. When I read that, I could not refrain weeping. Well, of all other my wife has most reason to visit her; if she have any good nature in her, she'll shew it there. Now, sir, where's your mistress?

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. She desires you, and the gentlemen your friends, to hold her excused; she has a fit of an ague now upon her, which begins to shake her.

Hair. Where does it shake her most?

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[26] *Spur Royals*—See note 17 to *The City Match*.

[27] *Suspect*—i. e. suspicion.

[28] *And so deflowers her that was ne'er deflowered.*—The same play upon words we find in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 4. S. 5:

——" See where she lies,
Flower as she was *deflowered* now by him,
Death is my son-in-law," &c.

See Mr Collins's note on this passage.

Ralph. All over her body, sir.

Hair. Shake all her body? 'tis a saucy fit, I'm jealous of that ague; pray walk in, gentlemen, I'll see you instantly.

[*Exeunt* INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

Ralph. Now they are absent, sir, 'tis no such thing.

Hair. What!

Ralph. My mistress has her health, sir;
But 'tis her suit she may confine herself
From the sight of all men but your own dear self, sir:
For since the sickness of that modest virgin,
Her only company, she delights in none.

Hair. No: visit her again, commend me to her,
Tell her they're gone, and only I myself
Walk here to exchange a word or two with her.

Ralph. I'll tell her so, sir. [*Exit.*

Hair. Fool that I am, and madman, beast, what worse!
Suspicious o'er a creature that deserves
The best opinion, and the purest thought;
Watchful o'er her that is her watch herself;
To doubt her ways, that looks too narrowly
Into her own defects! I, foolish fearful,
Have often rudely, out of giddy flames,
Barred her those objects which she shuns herself.
Thrice I've had proof of her most constant temper;
Come I at unawares by stealth upon her,
I find her circled in with divine writs
Of heavenly meditations; here and there
Chapters with leaves tucked up, which when I see,
They either tax pride or adultery;
Ah let me curse myself, that could be jealous
Of her whose mind no sin can make rebellious:
And here the unmatched comes.

Enter WIFE.

Now, wife, i'faith they're gone.
Pish, see how fearful 'tis, will you not credit me?
They're gone i'faith; why, think you I'll betray you? come, come, thy delight and mine, thy only virtuous friend, thy sweet instructress is violently taken, grievous sick, and, which is worse, she mends not.

Wife. Her friends are sorry for that, sir.

Hair. She calls upon thee, poor soul, remembers thee still; thy name whirls in her breath; where's Mistress Hairbrain? says she.

Wife. Alas, good soul!

Hair. She made me weep thrice; she has put thee in a jewel in her will.

Wife. Even to the last gasp a kind soul.

Hair. Take my man, go, visit her.

Wife. Pray pardon me, sir; alas, my visitation cannot help her.

Hair. Oh, yet the kindness of a thing, wife; still she holds the same rare temper; take my man, I say.

Wife. I would not take your man, sir, though I did purpose going.

Hair. No! Thy reason?

Wife. The world's condition is itself so wild, sir,
'Tis apt to judge the worst of those deserve not:
'Tis an ill-thinking age, and does apply
All to the form of its own luxury;
This censure flies from one, that, from another;
That man's her squire, says he; her pimp, the other;
She's of the stamp, a third; fourth, I ha' known her:
I've heard this, not without a burning cheek.
Then our attires are taxed; our very gait
Is called in question; where a husband's presence
Scatters such thoughts, or makes them sink for fear
Into the hearts that breed them; nay, surely,
If I went, sir, I would entreat your company.

Hair. Mine? Pr'ythee, wife, I have been there already.

Wife. That's all one; although you bring me but to the door, sir, I would intreat no farther.

Hair. Thou'rt such a wife! why I will bring thee thither, then, but not go up, I swear.

Wife. I'faith you shall not, I do not desire it, sir.

Hair. Why, then, content.

Wife. Give me your hand; you will do so, sir?

Hair. Why there's my lip I will.

Wife. Why then I go, sir.

Hair. With me, or no man; incomparable! such a woman! [*Exeunt.*

Viols, Gallipots, Plate, and an Hour-Glass by her. The Courtezan on a Bed for her counterfeit Fit.

Enter Mr PENITENT BROTHEL, *like a Doctor of Physic.*

P. Broth. Lady!

Cour. Ha! what news?

P. Broth. There's one Sir Bounteous Progress newly alighted from his foot cloth,[29] and his mare waits at door, as the fashion is.

Cour. 'Slid, 'tis the knight that privately maintains me; a little, short, old, spiny gentleman, in a great doublet.

P. Broth. The same, I know him.

Cour. He's my sole revenue, meat, drink, and raiment; my good physician, work upon him; I'm weak.

P. Broth. Enough.

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[29] *Foot cloth.*—It is observed by Mr Steevens, that anciently *the housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were denominated *a foot-cloth.* See note on *King Richard III.* A. 3, S. 4.

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS.

Sir Boun. Why, where be these ladies? these plump, soft, delicate creatures? ha!

P. Broth. Who would you visit, sir?

Sir Boun. Visit, who? what are you, with the plague in your mouth?

P. Broth. A physician, sir.

Sir Boun. Then you are a loose liver, sir; I have put you to your purgation.

P. Broth. But you need none: you're purged in a worse fashion.

Cour. Ah, Sir Bounteous!

Sir Boun. How now! What art thou?

Cour. Sweet Sir Bounteous!

Sir Boun. Passion of me, what an alteration's here! Rosamond sick, old Harry? here's a sight able to make an old man shrink! I was lusty when I came in; but I am down now i'faith, mortality! yea, this puts me in mind of a hole seven foot deep; my grave, my grave, my grave. Hist, master doctor, a word, sir; hark, 'tis not the plague, is't?

P. Broth. The plague, sir? No.

Sir Boun. Good.

P. Broth. He ne'er asks whether it be the pox or no, and of the twain that had been more likely.

Sir Boun. How now, my wench? how do'st?

Cour. Huh! weak, knight; huh!

P. Broth. She says true, he's a weak knight indeed.

Sir Boun. Where does it hold thee most, wench?

Cour. All parts alike, sir.

P. Broth. She says true still; for it holds her in none.

Sir Boun. Hark in thine ear, thou'rt breeding of young bones; I am afraid I have got thee with child, i'faith.

Cour. I fear that much, sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, oh, if it should be a young Progress, when all's done!

Cour. You have done your good-will, sir.

Sir Boun. I see by her 'tis nothing but a surfeit of Venus, i'faith; and though I be old, I have giv'nt her. But since I had the power to make thee sick, I'll have the purse to make thee whole, that's certain. Master doctor?

P. Broth. Sir.

Sir Boun. Let's hear, I pray, what is't you minister to her?

P. Broth. Marry, sir, some precious cordial, some costly refocillation,[30] a composure comfortable and restorative.

Sir Boun. Ay, ay, that, that, that.

P. Broth. No poorer ingredients than the liquor of coral, clear amber, or succinum; unicorn's horn, six grains; magisterium perlarum, one scruple.

Sir Boun. Ah!

P. Broth. *Ossis de corde cerui,* half a scruple; *aurum potabile,* or his tincture.

Sir Boun. Very precious, sir.

P. Broth. All which being finely contunded, and mixed in a stone or glass mortar, with the spirit of diamber—

Sir Boun. Nay, pray be patient, sir.

P. Broth. That's impossible; I cannot be patient and a physician too, sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, cry-you-mercy, that's true, sir.

P. Broth. All which aforesaid—

Sir Boun. Ay, there you left, sir.

P. Broth. When it is almost exsiccate, or dry, I add thereto *olei succini, olei masi, et sinamoni.*

Sir Boun. So, sir, *olei masi,* that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters.[31]

P. Broth. And has been of a long time, sir.

Sir Boun. Well, be of good cheer, wench, there's gold for thee! huh, let her want for nothing, master doctor; a poor kinswoman of mine, nature binds me to have a care of her—There I gull'd you, master doctor. Gather up a good spirit, wench! the fit will away; 'tis but a surfeit of gristles: ha, ha, I have fitted her; an old knight, and a cock-a'-the-game still. I have not spurs for nothing, I see.

P. Broth. No, by my faith, they're hatched; they cost you an angel, sir.

Sir Boun. Look to her, good Mr doctor; let her want nothing; I have given her enough already, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Cour. So, is he gone?

P. Broth. He's like himself, gone.

Cour. Here's somewhat to set up with. How soon he took occasion to slip into his own flattery, soothing his own defects! He only fears he has done that deed, which I ne'er feared to come from him in my life; this purchase came unlooked for.

P. Broth. Hist, the pair of sons and heirs.

Cour. Oh, they're welcome, they bring money.

Enter Mr INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

Pos. Mr Doctor.

P. Broth. I come to you, gentleman.

Pos. How does she now?

P. Broth. Faith, much after one fashion, sir.

Inesse. There's hope of life, sir?

P. Broth. I see no signs of death of her.

Pos. That's some comfort; will she take any thing yet?

P. Broth. Yes, yes, yes, she'll take still; she

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[30] *Refocillation*—i. e. restoration of strength by refreshment. S.

[31] *That same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the Counters*—A pun, alluding to the maces which were carried by the serjeants, or varlets, when they arrested people.

has a kind of facility in taking. How comes your hand bloody, sir?

Inesse. You may see I met with a scab, sir.

P. Broth. *Diversa genera scabierum*, as Pliny reports; there are divers kind of scabs.

Inesse. Pray let's hear 'em, sir?

P. Broth. An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your usurer; a running, your promoter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald knave and a pander: but to speak truth, the only scabs we are now-a-days troubled withal are new officers.

Inesse. Why now you come to mine, sir; for I'll be sworn one of them was very busy about my head this morning, and he should be a scab by that; for they are ambitious, and covet the head.

P. Broth. Why you saw I derived him, sir?

Inesse. You physicians are mad gentlemen.

P. Broth. We physicians see the most sights of any men living. Your astronomers look upward into the air; we look downward into the body; and, indeed, we have power upward and downward.

Inesse. That you have i'faith, sir.

Pos. Lady, how cheer you now?

Cour. The same woman still, huh.

Pos. That's not good.

Cour. Little alteration. Fie, fie, you have been too lavish, gentlemen.

Inesse. Puh, talk not of that, lady; thy health's worth a million—Here, Mr Doctor, spare for no cost.

Pos. Look what you find there, sir—

Cour. What do you mean, gentlemen? put up, put up, you see I'm down, and cannot strive with you, I would rule you else; you have me at advantage, but if ever I live, I will requite it deeply.

Inesse. Tut, an't come to that once we'll requite ourselves well enough.

Pos. Mrs Hairbrain, lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Cour. Hah, huh.

P. Broth. There struck the munit that brings forth the birth of all my joys and wishes; but see the jar now, how shall I rid these from her. [*Aside.*

Cour. Pray, gentlemen, stay not above an hour from my sight.

Inesse. S'foot! we are not going, lady.

P. Broth. Subtlely brought about! yet 'twill not do, they'll stick by't. A word with you, gentlemen.

Both. What says Mr Doctor?

P. Broth. She wants but settling of her sense with rest; one hour's sleep, gentlemen, would set all parts in tune.

Pos. He says true, i'faith.

Inesse. Get her to sleep, Mr Doctor; we'll both sit here, and watch by her.

P. Broth. Hell's angels watch you; no art can prevail with them! what with the thoughts of joys, and sight of crosses, my wits are at Hercules's pillars; *non plus ultra.* [*Aside.*

Cour. Mr Doctor, Mr Doctor?

P. Broth. Here, lady.

Cour. Your physic works; lend me your hand.

Pos. Farewell, sweet lady.

Inesse. Adieu, Mr doctor.

[*Exeunt* POSSIBILITY *and* INESSE.

Cour. So.

P. Broth. Let me admire thee?
The wit of man wains and decreases soon;
But women's wit is ever at full moon.

Enter Mistress HAIRBRAIN.

There shot a star from heaven!
I dare not yet behold my happiness,
The splendour is so glorious and so piercing.

Cour. Mistress Hairbrain, give my wit thanks hereafter; your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spacious.

Wife. Will you but hear a word from me?

Cour. Puh—

Wife. My husband himself brought me to the door, walks below for my return? jealousy is prick-ear'd, and will hear the wagging of a hair.

Cour. Pish, you are a faint liver! trust yourself with your pleasure, and me with your security, go.

P. Broth. The fulness of my wish.

Wife. Of my desire.

P. Broth. Beyond this sphere I never will aspire. [*Exeunt* PENITENT *and* WIFE.

Enter Mr HAIRBRAIN *listening.*

Hair. I'll listen, now the flesh draws nigh her end,
At such a time women exchange their secrets,
And ransack the close corners of their hearts:
What many years hath whelm'd, this hour imparts.

Cour. Pray sit down, there's a low stool; good mistress Hairbrain, this was kindly done; huh, give me your hand; huh, alas, how cold you are; even so is your husband, that worthy wise gentleman; as comfortable a man to woman in my case as ever trod—huh—shoe-leather. Love him, honour him, stick by him; he lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman; and, to be sure on't, he will see himself that you want it not.

Hair. And so I do, i'faith; 'tis right my humour.

Cour. You live a lady's life with him; go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

Hair. Not so, not so neither; she's better looked to.

Cour. I know you do, you need not tell me that; it were even pity of your life, i'faith, if ever you should wrong such an innocent gentleman. Fie, Mrs Hairbrain, what do you mean? come you to discomfort me? nothing but weeping with you?

Hair. She's weeping! it has made her weep! my wife shews her good nature already.

Cour. Still, still weeping? huff, huff, huff, why how now, woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame leave; suh, suh, she cannot answer me for sobbing.

Hair. All this does her good; beshrew my heart, and I pity her; let her shed tears till morning, I'll stay for her. She shall have enough on't, by my good will; I'll not be her hinderance.

Cour. O no, lay your hand here, Mrs Hairbrain: ay there! oh there, there lies my pain, good gentlewoman! sore! oh I, I can scarce endure your hand upon't—

Hair. Poor soul, how she's tormented!

Cour. Yes, yes, I eat a culliss an hour since.

Hair. There's some comfort in that yet, she may escape it.

Cour. Oh, it lies about my heart much.

Hair. I am sorry for that, i'faith, she'll hardly escape it.

Cour. Bound? no; I had a very comfortable stool this morning.

Hair. I am glad of that, i'faith, that's a good sign; I smell she'll escape it now.

Cour. Will you be going then?

Hair. Fall back, she's coming.

Cour. Thanks, good Mrs Hairbrain; welcome, sweet Mrs Hairbrain! pray commend me to the good gentleman your husband.

Hair. I could do that myself now.

Cour. And to my uncle Winchcomb, and to my aunt Lipsalve, and to my cousin Falsetop, and to my cousin Lickit, and to my cousin Horseman; and to all my good cousins in Clerkenwell and St Johns's.

Enter WIFE *with Mr* PENITENT.

Wife. At three days end my husband takes a journey.

P. Broth. O thence I derive a second meeting.

Wife. May it prosper still!

Till then I rest a captive to his will:
Once again, health, rest, and strength to thee, sweet lady: farewell, you witty squall; good Mr Doctor, have a care to her body; if you stand her friend, I know you can do her good.

Cour. Take pity of your waiter, go: farewell, sweet Mrs Hairbrain.

Hair. Welcome, sweet wife; alight upon my lip; never was hour spent better.

Wife. Why, were you within the hearing, sir?

Hair. Ay that I was i'faith, to my great comfort; I deceived you there, wife, ha, ha;
I do intreat thee, nay conjure thee, wife,
Upon my love, or what can more be said,
Oft'ner to visit this sick virtuous maid.

Wife. Be not so fierce, your will shall be obeyed.

Hair. Why then I see thou lov'st me. [*Exeunt.*

P. Broth. Art of ladies!
When plots are e'en past hope, and hang their head;
Set with a woman's hand, they thrive and spread. [*Exit.*

Enter FOLLY-WIT, *with Lieutenant* MAWWORM, ANTIENT HAUTBOY, *and the rest of his consorts.*

Fol. Was't not well managed you necessary mischiefs? did the plot want either life or art?

Lieu. 'twas so well, captain, I would you could make such another [32] muss at all adventures.

Fol. Do'st call't a muss? I am sure my grandsire ne'er got his money worse in his life, than I got it from him. If ever he did cozen the simple; why, I was born to revenge their quarrel. If ever oppress the widow; I, a fatherless child, have done as much for him. And so 'tis, through the world, either in jest or earnest. Let the usurer look for't; for craft recoils in the end, like an overcharged musket, and maims the very hand that puts fire to't. There needs no more but a usurer's own blow to strike him from hence to hell; 'twill set him forward with a vengeance. But here lay the jest, whoresons; my grandsire, thinking in his conscience that we had not robbed him enough o'er night, must needs pity me i'the morning, and give me the rest.

Lieu. Two hundred pounds in fair [33] Rose-Nobles, I protest.

Fol. Pish, I knew he could not sleep quietly till he had paid me for robbing of him too; 'tis his humour, and the humour of most of your rich men in the course of their lives; for, you know, they always feast those mouths that are least needy; and give them more that have too much already; and what call you that, but robbing of themselves a courtlier way? Oh!

Lieu. Cuds me, how now, captain?

Fol. A cold fit that comes over my memory, and has a shrewd pull at my fortunes.

Lieu. What's that, sir!

Fol. Is it for certain, lieutenant, that my grandsire keeps an uncertain creature, a quean?

Lieu. Ay, that's too true, sir.

Fol. So much the more preposterous for me; I shall hop shorter by that trick: she carries away the thirds, at least. 'Twill prove entailed land, I am afraid, when all's done i'faith.
Nay, I have known a vicious-old-thought-acting father,
Damn'd only in his dreams, thirsting for game,
(When his best parts hung down their heads for shame,)

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[32] *Muss*—i. e. scramble. See Mr Steevens's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 11.

[33] *Rose-Nobles*—A Rose-Noble was an ancient English gold coin, first struck in the reign of Edward III. and then called *the penny of gold*; since called *Rose-Noble*, because stamped with a *Rose*. It was current at 6*s*. 8*d*.

[34] For his blanch'd harlot dispossess his son,
And make the pox his heir; 'twas gravely done!
How hadst thou first knowledge on't, lieutenant?

Lieu. Faith from discourse; yet, all the policy
That I could use, I could not get her name.

Fol. Dull slave, that ne'er could spy it!

Lieu. But the manner of her coming was described to me.

Fol. How is the manner, pr'ythee?

Lieu. Marry, sir, she comes most commonly coached.

Fol. Most commonly coached indeed; for coaches are as common now-a-days, as some that ride in 'em; she comes most commonly coached?

Lieu. True, there I left, sir: guarded with some leash of pimps.

Fol. Beside the coachman?

Lieu. Right, sir; then alighting, she's privately received by Mr Gum-water.

Fol. That's my grandsire's chief gentleman i'the chain of gold. That he should live to be a pander, and yet look upon his chain and his velvet jacket?

Lieu. Then is your grandsire [35] rounded i'the ear; the key given after the Italian fashion, backward; she closely conveyed into his closet; there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon his credit, or he send down some hot caudle, to take order in his performance.

Fol. Peace, 'tis mine own, i'faith; I ha't!

Lieu. How now, sir?

Fol. Thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions?

Ant. Why, Mr Folly-wit!

All. Captain!

Fol. Give me scope, and hear me.
I have begot that means, which will both furnish me,
And make that quean walk under his conceit.

Lieu. That were double happiness; to put thyself into money, and her out of favour.

Fol. And all at one dealing.

Ant. 'Sfoot, I long to see that hand played!

Fol. And thou shalt see't quickly, i'faith. Nay, 'tis in grain; I warrant it hold colour. Lieutenant, step behind yon hanging: If I mistook not at my entrance, there hangs the lower part of a gentlewoman's gown, with a mask and a chinclout; bring all this way. Nay, but do't cunningly now, 'tis a friend's house, and I'd use it so; there's a taste for you.

Ant. But, pr'ythee, what wilt thou do with a gentlewoman's lower part?

Fol. Why, use it.

Ant. You've answered me indeed in that; I can demand no farther.

Fol. Well said, lieutenant.

Lieu. What will you do now, sir?

Fol. Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

Lieu. But that's against kind, captain; for they are always long a making ready.

Fol. And is not most they do against kind, I pr'ythee? to lie with their horse-keeper, is not that against kind? to wear half moons made of another's hair, is not that against kind? to drink down a man, she that should set him up, pray is not that monstrously against kind now? nay, over with it, lieutenant, over with it; ever while you live put a woman's clothes over her head: Cupid plays best at blindman's buff.

Lieu. You shall have your will, maintenance; I love mad tricks as well as you for your heart, sir; but what shift will you make for upper bodies, captain?

Fol. I see now thou'rt an ass; why, I'm ready.

Lieu. Ready?

Fol. Why, the doublet serves as well as the best, and is most in fashion; we're all male to the middle; mankind, from the beaver to the bum. 'Tis an Amazonian time; you shall have women shortly tread their husbands. I should have a couple of locks behind; pr'ythee, lieutenant, find 'em out for me, and wind 'em about my hatband; nay, you shall see, we'll be in fashion to a hair, and become all with probabilility: the most musty-visage critic shall not except against me.

Lieu. Nay, I'll give thee thy due, behind thy back, thou art as mad a piece of clay——

Fol. Clay! dost call thy captain clay? indeed, clay was made to stop holes; he says true. Did not I tell you, rascals, you should see a woman quickly made up?

Ant. I'll swear for't, captain.

Fol. Come, come, my mask, and my chinclout—Come into the court.

Lieu. Nay, they were both i'the court long ago, sir.

Fol. Let me see; where shall I chuse two or three for pimps now; but I cannot chuse amiss amongst you all, that's the best. Well, as I am a quean, you were best have a care of me; and guard me sure. I give you warning before hand; 'tis a monkey-tailed age. Life, you shall go nigh to have half a dozen blyth fellows surprise me cowardly, carry me away with a pair of oars, and put in at Putney,

Lieu. We should laugh at that, i'faith.

Fol. Or shoot in upon the coast of [36] Cue.

Lieu. Two notable fit landing places for lechers, P and C, Putney and Cue.

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[34] *For his blanched harlot*—i. e. his harlot, whose skin is *made white* by the use of cosmetics. S.

[35] *Rounded i'the ear*—See Note 11 to the *Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 466.

[36] *Cue*—i. e. Kew.

Fol. Well, say you have fair warning on't; the hair about the hat is as good as [37] a flag upon the pole at a common play-house, to waft company; and a chinclout is of that powerful attraction, I can tell you, 'twill draw more linen to't.

Lieu. Fear not us, captain; there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as some Inns o' court man.

Fol. Why then set forward;
And as you scorn two shilling brothels,
Twelvepenny pandarism, and such base bribes,
Guard me from bonny scribs and bonny scribes.

Lieu. Hang 'em, pensions, and allowances! fourpence halfpenny a-meal, hang 'em!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter in his Chamber out of his Study, Mr PENITENT BROTHEL, *a Book in his hand reading.*

P. Broth. Ha? read that place again!—adultery
Draws the divorce 'twixt heaven and the soul.
Accursed man, that stands divorced from heaven!
Thou wretched unthrift, that hast played away
Thy eternal portion at a minute's game;
To please the flesh, hast blotted out thy name!
Where were thy nobler meditations busied,
That they durst trust this body with itself?
This natural drunkard that undoes us all,
And makes our shame apparent in our fall.
Then let my blood pay for't, and vex and boil!
My soul, I know, would never grieve to the death
The eternal Spirit, that feeds her with his breath;
Nay I, that knew the price of life and sin,
What crown is kept for continence, what for lust,
The end of man, and glory of that end
As endless as the giver;
To doat on weakness, slime, corruption, woman!
What is she, took asunder from her clothes?
Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
[38] Much like your German clock, and near allied;
Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride.
Beside a greater fault, but too well known,
They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.
Within these three days the next meeting's fixed,
If I meet then, hell and my soul be mixed!
My lodging I know constantly, she not knows;
Sin's hate is the best gift that sin bestows;
I'll ne'er embrace her more,—never—bear witness, never.

Enter the Devil in her shape, claps him on the shoulder.

Suc. What, at a stand? the fitter for my company.

P. Broth. Celestial soldiers, guard me!

Suc. How now, man? 'lass, did the quickness of my presence fright thee?

P. Broth. [39] Shield me, you ministers of faith and grace!

Suc. Leave, leave; are you not ashamed to use such words to a woman?

P. Broth. Thou'rt a devil.

Suc. A devil! feel, feel man, has a devil flesh and bone?

P. Broth. I do conjure thee, by that dreadful power——

Suc. The man has a delight to make me tremble!
Are these the fruits of thy adventurous love?
Was I enticed for this, to be so soon rejected?
Come, what has changed thee so, Delight?

P. Broth. Away!

Suc. Remember——

P. Broth. Leave my sight!

Suc. Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which when I come I find thee shunning?
Rouze thy amorous thoughts, and twine me,
All my interest I resign thee;
Shall we let slip this mutual hour,
Comes so seldom in her power?
Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fathom?
Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em?
Art a man? or dost abuse one?
A love! and know'st not how to use one?

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[37] *A flag upon the pole of a common play-house*—That it was the custom formerly to have flags on the tops of the play-houses may be seen in the South View of the City of London, as it appeared in 1599, where are representations of the Globe and Swan Play-houses. See also the Preface to the edition of Shakespeare 1778. So, in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 47. "Each play-house advanceth his flagge in the aire, whither quickly at the waving thereof are summoned whole troopes of men, women, and children."

[38] *Much like your German clock*—Tom Otter, in Ben Jonson's *Epicene, or the Silent Woman*, A. 4. S. 2. speaking of his wife, says, "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like *a great German clock*."

[39] *Shield me*, &c.—See *Hamlet*, S.

Come, I'll teach thee!

P. Broth. Do not follow——

Suc. Once so firm, and now so hollow?
When was place and season sweeter?
Thy bliss in sight, and darest not meet her?
Where's thy courage, youth, and vigour?
Love's best pleased, when't's [40] seized with rigour:
Seize me then with veins most chearful;
Women love no flesh that's fearful.
'Tis but a fit, come drink't away,
And dance and sing, and kiss and play! fa le
La, le la, fa le la le la la; fa le la, fa la le
La le la.

P. Broth. Torment me not.

Suc. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

P. Broth. Fury!

Suc. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

P. Broth. Devil! I do conjure thee once again,
By that soul-quaking thunder, to depart,
And leave this chamber, freed from thy damn'd art. [SUCCUBUS *stamps, and exit.*

P. Broth. It has prevailed.—Oh my sin-shaking sinews!
What should I think? Jasper, why Jasper—

Enter JASPER.

Jas. Sir! how now? what has disturbed you, sir?

P. Broth. A fit, a qualm; is Mistress Hairbrain gone?

Jas. Who sir? Mrs Hairbrain?

P. Broth. Is she gone, I say?

Jas. Gone? why she was never here yet.

P. Broth. No!

Jas. Why no, sir.

P. Broth. Art sure on't?

Jas. Sure on't. If I be sure I breathe, and am myself.

P. Broth. I like it not;—where kep'st thou?

Jas. I'the next room, sir.

P. Broth. Why she struck by thee, man.

Jas. You'd make one mad, sir; that a gentlewoman should steal by me, and I not hear her! 'sfoot, one may hear the ruffling of their bums almost an hour before we see 'em.

P. Broth. I will be satisfied,—although to hazard,
What though her husband meet me I am honest.
When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts 'em;
But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing daunts 'em. [*Exit.*

Jas. What strange humour call you this? he dreams of women, and both his eyes broad open! [*Exit.*

Enter at one Door Sir BOUNTEOUS, *at another* GUM-WATER.

Sir Boun. Why, how now, Master Gum-water? what's the news with your haste?

Gum. I have a thing to tell your worship—

Sir Boun. Why, pr'ythee tell me; speak, man.

Gum. Your worship shall pardon me, I have better bringing-up than so.

Sir Boun. How, sir?

Gum. 'Tis a thing made fit for your ear, sir—

Sir Boun. Oh, oh, oh, cry-you-mercy, now I begin to taste you; is she come?

Gum. She's come, sir.

Sir Boun. Recovered? well and sound again?

Gum. That's to be feared, sir.

Sir Boun. Why, sir?

Gum. She wears a linen cloth about her jaw.

Sir Boun. Ha, ha, haw,—why that's the fashion, you whoreson Gum-water.

Gum. The fashion, sir? live I so long time to see that a fashion,
Which rather was an emblem of dispraise!
[41] It was suspected much in monsieur's days.

Sir Boun. Ay, ay, in those days; that was a queasy time: our age is better hardened now, and put oftener in the fire. We are tried what we are. Tut, the pox is as natural now as an ague in the spring time; we seldom take physic without it. Here, take this key; you know what duties belong to't. Go,—give order for a cullice. Let there be a good fire made in the matted chamber; do you hear, sir?

Gum. I know my office, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir Boun. An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to't. [*Exit.*

Enter GUM-WATER *with* FOLLY-WIT *in Courtezan's disguise, and masked.*

Gum. Come, lady, you know where you are now?

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[40] *Seized*—Both the quartos read *seard;* and again, *seare* in the next line. The alteration by Mr Dodsley.

[41] *It was suspected much in monsieur's days*—By *monsieur's days*, I apprehend the author means the time when the Duke of Anjou resided in England. That prince, brother to Charles the Ninth, King of France, on the encouragement he had received from Queen Elizabeth, visited the English court in the year 1581, and expected to have been united to her majesty in marriage. The queen, however, after many affected delays, broke off the treaty, and the duke was obliged to return to his own country, with the disgrace of a direct refusal.

Monsieur's days are mentioned again in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604. Sign. C. "—— let mercers then have conscionable thumbs, when they measure out that smooth glittering divell Sattin, and that old reveller Velvet, in the *daies of mounsieur*, both which have devoured many an honest field of wheate and barley."

Fol. Yes, good master Gum-water.

Gum. This is the old closet, you know.

Fol. I remember it well, sir.

Gum. There stands a casket; I would my yearly revenue were but worth the wealth that's locked in it, lady; yet I have fifty pound a-year, wench.

Fol. Besides your apparel, sir?

Gum. Yes, faith, have I.

Fol. But then you reckon your chain, sir?

Gum. No, by my troth, do I not neither: faith, and you consider me rightly, sweet lady, you might admit a choice gentleman into your service.

Fol. Oh, pray away, sir.

Gum. Psha, come, come; you do but hinder your fortunes, i'faith; I have the command of all the house, I can tell you; nothing comes into the kitchen, but comes through my hands.

Fol. Pray do not handle me, sir.

Gum. Faith you're too nice, lady; and as for my secrecy, you know I have vowed it often to you.

Fol. Vowed it? no, no, you men are fickle—

Gum. Fickle?—'sfoot! bind me, lady—

Fol. Why I bind you by virtue of this chain to meet me to-morrow at the Flower-de-luce yonder, between nine and ten.

Gum. And if I do not, lady, let me lose it, thy love, and my best fortunes!

Fol. Why now I'll try you; go to.

Gum. Farewell, sweet lady!

[*Exit.*

Fol. Farewell, sweet coxcomb! by my faith, a good induction! I perceive by his over-worn phrase, and his action toward the middle region still, there has been some saucy nibbling motion; and no doubt the cunning quean waited but for her prey: and I think 'tis better bestowed upon me, for his soul's health, and his body's too. I'll teach the slave to be so bold yet, as once to offer to vault into his master's saddle, i'faith. Now, casket, by your leave; I have seen your outside oft, but that's no proof. Some have fair outsides, that are nothing worth: ha!—now, by my faith, a gentlewoman of very good parts; diamond, ruby, sapphire: [42] *Onyx cum prole, Silexque!* if I do not wonder how the quean escaped tempting, I'm an hermaphrodite! sure she could lack nothing, but the devil to point to't; and I wonder that he should be missing. Well, 'tis better as it is; this is the fruit of old grunting venery. Grandsire, you may thank your drab for this. Oh fie, in your crinkling days, grandsire, keep a courtezan, to hinder your grandchild! 'tis against nature, i'faith, and I hope you'll be weary on't. Now to my villains that lurk close below:

Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,
He needs not thief, disease, nor enemy. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS.

Sir Boun. Ah, sirrah! methinks I feel myself well toasted, bombasted, rubbed, and refreshed; but i'faith I cannot forget to think how soon sickness has altered her—to my taste. I gave her a kiss at bottom of the stairs; and by the mass, methought her breath had much ado to be sweet; like a thing compounded, methought, of wine, beer, and tobacco; I smelt much pudding in't. It may be but my fancy, or her physic:

For this I know, her health gave such content,
The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent.

How dost thou now, sweet girl? what, well recovered? sickness quite gone, ha? speak—ha? wench? Frank Gulman! why, body of me, what's here? my casket wide open, broke open, my jewels stolen—why, Gum-water——

Enter GUM-WATER.

Gum. Anon, anon, sir.

Sir Boun. Come hither, Gum-water.

Gum. That were small manners, sir, i'faith; I'll find a time anon; your worship's busy yet.

Sir Boun. Why, Gum-water!

Gum. Foh, nay then you'll make me blush, i'faith, sir—

Sir Boun. Where's this creature?

Gum. What creature is it you would have, sir?

Sir Boun. The worst that ever breathes.

Gum. That's a wild boar, sir.

Sir Boun. That's a vile whore, sir;—where didst thou leave her, rascal?

Gum. Who? your recreation, sir?

Sir Boun. My execration, sir!

Gum. Where I was won't; in your worship's closet.

Sir Boun. A pox engross her! it appears too true;
See you this casket, sir?

Gum. My chain, my chain, my chain! my one and only chain! [*Exit.*

Sir Boun. Thou run'st to much purpose now, Gum-water. Is not a quean enough to answer for, but she must join a thief to it? a thieving quean! Nay, I have done with her, i'faith, 'tis a sign she has been sick a late, for she is a great deal worse than she was! by my troth, I would have pawned my life upon't. Did she want any thing? was she not supplied?
Nay, and liberally; for that's an old man's sin;
We'll feast our lechery, though we starve our kin.
Is not my name Sir Bounteous? am I not express'd there?
Ah, fie, fie, fie; fie, fie! but I perceive,
Though she have never so complete a friend,
A strumpet's love will have a waft i'the end,
And distaste the vessel. I can hardly bear this;

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[42] *Onyx cum prole, Silexque!*—A line from *Propria quæ maribus.* S.

But say, I should complain; perhaps she has pawned 'em—
'Sfoot the judges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrow more money of 'em; make the old fellow pay for his lechery; that's all the mends I get. I have seen the same case tried at Newbury the last 'sizes.
Well, things must slip and sleep; I will dissemble it,
Because my credit shall not lose her lustre;
But whilst I live, I'll neither love nor trust her.
I've done, I've done, I've done with her, i'faith! [*Exit.*

Master PENITENT BROTHEL *knocking within; enter a Servant.*

Ser. Who's that knocks?
P. Broth. A friend.
Ser. What's your will, sir?
P. Broth. Is master Hairbrain at home?
Ser. No, newly gone from it, sir.
P. Broth. Where's the gentlewoman his wife?
Ser. My mistress is within, sir.
P. Broth When came she in, I pray?
Ser. Who, my mistress? she was not out these two days, to my knowledge.
P. Broth. No? trust me, I thought I had seen her; I would request a word with her.
Ser. I'll tell her, sir.
P. Broth. I thank you—It likes me[43] worse and worse.

Enter Mistress HAIRBRAIN.[44]

Wife. Why, how now, sir? 'twas desperately adventured;
I little look'd for you until the morrow.
P. Broth. No! why what made you at my chamber then even now?
Wife. I, at your chamber!
P. Broth. Puh, dissemble not; come, come, you were there.
Wife. By my life you wrong me, sir.
P. Broth. What?
Wife. First you are not ignorant what watch is kept over me;
And for your chamber, as I live, I know it not.
P. Broth. Burst into sorrow then, and griefs extreme,
Whilst I beat on this flesh.
Wife. What is it disturbs you, sir?
P. Broth. Then was the devil in your likeness there.
Wife. Ha!
P. Broth. The very devil assumed thee formally;[45]
That face, that voice, that gesture, that attire,
E'en as it sits on thee, not a plait alter'd,
That beaver band, the colour of that periwig,[46]
The farthingal above the navel, all, all;
As if the fashion were his own invention.
Wife. Mercy, defend me!
P. Broth. To beguile me more,
The cunning Succubus told me, that meeting
Was wrought a purpose by much wit and art;
Wept to me; laid my vows before me; urged me;
Gave me the private marks of all our love;
Woo'd me in wanton and effeminate rhymes;
And sung and danced about me like a fairy:
And, had not worthier cogitations blest me,
Thy form, and his enchantments, had possess'd me.
Wife. What shall become of me? my own thoughts doom me!
P. Broth. Be honest, then the devil will ne'er assume thee:
He has no pleasure in that shape to abide,
Where these two sisters reign, hot lust or pride.
He as much trembles at a constant mind
As looser flesh at him; be not dismay'd;
Spring souls for joy! his policies are betray'd!
Forgive me, Mrs Hairbrain, on whose soul
The guilt hangs double;
My lust, and thy enticement. Both I challenge;
And therefore of due vengeance it appeared
To none but me, to whom both sins inhered.
What knows the lecher, when he[47] clips his whore,
Whether it be the devil his parts adore?
They're both so like, that, in our natural sense,
I could discern no change nor difference.
No marvel then times should so stretch and turn;
None for religion, all for pleasure burn.
Hot zeal into hot lust is now transformed;
Grace into painting, charity into clothes;
Faith into false hair, and put off as often;
There's nothing but our virtue knows a mean;
He that kept open house, now keeps a quean.
He will keep open still, that he commends;
And there he keeps a table for his friends:

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[43] *It likes me*—i. e. *It pleases me.* See Note 8 to *Cornelia.*

[44] *Mrs Hairbrain*—Both the Quartos read *Mrs Hargrave*, which was probably the name of the performer of this character.

[45] *Assumed thee formally*—i. e. assumed thy form. See Mr Malone's Note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 2. S. 5. edit. 1778.

[46] *That periwig*—"About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the Article of *Dress*.—Stowe informs us, that women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris." Mr Steevens's Note on *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.

[47] *Clips* i. e. embraces.

And she consumes more than her sire could hoard,
Being more common than his house or board.

Enter HAIRBRAIN.

Live honest, and live happy, keep thy vows,
She's part a virgin whom but one man knows:
Embrace thy husband, and beside him none,
Having but one heart, give it but to one.

Wife. I vow it on my knees, with tears true bred,
No man shall ever wrong my husband's bed.

P. Broth. Rise, I'm thy friend for ever.

Hair. And I thine!
For ever and ever!—Let me embrace thee, sir, whom
I will love even next unto my soul, and that's my wife.
Two dear rare gems this hour presents me with,
A wife that's modest, and a friend that's right;
Idle suspect and fear, now take your flight.

P. Broth. A happy inward peace crown both your joys.

Hair. Thanks above utterance to you,—now the news?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Bounteous Progress, sir,
Invites you and my mistress to a feast
On Tuesday next; his man attends without—

Hair. Return both with our willingness and thanks.
I will intreat you, sir, to be my guest.

P. Broth. Who I, sir?

Hair. Faith you shall.

P. Broth. Well, I'll break strife.

Hair. A friend's so rare, I'll sooner part from life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FOLLY-WIT, *the Courtezan striving from him.*

Fol. What so coy, so strict, come come.

Cour. Pray change your opinion, sir, I am not for that use.

Fol. Will you but hear me?

Cour. I shall hear that I would not. [*Exit.*

Fol. 'Sfoot, this is strange! I've seldom seen a wench stand upon stricter point; life! she will not endure to be courted, does she ever think to prosper? I'll ne'er believe that tree can bring forth fruit, that never bears a blossom. Courtship is a blossom, and often brings forth fruit in forty weeks: it were a mad part in me now to turn over: if ever there were any hope on't, 'tis at this instant. Shall I be madder now than ever I have been? I'm in the way, i'faith.
Man's never at high height of madness full,
Until he love, and prove a woman's gull;
I do protest in earnest, I ne'er knew
At which end to begin to affect a woman;
Till this bewitching minute, I ne'er saw
Face worth my object, till mine eye met her's; I should laugh if I were caught, i'faith; I'll see her again, that is certain, whate'er comes on't; [48] by your favour, ladies.

Enter the Mother.

You're welcome, sir.

Fol. Know you the young gentlewoman that went in lately?

Moth. I have best cause to know her; I am her mother, sir.

Fol. Oh in good time, I like the gentlewoman well, a pretty contrived beauty.

Moth. Ay, nature has done her part, sir.

Fol. But she has one uncomely quality.

Moth. What is that, sir?

Fol. 'Sfoot, she is afraid of a man.

Moth. Alas, impute that to her bashful spirit, she is fearful of her honour.

Fol. Of her honour? 'slid, I am sure I cannot get her maidenhead with breathing upon her, nor can she lose her honour in her tongue.

Moth. True, and I have often told her so: but what would you have of a foolish virgin, sir, a wilful virgin? I tell you, sir, I need not have been in that solitary state that I am, had she had grace and boldness to have put herself forward; always timorsome, always backward! ah, that same peevish honour of hers has undone her and me both, good gentleman! the suitors, the jewels, the jointures, that have been offered her! we had been [49] made women for ever; but what was her fashion? she could not endure the sight of a man, forsooth, but ran and hid herself presently. So choice of her honour, I am persuaded, whene'er she has a husband, she will even
Be a precedent for all married wives
How to direct their actions and their lives.

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[48] *By your favour, ladies.*—The players of James the First's time seem to have been as censurable for addressing the audience as any of their successors since. This speech is evidently not intended for the bawd who now enters *alone*. In the same manner Sir Bounteous speaks to the auditors; when he says, "An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters there's much cookery belongs to it."

[49] *Made women.*—i. e. made our fortunes. So, in Massinger's *A Very Woman*, A. 5. S. 1:

"For which if you desire to be *made men*,
And by one undertaking, and that easy,
You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings."

Again, Trinculo, in *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2. says, "there would this monster *make a man*." See the notes of Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens on this last passage.

Fol. Have you not so much power with her to command her presence?

Moth. You shall see strait what I can do, sir. [*Exit.*

Fol. Would I might be hanged, if my love do not stretch to her deeper and deeper. Those bashful maiden humours take me prisoner. When there comes a restraint upon flesh, we are always most greedy upon it; and that makes your merchant's wife oftentimes pay so dear for a mouthful. Give me a woman as she was made at first; simple of herself, without sophistication, like this wench; I cannot abide them when they have tricks, set speeches, and artful entertainments. You shall have some so impudently aspected, they will outcry the forehead of a man, make him blush first, and talk him into silence; and this is counted manly in a woman; it may hold so; sure womanly it is not. No,

If e'er I love, or any thing move me,
'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

Enter Mother, bringing in strivingly the Courtezan.

Cour. Pray let me go; why, mother, what do you mean? I beseech you, mother! is this your conquest now? great glory 'tis to overcome a poor and silly virgin.

Fol. The wonder of our time sits in that brow;
I ne'er beheld a perfect maid till now.

Moth. Thou childish thing, more bashful than thou'rt wise,
Why dost thou turn aside, and drown thine eyes?
Look, fearful fool, there's no temptation near thee;
Art not ashamed that any flesh should [50] fear thee?
Why, I durst pawn my life the gentleman means no other but honest and pure love to thee; how say you, sir?

Fol. By my faith, not I, lady.

Moth. Hark you there; what think you now, Forsooth? what grieves your honour now?
Or what lascivious breath intends to rear,
Against that maiden organ, your chaste ear?
Are you resolved now better of men's hearts,
Their faiths and their affections? With you none,
Or at most few, whose tongues and minds are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past,
Men love as purely as you can be chaste.
To her yourself, sir; the way is broke before you; you have the easier passage.

Fol. Fear not; come, erect thy happy graces in thy look;
I am no [51] furious wooer, but in faith
I love thee honourably.

Cour. How mean you that, sir?

Fol. 'Sfoot, as one loves a woman for a wife.

Moth. Has the gentleman answered you, trow?

Fol. I do confess it truly to you both,
My estate is yet but sickly; but I've a grandsire
Will make me lord of thousands at his death.

Moth. I know your grandsire well; she knows him better.

Fol. Why, then, you know no fiction; my estate then will be a long day's journey above the waste, wench.

Moth. Nay, daughter, he says true.

Fol. And thou shalt often measure it in thy coach,
And with the wheels track make a girdle for't.

Moth. Ah, it will be a merry journey.

Fol. What, is't a match? if it be, clap hands and lips.

Moth. 'Tis done, there is witness on't.

Fol. Why then, mother, I salute you.

Moth. Thanks, sweet son;—son Follywit, come hither; if I might counsel thee, we'll even take her while the good mood is upon her, send for a priest, and clap it up within this hour.

Fol. By my troth agreed, mother.

Moth. Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh;
Though beauty be enough wealth for a woman,
She brings a dowry of three hundred pound with her.

Fol. 'Sfoot, that will serve till my grandsire dies; I warrant you he'll drop away at fall of the leaf; if ever he reach to All Hollantide, I'll be hanged.

Moth. O yes, son, he is a lusty old gentleman.

Fol. Ah pox, he is given to women; he keeps a quean at this present.

Moth. Fie!

Fol. Do not tell my wife on't.

Moth. That were needless, i'faith.

Fol. He makes a great feast upon the eleventh of this month, Tuesday next, and you shall see players there—I have one trick more to put upon him; my wife and yourself shall go thither before as my guests, and prove his entertainment. I'll meet you there at night. The jest will be here; that feast which he makes will, unknown to him, serve fitly for our wedding-dinner; we shall be royally furnished, and get some charges by it.

Moth. An excellent course i'faith, and a thrifty; why, son, methinks you begin to thrive before you are married.

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[50] *Fear thee*—i. e. affright thee. See Note 136 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 490.

[51] *Furious*—Both editions have *curious*. The alteration by Mr Dodsley. *Curious*, however, is probably the genuine reading; it may mean *inquisitive, prying*.

Fol. We shall thrive one day, wench, and clip enough,
Between our hopes there's but a grandsire's puff. [*Exit.*

Moth. So, girl, here was a bird well caught.

Cour. If ever, here: but what for his grandsire? it will scarce please him well.

Moth. Who covets fruit, ne'er cares from whence it fell;
Thou'st wedded youth and strength, and wealth will fall:
Last, thou'rt made honest.

Cour. And that's worth them all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter busily Sir BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS *for the Feast.*

Sir Boun. Have a care, [49] blue coats; bestir yourself, Mr Gum-water; cast an eye into the kitchen; overlook the knaves a little; every Jack has his friend to-day. This cousin, and that cousin, puts in for a dish of meat. A man knows not, till he make a feast, how many varlets he feeds. Acquaintances swarm in every corner, like flies at Bartholomew-tide, that come up with drovers; 'sfoot, I think they smell my kitchen seven mile about. [50] Mr Hairbrain, and his sweet bedfellow, you are very copiously welcome.

Enter HAIRBRAIN *and Wife, and Mr* PENITENT BROTHEL.

Hair. Sir, here is an especial dear friend of ours; we were bold to make his way to your table.

Sir Boun. Thanks for that boldness ever, good Mr Hairbrain; is this your friend, sir?

Hair. Both my wife's friend and mine, sir.

Sir Boun. Why then compendiously, sir,—you are welcome.

P. Broth. In octavo I thank you, sir.

Sir Boun. Excellently retorted, i'faith; he's welcome for his wit: I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place them courtly. Walk in, sweet gentlemen, walk in; there is a good fire in the hall; you shall have my sweet company instantly.

Hair. Ay, good sir Bounteous.

[*Exeunt* HAIRBRAIN *and Wife, and* PENITENT.

Enter SEMUS.

Sir Boun. You shall indeed, gentlemen; how now, what news brings thee in stumbling now?

Sem. There are certain players come to town, sir, and desire to interlude before your worship.

Sir Boun. Players! By the mass they are welcome, they will grace my entertainment well: but for certain players, there thou liest, boy,—they were never more uncertain in their lives; now up, and now down, they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play: not when to play, for fearful fools; where to play, for puritan fools; nor what to play, for critical fools.—Go, call them in. How fitly the whoresons come upon the feast! troth I was even wishing for them,——oh, welcome, welcome, my friends.

Enter FOLLY-WIT *and his Companions.*

Fol. The month of May delights not in her flowers
More than we joy in that sweet sight of yours.

Sir Boun. Well acted on my credit. I perceive he is your best actor.

Sem. He has greatest share, sir, and may live of himself, sir.

Sir Boun. What! what! put on your hat, sir, pray put on; go to, wealth must be respected; let those that have least feathers stand bare; and whose men are you, I pray? nay, keep on your hat still.

Fol. We serve my Lord Owemuch, sir.

Sir Boun. My Lord Owemuch? by my troth the welcomest man alive! Give me all your hands at once; that honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and took all quietly, went away chearfully. I made a very good feast for him; I never saw a man of honour bear things bravelier away. Serve my Lord Owemuch? welcome, i'faith. Some bastard for my lord's players,—where be your boys?

Fol. They come along with the waggon, sir.

Sir Boun. Good, good; and which is your politician amongst you? now, i'faith, he that works out restraints, makes best legs at court, and has a suit made of purpose for the company's business, which is he? come, be not afraid of him.

Fol. I am he, sir.

Sir Boun. Art thou he? give me thy hand;—hark in thine ear! thou rollest too fast to gather so much moss as thy fellow there; champ upon that. Ah, and what play shall we have, my masters?

Fol. A pleasant, witty comedy, sir.

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[49] *Blue coats*—See Note 8 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 564.

[50] *Mr Hairbrain*—The quartos read *Mr Shortrod*, which was probably the name of the person who performed the part of *Hairbrain*.

Sir Boun. Ay, ay, ay, a comedy in any case, that I and my guests may laugh a little. What's the name on't?

Fol. 'Tis called the Slip.

Sir Boun. The Slip? by my troth a pretty name, and a glib one; go all, and slip into it, as fast as you can; cover a table for the players. First take heed of a lurcher, he cuts deep, he will eat up all from you. Some sherry for my lord's players there; sirrah, why this will be a true feast, a right Mitre[51] supper, a play and all; more lights.—I called for light; here come in two, are light enough for a whole house, i'faith. Dare the thief look me in the face? O impudent times! Go to, dissemble it.

Enter Mother and Courtezan.

Moth. Bless you, Sir Bounteous!

Sir Boun. O welcome, welcome! thief, quean, and bawd, welcome all three!

Moth. Nay, here's but two of us, sir.

Sir Boun. O' my troth I took her for a couple; I'd have sworn there had been two faces there.

Moth. Not all under one hood, sir.

Sir Boun. Yes, faith would I, to see mine eyes bear double.

Moth. I'll make it hold; my daughter is a couple,
She was married yesterday.

Sir Boun. Buz!

Moth. Nay, to no buzzard neither, a right hawk,
Whene'er you know him.

Sir Boun. Away, he cannot be but a rascal. Walk in, walk in, bold guests that come unsent for. Pox, I perceive how my jewels went now, to grace her marriage.

Cour. Would you with me, sir?

Sir Boun. Ay, how hast it, wench, you put the slip upon me,
Not three nights since? I name it gently to you: I term it neither pilfer, cheat, nor sharp.

Cour. You are past my reach.

Sir Boun. I am old, and past your reach, very good; but you will not deny this, I trust.

Cour. With a safe conscience, sir.

Sir Boun. You?—give me thy hand; fare thee well; I have done with her.

Cour. Give me your hand, sir; you ne'er yet began with me. [*Exit.*

Sir Boun. Whew, whew! O audacious age! She denies me, and all! When on her fingers
I spied the ruby sit, that does betray her,
And blushes for her fact! Well, there's a time for't,
For all's too little now for entertainment.
Feast, mirth, ay harmony, and the play to boot,
A jovial season!—How now! are you ready?

Enter FOLLY-WIT.

Fol. Even upon readiness, sir.

Sir Boun. Keep you your hat on?

[*Takes it off.*

Fol. I have a suit to your worship.

Sir Boun. Oh, cry you mercy; then you must stand bare.

Fol. We could do all to the life of action, sir, both for the credit of your worship's house, and the grace of our comedy.

Sir Boun. Cuds me! what else, sir?

Fol. But for some defects (as the custom is) we would be bold to require your worship's assistance.

Sir Boun. Why, with all my heart; what is it you want? speak.

Fol. One's a chain for a justice's hat, sir.

Sir Boun. Why here, here, here, here, whoreson, will this serve your turn? what else lack you?

Fol. We should use a ring with a stone in it.

Sir Boun. Nay, whoop, I have given too many rings already; talk no more of rings, I pray you; here, here, here, make this jewel serve for once.

Fol. Oh this will serve, sir.

Sir Boun. What, have you all now?

Fol. All now, sir,—only time is brought in the middle of the play, and I would desire your Lordship's watch, time.

Sir Boun. My watch? with all my heart; only give Time a charge, that he be not fiddling with it.

Fol. You shall ne'er see that, sir.

Sir Boun. Well, now you are furnish'd, sir, make haste away. [*Exit Sir* BOUNTEOUS.

Fol. Even as fast as I can, sir,—I'll set my fellows going first; they must have time and leisure, or they're dull else. I'll stay and speak a prologue, yet o'ertake 'em. I cannot have conscience, i'faith, to go away, and speak never a word to them. My grandsire has given me three shares here; sure I'll do somewhat for them.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir BOUNTEOUS *and all the Guests.*

Sir Boun. More lights, more stools! sit, sit! the play begins.

Hair. Have you players here, Sir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. We have'em for you, sir, fine nimble comedians, proper actors most of them.

P. Broth. Whose men I pray you, sir?

Sir Boun. Oh there's their credit, sir, they serve an honourable popular gentleman,[52] eclipped my lord Owemuch.

Hair. My lord Owemuch! he was in Ireland lately.

Sir Boun. Oh, you ne'er knew any of the name but were great travellers.

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[51] *Mitre*,—first edition *nitre*. *The Mitre* was a tavern in *Cheape*. Se Note 32 to *The City Match*.

[52] *Eclipped*—See Note 5 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*.

Hair. How is the comedy call'd, Sir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. Marry, sir, the Slip.

Hair. The Slip?

Sir Boun. Ay, and here the prologue begins to slip in upon us.

Hair. 'Tis so indeed, sir Bounteous.

Enter for a Prologue FOLLY-WIT.

PROLOGUE.

Fol. We sing of wandering knights, what them betide,
Who nor in one place, nor one shape, abide;
They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach 'em,
Being every man well hors'd like a [53] bold Beacham.
The play, which we present, no fault shall meet
But one; you'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet:
'Tis given much to dumb shows, which some praise;
And, like the term, delights much in delays.
So to conclude, and give the name her due,
The play being call'd the Slip, I vanish too.
[*Exit.*

Sir Boun. Excellently well acted, and a nimble conceit.

Hair. The prologue's pretty, i'faith.

P. Broth. And went off well.

Sir Boun. Ay, that's the grace of all, when they go away well, ah——

Cour. A' my troth, and I were not married, I could find in my heart to fall in love with that player now, and send for him to a supper; I know some in the town that have done as much, and there took such a good conceit of their parts into the twopenny room, that the actors have been found in the morning in a less compass than their stage, though 'twere ne'er so full of gentlemen.

Sir Boun. But, passion of me! where be these knaves? will they not come away? methinks they stay very long.

P. Broth. Oh you must bear a little, sir; they have many shifts to run into.

Sir Boun. Shifts call you them? they're horrible long things!

Enter FOLLY-WIT *in a fury.*

Fol. A pox of such fortune, the plot's betray'd! All will come out! yonder they come, taken upon suspicion, and brought back by a constable. I was accurs'd to hold society with such coxcombs! what's to be done? I shall be asham'd for ever! my wife here, and all! ah pox—by light, happily thought upon! the chain. Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter! so, so—

Sir Boun. Life I say, where be these players? oh, are you come! troth 'tis time, I was e'en sending for you.

Hair. How moodily he walks! what plays he, trow?

Sir Boun. A justice, upon my credit; I know by the chain there.

Fol. Unfortunate justice!

Sir Boun. Ah—a—a—

Fol. In thy kin unfortunate!
Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion;
Brought by a constable before thee; his vile associates with him;
But so disguised, none knows him but myself.
'Twice have I set him free from officers fangs,
And for his sake, his fellows: let him look to't;
My conscience will permit but one wink more.

Sir Boun. Yea, shall we take justice winking!

Fol. For this time I have bethought a means to work thy freedom, though hazarding myself; should the law seize him,
Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name:
No; I'd rather lean to danger, than to shame.

Enter a Constable with FOLLY-WIT'S *Companions.*

Sir Boun. A very explete justice.

Con. Thank you, good neighbours; let me alone with them now.

Lieu. 'Sfoot, who's yonder?

Ant. Dare he sit there?

2 Com. Folly-wit!

3 Com. Captain! puh——

Fol. How now, constable; what news with thee?

Con. May it please your worship, sir,—here are a company of a'spicious fellows.

Sir Boun. To me! puh—turn to the justice, you whoreson hobby horse!—This is some new player now; they put all their fools to the constable's part still.

Fol. What's the matter, constable, what's the matter?

Con. I have nothing to say to your worship—they were all riding on horseback, an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. Yet again? a pox of all asses still! they could not ride a foot, unless 'twere in a bawdy-house.

Con. The ostler told me they were all unstable fellows, sir.

Fol. Why sure the fellow's drunk?

Lieu. We spy'd that weakness in him long ago, sir; your worship must bear with him, the man's much overseen; only in respect of his office we obeyed him, both to appear conformable to law, and clear of all offence: for I protest, sir, he found us but a horseback.

Fol. What! he did?

Lieu. As I have a soul, that's all, and all he can lay to us.

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[53] *Bold Beacham*—See Note 19. to *The Goblins.*

Con. I'faith, you were not all riding away then?

Lieu. 'Sfoot, being a horseback, sir, that must needs follow.

Fol. Why true, sir.

Sir Boun. Well said, justice, he helps his kinsman well.

Fol. Why, sirrah, do you use to bring gentlemen before us for riding away? what, will you have' em stand still when they're up, like Smug upon the white horse yonder? are your wits steep'd? I'll make you an example for all dizzy constables, how they abuse justice; here bind him to this chair.

Con. Ha, bind him, hoe?

Fol. If you want cords, use garters.

Con. Help, help, gentlemen.

Lieu. As fast as we can, sir.

Con. Thieves! thieves!

Fol. A gag will help all this; keep less noise, you knave.

Con. Oh help! rescue the constable—oh, O!

Sir Boun. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Fol. Why la you,[54] who lets you now?
You may ride quietly, I'll see you to——
Take horse myself; I have nothing else to do.
[*Exeunt.*

Con. Oh,—oh—oh—

Sir Boun. Ha, ha, ha, by my troth the maddest piece of justice, gentlemen, that ever was committed.

Hair. I'll be sworn for the maddest on't, sir.

Sir Boun. I am deceived, if this prove not a merry comedy and a witty.

P. Broth. Alas, poor constable, his mouth's open, and ne'er a wise word.

Sir Boun. Faith he speaks now, e'en as many, as he has done; he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing. Ha, ha—he turns, and tells his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride for me, thou whoreson coxcomb, thou; nay, thou' art well enough served i'faith.

P. Broth. But what follows all this while, sir? methinks some should pass by before this time, and pity the constable.

Sir Boun. By the mass and you say true, sir,—go, sirrah, step in, I think they have forgot themselves, call the knaves away, they're in a wood, I believe——

Con. Ay, ay, ay.

Sir Boun. Hark, the constable says Ay, they're in a wood,—ha, ha—

Hair. He thinks long of the time, sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. How now? when come they?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Alas, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found, sir.

Sir Boun. How?

Hair. What says the fellow?

Ser. Neither horse, nor man, sir.

Sir Boun. Body of me! thou liest.

Ser. Not a hair of either, sir.

Hair. How now, sir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. Cheated and defeated! ungag that rascal, I'll hang him for's fellows. I'll make him bring 'em out.

Con. Did not I tell your worship this before? brought 'em before you for suspected persons? stay'd 'em at town's end upon warning given? made signs that my very jaw-bone achs? your worship would not hear me; call'd me ass; saving your worship's presence, laugh'd at me.

Sir Boun. Ha?

Hair. I begin to taste it.

Sir Boun. Give me leave, give me leave; why, art not thou the constable i'the comedy?

Con. I'the comedy? why, I am the constable i'the commonwealth, sir.

Sir Boun. I am gull'd i'faith, I am gull'd! when wast thou chose?

Con. On Thursday last, sir.

Sir Boun. A pox go with't! there't goes.

P. Broth. I seldom heard jest match it.

Hair. Nor I i'faith.

Sir Boun. Gentlemen, shall I intreat a courtesy?

Hair. What is't, sir?

Sir Boun. Do not laugh at me seven years hence.

P. Broth. We should betray and laugh at our own folly then, for of my troth none here but was deceiv'd in't.

Sir Boun. Faith that's some comfort yet; ha, ha, it was featly carried; troth I commend their wits; before our faces make us asses, while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves.

P. Broth.[55] Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues, sir.

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[54] *Lets you*—i. e. hinders you.

[55] *Faith they were some* counterfeit *rogues.*

——*they said they'd play the slip*—We have here a play upon words very common in our ancient writers, and which will be totally unintelligible, unless it is remembered that *a slip* was formerly the name of a piece of *counterfeit* money. This will appear from the following instances:

Robert Green's *Thieves falling out, True men come by their own:* "And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips.*"

The Bankrouts Banquet, by Dekkar: "How shall I pay my Sugar marchante? How my Grocer? &c. if you pay me thus with *slips.*"

Sir Boun. Why they confess so much themselves; they said they'd play the slip; they should be men of their words; I hope the justice will have more conscience, i'faith, than to carry away a chain of a hundred mark of that fashion.

Hair. What, sir?

Sir Boun. Ah, by my troth, sir; besides a jewel, and a jewel's fellow, a good fair watch, that hung about my neck, sir.

Hair. 'Sfoot, what did you mean, sir?

Sir Boun. Methinks my lord Owemuch's players should not scorn me so i'faith; they will come, and bring all again, I know; pish, they will, i'faith; but a jest, certainly.

Enter FOLLY-WIT *in his own shape, and all the rest.*

Fol. Pray, grandsire, give me your blessing?

Sir Boun. Who? son Folly-wit? [56] This shews like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord Owemuch and his good Countess, our honourable lady and mistress. Rise richer by a blessing; thou art welcome.

Fol. Thanks, good grandsire; I was bold to bring those gentlemen, my friends.

Sir Boun. They're all welcome! salute you that side, and I'll welcome this side. Sir, to begin with you.

Hair. Mr Folly-wit.

Fol. I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meet, sir.

Sir Boun. Nay, then you know me not, sir.

Fol. Sweet Mrs Hairbrain.

Sir Boun. You cannot be too bold, sir.

Fol. Our marriage known?

Cour. Not a word yet.

Fol. The better.

Sir Boun. Faith, son, would you had come sooner with these gentlemen!

Fol. Why, grandsire?

Sir Boun. We had a play here.

Fol. A play, sir? no.

Sir Boun. Yes, faith! a pox o'the author!

Fol. Bless us all! why, were they such vile ones, sir?

Sir Boun. I am sure villainous ones, sir.

Fol. Some raw simple fools!

Sir Boun. Nay, by th' mass, these were enough for thievish knaves.

Fol. What, sir?

Sir Boun. Which way came you, gentlemen? you could not choose but meet 'em.

Fol. We met a company with hampers after 'em.

Sir Boun. Oh those were they, those were they; a pox hamper 'em.

Fol. Bless us all again.

Sir Boun. They have hamper'd me finely, sirrah.

Fol. How, sir?

Sir Boun. How, sir! I lent the rascals properties to furnish out their play, a chain, a jewel, and a watch; and they watch'd their time, and rid quite away with 'em.

Fol. Are they such creatures?

Sir Boun. Harkee, harkee, gentlemen! by this light, the watch rings alarum in his pocket,—there's my watch come again, or the very cousin german to't, whose is't, whose is't? by the mass 'tis he, hast thou one, son? pr'ythee bestow it upon thy grandsire; I now look for mine again, i'faith, nay, come with a good will or not at all; I'll give thee a better thing, a peace, a peace, gentlemen.

Hair. Great or small.

Sir Boun. At once I have drawn chain, jewel, watch, and all.

P. Broth. By my faith, you have a fortunate hand, sir.

Hair. Nay, all to come at once!

Lieu. A vengeance of this foolery!

Fol. Have I 'scaped the constable to be brought in by the watch?

Cour. O destiny! have I married a thief, mother?

Marston's *Second Part of Antonio and Mellida*, A. 1. S. 3: "—and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd up for *a slip*."

So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 5. is the same quibble as in the text: "It's no matter, let the world think me a bad *counterfeit*, if I cannot give him the *slip* at an instant."

Again, *Magnetick Lady*, A. 3. S. 6:

> "—I had like t'have been
> Abused i'the business, had *the slip* slur'd on me
> *A counterfeit*."

So again, Mercutio says to Romeo, A. 2. S. 4:

> "You give us *the counterfeit* fairly last night.
> *Rom.*——What *counterfeit* did I give you?
> *Mer. The slip*, sir, *the slip*; can you not conceive?"

[56] *This shews like*, &c.—It was formerly the custom for the players, after the performance was ended, to kneel down and pray for their patrons. Many instances of this are produced by Mr Steevens in a Note to the Epilogue to the *Second Part of Henry IV.*

Moth. Comfort thyself; thou art before-hand with him, daughter.

Sir Boun. Why son, why gentlemen, how long have you been my lord Owemuch's servants, i'faith?

Fol. Faith, grandsire, shall I be true to you?

Sir Boun. I think 'tis time; thou'st been a thief already.

Fol. I knowing the day of your feast, and the natural inclination you have to plensure and pastime, presumed upon your patience for a jest, as well to prolong your days as——

Sir Boun. Whoop, why then you took my chain along with you to prolong my days, did you?

Fol. Not so neither, sir; and, that you may be seriously assured of my hereafter stableness of life, I have took another course.

Sir Boun. What!

Fol. Took a wife.

Sir Boun. A wife! 'sfoot, what is she for a fool would marry thee, a madman? where was the wedding kept? in Bedlam?

Fol. She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

Sir Boun. Stop there, stop there; would I might see her!

Fol. You have your wish, she's here.

Sir Boun. Ah, ha, ha, ha, this makes amends for all.

Fol. How now?

Lieu. Captain, do you hear? is she your wife in earnest?

Fol. How then?

Lieu. Nothing but I pity you, sir.

Sir Boun. Speak, son, is't true?
Can you gull us, and let a quean gull you?

Fol. Ha!

Cour. What I have been, is past; be that forgiven;
I have a soul true both to thee and heaven.

Fol. Is't come about? Tricks are repaid, I see.

Sir Boun. The best is, sirrah, you pledge none but me;
And since I drink the top, take her: and, hark!
I spice the bottom with a thousand mark.

Fol. By my troth, she is as good a cup of nectar
As any bachelor needs to sip at.
Tut, give me gold, it makes amends for vice;
Maids without coin, are candles without spice.

Sir Boun. Come, gentlemen, to the feast; let not time waste;
We have plensed our ear, now let us please our taste.
Who lives by cunning, mark it, his fate's cast:
When he has gull'd all, then is himself the last.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "A Mad World, my Masters. As it hath bin lately in Action by the Children of Paule's. "Composed by T. M. London, Printed by H. B. for Walter Burre; and are to be sold in Paule's "Church-yard, at the signe of the Crane. 1608, 4to."

(2.) "A Mad World, my Masters: A Comedy. As it hath bin often acted at the private House "in Salisbury-Court by her Majesties Servants. Composed by T. M. Gent. London, Printed for "J. S. and are to be sold by James Becket, at his Shop in the Inner-Temple-Gate. 1640, 4to."

RAM-ALLEY;

OR,

MERRY TRICKS.

LODOWICK BARRY *is said to have been a Gentleman of Irish birth, and Anthony Wood is pleased to compliment him with the title of Lord, which is very probably a mistake. No circumstances concerning him remain, not even the times of his birth and death; though the latter was not unlikely to be soon after the publication of the following play, the only one which he wrote. The Writer of his Article, in the Biographia Britannica, says, that "the plot in this play of William Small-shanks decoying the Widow Taffeta into marriage, is the same with that in Killigrew's Parson's Wedding,* and both taken from the English Rogue." *The latter part of this assertion is entirely without foundation, and the least attention to dates would have prevented the Writer's falling into so gross an error. Both plays were published before* The English Rogue *appeared;* Ram-Alley *above fifty years; and* The Parson's Wedding *about ten or twelve.*

PROLOGUE.

Home-bred mirth our Muse doth sing,
The Satyr's tooth, and waspish sting,
Which most do hurt when least suspected,
By this play are not affected;
But if Conceit with quick-turn'd Scenes,
Observing all those ancient streams,
[1] Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,
As Time, Place, Person, and to show
Things never done with that true life,
That thoughts and wits should stand at strife:
Whether the things now shown be true,
Or whether we ourselves now do
The things we but present; if these,
Free from the loathsome stage disease,
(So over-worn, so tired, and stale,
Not satyrizing but to rail)
May win your favours, and inherit
But calm acceptance for his merit;
He vows by Paper, Pen, and Ink,
And by the learned Sisters' drink,
To spend his time, his lamps, his oil,
And never cease his brain to toil;
Till from the silent hours of night,
He doth produce, for your delight,
Conceits so new, so harmless free,
That Puritans themselves may see,
A play, yet not in public preach,
That players such lewd doctrine teach,
That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
When they do see a man resemble
The picture of a villain: this,
As he a friend to Muses is,
To you by me he gives his word,
Is all his Play doth now afford.

[1] *Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,*—See Note 26 to *The Antiquary.*

RAM-ALLEY,[1]

OR,

MERRY TRICKS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS.
Justice TUTCHIN.
THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.
WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.
BOUTCHER.
Lieutenant BEARD.
THROATE.
Captain FACE.
DASH.
Three Gentlemen.

A Drawer.
Constable, and Officers.

Lady SOMMERFIELD.
CONSTANTIA SOMMERFIELD.
FRANCES.
TAFFATA.
ADRIANA.
Chamber-maid.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter CONSTANTIA *sola, with a Letter in her hand.*

Con. In this disguise, ere scarce my mourning robes
Could have a general note, I have forsook
My shape, my mother, and those rich demesnes,
Of which I am sole heir: and now resolve,
In this disguise of Page, to follow him,
Whose love first caused me to assume this shape.
Lord how my feminine blood stirs at the sight
Of these same breeches! methinks this[2] cod-piece
Should betray me: well, I will try the worst.
Hither they say he usually doth come,
Whom I so much affect: what makes he here?
In the skirts of Holborne, so near the field,
And at a garden-house; he has some punk
Upon my life: no more, here he comes.

Enter BOUTCHER.

God save you, sir; your name, unless I err,
Is Master Thomas Boutcher.
Bout. 'Tis, sweet boy.
Con. I have a letter for you.
[CONSTANTIA *delivers the Letter; he reads it.*
Bout. From whom is't?
Con. The inside, sir, will tell you; I shall see

[1] *Ram-Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet-street. It formerly, among other places, claimed to be exempt from the process of the courts of law. A privilege which was taken from it by the Stat. of 9 and 10 William III. C. 27. S. 15.

[2] *Cod-piece*—See Note 61 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 545.

What love he bears me now.
Bout. Thou'rt welcome, boy.
How does the fair Constantia Sommerfield,
My noble mistress?
Con. I left her in health.
Bout. She gives thee here good words; and for her sake,
Thou shalt not want a master, be mine for ever.
Con. I thank you, sir: now shall I see the punk. [*He knocks.*

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

W. Small-sh. Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you; what news?
Bout. You know my business well; I sing one song.
W. Small-sh. 'Sfoot, what would you have me do? my land is gone,
My credit of less trust then courtiers' words,
To men of judgment, and for my debts
[3] I might deserve a knighthood; what's to be done?
The knight, my father, will not once vouchsafe
To call me son; that little land he gave,
Throate the lawyer swallowed at one gob
For less than half the worth; and for the city,
There be so many rascals, and tall yeomen,
Would hang upon me for their maintenance,
Should I but peep or step within the gates,
That I am forced, only to ease my charge,
To live here in the suburbs; or in the town
To walk in Tenebris. I tell you, sir,
Your best retired life is an honest punk
In a thatcht-house with garlic; tell not me,
My punk's my punk; and noble letchery
Sticks by a man, when all his friends forsake him.
Bout. The pox it will; art thou so senseless grown,
So much indeared to thy bestial lust,
That thy original worth should lie extinct
And buried in thy shame? Far be such thoughts
From spirits free and noble; begin to live.
Know thyself, and whence thou art derived;
I know that competent state thy father gave
Cannot be yet consumed.
W. Small-sh. 'Tis gone, by heaven!
Not a denier is left.
Bout. 'Tis impossible.
W. Small-sh. Impossible! 'heart! I have had two suckers,
Able to spend the wealthy Crœsus store.

Enter FRANCES.

Bout. What are they?
W. Small-sh. Why, a lawyer, and a whore;
See here comes one, do'st think this petticoat,
A perfumed smock, and twice a week a bath,
Can be maintain'd with half a year's revenues?
No, by heaven! we annual younger brothers
Must go to't by wholesale; by wholesale-men
These creatures are maintained; her very face
Has cost a hundred pounds.
Fran. Sir, thank youself.
Con. They keep this whore betwixt them.
Fran. You know, sir,
I did enjoy a quiet country life,
Spotless and free; till you corrupted me,
And brought me to the court, I never knew
What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,
Till you preferr'd me to your aunt the lady;
I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
No mercury water, [4] fucus, or perfumes,
To help a lady's breath, until your aunt
Learnt me the common trick.
W. Small-sh. The common trick
Say you; a pox upon such common tricks!
They will undo us all.
Bout. And knowing this,
Art thou so wilful blind, still to persist
In ruin and defame?
W. Small-sh. What should I do?
I'ave past my word to keep this gentlewoman,
Till I can place her to her own content.
And what is a gentleman but his word?
Bout. Why, let her go to service.
W. Small-sh. To service!
Why so she does, she is my landress,
And by this light, no puny Inn-a-Court
But keeps a landress at his command,
To do him service; and shall not *I*? *ha!*
Fran. Sir, you are his friend, I love him too;
Propound a course which may advantage him,
And you shall find such real worth in me,
That rather than I'll live his hindrance,
I will assume the most penurious state

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[3] *I might deserve a Knighthood*—See p. 261 of this volume.

[4] *Fucus.*—Is a paint or composition used by the ladies to beautify the face and heighten the complexion. It is mentioned in Ben Johnson's *Sejanus*, A. 2. S. 1:

"——— to-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when
I'll have an excellent new *fucus* made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours."

The city yields, to give me means of life.
W. Small-sh. Why there's it, you hear her what she says:
Would not he be damn'd that should forsake her?
Says she not well, can you propound a course,
To get my forfeit land from yonder rogue,
Parcel lawyer, parcel devil, all knave,
Throate, Throate?
Bout. Not I.
W. Small-sh. Why so, I thought as much;
You are like our citizens to men in need,
Which cry, 'tis pity a proper gentleman
Should want money; yet not an usuring slave
Will lend him a denier, to help his wants:
Will you lend me forty shillings?
Bout. I will.
W. Small-sh. Why god-a-mercy, there's some goodness in thee:
You'll not repent?
Bout. I will not.
W. Small-sh. With that money
I will redeem my forfeit land, and wed
My cockatrice to a man of worship,
To a man of worship, by this light.
Bout. But how?
W. Small-sh. Thus: in Ram-Alley lies a fellow, by name
Throate; one that professeth law, but indeed
Has neither law nor conscience; a fellow
That never saw the bar, but when his life
Was call'd in question for a cozenage;
The rogue is rich: to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir John Smithsfield———
Con. Who's that?
W. Small-sh. Is lately dead, and that my hopes stand fair
To get his only daughter. If I spend,
And have but means to steal away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefest friend,
To entertain us till our nuptial rites
May be accomplish'd: and could you but procure
My elder brother meet me on the way,
And but associate me unto his house,
'Twere hit i'faith; I'd give my cunning Throate
An honest slit for all his tricks in law.
Bout. Why this shall be perform'd, take; there's my store.
To friends all things are common.
W. Small-sh. Then at the court
There are none foes, for all things there are common.
Bout. I will as carefully perform thy wish,
As if my fortunes lay upon the attempt.
W. Small-sh. When shall I hear from you?
Bout. Within this hour.
W. Small-sh. Let me alone for the rest; if I gull not
And go beyond my open throated lawyer,
For all his book-cases of *Tricesimo nono*
And *Quadragesimo octavo*; let me,
Like waiting gentlewomen, be ever bound,
To sit upon my heels, and pick[5] rushes.
Will you about this geer?
Bout. With my best speed.
W. Small-sh. Then fare you well; you'll meet me?
Bout. Without fail.
[*Exeunt* BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.
W. Small-sh. Adieu: now you pernicious cockatrice,[6]
You see how I must skelder for your good;
I'll bring you where you shall have means to cheat,
If you have grace enough to apprehend it.
Fran. Believe me, love, howe'er some stricter wits
Condemn all women which are prone to love,
And think that if their favour fall on any,
By consequence they must be naught with many,
And hold a false position, that a woman
False to herself, can trusty be to no man.
Yet know I say, howe'er my life hath lost
The fame which my virginity aspired,
I will be true to thee, my deed shall move,
To win from all men pity, if not love.
W. Small-sh. Tut, I know thee a good rascal, lets in,
And on with all your neat and finest rags.
On with your cloak and [7] save-guard, you arrant drab,
You must cheat without all conscience, filch for thee, and me.
Do but thou act what I shall well contrive
We'll teach my lawyer a new way to thrive.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mistress TAFFATA, *and* ADRIANA *her Maid above.*

Taf. Come, loved Adriana, here let us sit,
And mark who passes; now for a wager,
What colour'd beard comes next by the window?
Adri. A black man's I think.
Taf. I think not so,
I think a red, for that is most in fashion:
Lord! how scarce is the world of proper men
And gallants! sure we never more shall see
A good leg worn in a long silk stocking,
With a long cod-piece; of all fashions
That carried it i'faith; what's he goes by?

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[5] *Rushes*—See p. 241 of this volume.
[6] *Cockatrice*—See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*.
[7] *Save-guard*—See p. 241 of this volume.

Enter a Citizen.

Adri. A sniveling citizen, he is carrying ware
Unto some lady's chamber: but who's this?

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS *reading a Letter.*

Taf. I know him not, he looks just like a fool.
Adri. He's very brave, he may be a courtier;
What's that he reads?
Taf. Ah, how light he treads,
For dirting his silk stockings! I'll tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish
All men by their noses, as thus: your nose
Tuscan is lovely, large, and broad,
Much like a goose; your valiant generous nose,
A crooked, smooth, and a great puffing nose;
Your scholar's nose is very fresh, and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smells
His chops of mutton, in his dish of porrage;
Your puritan nose is very sharp, and long,
And much like your widows, and with ease can smell
An edifying capon some five streets off.

Enter BOUTCHER, *and* CONSTANTIA.

Adri. O mistress! a very proper gentleman.
Taf. And trust me so he is; I never saw
A man that sooner could captive my thoughts
Since I writ widow, than this gentleman.
I would he would look up!
Adri. I'll laugh so loud,
That he may hear me.
Taf. That's not so good.
Bout. And spake you with master Small-shanks?
Con. I did.
Bout. Will he meet his brother?
Con. He said he would,
And I believed him; I tell you, master,
I have done that for many of these gallants
That no man in this town would do but I.
Bout. What is that, boy?
Con. Why trust them on their words.
But will you hear the news which now supplies
The city with discourse?
Bout. What is it, wag?
Con. This, sir; they say some of our city dames
Were much desirous to see the baboons
Do their newest tricks, went, saw them, came home,
Went to bed, slept; next morning one of them,
Being to shift a smock, sends down her maid,
To warm her one; mean while, she 'gins to think
On the baboon's tricks, and naked in her bed
Begins to practise some; at last she strove,
To get her right leg over her head, thus;
And by her activity she got it
Cross her shoulder; but not with all her power
Could she reduce it; at last much struggling,
Tumbles quite from the bed upon the floor:
The maid by this return'd with the warm smock,
And seeing her mistress thrown on the ground,
Truss'd up like a foot-ball, exclaims, calls help,
Runs down amazed, swears that her mistress' neck
Is broke; up comes her husband, and neighbours,
And finding her thus truss'd, some flatly said
She was bewitcht, others she was possest;
A third said, for her pride the devil had set
Her face where her rump should stand; but at last
Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,
Helps her; she ashamed, her husband amazed,
The neighbours laughing, as none forbear,
She tells them of the fatal accident.
To which one answers, that if her husband
Would leave his trade, and carry his wife about
To do this trick in public, she'd get more gold
Than all the baboons, calves with two tails,
Or [7] motions whatsoever.
Bout. You are a wag.
Taf. He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.
Adri. Shall I cough or sneeze?
Taf. No, I ha't; stand aside:
Ah me, my handkerchief, Adrian, Fabian.
Adri. Mistress.
Taf. Run, run, I have let my handkerchief fall:
Gentleman, shall I intreat a curtesy?
Bout. Within my power your beauty shall command.
What curtesy is't?
Taf. To stoop, and take up,
My handkerchief.
Bout. Your desire is performed.
Taf. Sir, most hearty thanks; please you come in,
Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.
Bout. I accept your curtesy: ha! what's this
Assailed by fear and hope in a moment!
Boutcher, this womanish passion fits not men,
Who know the worth of freedom: shall smiles and eyes,
With their lascivious glances, conquer him,
Hath still been lord of his affections?
Shall simpering niceness, loadstones but to fools,
Attract a knowing spirit?—It shall, it does.
Not Phœbus, rising from Aurora's lap,
Spreads his bright rays with more majestic grace,
Than came the glances from her quick'ning eye:
And what of this?
Con. By my troth I know not.
Bout. I will not enter: continued flames burn strong.
I yet am free, and reason keeps her seat

[7] *Motions*—i. e. puppet shows.

Above all fond affections, yet is she fair.

Enter ADRIANA.

Adri. Sir, I bring you thanks for this great curtesy;
And if you please to enter, I dare presume,
My mistress will afford you gracious welcome.
Bout. How do men call your mistress?
Con. The man's in love.
Adri. Her name, sir, is mistress Changeable, late wife
To master Taffata, mercer, deceased.
Bout. I have heard she is both rich and beautiful.
Adri. In the eyes of such as love her; judge yourself,
Please you but prick forward, and enter.
[*Exit* BOUTCHER.
Con. Now will I fall aboard the waiting-maid.
Adri. Fall aboard of me! dost take me for a ship?
Con. Aye, and will shoot you betwixt wind and water.
Adri. Blurt, master gunner, your linstock's too short.
Con. Foot! how did she know that? dost hear, sweet-heart,
Should not the page be doing with the maid,
Whilst the master is busy with the mistress?
Please you prick forwards, thou art a wench
Likely to go the way of all flesh shortly.
Adri. Whose witty knave art thou?
Con. At your service.
Adri. At mine faith! I should breech thee.
Con. How, breech me?
Adri. Ay, [8] breech thee; I have breech'd a taller man
Than you in my time; come in, and welcome.
[*Exit.*
Con. Well, I see now a rich well-practised bawd
May purse more fees in a summer's progress
Than a well-traded lawyer in a whole term.
Pandarism! why 'tis grown a liberal science,
Or a new sect, and the good professors
Will, like the [9] Brownist, frequent gravel pits shortly,
For they use woods and obscure holes already.
[*Exit.*

Enter TAFFATA, *and* BOUTCHER.

Taf. Not marry a widow?
Bout. No.
Taf. And why?
Belike you think it base, and servant-like,
To feed upon reversion; you hold us widows
But as a pie thrust to the lower end,
That hath had many fingers in't before,
And is reserved for gross and hungry stomachs.
Bout. You much mistake me.
Taf. Come, in faith you do:
And let me tell you that's but ceremony;
For though the pie be broken up before,
Yet, says the proverb, the deeper is the sweeter.
And though a capon's wings and legs be carved,
The flesh left with the rump I hope is sweet.
I tell you, sir, I have been woo'd, and sued too,
By worthy knights of fair demeans: nay more,
They have been out of debt; yet till this hour
I neither could endure to be in love,
Or be beloved; but profer'd ware is cheap.
What's lawful that's loath'd, and things denied,
Are with more stronger appetite pursued:
I am too yielding.
Bout. You mistake my thoughts:
But know, thou wonder of this continent,
By one more skill'd in unknown fate, than was
[10] The blind Achaian Prophet, it was foretold,
A widow should endanger both my life,
My soul, my lands, and reputation.
This checks my thoughts, and cools the essential fire
Of sacred love, more ardent in my breast
Than speech can utter.
Taf. A trivial idle jest,
'Tis for a man of your repute and note,
To credit fortune-tellers; a petty rogue,
That never saw five shillings in a heap,
Will take upon him to divine men's fate,
Yet never knows himself shall die a beggar,
Or be hanged up for pilfering table-cloths,
Shirts, and smocks, hanged out to dry on hedges;
'Tis [11] merely base to trust them: or if there be,
A man in whom the Delphic god hath breath'd
His true divining fire, that can foretel
The fixt decree of fate, he likewise knows
What is within the everlasting book
Of destiny decreed, cannot by wit,
Or man's invention, be dissolved, or shunn'd.
Then give thy love free scope, embrace, and kiss,
And to the distaff sisters leave the event.
Bout. How powerful are their words whom we affect!
Small force shall need to win the strongest fort,
If to his state the captain be perfidious;
I must intreat you, licence my depart

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[8] *Breech thee*—i. e. whip thee. See Note 48 to *Edward II.* Vol. I. p. 188.
[9] *Brownist*—See Note 11 to *The Wits*, Vol. I. p. 287.
[10] *The blind Achaian Prophet—Teresias*, the blind Prophet of Thebes. See *the Œdipus of Sophocles*, and that of Dryden and Lee.
[11] *Merely, Absolutely.* So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"—I am as happy
In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine."

For some few hours.
Taf. Choose what you will of time,
There lies your way.
Bout. I will intreat her stay.
Taf. Did you call, sir?
Bout. No.
Taf. Then fare you well.
Bout. Who gins to love, needs not a second hell. [*Exit* BOUTCHER.

Enter ADRIANA.

Taf. Adriana, makes he no stay?
Adri. Mistress!
Taf. I pray thee see if he have left the house;
Peep close, see, but be not seen: is he gone?
Adri. No; he has made a stand.
Taf. I pr'ythee keep close.
Adri. Nay, keep you close, you'd best.
Taf. What does he now?
Adri. Now he retires.

Re-enter BOUTCHER.

Bout. O you much partial gods!
Why gave you men affections, and not a power
To govern them? what I by fate should shun,
I most affect,—a widow, a widow!
Taf. Blows the wind there?
Adri. A ha, he's in i'faith,
You've drawn him now within your purlues, mistress.
Bout. Tut, I will not love; my rational
And better part shall conquer blind affections;
Let passion, children, or weak women sway,
My love shall to my judgment still obey. [*Exit.*
Taf. What does he now?
Adri. He's gone.
Taf. Gone! Adriana?
Adri. He went his way, and never look'd behind him.
Taf. Sure he's taken?
Adri. A little singed or so,
Each thing must have beginning; men must prepare
Before they can come on, and shew their loves
In pleasing sorts: the man must do in time,
For love, good mistress, is much like to wax,
The more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster too;
Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
The more he labours, still the deeper in.
Taf. Come, thou must help me now, I have a trick
To second this beginning, and in the nick
To strike it dead i'faith; women must woo,
When men forget what nature leads them to.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THROATE *the Lawyer from his study; books and bags of money on a table, a chair and cushion.*

Throate. Chaste Phœbe, *splende;* there's that left yet,
Next to my book, *Claro micante Auro.*
Aye, that's the soul of law: that's it, that's it,
For which the buckram-bag must trudge all weathers,
Though scarcely fill'd with one poor replication.
How happy are we that we joy the law
So freely as we do; not bought, and sold,
But clearly given, without all base extorting,
Taking but bare ten angels for a fee,
Or upwards, to this renown'd estate,
Have I by indirect and cunning means
In-woven myself, and now can scratch it out,
Thrust at a bar, and cry my lord as loud,
As e'er a listed gown-man of them all.
I never plead before the honour'd bench:
But bench right-worshipful of peaceful justices
And country-gentlemen; and yet I've found
Good gettings by the mass; besides odd cheats,
Will Small-shanks's lands, and many garboiles more.
Dash!

Enter DASH.

Dash. Sir.
Throate. Is that rejoinder done?
Dash. Done, sir.
Throat. Have you drawn't at length, have you dash'd it out,
According to your name?
Dash. Some seven score sheets.
Throate. Is the demurrer drawn 'twixt Snipe and Woodcock;
And what do you say to Peacock's pitiful bill?
Dash. I have drawn his answer negative to all.
Throate. Negative to all! The plaintiff says,
That William Goose was son to Thomas Goose;
And will he swear the general bill is false?
Dash. He will.
Throate. Then he forswears his father; 'tis well,
Some of our clients will go prig to hell
Before ourselves; has he paid all his fees?
Dash. He left them all with me.
Throate. Then truss my points;
And how think'st thou of law?
Dash. Most reverently;
Law is the world's great light, a second sun
To this terrestial globe, by which all things
Have life, and being; and without which
Confusion and disorder soon would seize
The general state of men; wars, outrages,
The ulcerous deeds of peace, it curbs, and cures.
It is the kingdom's eye, by which she sees
The acts and thoughts of men.
Throate. The kingdom's eye!
I tell thee, fool, it is the kingdom's nose,
By which she smells out all these rich transgressors;
Nor is't of flesh, but merely made of wax,
And 'tis within the power of us lawyers
To wrest this nose of wax which way we please;
Or it may be, as thou say'st, an eye indeed;
But, if it be, 'tis sure a woman's eye,
That's ever rolling. [*Knocks within.*
Dash. One knocks.

Throate. Go see who 'tis;
Stay, my chair and gown; and then go see who knocks.
Thus must I seem a lawyer, which am, indeed,
But merely dregs and off-scum of the law.

Enter BOUTCHER, DASH, *and* CONSTANTIA.

Ay, *tricesimo primo Alberti Magni*,
'Tis very clear.
Bout. God save you, sir.
Throate. The place is very pregnant:—master Boutcher,
Most hearty welcome, sir.
Bout. You ply this geer,
You are no truant in the law, I see.
Throate. Faith some hundred books in folio I have
Turn'd over, to better my own knowledge;
But that is nothing for a student.
Bout. Or a stationer, they turn them over too,
But not as you do, gentle master Throate.
And what? the law speaks profit, does it not?
Throate. Faith some bad angels haunt us now and then;
But what brought you hither?
Bout. Why these small legs.
Throate. You are conceited, sir.
Bout. I am in law,
But let that go, and tell me how you do?
How does Will Small-shanks, and his lovely bride?
Throate. In troth you make me blush; I should have ask'd
His health of you, but 'tis not yet too late.
Bout. Nay, good sir Throate, forbear your [12] quillets now,
Throate. By heaven I deal most plain! I saw him not,
Since last I took his mortgage.
Bout. Sir, be not nice,
Yet I must needs herein commend your love,
To let me see him; for know, I know him wed,
And that he stole away Sommerfield's heir;
Therefore suspect me not, I am his friend.
Throate. How! wed to rich Sommerfield's only heir!
Is old Sommerfield dead?
Bout. Do you make it strange?
Throate. By heaven I know it not!
Bout. Then am I grieved
I spake so much; but that I know you love him,
I should intreat your secresy, sir; fare you well.
Throate. Nay, good sir, stay; if aught you can disclose
Of master Small-shanks good, let me partake,
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.
Bout. You much indear him, sir; and from your love,
I dare presume you make yourself a fortune,
If his fair hopes proceed.
Throate. Say on, good sir.
Bout. You will be secret?
Throate. Or be my tongue torn out!
Bout. Measure for a lawyer; but to the point.
He has stole Sommerfield's heir, hither brings her,
As to a man on whom he may rely
His life and fortunes: you hath he named
Already for the steward of his lands,
To keep his courts, and to collect his rent;
To let out leases, and to raise his fines,
Nothing that may or love or profit bring,
But you are named the man.
Throate. I am his slave,
And bound unto his noble curtesy,
Even with my life; I ever said he would thrive,
And I protest I kept his *forfeit* mortgage,
To let him know what 'tis to live in want.
Bout. I think no less; one word more in private.
Con. Good master Dash, shall I put you now a case?
Dash. Speak on, good master Page.
Con. Then thus it is:
Suppose I am a page, he is my master,
My master goes to bed, and cannot tell
What money's in his hose, I, ere next day,
Have filch'd out some; what action lies for this?
Dash. An action, boy, call'd firking the posteriors.
With us your action seldom comes in *question*:
For that 'tis known, that most of your gallants
Are seldom so well stored, that they forget
What money's in their hose; but if they have,
There is no other help than swear the Page,
And put him to his oath.
Con. Then fecks-law;
Dost think he that has conscience to steal,
Has not a conscience likewise to deny?
Then hang him up i'faith.
Bout. I must meet him.
Throate. Commend me to them; come when they will,
My doors stand open, and all within is theirs;
And though Ram-Alley stinks with cooks, and ale,
Yet say there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber,
Buts upon Ram-Alley. I have still an open throat,
If aught I have which may procure his good,
Bid him command, aye, though it be my blood.
[*Exeunt.*

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[12] *Quillets*—i. e. subtilties. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1603, Sign. H 4: "— he has his pols and his œdipols, his times and his tricks, his quirks, and *his quilits*, &c."
Euphues, 1581, p. 56.: "— not only the quirks and *quiddities* of the logicians, but also, &c."
See also Mr Stevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 5. S. 1.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

Oli. Small-sh. Is this the place you were appointed to meet him?
T. Small-sh. So Boutcher sent me word.
O. Small-sh. I find it true,
That wine, good news, and a young wholesome wench,
Cheer up an old man's blood; I tell thee, boy,
I am right hearty glad to hear thy brother
Hath got so great an heir; now were myself
So well bestow'd, I should rejoice i'faith.
T. Small-sh. I hope you shall do well.
O. Small-sh. No doubt, no doubt;
Ah, sirrah! has he borne the wench away!
My son i'faith, my very son i'faith!
When I was young, and had an able back,
And wore the brissel on my upper lid,
In good decorum I had as good conveyance,
And could have ferk'd, and ferk'd y'away a wench,
As soon as e'er a man alive; tut, boy,
I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, smiles, and other quirks,
No courtier like me; your courtiers all are fools,
To that which I could do. I could have done it, boy,
Even to a hair, and that some ladies know.
T. Small-sh. Sir, I am glad this match may reconcile
Your love unto my brother.
O. Small-sh. 'Tis more than so.
I'll seem offended still, though I am glad,

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, BEARD *booted.*

H'as got rich Sommerfield's heir.
W. Small-sh. Come, wench of gold,
For thou thalt get me gold, besides odd ends
Of silver: we'll purchase house and land
By thy bare gettings, wench, by thy bare gettings.
How say'st, lieutenant Beard; does she not look
Like a wench newly stole from a window?
Beard. Exceeding well she carries it, by Jove;
And if she can forbear her rampant tricks,
And but hold close a while, 'twill take, by Mars.
Frances. How now, you slave? my rampant tricks, you rogue!
Nay, fear not me: my only fear is still,
Thy filthy face betrays us; for all men know,
Thy nose stands compass like a bow,
Which is three quarters drawn; thy head,
Which is with greasy hair o'er-spread,
And being uncurl'd, and black as coal,
Doth shew some scullion, in a hole,
Begot thee on a gipsey, or
Thy mother was some collier's whore:
My rampant tricks, you rogue! thou't be descry'd
Before our plot be ended.
W. Small-sh. What should descry him,
Unless it be his nose? and as for that,
Thou may'st protest he was thy father's butler,
And for thy love is likewise run away;
Nay, sweet lieutenant, now forbear to puff,
And let the brissels of thy beard grow downward,
Reverence my punk, and pandarize a little;
There's many of thy rank that do profess it,
Yet hold it no disparagement.
Beard. I shall do,
What fits an honest man.
W. Small-sh. Why, that's enough:
'Foot, my father, and the goose my brother,
Back you two.
Beard. Back?
W. Small-sh. Retire, sweet lieutenant.
And come not on till I shall wave you on.
O. Small-sh. Is not that he?
T. Small-sh. 'Tis he.
O. Small-sh. But where's the—
W. Small-sh. It shall be so, I'll cheat him, that's flat.
O. Small-sh. You are well met, know ye me, good sir,
Belike you think I have no eyes, no ears,
No nose to smell, and wind out all your tricks,
You've stole sir Sommerfield's heir, nay we can find
Your wildest parts, your turnings and *returns*,
[13] Your traces, squats, the mussers, *forms*, and holes
You young men use, if once our sagest wits
Be set a hunting; are you now crept forth,
Have you hid your head within a suburb hole
All this while, and are you now crept forth?
W. Small-sh. 'Tis a stark lye.
O. Small-sh. How?
W. Small-sh. Who told you so did lye;
'Foot! a gentleman cannot leave the city
And keep the suburbs to take a little physic,
But strait some slave will say he hides his head;
I hide my head within a suburb hole!
I could have holes at court to hide my head,
Were I but so disposed.

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[13] *Your traces*, &c.—Terms of the chace. *Mussers* are *hiding holes*, or *lurking places*: from the Fr. *musser*, to hide, conceal, &c.

O. Small-sh. Thou varlet knave,
Th'ast stolen away sir John Sommerfield's heir;
But never look for countenance from me,
Carry her whither thou wilt.
W. Small-sh. Father, father,
Heart, will you undo your posterity?
Will you, sir, undo your posterity?
I can but kill my brother, then hang myself,
And where is then your house? Make me not despair,
'Foot, now I have got a wench, worth by the year
Two thousand pound, and upwards,—to cross my hopes,
Would e'er a clown in Christendom do't but you?
T. Small-sh. Good father, let him leave this thundering,
And give him grace.
W. Small-sh. Why law, my brother knows
Reason, and what an honest man should do.
O. Small-sh. Well, where's your wife?
W. Small-sh. She's coming here behind.
O. Small-sh. I'll give her somewhat, though I love not thee.
W. Small-sh. My father, right, I knew you could not hold
Out long with a woman; but give something
Worthy your gift, and her acceptance, father:
This chain were excellent by this good light,
She shall give you as good, if once her lands

Enter FRANCES *and* BEARD.

Come to my fingering.
O. Small-sh. Peace, knave! what's she your wife?
W. Small-sh. That shall be, sir.
O. Small-sh. And what's he?
W. Small-sh. My man.
O. Small-sh. A ruffian knave he is.
W. Small-sh. A ruffian, sir!
By heaven! as [14] tall a man as ere drew sword,
Not being counted of the damned crew.
He was her father's butler, his name is Beard;
Off with your mask, now shall you find me true,
And that I am a son unto a knight:
This my father.
O. Small-sh. I am indeed, fair maid;
My stile is knight: come, let me kiss your lips.
W. Small-sh. That kiss shall cost your chain.
O. Small-sh. It smacks i'faith,
I must commend your choice.
Frances. Sir, I have given
A larger venture than true modesty
Will well allow, or your more graver wit
Commend.
W. Small-sh. I dare be sworn she has.
O. Small-sh. Not so.
The foolish knave has been accounted wild,
And so have I; but I am now come home,
And so will he.
Frances. I must believe it now.
W. Small-sh. Beg his chain, wench.
Beard. Will you cheat your father?
W. Small-sh. Ay, by this light will I.
O. Small-sh. Nay, sigh not.
For you shall find him loving, and me thankful:
And were it not a scandal to my honour,
To be consenting to my son's attempt,
You should unto my house; mean while take this,
As pledge and token of my after-love:
How long since died your father?
W. Small-sh. Some six weeks since;
We cannot stay to talk, for slaves pursue,
I have a house shall lodge us till the priest
May make us sure.
O. Small-sh. Well, sirrah, love this woman,
And when you are man and wife, bring her to me,
She shall be welcome.
W. Small-sh. I humbly thank you, sir.
O. Small-sh. I must be gone, I must a wooing too.
W. Small-sh. Jove and Priapus speed you! you'll return?
T. Small-sh. Instantly.

Exeunt Sir OLIVER *and* THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

W. Small-sh. Why this came cleanly off,
Give me the chain, you little cockatrice;
Why this was luck: 'foot! four hundred crowns,
Got at a clap! hold still your own, you whore,
And we shall thrive.
Beard. 'Twas bravely fetcht about.
W. Small-sh. Ay, when will your nose and beard perform as much?
Frances. I am glad he is gone, he put me to the blush,
When he did ask me of rich Sommerfield's death.
W. Small-sh. And took not I my Q? was't not good?
Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,
[15] Without a counter-buff! look who comes here,

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[14] *As tall a man*—i. e. as brave a man.
[15] *Without a counter-buff?*—I imagine an allusion is here intended to the *buff* coats of the Serjeants belonging to the Counter.

[16] *And three merry men, and three merry men,*
And three merry men be we-a.

Enter BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

Bout. Still in this vein! I have done you service,
The lawyer's house will give you entertainment,
Bountiful and free.
W. Small-sh. O my second self!
Come, let me buss thy beard, we are all made:
Why art so melancholy, dost want money?
Look, here's gold, and as we pass along
I'll tell thee how I got it; not a word,
But that she's Sommerfield's heir, my brother
Swallows it with more ease than a Dutchman
Does [17] flap-dragons: he comes now to my lawyers.

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS.

Kiss my wife, good brother; she is a wench
Was born to make us all.
T. Small-sh. I hope no less;
You are welcome, sister, into these our parts,
As I may say.
Frances. Thanks, gentle brother.
W. Small-sh. Come now to Ram-alley. There shalt thou lie,
Till I provide a priest.
Bout. O villany!
I think he will gull his whole generation;
I must make one, since 'tis so well begun,
I'll not forsake him, till his hopes be won.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THROATE *and two Citizens.*

Throate. Then you're friends?
Both. We are, so please your worship.
Throate. 'Tis well, I am glad, keep your money, for law
Is like a butler's box: while you two strive,
That picks up all your money, you are friends.
Both. We are so, please you, both perfect friends.
Throate. Why so,
Now to the next tap-house, there drink down this,
And by the operation of the third pot,
Quarrel again, and come to me for law:
Fare you well.
Both. The gods conserve your wisdom.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Throate. Why so: there are tricks of the long fifteens,
To give counsel, and to take fees on both sides;
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them;
Why this thrives well, this is a common trick;
When men have spent a deal of money in law,
Then lawyers make them friends: I have a trick
To go beyond all these; if Small-shanks come
And bring rich Sommerfield's heir,—I say no more;
But 'tis within this [18] sconce to go beyond them.

Enter DASH.

Dash. Here are gentlemen in haste would speak with you.
Throate. What are they?
Dash. I cannot know them, sir,
They are so wrapt in cloaks.
Throate. Have they a woman?
Dash. Yes, sir; but she's mask'd, and in her riding-suit.
Throate. Go, make haste, bring them up with reverence:
Oh, are they i'faith? h'as brought the wealthy heir:
These stools and cushions stand not handsomely.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, *and* BEARD.

W. Small-sh. Bless thee, Throate.
Throate. Master Small-shanks, welcome.
W. Small-sh. Welcome, love; kiss this gentlewoman, Throate.
Throate. Your worship shall command me.
W. Small-sh. Art not weary?
Bout. Can you blame her, since she has rid so hard?
Throate. You are welcome, gentlemen—Dash?
Dash. Sir.
Throate. A fire in the great chamber, quickly.
W. Small-sh. Ay, that's well said, we are almost weary:
But, master Throate, if any come to inquire
For me, my brother, or this gentlewoman,
We are not here, nor have you heard of us.
Throate. Not a word, sir; here you are as safe
As in your father's house.
T. Small-sh. And he shall thank you.
W. Small-sh. Th'art not merry, love; good master Throate,

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[16] *And three merry men*, &c.—These lines are the conclusion of many old songs. Several instances are produced by Mr Steevens, Sir John Hawkins, and Mr Tyrrwhit, in their Notes on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3.

Again, in *Laugh and lie downe*, 1605, Sign. E 4:—"He plaied such a song of the *three merry men*, that had the dittie beene in a strange language, I should have been puzzled in the musick."

[17] *Flap-dragons*:—See Note 75 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 555.

[18] *Sconce*—i. e. head. See Note 90 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 126.

Bid this gentlewoman welcome: she is one
Of whom you may receive some courtesy
In time.
Throate. She is most hearty welcome;
Wilt please you walk into another room,
Where is both bed and fire?
W. Small-sh. Ay, ay, that, that;
Good brother lead her in; master Throate and I
Will follow instantly; now, master Throate,
[*Exeunt* THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, *and* BEARD.
It rests within your power to pleasure me:
Know that this same is sir John Sommerfield's heir;
Now if she chance to question what I am,
Say son unto a lord: I pray thee tell her
I have a world of land, and stand in hope
To be created baron; for I protest
I was constrained to swear it forty times,
And yet she'll scarce believe me.
Throate. Pauca sapienti:
Let me alone to set you out in length
And breadth.
W. Small-sh. I pr'ythee do't effectually:
Shalt have a quarter share by this good light
In all she has; I pr'ythee forget not
To tell her the Small-shanks have been dancers,
Tilters, and very ancient courtiers,
And in request at court since sir John Short-hose
With his long silk stockings was beheaded:
Wilt thou do this?
Throate. Refer it to my care.
W. Small-sh. Excellent! I'll but shift my boots, and then
Go seek a priest; this night I will be sure.
If we be sure, it cannot be undone;
Can it, master Throate?
Throate. O, sir, not possible:
You have many precedents and book-cases for't,
Be you but sure, and then let me alone,
Vivat Rex, currat Lex, and I'll defend you.
W. Small-sh. Nay, then, hang care, come let's in.
[*Exit* WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.
Throate. A, ha!
Have you stole her? *fallere fallentem non est fraus.*
It shall go hard but I will strip you, boy:
You stole the wench, but I must her enjoy. [*Exit.*

Enter Mistress TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA, *below.*

Come, Adriana, tell me what thou think'st,
I am tickled with conceit of marriage,
And whom think'st thou, for me, the fittest husband?
What say'st thou to young Boutcher?
Adri. A pretty fellow;
But that his back is weak.
Taf. What dost thou say
To Throate the lawyer?
Adri. I like that well,
Were the rogue a lawyer? but he is none,
He never was of any inn-of-court,
But inn-of-chancery, where he was known
But only for a swaggering whifler,
To keep out rogues and prentices; I saw him,
When he was stock'd for stealing the cook's fees.
A lawyer I could like; for 'tis a thing
Used by you citizens' wives; your husbands dead,
To get French-hoods you straight must lawyers wed.
Taf. What say'st thou then to nimble sir Oliver Small-shanks?
Adri. Faith he must hit the hair: a fellow fit
To make a pretty cuckold,—take an old man;
'Tis now the newest fashion: better be
[19] An old man's darling than a young man's warling;
Take me the old brisk knight, the fool is rich,
And will be strong enough to father children,
Though not to get them.
Taf. 'Tis true, he is the man,
Yet will I [20] bear some dozen more in hand,
And make them all my gulls.
Adri. Mistress, stand aside;

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[19] *An old man's darling than a young man's warling.*—This is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 47. The Scots say, a young man's *wonderling*. See *Collection of Scots Proverbs*, 8vo. 1721, by James Kelly, who observes it is used as an argument to induce a young girl to marry an old man.

[20] *Bear some dozen more in hand*—*To bear in hand* was a common phrase, signifying *to keep in expectation or dependence*. In Dr Walter Pope's *Life of Bishop Seth Ward*, 1697, p. 104. is the following passage: "My Lord, I *might bear you in hand*; a western frase, signifying *to delay or keep in expectation*, and feed you with promises, or at least hopes, that I should cure you in some competent time, &c."

Fennor's *Compters Commonwealth*, p. 47. "— I have seene divers gentlemen come into prison (after they have laine a fortnight or three weekes at some of their houses, at an excessive rate) without either cloake, sword, or hat, which the Serjeants have got from them, onely *bearing them in hand* that they will get them baile."

Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, A. 1. S. 1.:

"—— still *bearing them in hand*,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again."

The phrase frequently occurs in Shakespeare.

Enter BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

Young Boutcher comes; let me alone to touch him.

Bout. This is the house.

Con. And that's the chamber-maid.

Bout. Where's the widow, gentle Adriana?

Adri. The widow, sir, is not to be spoken to.

Bout. Not spoke to? I must speak with her.

Adri. Must you?

Come you with authority, or do you come
To sue her with a warrant, that you must speak with her?

Bout. I would intreat it.

Adri. O you would intreat it?

May not I serve your turn? may not I unfold
Your secrets to my mistress? Love is your suit?

Bout. It is, fair creature.

Adri. And why did you fall off
When you perceived my mistress was so coming?
D'you think she is still the same?

Bout. I do.

Adri. Why so!
I took you for a novice: and I must think
You know not yet the inwards of a woman;
Do you not know that women are like fish,
Which must be struck when they are prone to bite,
Or all your labour's lost? but, sir, walk here,
And I'll inform my mistress your desires. [*Exit.*

Con. Master.

Bout. Boy.

Con. Come not you for love?

Bout. I do, boy.

Con. And you would have the widow?

Bout. I would.

Con. By Jove,
I never saw one go about his business
More untowardly: why, sir, do not you know,
That he which would be [21] inward with the mistress,
Must make a way first through the waiting-maid?
If you'll know the widow's affections,
Feel first the waiting-gentlewoman; do it, master;
Some half a dozen kisses were not lost
Upon this gentlewoman; for you must know,
These waiting-maids are to their mistresses
Like porches unto doors; you pass the one,
Before you can have entrance at the other.
Or like your mustard to your piece of brawn,
If you'll have one taste well, you must not scorn
To be dipping in the other; I tell you, master,
'Tis not a few men's tales, which they prefer
Unto their mistresses in compass of a year;
Be rul'd by me, untruss yourself to her,
Out with all your love-sick thoughts to her;
Kiss her, and give her an angel to buy pins,
And this shall sooner win her mistress' love,
Than all your protestations, sighs, and tears.

Enter TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA.

Here they come: to her boldly, master;
Do, but dally not; that's the widow's phrase.

Bout. Most worthy fair, such is the power of love,
That now I come t'accept your proffer'd grace;
And with submissive thoughts t'entreat a pardon
For my so gross neglect.

Taf. There's no offence;
My mind is changed.

Adri. I told you as much before.

Con. With a hey pass, with a repass.

Bout. Dearest of women,
The constant virtue of your nobler mind,
Speaks in your looks: nor can you entertain
Both love and hate at once.

Taf. 'Tis all in vain.

Adri. You strive against the stream.

Con. Fee the waiting-maid, master.

Bout. Stand thou propitious; indear me to my love.

[BOUTCHER *gives* ADRIANA *his Purse secretly.*

Adri. Dear mistress, turn to this gentleman; I protest,
I have some feeling of his constant love;
Cast him not away; try his love.

Taf. Why, sir,
With what audacious front can you intreat
To enjoy my love, which yet not two hours since
You scornfully refused?

Con. Well fare the waiting-maid.

Bout. My fate compell'd me; but now farewell fond fear,
My soul, my life, my lands, and reputation,
I'll hazard all, and prize them all beneath thee.

Taf. Which I shall put to trial; lend me thy ear.

Adri. Can you love, boy?

Con. Yes.

Adri. What? or whom?

Con. My victuals.

Adri. A pretty knave, i'faith! come home to-night,
Shalt have a posset and candied eringoes.
A bed if need be too, I love a'life
To play with such baboons as thou.

Con. Indeed!
But dost thou think the widow will have my master?

Adri. I'll tell thee then; wo't come?

Con. I will.

Adri. Remember!

Taf. Will you perform so much?

Bout. Or lose my blood.

Taf. Make him subscribe it; and then I vow,

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[21] *Inward*—See Note 308 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 514.

By sacred Vesta's ever hallowed fire,
To take thee to my bed.
Bout. Till then, farewell.
Taf. He's worthy love whose virtues most excel.
Adri. Remember! what, is't a match betwixt you, mistress?
[*Exeunt* BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.
Taf. I have set the fool in hope; h'as undertook
To rid me of that fleshly Captain Face;
Which swears in taverns, and all ordinaries,
I am his lawful wife: he shall allay
The fury of the captain, and I secure,
Will laugh at the disgrace they both endure.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THROATE *and* FRANCES.

Throate. Open your case, and I shall soon resolve you.
Fran. But will you do it truly?
Throate. As I am honest.
Fran This gentleman whom I so much affect,
I scarce yet do know; so blind is love
In things which most concerns it. As you're honest,
Tell me his birth, his state, and farthest hopes.
Throate. He is my friend, and I will speak him truly;
He is by birth son to a foolish knight,
His present state, I think, will be the prison,
And farthest hope to be bail'd out again
By sale of all your land.
Fran. O me accursed!
Has he no credit, lands, and manors?
Throate. That land he has, lies in a fair church-yard;
And for his manners, they are so rude and vile,
That scarce an honest man will keep him company.
Fran. I am abused, cozened, and deceived.
Throate. Why, that's his occupation; he will cheat
In a cloak lined with velvet; he will prate
Faster than five barbers and a tailor;
Lie faster than ten city occupiers,
Or cunning tradesmen; goes a trust
In every tavern, where h'as spent a fagot;
Swears love to every whore, squires bawds,
And takes up houses for them as their husbands:
He is a man I love, and have done much
To bring him to preferment.
Fran. Is there no trust, no honesty in men?
Throate. Faith, some there is,
And 'tis all in the hands of us lawyers
And women; and those women which have it
Keep their honesty so close, that not one
Amongst a hundred is perceived to have it.
Fran. Good sir, may I not by law forsake him,
And wed another, though my word be past
To be his wife?
Throate. O questionless you may!
You have many precedents and book-cases for't;
Nay, though you were married by a book-case
Of *Millesimo sexcentesimo*, &c.
You may forsake your husband, and wed another,
Provided that some fault be in the husband,
As none of them are clear.
Fran. I am resolved.
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread.
Throate. All that I have is yours; and were I worthy
To be your husband——
Fran. I thank you, sir;
I will rather wed a most perfidious Red-shanks,
A noted Jew, or some mechanic slave,
Than let him joy my sheets.
Throate. He comes, he comes.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, BEARD.

W. Small-sh. Now, my virago, 'tis done, all's cock-sure.
I have a priest will mumble up a marriage,
Without bell, book, or candle; a nimble slave,
An honest Welshman, that was a tailor,
But now is made a curate.
Beard. Nay, you're fitted.
Bout. Now, master Throate.
T. Small-sh. Where's your spirit, sister?
W. Small-sh. What, all amort?[22] what's the matter? do you hear?
Bout. What's the reason of this melancholy?
Throate. By heaven I know not!
W. Small-sh. Has the gudgeon bit?
Fran. He has been nibbling.
W. Small-sh. Hold him to it, wench,
And it will hit by heaven: why art so sad?
'Foot, wench, we will be married to-night,
We'll sup at the Mitre, and from thence
My brother and we three will to the Savoy,
Which done, I tell thee, girl, we'll hand o'er head,
Go to it pell-mell for a maidenhead;
Come, you are lusty, you wenches are like bells,

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[22] *What*, all amort?—*All amort* here, and in other places, signifies *melancholy*. So, in Green's *History of Fryer Bacon*, 1630, Sign. A 2:

"Shall he thus *all amort* live malecontent?"

Wily Beguiled, p. 358. Hawkins's *Origin of the Drama*, Vol. III.

"Why, how now, Sophos? *all amort?* still languish in love?"

You give no music till you feel the clapper;
Come, Throate, a torch, we must be gone.
Fran. Servant. [*Exit.*
Beard. Mistress.
Fran. We are undone.
Beard. Now Jove forfend![23]
Fran. This fellow has no land; and, which is worse,
He has no credit.
Beard. How! are we outstript?
Blown up by wit of man? let us be gone
Home again, home again, our market now is done.
Fran. That were too great a scandal.
Throate. Most true,
Better to wed another than to return
With scandal and defame: wed me a man,
Whose wealth may reconcile your mother's love,
And make the action lawful.
Beard. But where's the man?
I like your counsel, could you show the man.
Throate. Myself am he, might I but dare aspire
Unto so high a fortune.
Beard. Mistress, take the man;
Shall we be baffled with fair promises,
Or shall we trudge like beggars back again?
No, take this wise and virtuous man,
Who, should he lose his legs, his arms, his ears,
His nose, and all his other members,
Yet if his tongue be left 'twill get his living;
Take me this man.
Throate. Thanks, gentle master Beard.
Fran. 'Tis impossible, this night he means to wed me.
Throate. If not by law, we will with power prevent it,
So you but give consent.
Fran. Let's hear the means.
Throate. I'll muster up my friends, and thus I cast it:[24]
Whilst they are busy, you and I will hence
Directly to a chapel, where a priest
Shall knit the nuptial knot ere they pursue us.
Beard. O rare invention!
Throate. I'll act my part;
He owes me thirteen pound, I say no more,
But there be catch-poles: speak, is't a match?
Fran. I give my liking.
Throate. Dash.
Dash. Sir.
Throate. Get your sword.
[*Exeunt* FRANCES *and* BEARD.
And me my buckler; nay, you shall know
We are *Tam Marti quàm Mercurio*,
Bring my cloak, you shall thither, I'll for friends,
Worship and wealth the lawyer's state attends.
Dash, we must bear some brain:[25] To Saint John's-street,
Go, run, fly; and afar off enquire,
If that the Lady Sommerfield be there,
If there, know what news, and meet me straight
At the Mitre-door *in Fleet-street*;[26] away:
"To get rich wives, men must not use delay."
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, *Justice* TUTCHIN.

J. Tutch. A hunting, Sir Oliver, and dry-foot too!
O. Small-sh. We old men have our crotchets, our conundrums,
Our figares, quirks, and quibbles,
As well as youth: Justice Tutchin, I go
To hunt no buck, but prick a lusty doe,
I go in truth a wooing.
J. Tutch. Then ride with me,
I'll bring you to my sister Sommerfield.
O. Small-sh. Justice, not so, by her there hangs a tale.
J. Tutch. That's true indeed.
O. Small-sh. She has a daughter.
J. Tutch. And what of that?
O. Small-sh. I likewise have a son,
A villainous boy, his father up and down;
What should I say? these velvet-hearded-boys
Will still be doing, say what we old men can.
J. Tutch. And what of this, Sir Oliver? be plain.
O. Small-sh. A nimble spirited knave, the villain boy,

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[23] *Forfend*—Forbid.

[24] *Cast it*—i. e. contrive it. The word is still sometimes used in the same sense.

[25] *Dash, we must bear a brain*—So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51. "When these wordes of command are rotten, we will sow some other military seedes; *you beare a braine* and memory."

Again, the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, says:

"Well, *I do bear a brain.*"

See Mr Steevens's Note on this last passage.

[26] *At the Mitre-door in Fleet-street*—From this line it seems as if the Mitre Tavern had been removed from Cheapside to where it now stands.

Has one trick of his sire, has got the wench,
Stolen your rich sister's heir.
J. Tutch. Sommerfield's heir?
O. Small-sh. 'Has done the deed, has pierced the vessel's head,
And knows by this the vintage.
J. Tutch. When should this be?
O. Small-sh. As I am by my counsel well informed,
This very day.
J. Tutch. Tut, it cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maid last night.
O. Small-sh. Maids may be maids to-night, and not to-morrow.
Women are free, and sell their maidenheads,
As men sell cloth by yard and handful;
But if you chance to see your sister widow,
Comfort her tears, and say her daughter's match'd
With one that has a knocker to his father,
An honest noble knight.
J. Tutch. Stand close, knight, close,
And mark this captain's humour, his name is Puff.
He dreams as he walks, and thinks no woman

Enter Captain PUFF.

Sees him but is in love with him.
Puff. 'Twere brave,
If some great lady through a window spied me,
And straight should love me; say she should send
Five thousand pound unto my lodging,
And crave my company: with that money
I would make three several cloaks, and line them
With black, crimson, and tawny three piled velvet;
I would eat at Chare's ordinary, and dice
At Antony's: then would I keep my whore
In beaten velvet, and have two slaves to tend her.
O. Small-sh. Ha, ha, ha!
Puff. What my case of justices?
What are you eaves-dropping? or do you think
Your tawny coats with greasy facings here
Shall carry it? Sir Oliver Small-shanks,
Know my name is Puff, knight; thee have I sought
To fright thee from thy wits.
J. Tutch. Nay, good Sir Puff;
We have too many mad men already.
Puff. How? I tell thee, Justice Tutchin, not all
Thy bailiffs, serjeants, busy constables,
Defesants, warrants, or thy mittimusses,
Shall save his throat from cutting, if he presume
To woo the widow eclipped[26] Taffata;
She is my wife by oath. Therefore take heed,
Let me not catch thee in the widow's house:
If I do, I'll pick thy head upon my sword,
And piss in thy very visnomy; beware, beware.
Come there no more; a captain's word
Flies not so fierce as doth his fatal sword.
[*Exit* PUFF.
O. Small-sh. How like you this? shall we endure this thunder,
Or go no further?
J. Tutch. We will on, Sir Oliver,
We will on, let me alone to touch him;
I wonder how my spirit did forbear
To strike him on the face: had this been spoke
Within my liberties, ha'd died for it.

Re-enter Captain PUFF.

O. Small-sh. I was about to draw.
Puff. If you come there,
Thy beard shall serve to stuff those balls by which
I get me heat at tennis.
J. Tutch. Is he gone? [*Exit* PUFF.
I would he durst ha' stood to this a while;
Well, I shall catch him in a narrow-room,
Where neither of us can flinch: if I do,
I'll make him dance a trenchmore[27] to my sword:
Come, I'll along with you to the widow.
We will not be out-braved, take my word,
We'll not be wrong'd while I can draw a sword.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THROATE, *and other Gentlemen.*

Throate. Let the coach stay at Shoe-lane end; be ready,
Let the boot stand open; and when she's in,
Hurry towards Saint Giles's in the Fields,
As if the devil himself were waggoner.
Now for an arm of oak, and heart of steel,
To bear away the wench, to get a wife,
A gentlewoman, a maid, nay, which is more,
An honest maid, and, which is most of all,
A rich and honest maid; *O Jove! O Jove!*

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[26] *Eclipped*—i. e. called.

[27] A *trenchmore*—*Trenchmore* was a dance, of which, (says Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, Vol. IV. p. 391.) "frequent mention is made by our old dramatic writers: Thus, in the *Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. one of the townsmen says:

"All the windows of the town dance a new *trenchmore*."

"In the *Table Talk* of Selden, title *King of England*, is the following humorous passage: 'The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony; and at length to *trenchmore* and the cushion dance: Then all the company dances, lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore* and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite cum toite.' And in the comedy of *The Rehearsal*, the earth, sun, and moon, are made to dance the hey to the tune of *trenchmore*. From all which it may be inferred, that the *trenchmore* was a lively movement."

The *trenchmore* is mentioned in *The Pilgrim*, A. 4. S. 3.

For a man to wed such a wife as this,
Is to dwell in the suburbs of heaven.
1 *Gent.* Is she so exquisite?
Throate. Sir, she is rich,
And a great heir.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis the more dangerous.
Throate. Dangerous! Lord, where be those gallant spirits?
The time has been when scarce an honest woman,
Much less a wench, could pass an Inn-of-court,
But some of the fry would have been doing
With her: I knew the day when Shreds, a tailor,
Coming once late by an Inn-of-chancery,
Was laid along, and muffled in his cloak,
His wife took-in, stitch'd up, turn'd out again,
And he persuaded all was but in jest.
Tut, those brave boys are gone, these which are left
Are wary lads, live poring on their books,
And give their linen to their landresses,
By tale; they now can save their purses;
I knew when every gallant had his man,
But now a twelvepenny weekly landress
Will serve the turn to half a dozen of them.

Enter DASH.

Here comes my man; what news?
Dash. As you would wish;
The Lady Sommerfield is come to town.
Her horses yet are walking, and her men say,
Her only daughter is conveyed away,
No man knows how: now to it, master,
You and your servant Dash are made for ever,
If you but stick to it now.
Throate. Gentlemen,
Now shew yourselves at full, and not a man
But shares a fortune with me if I speed.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER' THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, FRANCES, *and* BEARD, *with a Torch.*

1 *Gent.* Tut, fear not us, be sure you run away,
And we'll perform the quarrel.
Throate. Stand close, they come.
W. Small-sh. Art sure he will be here?
Fran. Most sure.
W. Small-sh. Beard?
Beard. Sir.
W. Small-sh. Bear up the torch, and keep your way apace
Directly to the Savoy.
Throate. Have you a licence?
Look to that, brother, before you marry,
For fear the parson lose his benefice.
W. Small-sh. Tut, our curate craves no licence; he swears
His living came to him by a miracle.
Bout. How by miracle?
W. Small-sh. Why he paid nothing for't;
He swears that few be free from simony,
But only Welshmen, and those he says too
Are but mountain priests.
Bout. But hang him, fool, he lies: 1
What's his reason?
W. Small-sh. His reason is this;
That all their livings are so rude and bare,
That not a man will venture his damnation
By giving money for them: he does protest,
There is but two pair of hose and shoes
In all his parish.
First Gent. Hold up your light, sir.
Beard. Shall I be taught how to advance my torch?
W. Small-sh. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Second Gent. Your lieutenant's an ass.
Beard. How an ass? [28] die men like dogs?
W. Small-sh. Hold, gentlemen.
Beard. An ass! an ass!
T. Small-sh. Hold, brother, hold lieutenant.
Put up as you are men, your wife is gone.
W. Small-sh. Gone!
Bout. Gone.
W. Small-sh. How, which way? this is some plot.
T. Small-sh. Down toward Fleet-bridge.
All. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*
First Gent. So' has the wench; let us pursue aloof,
And see the event; this will prove good mirth,
When things unshap'd shall have a perfect birth.
[*Exit.*

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, BOUTCHER, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, *and* BEARD, *their Swords drawn.*

W. Small-sh. 'Tis a thing impossible they should be gone
Thus far, and we not see them.
T. Small-sh. Upon my life,
They went in by the Greyhound, and so struck
Into Bridewell.
Bout. What should she make there?
T. Small-sh. Take water at the dock.
Beard. Water at dock!
A fico for her dock, you'll not be ruled,
You'll still be obstinate, I'll pawn my fate,
She took along Shoe-lane, and so went home.
W. Small-sh. Home?

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[28] *Die men like dogs?*—This expression is used by Pistol in the *Second Part of Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4:

"*Die men like dogs*: give crowns like pins,
Have we not Hiren here?"

Beard. Aye, home; how could she choose but go,
Seeing so many naked tools at once
Drawn in the street?
T. Small-sh. What scurvy luck was this?
W. Small sh. Come, we will find her, or we'll fire the suburbs:
Put up your tools; let's first along Shoe-lane,
Then straight up Holborn; if we find her not,
We'll thence direct to Throate's; if she be lost,
I am undone, and all your hopes are crost
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir OLIVER SMALL-SHANKS, *Justice* TUTCHIN, *Mistress* TAFFATA, ADRIANA.

O. Small-sh. Widow, I must be short.
J. Tutch. Sir Oliver,
Will you shame yourself, ha? you must be short,
Why, what a word was that to tell a widow?
O. Small-sh. I meant I must be brief.
J. Tutch. Why say so then,
Yet that's almost as ill; go to, speak on.
O. Small-sh. Widow, I must be brief: what old men do,
They must do quickly.
Taf. Then, good sir, do it;
Widows are seldom slow to put men to it.
O. Small-sh. And old men know their Q's; my love you know
Has been protested long, and now I come
To make my latest tender; an old grown oak
Can keep you from the rain, and stands as fair
And portly as the best.
Taf. Yet search him well,
And we shall find no pith or hearty timber
To underlay a building.
J. Tutch. I would that oak
Had been a-fire: forward, good sir Oliver,
Your oak is naught: stick not too much to that.
O. Small-sh. If you can like, you shall be ladyfied,
Live at the court, and soon be got with child;
What, do you think we old men can do nothing?
J. Tutch. This was somewhat like.
O. Small-sh. You shall have jewels,
A baboon, parrot, and [29] an Iceland dog,
And I myself to bear you company.
Your jointure is five hundred pound by year,
Besides your plate, your chains, and household stuff,
When envious fate shall change this mortal life.
Taf. But shall I not be overcloy'd with love?
Will you not be too busy? shall I keep
My chamber by the month, if I be pleased
To take physic, to send for visitants,
To have my maid read [30] *Amadis de Gaul,*
Or *Donzel del Phœbo* to me? shall I have
A coach of the last edition,
The coachman's seat a good way from the coach,
That if some other ladies and myself
Chance to talk bawdy, he may not over-hear us?
O. Small-sh. All this, and more.
Taf. Shall we have two chambers?
And will you not presume unto my bed,
Till I shall call you by my waiting-maid?
O. Small-sh. Not I by heaven!
Taf. And when I send her,
Will you not entice her to your lust,
Nor tumble her before you come to me?
Adri. Nay, let him do his worst, make your match sure,
And fear not me; I never yet did fear
Any thing my master could do to me. [*Knock.*
Taf. What noise is that? go see, Adriana,
And bring me word: I am so haunted
With a swaggering captain, that swears God bless us,

Enter ADRIANA.

[31] Like a very Tarmagant; a rascal knave,
That says he will kill all men which seek to wed me.

---

[29] *An Iceland dog*—Or, as it was sometimes called, *an Island*, or *Isling*.
So, in *The Queen of Corinth*, A. 4. S. 1:

"Hang hair, like hemp, or like the *Isling cur's*."

Massinger's *Picture*, A. 5. S. 1:

"—— would I might lie
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,
So I might have my belly full of that
Her *Isling cur* refuses."

[30] *Amadis de Gaul*, &c.—Heroes of Romance.

[31] *Like a very Tarmagant*—*Tarmagant*, or *Termagant*, was, as Dr Percy observes, a Saracen Deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. He is frequently mentioned and alluded to in our ancient dramas and poems. Bishop Hall's Satires begin thus:

"Not ladie's wanton love, nor wandering knight,
Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight;
Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighty *Mahound*, and great *Tormagaunt*."

See also *King and no King*, A. 4. and *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, A. 5.
Again, Hamlet says, "I would have such a fellow whipt for o'er doing *Termagant*."
See Notes on this passage, edit. 1778: also Mr Warton's Observations on Spenser, Vol. II. p. 226.

Adri. O mistress! captain Puff, half drunk, is now
Coming up stairs.
O. Small-sh. O God! have you no room
Beyond this chamber? h'as sworn to kill me,
And piss in my very visnomy.
Taf. What, are you afraid, sir Oliver?
O. Small-sh. Not afraid;
But of all men I love not to meddle with a drunkard:
Have you any room backwards?
Taf. None, sir.
J. Tutch. Is there ne'er a trunk or cupboard for him?
Is there ne'er a hole backwards to hide him in?

Captain PUFF *without.*

I must speak with her.
O. Small-sh. O God! he comes!
Adri. Creep under my mistress's farthingale, knight.
That's the best and safest place in the chamber.
J. Tutch. Aye, there, there, that he will never mistrust.
Adri. Enter, knight, keep close, gather yourself
Round like a hedge-hog, stir not, whate'er you hear,
See, or smell, knight. God bless us! here he comes.

Enter Captain PUFF.

Bless thee, widow and wife.
Taf. Sir, get you gone,
Leave my house, or I will have you conjur'd
With such a spell you never yet heard of.
Have you no other place to vent your froth,
But in my house? is this the fittest place
Your captain-ship can find to puff in, ha?
C. Puff. How? am I not thy spouse? didst thou not say
These arms should [32] clip thy naked body fast
Betwixt two linen sheets, and be sole lord
Of all thy pewter-work? thy word is past,
And know, that man is powder, dust, and earth,
That shall once dare to think thee for his wife.
Taf. How now, you slave? One call the constable.
C. Puff. No constable with all his halberdiers
Dare once advance his head, or peep up stairs,
If I cry but, Keep down! have I not lived
And march'd on sieged walls,
In thunder, lightning, rain, and snow,
And eke in shot of powdered balls,
Whose costly marks are yet to show.
Taf. Captain Face, for my last husband's sake,
With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,
I am content to wink at these rude tricks;
But hence! trouble me no more; if you do
I shall lay you fast, where you shall see
No sun or moon.
C. Puff. Nor yet the northern pole.
A fico for the sun and moon, let me live in a hole,
So these two stars may shine.
Taf. Sir, get you gone,
You swaggering cheating [33] Turnbull-street-rogue,
Or I will hale you to the common gaol,
Where lice shall eat you.
C. Puff. Go to, I shall spurn
And slash your petticoat.
Taf. Run to the Counter,
Fetch me a [34] red-bearded serjeant; I'll make
You, captain, think the devil of hell is come
To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.
C. Puff. Damn thee and thy serjeants, thou mercer's punk.
Thus will I kick thee and thy farthingales.
O. Small-sh. Hold, captain!
C. Puff. What, do you cast your whelps?
What, have I found you, sir? have not I placed
My sakers, culverings, demi-culverings,
My cannons, demi-cannons, basilisks,
Upon her breach, and do I not stand
Ready with my pike to make my entry,
And are you come to man her?
O. Small-sh. Good captain, hold.
C. Puff. Are not her bulwarks, parapets, trenches,
Scarfs, counter-scarfs, fortifications,
Curtains, shadows, mines, countermines,
Rampires, forts, ditches, works, water-works,
And is not her half-moon mine? and do you bring
A rescue, good man knight?
Taf. Call up my men.

Enter two or three with clubs.

Where be these knaves, have they no ears or hearts?
Bear hence this rascal; some other fetch a warrant,
I'll teach him to know himself.
J. Tutch. Down with the slave.
O. Small-sh. 'Tis not your beard shall carry it; down with the rogue.
C. Puff. Not Hercules 'gainst twenty.
J. Tutch. Ah, sirrah! [*Exit* PUFF.
I know my hands no longer could forbear him:
Why did you not strike the knave, sir Oliver?
O. Small-sh. Why so I did.

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[32] *Clip*—embrace.
[33] *Turn-bull-street*—See Note 47 to *The Muses Looking Glass.*
[34] *Red-bearded serjeant*—See Note 211 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 502.

J. Tutch. But then it was too late.
O. Small-sh. What would you have me do, when I was down,
And he stood thundering with his weapon drawn,

Enter ADRIANA.

Ready to cut my throat.
Adri. The rogue is gone,
And here's one from the lady Sommerfield,
To intreat you come with all the speed you can
To Saint John's-street.
J. Tutch. Which I will do.
Taf. Gentlemen,
I am sorry you should be thus disturbed
Within my house; but now all fear is past,
You are most welcome: supper ended,
I'll give a gracious answer to your suit;
Mean while let nought dismay, or keep you mute. [*Exit.*

Enter THROATE, FRANCES, *and* DASH.

Throate. Pay the coachman, Dash, pay him well,
And thank him for his speed. Now *Vivat Rex*,
The knot is knit, which not the law itself,
With all his hydra heads, and strongest nerves,
Is able to disjoin: now let him hang,
Fret out his guts, and swear the stars from heaven,
He never shall enjoy you; you shall be rich.
Your lady mother this day came to town
In your pursuit: we will but shift some rags,
And straight go take her blessing.
Fran. That must not be;
Furnish me with jewels, and then myself,
Attended by your man, and honest Beard,
Will thither first, and with my lady mother
Crave a peace for you.
Throate. I like that well;
Her anger somewhat calm'd, I brisk and fine,
Some half hour after will present myself
As son-in-law unto her, which she must needs
Accept with gracious looks.
Fran. Aye, when she knows
Before by me, from what an imminent plague
Your wisdom has preserved me.
Throate. Aye, that, that,
That will strike it dead: but here comes Beard.

Enter BEARD.

Beard. What are you sure, tied fast by heart and hand?
Throate. I now do call her wife, she now is mine,
Seal'd and deliver'd by an honest priest
At Saint Giles' in the Fields.
Beard. God give you joy, sir.
Throate. But where's mad Small-shanks?
Beard. O hard at hand,
And almost mad with loss of his fair bride;
Let not my lovely mistress be seen;
And see if you can draw him to compound
For all his title to her; I have serjeants
Ready to do the feat, when time shall serve.
Throate. Stand you aside, dear love; nay I will firk [*Exit* FRANCES.
My silly novice, as he was never firk'd
Since midwives bound his noddle: here they come.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, *and* BOUTCHER.

W. Small-sh. O, master Throate, unless you speak good news,
My hopes are crost, and I undone for ever.
Throate. I never thought you'd come to other end,
Your courses have been always so prophane,
Extravagant, and base.
W. Small-sh. Nay, good sir, hear:
Did not my love return? came she not hither?
For Jove's love speak.
Throate. Sir, will you get you gone,
And seek your love elsewhere? for know, my house
Is not to entertain such customers
As you and your comrades.
W. Small-sh. Is the man mad,
Or drunk? Why, master Throate, know you to whom
You talk so saucily?
Throate. Why unto you,
And to your brother Small shanks; will you be gone?
Bout. Nay, good sir, hold us not in this suspense,
Answer directly; came not the virgin hither?
Throate. Will you be gone directly? are you mad?
Come you to seek a virgin in Ram-Alley,
So near an Inn-of-court, and amongst cooks,
Ale-men, and landresses? why, are you fools?
W. Small-sh. Sir, leave this firk of law, or by this light,
I'll give your throat a slit; came she not hither?
Answer to that point.
Throate. What, have you lost her?
Come, do not gull your friends!
W. Small-sh. By heaven she's gone,
Unless she be return'd since we last left you.
Throate. Nay, then, I cry you mercy, she came not hither,
As I am an honest man: is't possible,
A maid so lovely fair, so well demeaned,
Should be took from you? what you three,
So young, so brave, and valiant gentlemen?
Sure it cannot be!
T. Small-sh. Afore God 'tis true.
W. Small-sh. To our perpetual shame 'tis now too true.
Throate. Is she not left behind you in the tavern?
Are you sure you brought her out? were you not drunk,
And so forgot her?

W. Small-sh. A pox on all such luck!
I will find her, or by this good light
I'll fire all the city: come let's go;
Whoever has her shall not long enjoy her,
I'll prove a contract; let's walk the round,
I'll have her if she keep above the ground.
[*Exit.*

Throate. Ha, ha, ha, he makes the sport i'faith,
The gull is mad, stark-mad; Dash, draw the bond,
And a release of all his interest
In this my loved wife.

Beard. Aye, be sure of that,
For I have certain goblins in [35] buff jerkins.

Re-enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS *with the Serjeants.*

Lie in ambuscado for him.

Offi. I arrest you, sir.

W. Small-sh. Rescue! rescue!

Throate. O he is caught.

W. Small-sh. I'll give you bail.
Hang off, honest catch-poles: master Throate, good, wise,
Learned, and honest master Throate, now, now,
Now or never help me.

Throate. What's the matter?

W. Small-sh. Here are two retainers, hangers-on, sir,
Which will consume more than ten liveries:
If by your means they be not strait shook off,
I am arrested.

Throate. Arrested! what's the sum?

W. Small-sh. But thirteen pounds, due to Beard the butler;
Do but bail me, and I will save you harmless.

Throate. Why, here's the end of riot; I know the law;
If you be bail'd by me, the debt is mine,
Which I will undertake.

W. Small-sh. Law there, rogues;
'Foot! I know he would not let me want
For thirteen pounds.

Throate. Provided you seal a release
Of all your claim to mistress Sommerfield.

W. Small-sh. Serjeants, do your kind, hale me to the hole,
Seal a release! serjeants, come: to prison!
Seal a release for mistress Sommerfield!
First I will stink in jail, be eat with lice,
Indure an object worse than the devil himself,
And that's ten serjeants peeping through the grates
Upon my lousy linen: come to jail:
'Foot, a release!

T. Small-sh. There's no conscience in it.

Bout. 'Tis a demand uncharitable.

Throate. Nay, choose.

Enter FRANCES.

Fran. I can hold no longer; impudent man——

W. Small-sh. My wife, 'foot! my wife; let me go, serjeants.

Fran. O thou perfidious man! dar'st thou presume
To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd?
What conquest hast thou got, to wrong a maid,
A silly, harmless maid? what glory is't
That thou hast thus deceived a simple virgin,
And brought her from her friends? what honour was't
For thee to make the butler lose his office,
And run away with thee? Your tricks are known;
Didst thou not swear thou should'st be baronized?
And hadst both lands and fortunes? both which thou want'st?

W. Small-sh. 'Foot, that's not my fault; I would have lands
If I could get 'em.

Fran. I know your tricks,
And know I now am wife unto this man.

Omnes. How!

Throate. I thank her, sir; she has now vouchsafed
To cast herself on me.

Fran. Therefore subscribe:
Take somewhat of him for a full release,
And pray to God to make you an honest man;
If not, I do protest by earth and heaven,
Although I starve, thou never shalt enjoy me.

Beard. Her vow is past, nor will she break her word;
Look to it, mitcher.

Fran. I hope he will compound.

W. Small-sh. 'Foot, shall I give two thousand pounds a year
For nothing?

T. Small-sh. Brother, come; be rul'd by me,
Better to take a little than lose all.

Bout. You see she's resolute; y'had best compound.

W. Small-sh. I'll first be damn'd ere I will lose my right,
Unless he give me up my forfeit mortgage,
And bail me of this action.

Fran. Sir, you may choose;
What's the mortgage worth?

W. Small-sh. Let's have no whispering.

Throate. Some forty pounds a year.

Fran. Do it, do it;
Come, you shall do it, we will be rid of him
At any rate.

Throate. Dash, go fetch his mortgage;
[*Exit* DASH.
So that your friends be bound you shall not claim

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[35] *Buff jerkins*—The dress of the Serjeants at that time.

Title, right, possession, in part or whole,
In time to come, in this my loved wife:
I will restore the mortgage, pay this debt,
And set you free.
W. Small-sh. They shall not.
Bout. We will;
Come draw the bonds, and we will soon subscribe them.

Enter DASH.

Throate. They're ready drawn; here's his release;
Serjeants, let him go.
Dash. Here's the mortgage, sir.
W. Small-sh. Was ever man thus cheated of a wife?
Is this my mortgage?
Throate. The very same, sir.
W. Small-sh. Well, I will subscribe; God give you joy,
Although I have but little cause to wish it;
My heart will scarce consent unto my hand.
Tis done.
Throate. You give this as your deeds.
Omnes. We do.
Throate. Certify them, Dash.
W. Small-sh. What! am I free?
Throate. You are; serjeants, I discharge you.
There's your fees.
Beard. Not so; I must have money.
Throate. I'll pass my word.
Beard. Foutre! words are wind
I say I must have money.
Throate. How much, sir?
Beard. Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to-morrow.
Throate. There's your sum; now, officers, be gone,
Each take his way; I must to Saint John's-street
And see my lady-mother: she's now in town,
And we to her shall straight present our duties.
T. Small-sh. O Jove, shall we lose the wench thus!
W. Small-sh. Even thus.
Throate, farewell; since 'tis thy luck to have her,
I still shall pray you long may live together:
Now each to his affairs.
Throate. Good night to all.

[*Exeunt* W. S. T. S. *and* BOUT.

Dear wife, step in; Beard and Dash, come hither:
Here, take this money: go borrow jewels
Of the next goldsmith: Beard, take thou these books,
Go both to the brokers in Fetter-lane,
Lay them in pawn for a velvet jerken
And a double ruff; tell him, he shall have
As much for loan to-night, as I do give
Usury for a whole circuit; which done,
You two shall man her to her mother's: go.

[*Exeunt* BEARD *and* DASH.

My fate looks big; methinks I see already
Nineteen gold chains, seventeen great beards, and ten
Reverend bald heads, proclaim my way before me;
My coach shall now go prancing through Cheapside,
And not be forced to hurry through the streets!
For fear of serjeants; nor shall I need to try
Whether my well-grass'd tumbling foot-cloth nag
Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catch-pole;
I now in pomp will ride, for 'tis most fit
He should have state who riseth by his wit.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir OLIVER, *Justice* TUTCHIN, TAFFATA, *and* ADRIANA.

Sir Oliv. Good meat the belly fills, good wine the brain;
Women please men, men pleasure them again;
Ka me, Ka thee, one thing must rub another,
English love Scots, Welshmen love each other.
J. Tutch. You say very right, sir Oliver, very right;
I hav't in my noddle, i'faith. That's all the fault
Old Justices have; when they are at feasts,
[36] They will bib hard; they will be fine sunburnt,
Sufficient fox'd or columber'd, now and then;
Now could I sit in my chair at home, and nod,
A drunkard to the stocks, [37] by virtue of
The last statute rarely.
Taf. Sir, you are merry.
J. Tutch. I am indeed.
Taf. Your supper, sir, was light,
But I hope you think you're welcome?
J. Tutch. I do;
A light supper quoth you; pray God it be,
Pray God I carry it cleanly; I am sure it lies

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[36] *They will bib hard*, &c.—These are cant phrases for being intoxicated.

[37] —— *By virtue of*
The last statute rarely—The statute here referred to is the 4th of James the First, 1606, which directs, that any persons convicted of being drunk shall pay five shillings, or be set in the stocks during the space of six hours, for the first offence; and for the second, be bound in a recognizance for his good behaviour.

As heavy in my belly as moult lead;
Yet I'll go see my sister Sommerfield.
Sir Oliv. So late, good justice?
J. Tutch. Aye, even so late.
Night is the mother of wit, as you may see
By poets, or rather constables,
In their examinations at midnight;
We'll lie together without marrying,
Save the curates and the parish a labour;
'Tis a thriving course.
Sir Oliv. That may not be,
For excommunications then will flee.
J. Tutch. That's true; they fly indeed like wild geese
In flocks, one in the breech of another;
But the best is, a small matter slays them,
And so farewell.
Sir Oliv. Farewell, good Justice Tutchin.
[*Exit Justice* TUTCHIN.
Alas, good gentleman, his brains are crazed,
But let that pass: speak, widow, is't a match?
Shall we clap it up?
Adri. Nay, if't come to clapping,
Good night i'faith; mistress, look before you,
There's nothing more dangerous to maid or widow,
Than sudden clappings up; nothing has spoiled
So many proper ladies, as clappings up:
Your shittle-cock, striding from tables to ground,
Only to try the strength of the back;
Your riding a hunting, aye, though they fell
With their heels upward, and lay as if
They were taking the height of some high star
With a cross staff; no, nor your jumblings
In horslitters,[38] coaches or caroaches,
Have spoil'd so many women as clappings up.
Sir Oliv. Why, then, we'll chop it up.
Taf. That's not allowed,
Unless you were son to a Welch curate:
But faith, sir knight, I have a kind of itching
To be a lady; that I can tell you wooes,
And can persuade with better rhetoric,
Than oaths, wit, wealth, valour, lands, or person;
I have some debts at court, and marrying you,
I hope the courtiers will not stick to pay me.
Sir Oliv. Never fear thy payment. This I will say
For courtiers, they'll be sure to pay each other,
Howe'er they deal with citizens.
Taf. Then here's my hand,
I am your wife, condition we be joined
Before to-morrow's sun.
Sir Oliv. Nay, even to-night,
So you be pleased; with little warning, widow,
We old men can be ready, and thou shalt see,
Before the time that chanticleer
Shall call, and tell the day is near.
When wenches, lying on their backs,
Receive with joy their love-stolen smacks;
When maids awaked from their first sleep,
Deceived with dreams, begin to weep,
And think, if dreams such pleasures know,
What sport the substance then would shew;
When ladies 'gin white limbs to spread,
Her love but new stolen to her bed,
His cotton shoes yet scarce put off,
And dares not laugh, speak, sneeze, or cough;
When precise dames begin to think,
Why their gross louring husbands stink;
What pleasure 'twere then to enjoy
A nimble vicar, or a boy;
Before this time thou shalt behold
Me quaffing out our bride ale-bowl.
Adri. Then belike before the morning sun
You will be coupled.
Taf. Yes faith, Adriana.
Adri. Well, I will look you shall have a clean smock,
Provided that you pay the fee, sir Oliver;
Since my mistress, sir, will be a lady,
I'll lose no fees due to the waiting maid.
Sir Oliv. Why is there a fee belonging to it?
Adri. A knight, and never heard of smock-fees?
I would I had the monopoly of them,
So there were no impost set upon them.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

Sir Oliv. Whom have we here? what my mad-headed son;

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[38] *Coaches and caroaches*—These names, which are generally considered as synonymous, appear from this passage to signify different kinds of vehicles, or different sizes of the same. About this time they were come into general use. Dr Percy, in his Notes to the Northumberland Household Book, p. 448. says, from Anderson's Origin of Commerce, that coaches were introduced into England by Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580; but, from the following passage in the Works of Taylor the Water Poet, 1630, p. 240. they appear to have been used some years earlier: "For in the year 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queene Elizabeth's coachman; for indeede a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement: some said it was a great crab shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan Temples, in which the Cannibals adored the divell; but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade; so that now all the world may see, they are as common as whores, and may be hired as easie as Knights of the Post." Dr Percy observes, they were first drawn with two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham, who, about 1619, began to draw with six horses, which (Wilson tells us, Life of King James, 1653, fol. p 130) "was wondered at then as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." About the same time he introduced Sedan Chairs.

What makes he here so late? Say I am gone;
And I the whilst will step behind the hangings.
W. Small-sh. God bless thee, parcel of man's flesh.
Taf. How, sir.
W. Small-sh. Why parcel of man's flesh, art not a woman?
But, widow, where's the old stinkard my father?
They say, widow, you dance all together
After his pipe
Taf. What then?
W. Small-sh. Thou'rt a fool;
I'll assure thee, there's no music in it.
Taf. Can you play better?
W. Small-sh. Better, widow?
Blood, dost think I have not learnt my [39] prick-song?
What not the court prick-song? one up, and another down:
Why I hav't to a hair; by this light,
I hope thou lovest him not.
Taf. I'll marry him, sir.
W. Small-sh. How, marry him! 'foot, art mad, widow?
Wo'ot marry an old crazed man,
With meagre looks, with visage wan,
With little legs, and crincled thighs,
With chap-fall'n gums, and deep-sunk eyes?
Why a dog, seized on ten days by death,
Stinks not so loathsome as his breath;
Nor can a city common jakes,
Which all men's breeches undertakes,
Yield fasting stomachs such a savour,
As doth his breath and ugly favour.
Sir Oliv. Rogue!
Adri. That's all one, sir; she means to be a lady.
W. Small-sh. Does she so? and thou must be her waiting-woman.
Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,
To sit at a chamber-door, and look fleas
In my lady's dog, while she is shewing
Some slippery breech'd courtier rare faces
In a bye-window: 'foot, widow,
Marry me, a young and complete gallant.
Taf. How a complete gallant? what! a fellow
With a hat tuck'd up behind, and what we use
About our hips to keep our coats from dabbling?
He wears about his neck a farthingale,
A standing collar to keep his neat band clean,
The whilst his shirt doth stink, and is more foul
Than an inn-of-chancery table-cloth:
His breeches must be pleited as if he had
Some thirty pockets, when one poor half-penny purse
Will carry all his treasure; his knees all points,
As if his legs and hams were tied together;
A fellow that has no inside, but prates
By rote, as players and parrots used to do,
And, to define a complete gallant right,
A mercer formed him, a tailor makes him,
A player gives him spirit.
W. Small-sh. Why so in my conscience to be a countess,
Thou wouldst marry a hedge-hog: I must confess,
'Tis state to have a coxcomb kiss your hands,
While yet the chamber-lie is scarce wiped off:
To have an upright usher march before you
Bare-headed, in a tufftafata jerkin,
Made of your old cast gown, shews passing well,
But when you feel your husband's pulses, that's hell;
Then you fly out, and bid straight smocks farewell.
Taf. I hope, sir, whate'er our husbands be,
We may be honest.
W. Small-sh. May be, nay y'are:
Women and honesty are as near allied
As parsons' lives are to their doctrines;
One and the same: but, widow, now be ruled;
I hope the heavens will give thee better grace
Than to accept the father, and I yet live
To be bestowed; if you wed the stinkard,
You shall find the tale of Tantalus
To be no fable, widow.
Sir Oliv. How I sweat!
I can hold no longer; degenerate bastard,
I here disclaim thee, cashier thee; nay more,
I disinherit thee both of my love
And living; get thee a grey cloak and hat,
[40] And walk in Paul's among thy cashier'd mates
As melancholy as the best.
Taf. Come not near me,
I forbid thee my house: my out-houses,
My garden, orchard, and my back-side:
Thou shalt not harbour near me.
[*Exeunt* TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA.
Sir Oliv. Nay to thy grief,
Know, varlet, I will be wed this morning,
Thou shalt not be there, nor once be graced
With a [41] piece of rosemary; I'll cashier thee;
Do not reply, I will not stay to hear thee.
[*Exit Sir* OLIVER.
W. Small sh. Now may I go put me on a clean shirt,
And hang myself: 'foot, who would have thought
The fox had earth'd so near me; what's to be done?
What miracle shall I now undertake

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[39] *Prick-song*—See Note 5 to *Microcosmus.*
[40] *And walk in Paul's*—St Paul's Cathedral, which at this period was open all day, and the resort of all the idle, profligate, or necessitous people in town.
[41] *Piece of rosemary*—See Note to *The Match at Midnight.*

To win [42] respective grace with God and men?
What if I turn'd courtier and lived honest?
Sure that would do: I dare not walk the streets,
For I dwindle at a serjeant in buff
Almost as much as a new player does
At a plague bill certified forty.
Well, I like this widow; a lusty plump drab,
Has substance both in breech and purse,
And pity and sin it were she should be wed
To a furr'd cloak and a night-cap. I'll have her:
This widow I will have: her money
Shall pay my debts and set me up again;
'Tis here, 'tis almost forged, which if it take,
The world shall praise my wit, admire my fate.
[*Exit.*

Enter BEARD, DASH, FRANCES, *Serjeants, Drawers.*

Beard. Serjeants, beware, be sure, you not mistake,
For if you *do*—
Dash. She shall be quickly bail'd,
She shall *corpus cum causa* be removed,
Your action entered first below shall shrink,
And you shall find, sir Serjeant, she has friends
Will stick to her in the common place.
Serj. Sir,
Will you procure her bail?
Beard. She shall be bail'd;
Drawer, bring up some wine, use her well,
Her husband is a gentleman of sort.
Serj. A gentleman of sort! why what care I?
A woman of her fashion shall find
More kindness at a lusty Serjeant's hand
Than ten of your gentlemen of sort.
Dash. Sir, use her well; she's wife to master Throate.
Serj. I'll use her, sir, as if she were my wife.
Would you have any more?
Beard. Drink upon that,
Whilst we go fetch her bail: Dash, fellow Dash,
With all the speed thou hast run for our master;
Make haste, lest he be gone before thou comest
To lady Sommerfield's: I'll fetch another;
She shall have bail,
Dash. And a firking writ
Of false imprisonment, she shall be sure
Of twelvepence damage, and five-and-twenty pound
For suits in law: I'll go fetch my master.
Beard. And I another.
[*Exeunt* BEARD *and* DASH.
Serj. Drawer, leave the room.
Here, mistress, a health.
Fran. Let it come, sweet rogue.
[*The Drawer stands aside.*
Dra. Aye, say you so? then must I have an eye;
These Serjeants feed on very good reversions,
On capons, teals, and sometimes on a woodcock
[43] Hot from the shrieve's own table; the knaves feed well,
Which makes them horrid letchers.
Fran. This health is pledged;
And, honest serjeant, how does master Gripe,
The keeper of the Counter? I do protest
I found him always favourable to me;
He is an honest man; has often stood to me,
And been my friend; and let me go a trust
For victual when he has denied it knights; but come,
Let's pay, and then be gone; the arrest you know
Was but a trick, to get from nimble Dash
My husband's man.
Serj. True: but I have an action
At suit of mistress Smell-smock, your quondam bawd;
The sum is eight good pound, for six weeks board,
And five weeks loan for a red taffata gown,
Bound with a silver lace.
Fran. I do protest,
By all the honesty 'twixt thee and me,
I got her in that gown in six weeks space
Four pound; and fourteen pence given by a clerk
Of an inn-of-chancery, that night I came
Out of her house; and does the filthy jade
Send to me for money? But, honest serjeant,
Let me go, and say thou didst not see me;
I'll do thee as great a pleasure shortly.
Serj. Shall we embrace to-night?
Fran. With all my heart.
Serj. Sit on my knee, and kiss.

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[42] *Respective*—i. e. *respectful*. So, in *The Second Part of Antonie and Mellida*, A. 3. S. 4:

"I give the noble duke *respective* thankes."

Every Man out of his Humour, A. 5. S. 4:

"I am bound to pledge it *respectively*, sir."

Cynthia's *Revels*:

"Methinks he did not this *respectively* enough."

[43] *Hot from the shrieve's table*;—It was formerly customary for the Counters in London to receive the remains of the Sheriffs' dinners, for the use of the prisoners confined there. See Stow's *Survey*, Vol. I. B. 3. p. 51. Edit. 1721.

Enter BEARD.

Beard. What news, boy? why stand you centinel?
Dra. Do but conceal yourself, and we shall catch
My serjeant napping.
Beard. Shall maids be here deflowered?
Serj. Now kiss again.
Dra. Now, now.

Enter Captain: and, seeing the hurly-burly, runs away.

Beard. Deflower virgins! rogue? avant ye slave!
Are maids fit subjects for a serjeant's mace?
So now are we once more free: there's for the wine. [*Exit Serjeant.*
Now to our rendezvous: three pounds in gold
These [44] slops contain; we'll quaff in [45] Venice glasses,
And swear some lawyers are but silly asses.
[*Exeunt* BEARD *and* FRANCES.

Enter Captain FACE.

Cap. Face. Is the coast clear? are these combustions ceased?
And may we drink canary sack in peace?
Shall we have no attendance here, you rogues?
Where be these rascals that skip up and down
Faster than [46] virginal jacks? drawers!
Dra. Sir!
Cap. Face. On whom wait you, sir rogue?
Dra. Faith, captain,
I attend a conventicle of players.
Cap. Face. How players, what is there e'er a cuckold among them?
Dra. Jove defend else, it stands with policy,
That one should be a notorious cuckold,
If it be but for the better keeping
The rest of his company together.
Cap. Face. When did you see sir Theophrastus Slop,
The city dog-master?
Dra. Not to-day, sir.
Cap. Face. What have you for my supper?
Dra. Nothing ready,
Unless you please to stay the dressing, captain.
Cap. Face. Zounds! stay the dressing! you damned rogue,
What, shall I wait upon your greasy cook,
And wait his leisure? go down stairs, rogue;
Now all her other customers be served,
Ask if your mistress have a snip of mutton
Yet left for me.
Dra. Yes, sir.
Cap. Face. And good-man rogue,
See what good thing your kitchen-maid has left
For me to work upon, my barrow-guttlings grumble
And would have food: [*Exit* DRAWER] Say now the vintner's wife
Should bring me up a pheasant, partridge, quail;
A pleasant banquet, and extremely love me,
Desire me to eat, kiss, and protest,
I should pay nothing for it; say she should drink
Herself three quarters drunk to win my love,
Then give me a chain worth some three score pounds;
Say t'were worth but forty; say but twenty;
For citizens do seldom in their wooing
Give above twenty pounds: say then 'tis twenty,
I'll go sell some fifteen pounds worth of the chain
To buy some clothes, and shift my lousy linen,
And wear the rest as a perpetual favour
About my arm in fashion of a bracelet:
Say then her husband should grow jealous,
I'd make him drunk, and then I'll cuckold him.
But then a vintner's wife, some rogue will say,
Which sits at bar for the receipt of custom,
That smells of chippings, and of broken fish,
Is Love to captain Face; which to prevent,
I'll never come but when her best stitcht hat,
Her bugle gown, and best wrought smock, is on;
Then does she neither smell of bread, of meat,
Or drappings of the tap; it shall be so.

Enter BOUTCHER, WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS, *and* CONSTANTIA.

Bout. Now leave us, boy; bless you, captain Face.
Cap. Face. [47] I'll have no musick.
W. Small-sh. 'Foot, dost take us for fiddlers?
Cap. Face. Then turn straight; drawer, run down the stairs,
And thank the gods he gave me that great patience
Not to strike you.

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[44] *Slops*—are *breeches.* The term occurs in almost every writer of the times.
[45] *Venice glasses,*—In *Philocothonista,* 1635. p. 46. it is said, "Of glasses to quaffe in, the fashions and sizes be almost without number, some transported hither from *Venice* and other places, some made in the citie by strangers. The manufactory of glass at *Venice* was then very considerable." See Howell's *Letters,* 1754, p. 56.
[46] *Virginal jacks?*—See Note 36 to *The Honest Whore,* Vol. I. p. 585.
[47] *I'll have no musick.*—Formerly there were a set of itinerant musicians who used to earn a scanty pittance by going about in winter evenings to taverns and inns, playing for the entertainment of the company they found there. Sir John Hawkins (*History of Music,* Vol. V. p. 66) mentions a person who was an excellent performer, and yet submitted to get his living by this practice so late as the year 1735. It is said, that some musicians attended the greater inns so constantly, that they might in some sort be styled retainers to the houses.

Bout. Your patience, sir, is great,
For you dare seldom strike. Sirrah, they say,
You needs will wed the widow Taffata,
Nolens volens.
Cap. Face. Do not urge my patience,
Awake not fury now raked up in embers,
I give you leave to live.
W. Small-sh. Men say you've tricks,
You're an admirable ape, and you can do
More feats than three baboons; we must have some.
Cap. Face. My patience yet is great; I say be gone,
My tricks are dangerous.
Bout. That's nothing,
I have brought you furniture; come get up,
Upon this table, do your feats,
Or I will whip you to them; do not I know
You are a lousy knave?
Cap. Face. How! lousy knave;
Are we not English bred?
Bout. You're a coward rogue,
That dares not look a kitling in the face,
If she but stare or mew.
Cap. Face. My patience yet is great:
Do you bandy tropes, by Dis I will be knight,
Wear a blue coat on great Saint George's-day,
And with my fellows drive you all from Paul's
For this attempt.
Bout. Will you yet get up?
I must lash you to it.
Cap. Face. By Pluto, gentlemen,
To do you pleasure, and to make you sport,
I'll do't.
W. Small-sh. Come, get up then quick.
Bout. I'll dress you, sir.
Cap. Face. By Jove 'tis not for fear,
But for a love I bear unto these tricks,
That I perform it.
Bout. Hold up your snout, sir,
Sit handsomely; by heaven, sir, you must do it;
Come, boy.
W. Small-sh. No; by this good light I'll play
Him that goes with the motions.
Dra. Where's the Captain's gentlemen?
W. Small-sh. Stand back, boy, and be a spectator.—Gentlemen,
You shall see the strange nature of an out-landish beast,
That has but two legs, bearded like a man,
Nosed like a goose, and tongued like a woman,
Lately brought from the land of Cataia,
A beast of much understanding, were it not given
Too much to the love of venery:—do I not do it well?
Bout. Admirably!
W. Small-sh. Remember, noble captain,
You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,
What can you do for the great Turk?
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?
Hark, he stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not;
What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?
[*He holds up his hands instead of praying.*
Con. Sure this baboon is a great Puritan.
Bout. Is not this strange?
W. Small-sh. Not a whit by this light;
[48] Banks his horse and he were taught both in a stable.
Dra. O rare!
Cap. Face. Zound! I'll first be damn'd; shall sport
Be laught at? by Dis, by Pluto, and great Proserpine,
My fatal blade once drawn, falls but with death;
Yet if you'll let me go, I vow by Jove,
No widow, maid, wife, punk, or cockatrice,
Shall make me haunt your ghosts.
Bout. 'Twill not serve, sir,
You must shew more.
Cap. Face. I'll first be hang'd and damn'd.
[*Runs out.*
W. Small-sh. 'Foot, can he jump so well?
Bout. Is he so quick?
I hope the slave will haunt no more the widow.
W. Small-sh. As for that take no care, for by this light
She'll not have thee.
Bout. Not have me?
W. Small-sh. No, not have thee.
By this hand, flesh, and blood, she is resolved
To make my father a most fearful cuckold,
And he's resolved to save his soul by her.
Bout. How, by her?
W. Small-sh. Thus; all old men which marry
Young wives shall questionless be saved,
For while th'are young, they keep other men's wives,
And when th'are old, they keep wives for other men.
And so by satisfaction procure salvation.
Why, thou dejected tail of a crab!
Does not fair Constantia Sommerfield
Doat on thy filthy face? and wilt thou wed
A wanton widow? what canst thou see
To doat on her?
Bout. Only this; I love her.
W. Small-sh. Do'st love her? then take a purgation,
For love, I'll assure thee, is a binder.
Of all things under heaven, there's no fitter parallels than a drunkard and a lover: for a drunkard loses his senses, so does your lover; your drunkard is quarrelsome, so is your lover; your drunkard will swear, lye, and speak great words, so will your lover; your drunkard is most desirous of his letchery, and so is your lover: Well, the night grows old, farewell.

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[48] *Banks his horse.*—See Note 29 to *The Parson's Wedding.*

I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While fair Constantia is resolved to wed thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter THOMAS SMALL-SHANKS, *and others.*

T. Small-sh. 'Foot, shall we let the wench go thus?
My masters, now shew yourselves gentlemen,
And take away the lawyer's wife;
'Foot, though I have no wit, yet I can
Love a wench, and choose a wife.

Gent. Why, sir, what should you do with a wife, that are held none of the wisest? you'll get none but fools.

T. Small-sh. How! fools? why may not I a fool get a wise child as well as a wise man get fools: all lies but in the agility of the woman: in troth, I think all fools are got when their mothers sleep; therefore I'll never lie with my wife but when she is broad waking: stand to't, honest friends; knock down the lieutenant, and then hurry the wench to Fleet-street; there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter BEARD *and* FRANCES.

Gent. Stand close, they come.

Beard. By Jove the night grows dark, and Luna looks
As if this hour some fifty cuckolds were making;
Then let us trudge.

Gent. Down with 'em, down with 'em, away, with her, master Small-shanks, to Fleet-street; go, the curate there stays for you. [*Exeunt.*

Beard. And stays the curate?
What's here? knock'd down, and blood of men let out?
Must men in darkness bleed? then Erebus look big,
And Boreas blow the fire of all my rage
Into his nose. Night, thou art a whore,
Small-shanks a rogue: and is my wench took from me?
Sure I am gull'd; this was no cockatrice,
I never saw her before this day-light peep'd:
What dropp'st thou head? this surely is the heir
And mad Will Small-shanks lay in ambuscado,
To get her now from me. Beard! Lieutenant Beard,
Thou art an ass; what a dull slave was I,
That all this while smelt not her honesty?
Pate, I do not pity thee: hadst thou brains,
Lieutenant Beard had got this wealthy heir
From all these rogues: blood! to be thus o'erreached,
In pate, and wench! Revenge! Revenge! come up,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard.
Small-shanks I will betray thee: I now will trudge
To Saint John-street to inform the lady Sommerfield
Where thou art: I will prevent the match.
Thou art to Fleet-street gone, revenge shall follow;
And my incensed wrath shall, like great thunder,
Disperse thy hopes, and thy brave wife asunder.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lady SOMMERFIELD *and Justice* TUTCHIN.

Tutch. Say as I say, widow, the wench is gone;
But I know whither; stolen she is; well:
I know by whom; say as I say, widow:
I have been drinking hard, why say so too,
Old men they can be fine with small ado.
The law is not offended, I had no punk;
Nor [49] in an ale house have I made me drunk;
The statute is not broke, I have the skill,
To drink by law: then say as I say still.

Lady Som. To what extremes doth this licentious time
Hurry unstay'd youth? Nor gods nor laws,
Whose penal scourges are enough to save
Even damned fiends, can in this looser age
Confine unbounded youth. Who durst presume
To steal my youth's delight, my age's hope,
Her father's heir, and the last noble stem
Of all her ancestors; fear they or Gods, or laws?

Just. Tutch. I say as you say, sister; but for the laws,
There are so many, that men do stand in awe
Of none at all; take heed they steal not you.
Who wooes a widow with a fair full moon
Shall surely speed; beware of full moons, widow;
Will Small-shanks has your daughter, no word but mum.
My warrant you shall have when time shall come.

Lady Som. Your warrant?

Just. Tutch. Aye, my warrant, widow;
My wartant can stretch far; no more but so,
'Twill serve to catch a knave, or fetch a doe.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Here's a gentleman much desirous to see you, madam.

Lady Som. What is he for a man?

Serv. Nothing for a man, but much for a beast;
I think him lunatic, for he demands
What plate of his is stirring i'the house.
He calls your men his butlers, cooks, and steward,
Kisses your women, and makes exceeding much
Of your coachman's wife.

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[49] *Nor in an ale-house have I made me drunk;*
The statute is not broke.—In the Statute of 4 James I. C. 5. S. 4. is a penalty on any person continuing drinking or tippling in Inns, Victualling-houses, or Ale-houses, &c.

Just. Tutch. Then he's a gentleman, for 'tis a true note of a gentleman to make much of other men's wives: bring him up; ah, sirrah, makes he much of your coachman's wife? this geer will run a wheels then shortly, a man may make much more of another man's wife than he can do of's own.

Lady Som. How much, brother?

Just. Tutch. A man may make with ease a punk, a child, a bastard, a cuckold, of another man's wife all at a clap. And that is much I think.

Enter Serving-man, and THROATE.

Serv. That's my lady.

Throate. For that thou first hast brought me to her sight,
I here create thee clerk of the kitchen,
No man shall beg it from thee.

Serv. Sure the fellow's mad.

Lady Som. What would you, sir? I guess your long profession
By your scant suit: your habit seems to turn
Your inside outward to me; you're I think,
Some turner of the law.

Throate. Law is my living,
And on that ancient mould I wear this outside;
Suit upon suit wastes some, yet makes me thrive,
First law, then gold, then love, and then we wive.

Just. Tutch. A man of form like me; but what's your business?

Lady Som. Be brief, good sir: what makes this bold intrusion?

Throate. Intrude I do not, for I know the law,
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coin, coin gets me friends,
Your son-in-law hath law at's fingers ends.

Lady Som. My son-in-law!

Throate. Madam, your son-in-law:
Mother, I come, (be glad I call you so)
To make a gentle breach into your favour,
And win your approbation of my choice:
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renown'd
For beauty, virtue, and a wealthy dower)
I have espoused.

Lady Som. How? you espouse my daughter?

Throate. *Noverint universi,* the laws of heaven,
Of nature, church, and chance, have made her mine;
Therefore deliver her by these presents.

Just. Tutch. How's this? made her your's, sir? *per quam regulum?*
Nay we are letter'd, sir, as well as you.
Redde rationem, per quam regulum.

Throate. *Femini ludificantur viros:*
By that same rule these lips have taken seizin:
Tut, I do all by statute law, and reason.

Lady Som. Hence, you base knave! you petty-fogging groom!
Clad in old ends, and pieced with brokery:
You wed my daughter!

Just. Tutch. You, sir Ambo-dexter,
A sumner's son, and learn'd in Norfolk wiles,
Some common bail, or Counter lawyer,
Marry my niece! your half sleeves shall not carry her.

Throate. These storms will be dissolved in tears of joy;
Mother, I doubt it not: *Justice, to you,*
That jerk at my half sleeves, *and yet yourself*
Do never wear but buckram *out of sight;*
A flannel waistcoat, or a canvas truss,
A shift of thrift, I use it: let's be friends,
You know the law has tricks, ka me, ka thee,
Viderit utilitas, the motto: these half arms,
Corpus cum causa need no bumbasting,
We wear small hair, yet have we tongue and wit,
Lawyers close-breech'd have bodies politic.

Lady Som. Speak, answer me, sir Jack: stole you my daughter?

Throate. Short tale to make, I fingered have your daughter:
I have ta'en livery and seisin of the wench.
Deliver her then, you know the statute laws,
She's mine without exception, bar, or clause;
Come, come, restore.

Lady Som. The fellow's mad, I think.

Throate. I was not mad before I married;
But, *ipso facto,* what the act may make me,
That know I not.

Just. Tutch. Fellows come in there.

Enter two or three Servants.

By this, sir, you confess you stole my niece,
And I attach you here of felony:
Lay hold on him: I'll make my mittimus,
And send him to the gaol; have we no bar
Nor clause to hamper you? away with him,
Those claws shall claw you to a bar of shame,
Where thou shalt shew thy [59]goll;—I'll bar your claim,
If I be justice Tutchin.

Throate. Hands off! you slaves:
Oh! favour my jerkin, though you tear my flesh.
I set more store by that: my *Audita Querela* shall be heard, and with a *Certiorari*
I'll fetch her from you with a pox.

Enter BEARD.

Beard. What's here to do? is all the world in arms?
More tumults, brawls, and insurrections,
Is blood the theme whereon our time must treat?

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[59] *Goll*—i. e. hand.

Throate. Here's Beard you butler; a rescue! Beard, draw.
Beard. Draw? not so: my blade's as ominously drawn
Unto the death of nine or ten such grooms,
As is a knife unsheath'd, with the hungry maw,
Threat'ning the ruin of a chaine of beef:
But for the restless toil it took of late,
My blade shall sleep awhile.
Throate. Help!
Beard. Stop thy Throate,
And hear me speak, whose bloody characters
Will shew I have been scuffling: briefly thus:
Thy wife, your daughter, and your lovely niece,
Is hurried now to Fleet-street, the damn'd crew
With glaves and clubs have rapt her from these arms;
Throate, thou art bobbed, although thou boughtest the heir,
Yet hath the slave made a re-entry.
Just. Tutch. Sirrah, what are you?
Throate. My lady's butler, sir.
Beard. Not I by heaven!
Throate. By this good light he swore it,
And for your daughter's love he ran away.
Beard. By Jove I gull'd thee, Throate.
Just. Tutch. More knavery yet?
Lay hands on him, pinion them both,
And guard them hence towards Fleet-street; come away.
Beard. Must we be led like thieves, and pinioned walk?
Spent I my blood for this? is this my hire?
Why then burn, rage, set Beard and Nose on fire.
Just. Tutch. On, on, I say.
Throate. Justice, the law shall firk you.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS.

W. Small-sh. On this one hour depends my hopes and fortunes:
'Foot, I must have this widow: what should my dad
Make with a wife, that scarce can wipe his nose,
Untruss his points, or hold a chamber pot
Steady till he pisses: the doors are fast,
'Tis now the midst of night; yet shall this chain
Procure access, and conference with the widow.
What though I cheat my father? all men have sins,
Though in their several kinds, all ends in this,
So they get gold, they care not whose it is.
Begging the court; use bears the city out;
Lawyers their quirks; thus goes the world about:
So that our villainies have but different shapes,
The effect's all one, and poor men are but apes,
To imitate their betters; this is the difference,
All great men's sins must still be humoured,
And poor men's vices largely punished.
The privilege that great men have in evil,
Is this, they go unpunish'd to the devil:
Therefore I'll in; this chain I know will move,
Gold and rich stones win coyest ladies' love.
[*Knocks.*

Enter ADRIANA.

Adri. What would you, sir, that you do knock so boldly?
W. Small-sh. I must come in to the widow.
Adri. How! come in?
The widow has no entrance for such mates.
W. Small-sh. Dost hear, sweet chamber-maid? by heaven I come
With letters from my father; I have brought her stones,
Jewels, and chains, which she must use to-morrow.
Adri. You're a needy knave, and will lye;
Your father has cashier'd you, nor will he trust you,
Be gone, lest I do wash you hence.
W. Small-sh. Dost hear?
By this good night, my father and I are friends;
Take but this chain for token, give her that,
And tell her I have other things for her,
Which by my father's will I am commanded
To give to her own hands.
Adri. Say you so?
In troth I think you'll prove an honest man,
Had you once got a beard; let me see the chain.
W. Small-sh. Dost think I lye? by this light, Adriana,
I love her with my soul; here's letters
And other jewels sent her from my father;
Is she a bed?
Adri. By my virginity,
She is uncased, and ready to slip in
Betwixt the sheets; but I will bear her this,
And tell her what you say. [*Exit.*
W. Small-sh. But make some haste;
Why so 'twill take, heart, how a waiting-maid
Can shake a fellow up that is cashier'd,
And has no money? 'foot, should she keep the chain,
And not come down, I must turn citizen,
Be bankrout, and crave the king's protection.
But here she comes.

Enter TAFFATA *and* ADRIANA.

Taf. What would you, sir, with us,
That on the sudden, and so late you come?

W. Small-sh. I have some secrets to acquaint you with.
Please you to let the chamber-maid shake off,
And stand as centinel.
Taf. It shall not need,
I hope I have not brought her up so ill,
But that she knows how to contain your secrets,
As well as I her mistress; therefore on.
W. Small-sh. It is not fit forsooth that I should on,
Before she leave the room.
Adri. 'Tis not indeed,
Therefore I'll wait in the with-drawing room
Until you call. [*Exit.*
Taf. Now, sir, what's your will?
W. Small-sh. Dear widow, pity the state of a young,
Poor, yet proper gentleman; by Venus pap,
Upon my knees I'd creep unto your lap,
For one small drop of favour; and though this face
Is not the finest face, yet t'as been praised
By ladies of good judgment in faces.
Taf. Are these your secrets?
W. Small-sh. You shall have secrets
More pleasing; nay hear, sweet widow;
Some wantons do delight to see men creep,
And on their knees to woo them.
Taf. I am none of those;
Stand up, I more desire a man should stand,
Than cringe and creep, that means to win my love;
I say stand up, and let me go, ye'ad best.
W. Small-sh. For ever let me creep upon the ground,
Unless you hear my suit.
Taf. How now, sir sauce,
Would you be cap'ring in your father's saddle?
Away, you cashier'd younger brother, be gone!
Do not I know the fashions of you all?
When a poor woman has laid open all
Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy;
But when wise maids dissemble, and keep close,
Then you poor snakes come creeping on your bellies,
And with all oiled looks prostrate yourselves
Before our beauties sun, where once but warm,
Like hateful snakes you strike us with your stings,
And then forsake us; I know your tricks, be gone!
W. Small-sh 'Foot, I'll first be hang'd; nay, if you go,
You shall leave your smock behind you, widow;
Keep close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,
Nor speak, cough, sneeze, or stamp, for if you do,
By this good blade I'll cut your throat directly.
Peace! stir not, by heaven I'll cut your throat
If you but stir; speak not, stand still, go to,
I'll teach coy widows a new way to woo.
Come you shall kiss; why so;—I'll stab by heaven
If you but stir; now, hear,—first kiss again;
Why so; stir not! Now come I to the point,
My hopes are past, nor can my present state
Afford a single half-penny: my father
Hates me deadly; to beg, my birth forbids;
To steal, the law, the hangman, and the rope,
With one consent deny: to go a trust,
The city common-council has forbid it,
Therefore my state is desperate—stir not!—
And I by much will rather choose to hang,
Then in a ditch or prison-hole to starve;
Resolve, wed me, and take me to your bed,
Or, by my soul, I'll straight cut off your head;
Then kill myself, for I had rather die,
Than in a street live poor and lousily.
Do not I know you cannot love my father?
A widow that has known the *quid* of things,
To doat upon an old and crazed man
That stinks at both ends, worse than an elder pipe!
Who, when his blood and spirit are at the height,
Hath not a member to his palsy body,
But is more limber than a King's-head pudding
Took from the pot half sod: do I not know this?
Have you not wealth enough to serve us both?
And am not I a pretty handsome fellow
To do your drudgery? come, come, resolve,
For by my blood, if you deny your bed,
I'll cut your throat without equivocation;
If you be pleased, hold up your finger; if not,
By heaven I'll gar my [51] whyniard through your womb;
Is't a match?
Taf. Hear me but speak.
W. Small-sh. You'll prate too loud.
Taf. No.
W. Small-sh. Nor speak one word against my honest suit?
Taf. No, by my worth.
W. Small-sh. Kiss upon that, and speak.
Taf. I dare not wed: men say you're naught, you'll cheat,
And you do keep a whore.
W. Small-sh. That is a lye;
She keeps herself and me; yet I protest,
She's not dishonest.
Taf. How could she maintain you?
W. Small-sh. Why, by her comings-in; a little thing
Her friends have left her, which with putting to best use,
And often turning, yields her a poor living:
But what of that? she's now shook off; to thee
I'll only cleave, I'll be thy merchant,
And to this wealthy fair I'll bring my ware,
And here set up my standing: therefore resolve,
Nought but my sword is left; if't be a match,
Clap hands, contract, and straight to bed;

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[51] *Whyniard*—i. e. sword.

If not, pray, forgive, and straight goes off your head.
Taf. I take thy love.
W. Small-sh. Then straight let's both to bed.
Taf. I'll wed to-morrow.
W. Small-sh. You shall not sleep upon't,
An honest contract is as good as marriage.
A bird in hand—you know the proverb, widow.
Taf. To let me tell thee, I'll love thee while I live
For this attempt; give me that lusty lad,
That wins his widow with his well-drawn blade,
And not with oaths and words: a widow's wooing,
Not in bare words, but should consist in doing;
I take thee to my husband.
W. Small-sh. I thee to wife,
Now to thy bed, and there we'll end this strife.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir OLIVER, *and Fiddlers.*

Sir Oliv. Warm blood, the young man's slave, the old man's God,
Makes me so stir thus soon: it stirs i'faith,
And with a kind of itching pricks me on
To bid my bride *bon jour;* O this desire
Is even another filch'd Promethean fire,
By which we old men live; performance then,
Aye, that's poor old men's bane, that in old men
Comes limping off more lame, God knows, than he,
Which in a close, a hot, and dangerous fight,
Has been dismembered; and craves by letters patents:
Yet scarce a woman that considers this,
Women have tricks, firks, and farthingales,
A generation are they full of subtlety,
And all most honest where they want the means
To be otherwise. Therefore I'll have an eye,
My widow goes not oft to visit kinsfolk:
By birth she is a Ninny; and that, I know,
Is not in London held the smallest kindred;
I must have wits and brains; come on my friends,
Out with your tools, and to't, a strain of mirth,
And a pleasant song, to wake the widow.

Enter WILLIAM SMALL-SHANKS *above in his Shirt.*

W. Small-Sh. Musicians, minstrels! 'foot rogues,
For God's love leave your filthy squeaking noise,
And get you gone; the widow and myself,
[52] Will scamble out the shaking of the sheets
Without music: we have no need of fiddlers
To our dancing; 'foot, have you no manners?
Cannot a man take his natural rest
For your scraping? I shall wash your gut-strings,
If you but stay a while: yet honest rascals,
If you'll let us have t'other crash,
The widow and I'll keep time; there's for your pains.
Sir Oliv. How's this? will the widow and you keep time?
What trick? what quiddit? what fegare is this?
My cashier'd son speak from the widow's chamber,
And in his shirt? ha! sure she is not there!
'Tis so; she has took him in for pity,
And now removes her chamber; I will home,
On with my neatest robes, perfume my beard,
Eat cloves, eringoes, and drink some aqua vitæ
To sweeten breath, and keep my weam from wambling.
Then, like the month of March, come blustering in,
Marry the widow, shake up this springal,
And then lie as quiet as a sucking lamb.
Close by the widow will I rest all night.
As for my breath, I have crotchets and devises,
"Ladies' rank breaths are often help'd with "spices."

Enter ADRIANA, *and another* [53] *strewing Herbs.*

Adri. Come, strew apace; Lord, shall I never live
To walk to church on flowers? O 'tis fine,
To see a bride trip it to church so lightly,
[54] As if her new choppines would scorn to bruise
A silly flower: and now I pr'ythee tell me,
What flower, thinkest thou, is likest to a woman?

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[52] *Will scamble out the shaking of the sheets—The shaking of the sheets* was a dance. A double entendre is designed here, and the same is often to be found in old plays. See *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602. *The City Madam*, A. 2. S. 1. *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, A. 1. S. 1.

[53] *Strewing herbs*—It appears to have formerly been a custom to strew herbs and flowers from the house where persons betrothed resided, to the church where they were married. See Armin's *Two Maids of Mortlake*, A. 1. S. 1.

[54] *As if her new choppines*—A *choppine*, or *chioppine*, was a high shoe worn by the Italians. Tom Coriate calls them *chapineys*, and gives the following account of them: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the Signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome: which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, *a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some redde, some yellow. It is called a chapiney, which they weare under their shoes.* Many of them are curiously painted; some also I have seene fairely gilt: so uncomely a thing, (in my opinion) that it is pitty this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the citie. *There are many of these chapineys of a great heighth, even halfe a yard high*, which maketh many of their women that are very short, seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard that this is observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or women when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." *Crudities*, 1611, p. 262. See also Mr Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 2, S. 2.

1 *Wom.* A mary-gold, I think.
Adri. Why a mary-gold?
1 *Wom.* Because a little heart makes it to spread,
And open wide his leaves.
Adri. Th'art quite wide,
A mary-gold doth open wide all day,
And shuts most close at night; I hope thou knowest,
All wenches do the contrary: but, sirrah,
How does thy uncle the old doctor?
Dost think he'll be a bishop?
1 *Wom.* O questionless!
For h'as got him a young wife, and carried her
To Court already: but now, I pr'ythee say,
Why will the widow wed so old a knight?
Adri. Why? for his riches.
1 *Wom.* For riches only;
Why, riches cannot give her her delight.
Adri. Riches, I hope, can soon procure her one,
Shall give her her delight; that's the devil,
That's it, i'faith, makes us waiting-gentlewomen
Live maids so long.
1 *Wom.* Think you so?
Adri. Yes, in faith,
Married women quite have spoiled the market,
By having secret friends besides their husbands;
For if these married wives would be content
To have but one a piece, I think, in troth,
There would be doings enough for us all,
And, till we get an act of parliament
For that, our states are desperate.

Enter BOUTCHER *and* CONSTANTIA.

Come strew apace.
Const. So ho, ho, master.
Bout. Boy.
Const. In troth I thought y'ad been more fast asleep,
Than a midwife, or a puritan tailor
At a Sunday evening's lecture; but, sir,
Why do you rise so soon?
Bout. To see the widow.
Const. The weaker you; you are forbid a widow.
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.
Methinks a young clear skin'd country gentlewoman,
That never saw baboons, lions, or courtiers,
Might prove a handsome wife; or what do you say
To a citizen's daughter, that never was in love
With a player, that never learnt to dance,
That never dwelt near any inn-of-court,
Might not she in time prove an honest wife?
Faith take a maid, and leave the widow, master,
Of all meats I love not a gaping oyster.
Bout. God speed your works, fair maids.
Adri. You much mistake,
'Tis no work.
Bout. What then?
Adri. A preparation
To a work, sir.
Bout. What work, sweet ladies?
Adri. Why to a marriage; that's a work I think.
Bout. How? a preparation to a marriage?
Of whom, kind maids, of whom?
Adri. And why kind maids?
I hope you have had no kindness at our hand
To make you say so: but, sir, understand,
That Sir Oliver Small-shanks the noble knight,
And Mistress Taffata, the rich widow,
Must this day be coupled, conjoined,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or, as the puritan says, put together,
And so, sir, to the shifting of our clean smocks,
We leave you.
[*Exeunt* ADRIANA, *and the other Woman.*
Bout. Married, and to-day?
Dissension, jealousy, hate, beggary,
With all the dire events which breed dislike
In nuptial beds, attend her bridal steps!
Can vows and oaths with such protesting action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their souls were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?
Have I for her contemn'd my fixed fate,
Neglected my fair hopes, and scorn'd the love
Of beauteous, virtuous, and honour'd Constantia?
Const. Now works it with my wish: my hopes are full.
Bout. And I engaged my worth, and ventur'd life
On yonder buffoln face, to have men scorn,
And point at my disgrace? first will I leave to live:
There take my purse, live thou to better fate,
[BOUTCHER *hangs himself.*
Better thus die than live unfortunate.
Const. Aye me accurst! help, help, murther, murther;
Curst be the day and hour that gave me breath!
Murther, murther: if any gentleman
Can hear my plaints, come forth, and assist me.
W. Small-sh. [54] *What out-cries call me from my naked bed?*
Who calls Jeronimo? speak, here I am.
Const. Good sir, leave your struggling and acting,
And help to save the life of a distressed man;
O help, if you be gentlemen.
W. Small-sh. *What's here?*
A man hang'd up, and all the murtherers gone,
And at my door, to lay the guilt on me?

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54 *What outcries*, &c.—The lines printed in Italics are taken from *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I.

This place was made to pleasure citizens wives,
And not to hang up honest gentlemen.

Enter TAFFATA.

Taff. Where be these lazy knaves? some raise the house.
What meant the cry of murther? where's my love?
W. Small-sh. *Come, Isabella, help me to lament,*
For sighs are stopt, and all my tears are spent.
These cloaths I oft have seen, aye me, my friend!
Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.
Const. It shall not need, he stirs; give him breath.
W. Small-sh. *Is there yet life, Horatio, my dear boy*
Horatio? Horatio, what hast thou missdone,
To lose thy life, when life was new begun?
Bout. Heart, a man had as good be hang'd out-right,
As to endure this clapping: shame to thy sex,
Perfidious perjur'd woman, where's thy shame?
How can thy modesty forbear to blush,
And knowest I know thee an adulteress:
Have not thy vows made thee my lawful wife
Before the face of heaven? where is thy shame?
But why speak I of shame to thee, whose face
Is steel'd with custom'd sin, whose thoughts want grace;
The custom of thy sin so lulls thy sense:
Women ne'er blush, though ne'er so foul the offence.
To break thy vow to me, and straight to wed
A doating stinkard!
W. Small-sh. But hold your tongue,
Or by this light I'll truss you up again;
'Heart rail on my wife! am I a stinkard?
Bout. The knight your father is.
W. Small-sh. Why, who denies it?
He supplants thee, and I supplanted him:
Come, come, you shall be friends, come forgive her:
For by this light there is no remedy,
Unless you will betake you to my leavings.
Const. Rather than so, I'll help you to a wife
Rich, well born, and by some accounted fair,
And for the worth of her virginity,
I dare presume to pawn my honesty:
What say you to Constantia Sommerfield?
W. Small-sh. Dost know where she is, boy?
Const. I do, nay more,
If he but swear to embrace her constant love,
I'll fetch her to this place.
W. Small-sh. He shall do it, boy.

Enter Sir OLIVER, *and Fiddlers:*

He shall do it, go fetch her boy, 'foot my father!
[*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Stand to't now, old wench, stand to't now.
Sir Oliv. Now fresh and youthful as the month of May,
I'll bid my bride good-morrow; musicians, on,
Lightly, lightly, and by my knighthood spurs,
This year you shall have my protection,
And yet not buy your livery coats yourselves;
Good-morrow, bride, fresh, fresh, as the month of May,
I come to kiss thee on thy wedding-day.
W. Small-sh. Saving your tale, sir, I'll shew you how;
April showers bring May flowers,
So merrily sings the cuckoo:
The truth is, I have laid my knife aboard.
The widow, sir, is wedded.
Sir Oliv. Ha!
W. Small-sh. Bedded.
Sir Oliv. Ha!
W. Small-sh. Why, my good father, what should you do with a wife?
Would you be crested? will you needs thrust your head
In one of Vulcan's helmets? will you perforce
Wear a city cap, and a court feather?
Sir Oliv. Villain, slave, thou hast wrong'd my wife.
W. Small-sh. Not so.
Speak, my good wench, have I not done thee right?
Taff. I find no fault; and I protest, Sir Oliver
I'd not have lost the last two hours sleep
I had by him, for all the wealth you have.
Sir Oliv. Villain, slave, I'll hang thee by the statute,
Thou hast two wives.
W. Small-sh. Be not so furious, sir,
I have but this, the other was my whore,
Which now is married to an honest lawyer.
Sir Oliv. Thou villain, slave, thou hast abus'd thy father.
Bout. "Your son i'faith, your very son i'faith,
"The villain boy has one trick of his sire,
"Has firkt away the wench, has pierc'd the "hogshead,
"And knows by this the vintage."
Sir Oliv. I am undone.
Bout. You could not love the widow, but her wealth.
Sir Oliv. The devil take my soul but I did love her.
Taff. That oath doth shew you are a Northern knight,
And of all men alive, I'll never trust
A Northern man in love.
Sir Oliv. And why? and why, slut?
Taff. Because the first word he speaks is, the devil
Take his soul; and who will give him trust
That once has given his soul unto the devil?
W. Small-sh. She says most true, father, the soul once gone,
The best part of man is gone.
Taff. And, i'faith,
If the best part of a man is gone,
The rest of the body is not worth a rush,
Though it be ne'er so handsome.

Enter Lady SOMMERFIELD, THROATE *and* BEARD *bound, and Justice* TUTCHIN.

L. Som. Bring them away

W. Small-sh. How now?
My lawyer pinion'd! I begin to stink
Already.
L. Som. Cheater, my daughter!
W. Small-sh. She's mad.
Throate. My wife, sir, my wife.
W. Small sh. They're mad, stark mad!
I am sorry, sir, you have lost those happy wits,
By which you liv'd so well. The air grows cold,
Therefore I'll take my leave.
L. Som. So, stay him officers:
Sir, 'tis not your tricks of wit can carry it.
Officers attach him, and this gentleman,
For stealing away my heir.
W. Small-sh. You do me wrong;
Heart, I never saw your heir.
Throate. That's a lye,
You stole her, and by chance I married her.
W. Small-sh. God give you joy, sir.
Throate. Ask the butler else.
Therefore, widow, release me, for by no law,
Statute, or book-case, of *Vicessimo*
Edwardi secundi, nor by the statute
Of Tricessimo Henrici sexti,
Nor by any book case of *decimo*
Of the late queen, am I accessary,
Part, or party confederate, abetter,
Helper, seconder, persuader, forwarder,
Principal, or maintainer, of this late theft:
But by law, I forward, and she willing,
Clapt up the match, and by a good statute
Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,
She is my leeful, lawful, and my true
Married wife, *teste* Lieutenant Beard.
W. Small-sh. Who lives, would think you could prate so fast,
Your hands being bound behind you? 'foot, he talks
With as much ease as if he were in's shirt.
Sir Oliv. I am witness thou had'st the heir.
Just. Tut. So am I.
Throate. And so is my man Dash.
Bout. Hear me but speak:
Sit you as judges, undo the lawyer's hands,
That he may freely act, and I'll be bound
That William Small-shanks shall put your Throate to silence,
And overthrow him at his own weapon.
Just. Tut. Agreed, take each his place, and hear the case
Argued betwixt them two.
Omnes. Agreed, agreed.
Just. Tut. Now, Throate, or never, stretch yourself.
Throate. Fear not.
W. Small-sh. Here stand I for my client, this Gentleman.
Throate. I for the widow.
W. Small-sh. Begin.
Throate. Right worshipful,
I say that William Small-shanks, mad-man,
Is by a statute made in Octavo
Of Richard Cordelion, guilty to the law
Of felony, for stealing this lady's heir;
That he stole her, the proof is most pregnant,
He brought her to my house, confest himself,
He made great means to steal her; I like her,
(And finding him a novice) truth to tell,
Married her myself, and as I said,
By a Statute Richardi Quarti,
She is lawful wife.
W. Small-sh. For my client,
I say the wench brought unto your house,
Was not the daughter to rich Sommerfield.
Sir O. What proof of that?
W. Small-sh. This gentleman.
Throate. Tut, tut.
He is a party in the cause,——but, sir,
If't were not the daughter to this good widow,
Who was it? answer that.
W. Small-sh. An arrant whore
Which you have married, and she is run
Away with all your jewels, this is true,
And this Lieutenant Beard can testify;
'Twas the wench I kept in Hosier-lane.
Beard. What was it she?
W. Small-sh. The very same.
Jus. Tut. Speak, sirrah Beard; if all he says be true.
Beard. She said she was a punk, a rampant whore.
Which in her time had been the cause of parting
Some fourteen bawds; he kept her in the suburbs.
Yet I do think this wench was not the same.
Bout. The case is clear with me.
Omnes. O strange!
Throate. Sir, sir,
This is not true;—how liv'd you in the suburbs,
And scapt so many searches?
W. Small-sh. I answer,
That most Constables in our out-parishes
Are bawds themselves; by which we scapt the searches.
Sir O. This is most strange!
Lady Som. What's become of this woman?
Beard. That know not I. At I was squiring her
Along the street, Master Small-shanks set upon me,
Beat me down, and took away the maid,
Which I suppose was daughter to the widow.
W. Small-sh. He lyes; let me be hang'd if he lyes not.
Sir O. What confusion is this?

Enter CONSTABLE.

Con. Bring them forward.

Enter THOMAS SMALLSHANKS *and* FRANCES.

God preserve your worship. And it like you, madam,
We were commanded by our deputy,
That if we took a woman in the watch,
To bring her straight to you: and hearing there
You were come hither, hither we brought them.
Sir O. The one is my son, I do acknowledge him,

What woman's that?
T. Small-sh. The widows daughter, sir.
W. Small-sh. Blood! is he gull'd too.
T. Small-sh. My brother stole her first,
Throate coozen'd him, and I had coozen'd Throate,
Had not the Constable took us in the watch;
She is the widow's daughter, had I had luck.
Throate. And my espoused wife.
Lady Som. Unmask her face.
My daughter? I defy her.
W. Small-sh. Your worship's wife.
Throate. I am gull'd and abus'd; and by a statute
Of *Tricessimo* of the late Queen,
I will star-chamber you all for coozenage,
And be by law divorc'd.
W. Small-sh. Sir, 'twill not hold:
She's your leeful, lawful, and true wedded wife,
Teste Lieutenant Beard.
Beard. Was't you that broke my head?
W. Small-sh. But why shouldst think much to die a cuckold,
Being born a knave? As good lawyers as you
Scorn not horns.
Throate. I am gull'd, aye me accurs'd!
Why should the harmless men be vex'd with horns,
When women most deserve them.
W. Small-sh. I'll shew you, sir:
The husband is the wife's head, and I pray
Where should the horns stand but upon the head:
Why, wert thou not begot (thou foolish knave)
By a poor sumner on a serjeant's widow?
Wert not thou a Puritan, and put in trust
To gather relief for the distressed Geneva?
And didst not thou leave thy poor brethren,
And run away with all the money? Speak,
Was not that thy first rising? Go,
Y'are well coupled, by Jove ye are; she is
But a younger sister newly come to town;
She's current mettle, not a penny the worse
For a little use, whole within the ring
By my soul.
Beard. Will he take her, think'st thou?
Bout. Yes, 'faith, upon her promise of amendment.
Jus. Tut. The Lawyer is gull'd.
Throate. Am I thus over-reach'd, to have a wife,
And not of the best neither?
Frances. Good sir, be content,
A lawyer should make all things right and straight,
All lyes but in the handling. I may prove
A wife that shall deserve your best of love.
Sir O. Take her Throate, you have a better jewel now
Than ever; kiss her, kiss her, man; all friends.
Lady Som. Yet in this happy close, I still have lost
My only daughter.
W. Small-sh. Where's thy Page, Boutcher?

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. Here I present the Page: and that all doubts
May here be cleared, here in my proper shape,
That all your joys may be compleat, and full,
I must make one; with pardon, gentle mother,
Since all our friends so happily are met,
Here will I choose a husband: this be the man,
Whom since I left your house, in shape of page,
I still have followed.
W. Small-sh. 'Foot, would I had known so much,
I would have been bold to have lain with your Page.
Con. Say am I welcome?
Bout. As is my life and soul.
Lady Som. Heaven give you joy,
Since all so well succeeds, take my consent.
W. Small-sh. Then are we all pair'd. I, and my lass;
You, and your wife; the Lawyer and his wench;
And, father, fall you aboard of the widow.
But then my brother ——
T. Small-sh. 'Faith, I am a fool.
W. Small-sh. That's all one; if God had not made
Some elder brothers fools, how should witty
Younger brothers be maintain'd?
Strike up, music; let's have an old song:
Since all my tricks have found so good success,
We'll sing, dance, dice, and drink down heaviness.

EPILOGUE.

Thus two hours have brought to end
What many tedious hours have penn'd
He dares not glory nor distrust:
But he (as other writers must)
Submit the censures of his pains
To those whose wits and nimble brains,
Are able best to judge: and as for some,
Who, fill'd with malice, hither come
To belch their poison on his labour,
Of them he doth intreat no favour;
But bids them hang, or soon amend,
For worth shall still itself defend;
And for ourselves we do desire,
You'll breathe on us that growing fire,
By which in time we may obtain
Like favours which some others gain;
For be assur'd our loves shall tend
To equal theirs, if not transcend.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "Ram-Alley; or, Merrie Tricks: A Comedy. Divers times heretofore acted by the Children "of the King's Revels. Written by Lo. Barrey. At London. Printed by G. Eld, for Robert Wil- "son, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne, at the new gate of Graye's-Inne, 1611, 4to."

(2.) "Ram-Alley; or, Merry Tricks: A Comedy. Divers times heretofore acted by the Children "of the King's Revels. Written by Lo. Barrey. London. Printed by John Norton, for Robert "Wilson, 1636, 4to."

THE ROARING GIRL

OR,

MOLL CUT-PURSE.

TO

THE COMIC PLAY-READERS, VENERY, AND LAUGHTER.

THE fashion of play-making I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration in apparel: for in the time of the Grent-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plays, quilted with mighty words to lean purpose, was only then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inventions began to set up. Now in the time of spruceness, our plays follow the niceness of our Garments, single plots, quaint conceits, letcherous jests, [illegible] hanging sleeves, and those are fit for the Times, and the [1] Termers; such a kind of light-colour Summer stuff, mingled with divers colours, you shall find this published Comedy, good to keep you in an afternoon from dice at home in your chambers; and for venery you shall find enough [2] for six-pence, but well couch'd and you mark it: for Venus being a woman, passes through the play in doublet and breeches, a brave disguise and a safe one, if the Statute untie not her cod-piece point. The book I make no question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person itself, and may be allowed both gallery room at the play-house and chamber-room at your lodging: worse things I must needs confess the world has taxt her for, than has been written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a Writer, to leave things better than he finds them, though some obscene fellow (that cares not what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdy-house himself, and entertains drunkards, to make use of their pockets, and vent his private bottle-ale at mid-night) though such one would have ript up the most nasty vice, that ever hell belcht forth, and presented it to a modest Assembly; yet we rather wish in such discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a slackness of truth, than fulness of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

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[1] *Termers*:—This word was formerly applied to persons of ill repute, both male and female. Dekker in *The Belman of London*, 1616, Sign. H 3, speaking of the practises of the cheats in his time, says, "they allot such countries to this Band of *Foists*, such townes to those, and such a City to so many *Nips*: whereupon *some of these* BOOTHALERS *are called* TERMERS, *and they ply Westminster-hall: Michaelmas Term is their harvest*, and they sweat in it harder than reapers or haymakers doe at their works in the heat of summer."

[2] *For six-pence*,—The price of a Play at this time, as will appear from the following instances: *Law Tricks*, by John Day, 1608, Address from the Book to the Reader, concludes: "Thine or any man's for *a taster*."

Verses by W. B. (probably William Browne) prefixed to *The Bondman*:

"'Tis granted for your Twelve-pence you did sit,
And see and hear, and understood not yet;
The Author in a Christian Pity, takes,
Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes,
That such as will but venture *Six-pence* more,
May know what they but saw and heard before."

Randolph's Address to the Reader prefixed to *The Jealous Lovers*, 4to. 1632: "Courteous Reader, I beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expence of a *sixpence*, and the loss of an hour."

THE ROARING GIRL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, *and* NEAT-FOOT *his Man.*
Sir ADAM APPLETON.
Sir DAVY DAPPER.
Sir BEAUTEOUS GANYMED.
Lord NOLAND.
Young WENGRAVE.
JACK DAPPER, *and* GULL *his Page.*
GOSHAWK.
GREENEWIT.
LAXTON.

TILT-YARD, OPENWORK, GALLIPOT, } *Cives & Uxores.*

MOLL *the Roaring Girl.*
TRAPDOOR.

Sir GUY FITZ-ALLARD.
MARY FITZ-ALLARD *his Daughter.*

CURTILAX *a Serjeant, and* HANGER *his Yeoman.*

Ministri.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter MARY FITZ-ALLARD, *disguised like a sempster, with a case for bands; and* NEAT-FOOT, *a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and*[3] *a trencher in his hand as from table.*

Neat. The young gentleman (our young master,) sir Alexander's son, is it into his ears (sweet damsel, emblem of fragility) you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent?

M. Fitz. A private word or two, sir; nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructify in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young master is erected (that is to say up,) and deliver him to this your most white hand.

M. Fitz. Thanks, sir.

Neat. And withal certify him, that I have culled out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicum than any lay upon his trencher at dinner—hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastity?

M. Fitz. One, of whom he bespake falling bands[4].

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[3] *A trencher in his hand*—At this time pewter was not introduced into common use. Our ancestors were content with wooden trenchers, and these were even to be found at the tables of our nobility and persons of good fashion. Among the orders for household-servants, devised by John Harryngton 1566, and renewed by his Son 1592, it is directed, "That no man waite at the table without *a trencher* in his hand, except it be upon good cause, on pain of 1*d*." *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol II. p. 267. edit. 1779. See also the *Northumberland Household-Book*, p. 354. *Trenchers* are still used in some colleges and inns-of-court, particularly in Lincoln's-Inn.

[4] *Falling bands*—In note 26 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol I. p. 530. I have expressed a doubt whether *the falling band* might not be a species of ruffs. In Evelyn's *Discourse on Medals*, 1697, p. 108. is the head of Charles I. crowned in the garter, robes, and wearing *a falling band*; "which new mode, says

Neat. Falling bands! it shall so be given him—if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curl-pated company of rude servingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously and ingeniously welcome.

M. Fitz. I have [5] dined indeed already, sir.

Neat.—Or will you vouchsafe to kiss the lip of a cup of rich Orleans in the buttery amongst our waiting-women.

M. Fitz. Not now in truth, sir.

Neat. Our young master shall then have a feeling of your being here; presently it shall be given him. [*Exit.* NEAT-FOOT.

M. Fitz. I humbly thank you, sir;—but that my bosom
Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile,
To see this formal ape play antick tricks:
But in my breast a poisoned arrow sticks,
And smiles cannot become me: love woven slightly
(Such as thy false heart makes) wears out as lightly:
But love being truely bred i'th' soul (like mine)
Bleeds even to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the less it slackes;
O me!

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *with* NEAT-FOOT.

S. Wen. A sempster speake with me, [6] says't thou?

Neat. Yes, sir; she's there, *viva voce*, to deliver her auricular confession.

Seb. With me, sweet heart? What is't?

M. Fitz. I have brought home your bands, sir,

Seb. Bands!—Neat-foot.

Neat. Sir.

Seb. Pr'ythee look in; for all the gentlemen are upon rising.

Neat. Yes, sir; a most methodical attendance shall be given.

Seb. And dost hear? if my father call for me, say I am busy with a sempster.

Neat. Yes, sir! he shall know it that you are busied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's ear, good Neat-foot.

Neat. It shall be so given him. [*Exit.*

Seb. Bands! you're mistaken, sweet heart, I bespake none: when, where, I pr'ythee? what bands? let me see them.

M. Fitz. Yes, sir; a bond fast sealed, with solemn oaths,
Subscribed unto (as I thought) with your soul:
Delivered as your deed in sight of heaven:
Is this bond cancell'd? have you forgot me?

Seb. Ha! life of my life: Sir Guy Fitz-allard's daughter!
What has transform'd my love to this strange shape?
Stay: make all sure—so: now speak and be brief,
Because the wolf's at door that lies in wait,
To prey upon us both: albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine; yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with fear and wonder.

M. Fitz. Mine's a loathed sight:
Why from it are you banish'd else so long?

Seb. I must cut short my speech, in broken language:
Thus much, sweet Moll; I must thy company shun;
I court another Moll; my thoughts must run,

Mr Evelyn, succeeded the cumbersome ruff; but neither did the Bishops or Judges give it over so soon, the Lord Keeper Finch being, I think, the very first." From this medal, which was struck in 1633, it appears, that the *falling band* resembled what lately was called a Vandyke. We learn from the Works of *Taylor the Water Poet*, fol. 1630. p. 167. that the rise of *falling bands* was only the revival of an ancient fashion.

"Now up aloft I mount unto the ruffe,
Which into foolish mortals pride doth puffe;
Yet Ruffes antiquity is here but small,
Within this eighty yeeres, not one at all;
For the eighth Henry (as I understand)
Was the first King that ever wore a Band;
And but *a falling band*, plaine with a hem,
All other people knew no use of them;
Yet imitation in small time began
To grow, that it the kingdome over-ran:
The *little falling bands* encreas'd to Ruffes,
Ruffes (growing great) were waited on by cuffes;
And though our frailties should awake our care,
We make our Ruffes as carelesse as we are."

[5] *Dined*—The Quarto reads *dyed*.
[6] *Says't*—The Quarto reads *saith*.

As a horse runs that's blind, round in a mill,
Out every step, yet keeping one path still.
M. Fitz. Umh! must you shun my company? In one knot
Have both our hands by th' hands of heaven been tied.
Now to be broke? I thought me once your bride;
Our fathers did agree on the time when,—
And must another bed-fellow fill my room?
Seb. Sweet maid, lets lose no time, 'tis in heaven's book
Set down, that I must have thee: an oath we took,
To keep our vows; but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, storms began to sit
Upon my covetous father's brow; which fell
From them on me: he reckon'd up what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,
To lose so much blood, could not grieve him more;
He then dissuades me from thee, call'd thee not fair,
And ask'd what is she, but a beggar's heir;
He scorn'd thy dowry of (five thousand) marks.
If such a sum of money could be found,
And I would match with that, he'd not undo it,
Provided his bags might add nothing to it;
But vow'd, if I took thee, nay more, did swear it,
Save birth from him I nothing should inherit.
M. Fitz. What follows then? my ship-wrack?
Seb. Dearest, no:
Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,
My end is to meet thee: with a side wind
Must I now sail, else I no haven can find,
But both must sink for ever. There's a wench
Call'd Moll, mad Moll, or merry Moll, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person; all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion
I spend to mad my father: he believes
I doat upon this Roaring Girl, and grieves
As it becomes a father for a son,
That could be so bewicht: yet I'll go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, feign dreams,
In which I'll only talk of her: these streams
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That here I anchor rather than be rent
Upon a rock so dangerous: art thou pleas'd,
Because thou seest we are way-laid, that I take
A path that's safe, though it be far about?
M. Fitz. My prayers with heaven guide thee!
Seb. Then I will on:
My father is at hand, kiss and begone;
Hours shall be watch'd for meetings; I must now,
As men for fear, to a strange idol bow.
M. Fitz. Farewell.
Seb. I'll guide thee forth; when next we meet,
A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, *Sir* DAVY DAPPER, *Sir* ADAM APPLETON, GOSHAWK, LAXTON, *and Gentlemen.*

Omnes. Thanks, good Sir Alexander, for our bounteous cheer.
Sir A. Wen. Fy, fy, in giving thanks you pay too dear.
Sir D. Dap. When bounty spreads the table, faith t' were sin,
(At going off) if thanks should not step in.
Sir A. Wen. No more of thanks, no more: aye, marry, sir,
Th' inner room was too close; how do you like
This parlour, gentlemen?
Omnes. Oh passing well.
Sir A. Apple. What a sweet breath the air casts here, so cool!
Gos. I like the prospect best.
Lax. See how 'tis furnish'd.
Sir D. Dap. A very fair sweet room.
Sir A. Wen. Sir Davy Dapper,
The furniture that doth adorn this room
Cost many a fair gray groat ere it came here;
But good things are most cheap, when th' are most dear.
Nay, when you look into my galleries,
[illegible] trimm'd up, you all shall swear
Y'are highly pleas'd to see what's set down there.
Stories of men and women (mixt together
Fair ones with foul, like sun-shine in wet weather)
Within one square a thousand heads are laid
So close, that all of heads the room seems made;
As many faces there (fill'd with blith looks)
Shew like the promising titles of new books,
(Writ merrily) the readers being their own eyes,
Which seems to move and to give plaudities:
And here and there (whilst with obsequious ears,
Throng'd heaps do listen) a cut-purse thrusts and leers
With hawk's eyes for his prey; I need not shew him,
By a hanging villainous look, your selves may know him,
The face is drawn so rarely: then, sir, below,
The very floor (as twere) waves to and fro,
And, like a floating island, seems to move,
Upon a sea, bound in with shores above.

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE *and Mr* GREENEWIT.

Omnes. These sights are excellent.
Sir A. Wen. I'll shew you all,
Since we are met, make our parting comical.
Seb. This gentleman (my friend) will take his leave, sir.
Sir A. Wen. Ha, take his leave (Sebastian) who?
Seb. This gentleman.
Sir A. Wen. Your love, sir, has already given me some time,

And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: good sir, stay.
Green. I have been too bold.
Sir A. Wen. Not so, sir. A merry day
'Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold saved.
Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaves I keep?

Enter three or four Servingmen, and NEAT-FOOT.

Neat. At your worshipful elbow, sir.
Sir A. Wen. You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.
Neat. Your worship has given it us right.
Sir A. Wen. You varlets stir,
Chairs, stools, and cushions: pr'ythee, sir Davy Dapper,
Make that chair thine.
Sir D. Dap. 'Tis but an easy gift;
And yet I thank you for it, sir; I'll take it.
Sir A. Wen. A chair for old sir Adam Appleton.
Neat. A back friend to your worship.
Sir A. Apple. Marry good Neatfoot,
I thank thee for it: back friends sometimes are good.
Sir A. Wen. Pray make that stool your perch, good Mr Goshawk.
Gos. I stoop to your lure sir.
Sir A. Wen. Son Sebastian,
Take master Greenewit to you.
Seb. Sit, dear friend.
Sir A. Wen. Nay, master Laxton—furnish master Laxton
With what he wants (a stone) a stool I would say, a stool.
Lax. I had rather stand, sir.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Sir A. Wen. I know you had, good Mr Laxton. So, so—
Now here's a mess of friends; and, gentlemen,
Because time's glass shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.
Sir D. Dap. Good tales do well
In these bad days, where vice does so excel.
Sir A. Apple. Begin, sir Alexander.
Sir A. Wen. Last day I met
An aged man, upon whose head was scored
A debt of just so many years as these,
Which I owe to my grave; the man you all know.
Omnes. His name I pray you, sir.
Sir A. Wen. Nay, you shall pardon me;
But when he saw me, with a sigh that break,
Or seem'd to break his heart-strings, thus he spake:
Oh, my good knight, says he (and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They had spent so many tears they had no more.)
Oh, sir, says he, you know it, for you have seen
Blessings to reign upon mine house and me:
Fortune, who slaves men, was my slave, her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads; for, I thank heaven,
I ne'er had but one cause to curse my stars.
I ask'd him then, what that one cause might be.
Omnes. So, sir.
Sir A. Wen. He paused: and as we often see,
A sea so much becalmed, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drown'd
In their own rage; but when the imperious winds
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven's and earth's foundation at their noise,
The seas, swelling with wrath to part that fray,
Rise up, and are more wild, more mad than they.
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirr'd up to roughness; you might see his gall
Flow even in's eyes: then grew he fantastical.
Sir D. Dap. Fantastical! ha, ha.
Sir A. Wen. Yes; and talk oddly.
Sir A. Apple. Pray, sir, proceed:
How did this old man end?
Sir A. Wen. Marry, sir, thus:
He left his wild fit to read o'er his cards;
Yet then, though age cast snow on all his hair,
He joyed, because, says he, the God of gold
Has been to me no niggard; that disease,
Of which all old men sicken, avarice,
Never infected me.
Lax. He means not himself, I'm sure.
Sir A. Wen. For like a lamp,
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself; oh but, quoth he,
Though heaven's dew fall thus on this aged tree,
I have a son, that's like a wedge, doth cleave
My very heart root.
Sir D. Dap. Had he such a son?
Seb. Wen. Now I do smell a fox strongly.
Sir A. Wen. Let's see: no, master Greenewit is not yet
So mellow in years as he; but as like Sebastian,
Just like my son Sebastian—such another.
Seb. Wen. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blows to hit me! but, if I beat you not at your own weapon of subtilty—
Sir A. Wen. This son, saith he, that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation.
Sir A. Apple. 'Tis some prodigal.
Seb. Wen. [7]Well shot, old Adam Bell.
Sir A. Wen. No city monster neither, no prodigal,
But sparing, wary, civil, and, though wiveless,

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[7] *Well shot, old Adam Bell.*—For an account of this celebrated archer and outlaw, see Dr Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 143.

An excellent husband; and such a traveller,
He has more tongues in his head than some have teeth.
Sir D. Dap. I have but two in mine.
Gos. So sparing and so wary;
What then could vex his father so?
Sir A. Wen. Oh, a woman!
Seb. Wen. A flesh-fly, that can vex any man.
Sir A. Wen. A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated:
A creature, saith he, nature hath brought forth
To mock the sex of woman—It is a thing
One knows not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. 'Tis woman more than man,
Man more than woman, and, which to none can hap,
The sun gives her two shadows to one shape;
Nay more, let this strange thing, walk, stand, or sit,
No blazing star draws more eyes after it.
Sir D. Dap. A monster, 'tis some monster.
Sir A. Wen. She's a varlet.
Seb. Wen. Now is my cue to bristle.
Sir A. Wen. A naughty pack.
Seb. Wen. 'Tis false.
Sir A. Wen. Ha, boy.
Seb. Wen. 'Tis false.
Sir A. Wen. What's false? I say she's nought.
Seb. Wen. I say that tongue
That dares speak so (but yours) sticks in the throat
Of a rank villain, set yourself aside—
Sir A. Wen. So sir, what then?
Seb. Wen. Any here else had lyed.——
I think I shall fit you. [*Aside.*
Sir A. Wen. Lye?
Seb. Wen. Yes.
Sir D. Dap. Doth this concern him?
Sir A. Wen. Ah, sirrah boy!
Is your blood heated? boils it? are you stung?
I'll pierce you deeper yet: oh, my dear friends,
I am that wretched father; this that son,
That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run.
Sir A. Apple. Will you love such a poison?
Sir D. Dap. Fye, fye.
Seb. Wen. You're all mad.
Sir A. Wen. Thou'rt sick at heart, yet feel'st it not: of all these,
What gentleman, but thou, knowing his disease
Mortal would shun the cure! oh master Greenwit,
Would you to such an idol bow?
Green. Not I, sir.
Sir A. Wen. Here's master Laxton; has he mind to a woman
As thou hast?
Lax. No, not I, sir.
Sir A. Wen. Sir, I know it.
Lax. Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
I will have nought to do with any woman.
Sir D. Dap. 'Tis well done, master Laxton.
Sir A. Wen. Oh, thou cruel boy!
Thou wouldst with lust an old man's life destroy:
Because thou see'st I'm half way in my grave,
Thou shovels dust upon me; would thou mightest have
Thy wish, most wicked, most unnatural!
Sir D. Dap. Why, sir, 'tis thought sir Guy Fitz-allard's daughter
Shall wed your son Sebastian.
Sir A. Wen. Sir Davy Dapper,
I have upon my knees woo'd this fond boy
To take that virtuous maiden.
Seb. Wen. Hark you! a word, sir.
You on your knees have curst that virtuous maiden,
And me for loving her; yet do you now
Thus [8] baffle me to my face: wear not your knees
In such intreaties——give me Fitz-allard's daughter.
Sir A. Wen. I'll give thee rats-bane rather. [*Aside.*
Seb. Wen. Well, then you know
What dish I mean to feed upon.
Sir A. Wen. Hark, gentlemen!
He swears to have this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.
Omnes. Master Sebastian!
Seb. Wen. I am deaf to you all.
I'm so bewitch'd, so bound to my desires,
Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burn within me. [*Exit* SEBASTIAN.
Sir A. Wen. Her blood shall quench it then;
Lose him not, oh dissuade him, gentlemen.
Sir D. Dap. He shall be wean'd, I warrant you.
Sir A. Wen. Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.
Omnes. No more, no more, away!
[*Exeunt all but Sir* ALEXANDER.
Sir A. Wen. I wash a negro,
Losing both pains and cost: but take thy flight,
I'll be most near thee, when I'm least in sight.
Wild buck, I'll hunt thee breathless, thou shalt run on,
But I will turn thee when I'm not thought upon.

Enter RALPH TRAPDOOR.

Now, sirrah, what are you? leave your ape's tricks and speak.
R. Trap. A letter from my captain to your worship.
Sir A. Wen. Oh, oh; now I remember 'tis to prefer thee into my service.
R. Trap. To be a shifter under your worship's

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[8] *Baffle.*—See note 7 to *The Muses Looking Glass.*

nose of a clean trencher, when there's a go bit upon't.

Sir A. Wen. Troth, honest fellow—humh—ha—let me see;
This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble; he has a face that promiseth
Much of a villain: I will grind his wit,
And, if the edge prove fine, make use of it.
Come hither, sirrah; canst thou be secret? ha!

R. Trap. As two crafty attornies plotting the undoing of their clients.

Sir A. Wen. Did'st never, as thou hast walkt about this town,
Hear of a wench call'd Moll, mad merry Moll?

R. Trap. Moll Cut-purse, sir?

Sir A. Wen. The same; dost thou know her then?

R. Trap. As well as I know it will rain upon Simon and Jude's day next: I will sift all the taverns i'the city, and drink half pots with all the watermen at the bankside, but, if you will, sir, I'll find her out.

Sir A. Wen. That task is easy; do't then, hold thy hand up,
What's this? is't burnt?

R. Trap. No, sir, no; a little singed with making fire-works.

Sir A. Wen. There's money, spend it; that being spent, fetch more.

R. Trap. Oh, sir, that all the poor soldiers in England had such a leader! For fetching, no water spaniel is like me.

Sir A. Wen. This wench we speak of strays so from her kind,
Nature repents she made her. 'Tis a Mermaid
Has toll'd my son to shipwreck.

R. Trap. I'll cut her comb for you.

Sir A. Wen. I'll tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company: deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.

R. Trap. The jingling of golden bells, and a good fool with a hobby-horse, will draw all the whores i'the town to dance in a morris.

Sir A. Wen. Or rather, for that's best, (they say sometimes
She goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

R. Trap. And when her breeches are off she shall follow me.

Sir A. Wen. Beat all thy brains to serve her.

R. Trap. Zounds, sir, as country wenches beat cream, 'till butter comes.

Sir A. Wen. Play thou the subtle spider; weave fine nets
To insnare her very life.

R. Trap. Her life?

Sir A. Wen. Yes; suck
Her heart-blood if thou canst; twist thou but cords
To catch her, I'll find law to hang her up.

R. Trap. Spoke like a worshipful bencher.

Sir A. Wen. [9] Trace all her steps; at this she-fox's den
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the shepherd
To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

R. Trap. This is the [10] goll shall do't.

Sir A. Wen. Be firm, and gain me
Ever thine own. This done, I entertain thee:
How is thy name?

R. Trap. My name, sir, is Ralph Trapdoor, honest Ralph.

Sir A. Wen. Trapdoor, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on, but unto me—

R. Trap. As fast as your soal to your boot or shoe, sir.

Sir A. Wen. Hence then, be little seen here as thou canst:
I'll still be at thine elbow.

R. Trap. The trapdoor's set.
Moll, if you budge you're gone: this me shall crown,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girl puts down.

Sir A. Wen. God-a-mercy lose no time.

[*Exeunt.*

The three Shops open in a Rank: the first an Apothecary's Shop: the next a Feather Shop: the third a Sempster's Shop: Mistress GALLIPOT *in the first, Mistress* TILT-YARD *in the next, Master* OPENWORK *and his Wife in the third; to them enter* LAXTON, GOSHAWK, *and* GREENEWIT.

Mrs Open. Gentlemen, what is't you lack? what is't you buy? see fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambrics; what is't you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy?

Lax. Yonder's the shop.

Gos. Is that she?

Lax. Peace.

Green. She that minces tobacco.

Lax. Ay: she's a gentlewoman born I can tell you, though it be her hard fortune now to shread Indian pot-herbs.

Gos. Oh, sir, 'tis many a good woman's for-

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[9] *Trace all her steps—i. e.* follow all her steps. See Note 26 to *George a Greene*, Vol. I. p. 454.

[10] *Goll—i. e.* hand.

tune, when her husband turns bankrupt, to begin with pipes and set up again.

Lax. And indeed the raising of the woman is the lifting up of the man's head at all times; if one flourish, t'other will bud as fast, I warrant ye.

Gos. Come, th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better i'the dark, you may chance lie i'the ditch when y'are drunk.

Gos. Go, th'art a mystical letcher.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take up an ounce of pure smoke.

Gos. May take up an ell of pure smock; away go, 'tis the closest striker. Life I think he commits venery forty foot deep, no man's aware on't. I, like a palpable smockster, go to work so openly with the tricks of art, that I'm as apparently seen [11] as a naked boy in a vial; and were it not for a gift of treachery that I have in me to betray my friend where he puts most trust in me, (mass yonder he is too—) and by his injury to make good my access to her, I should appear as defective in courting, as a farmer's son the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at court but woo the hangings and glass windows for a mouth together, and some broken waiting woman for ever after. I find those imperfections in my venery, that were't not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence; and he that wants impudence among women is worthy to be kick'd out at bed's feet.—He shall not see me yet.

Green. Troth, this is finely shred.

Lax. Oh, women are the best mincers.

Mrs. Gal. 'Thad been a good phrase for a cook's wife, sir.

Lax. But 'twill serve generally, like the front of a new almanack, as thus: calculated for the meridian of cook's wives, but generally for all Englishwomen.

Mrs. Gal. Nay; you shall ha't, sir, I have fill'd it for you. [*She puts it to the fire.*

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.

Green. But not to be used o' that fashion.

Lax. O pardon me, sir, I understand no French. I pray be cover'd: Jack, a pipe of rich smoke.

Gos. Rich smoke! that's sixpence a pipe, is't?

Green. To me, sweet lady?

Mrs Gal. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange;
Art and wit makes a fool of suspicion:—pray be wary.

Lax. Push, I warrant you:—come, how is't gallants?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were grown so silent; you are like those that love not to talk at victuals, though they make a worse noise i'the noise than a common fiddler's prentice, and discourse a whole supper with snuffling;—I must speak a word with you anon.

Mrs Gal. Make your way wisely then.

Gos. Oh, what else, sir; he's perfection itself, full of manners,
But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. Ay, and full of form; h'as ne'er a good stool in's chamber.

Gos. But above all, religious: he prayeth daily upon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant above measure; he'as run three streets from a serjeant.

Lax. Puh, puh. [*He blows Tobacco in their faces.*

Green. Gos. Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Lax. So, so.

Mrs Gal. What's the matter now, sir?

Lax. I protest I'm in extreme want of money; if you can supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman tasted.

Mrs Gal. What's the sum would pleasure ye, sir? Though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

Lax. Why, 'tis but for want of opportunity thou know'st;—I put her off with opportunity still; by this light I hate her, but for means to keep me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend upon other wenches; [12] bear her in hand still; she has wit enough to rob her husband, and I ways enough to consume the money: why, how now? what, the chin-cough?

Gos. Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a man's face, and strangle him ere he be aware; I could find in my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

Lax. Pox, and thou do'st, thou know'st I never use to fight with my friends, thou'll but lose thy labour in't.
Jack Dapper!

Enter JACK DAPPER *and his man* GULL.

Green. Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ancles.

J. Dap. Save ye, gentlemen, all three in a peculiar salute.

Gos. He were ill to make a lawyer; he dispatches three at once.

Lax. So, well said; but is this of this same tobacco, mistress Gallipot?

Mrs Gal. The same you had at first, sir.

Lax. I wish it no better: this will serve to [13] drink at my chamber.

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[11] *As a naked boy in a vial;*—meaning an abortion preserved in spirits.
[12] *Bear her in hand*—See Note 20 to *Ram-Alley*, p. 299.
[13] *Drink at my chamber*—See Note 38 to Second Part of *Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 586.

Gos. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

Lax. Not of this by my troth, gentlemen, I have sworn before you.

Gos. What not Jack Dapper?

Lax. Pardon me, sweet Jack, I'm sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oaths must stand: where art going, Jack?

Dap. 'Faith to buy one feather.

Lax. One feather! the fool's peculiar still.

J. Dap. Gull.

Gull. Master.

J. Dap. Here's three half-pence for your ordinary, boy: meet me an hour hence in Paul's.

Gull. How! three single half-pence; life, this will scarce serve a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a halporth of oil, and a halporth of vinegar, what's left then for the pickle herring: this shews like small beer i'the morning after a great surfeit of wine o'er night: he could spend his three pounds last night in a supper amongst girls and brave bawdy-house boys: I thought his pockets cackel'd not for nothing; these are the eggs of three pounds, I'll go sup 'em up presently.

[*Exit* GULL.

Lax. Eight, nine, ten angels; good wench i'faith, and one that loves darkness well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugster's wife in England: but that which mads her, I rail upon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a room with a candle in her hand to shew me a naked picture, where no sooner entered, but the candle was sent of an errand: now I not intending to understand her, but, like a puny at the inns of venery, call'd for another light innocently; thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cozens her husband to keep me, and I'll keep her honest as long as I can, to make the poor man some part of amends: an honest mind of a whoremaster! how think you amongst you? what! a fresh pipe? draw in a third man.

Gos. No you're a hoarder, you ingross by the ounces.

[*At the Feather Shop now.*

J. Dap. Puh, I like it not.

Mrs. Tilt. What feather is't you'd have, sir?
These are most worn and most in fashion,
Amongst the beaver gallants, the stone riders,
The private stage's audience, [14] the twelve penny stool gentlemen;
I can inform you 'tis the general feather.

J. Dap. And therefore I mislike it, tell me of general!
Now a continual Simon and Jude's rain
Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.
Shew me——a——spangled feather.

Mrs. Tilt. Oh, to go a feasting with,
You'd have it for a [15] hench boy, you shall.

[*At the Sempster's Shop now.*

Mr Open. Mass I had quite forgot,
His Honour's footman was here last night; wife,
Ha' you done with my lord's shirt?

Mrs Open. What's that to you, sir?
I was this morning at his Honour's lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.

Mr Open. Oh, 'twas well done, good wife.

Mrs Open. I hold it better, sir, than if you had don't yourself.

Mr Open. Nay, so say I: but is the Countess's smock almost done, [16] mouse?

Mrs Open. Here lies the cambrick, sir; but wants I fear me.—

Mr Open. I'll resolve you of that presently.

Mrs Open. Heyday! oh, audacious groom!
Dare you presume to noblewomen's linen?
Keep you your yard to measure shepherd's holland,
I must confine you, I see that.

[*At the Tobacco Shop now.*

Gos. What say you to this geer?

Lax. I dare the arrant'st critic in tobacco
To lay one fault upon't.

Enter MOLL, *in a Freese Jerkin and a Black* [17] *Saveguard.*

Gos. 'Life! yonder's Moll.

Lax. Moll! which Moll?

Gos. Honest Moll.

Lax. Pr'ythee lets call her—Moll!

All. Moll, Moll! pist Moll!

Moll. How now! what's the matter?

Gos. A pipe of good tobacco, Moll.

Moll. I cannot stay.

Gos. Nay, Moll, puh, pr'ythee hark; but one word i'faith.

Moll. Well, what is't?

Green. Pr'ythee come hither, sirrah.

Lax. 'Heart, I would give but too much money to be nibbling with that wench; life, she has the spirit of four great parishes, and a voice that will drown all the city: Methinks a brave captain might get all his soldiers upon her, and

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[14] *The twelve penny stool gentlemen*—Dr Percy is of opinion, that one shilling was the general price of what is now called the Pit. See *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 141.

[15] *Hench boy*—See Note 13 to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*.

[16] *Mouse*—*Mouse* was formerly a word of endearment. In *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 2. Mrs Kitely calls her husband *muss*; or, as I think, it should be written *mus*, the Latin word for *mouse*.

[17] *Saveguard*—See Note 5 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* p. 240.

ne'er be beholding to a company of Mile-end milk sops, if he could come on, and come off quick enough: Such a Moll were a maribone before an Italian; he would cry *bona roba*, till his ribs were nothing but bone. I'll lay hard siege to her; money is that *aqua fortis*, that eats into many a maidenhead, where the walls are flesh and blood. I'll ever pierce through with a golden augre.

Gos. Now thy judgment, Moll? is't not good?

Moll. Yes 'faith, 'tis very good tobacco: How do you sell an ounce? farewell. God b'y you, Mistress Gallipot.

Gos. Why, Moll, Moll.

Moll. I cannot stay now 'faith; I am going to buy a shag-ruff; the shop will be shut in presently.

Gos. 'Tis the maddest fantastical girl—I never knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

Lax. She slips from one company to another, like a fat eel between a Dutchman's fingers:—I'll watch my time for her.

Mrs Gal. Some will not stick to say she's a man,
And some both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent; she might first cuckold the husband, and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Feather-Shop again.

Moll. Save you; how does mistress Tilt-yard?

J. Dap. Moll.

Moll. Jack Dapper?

J. Dap. How dost, Moll?

Moll. I'll tell you by and by, I go but to the next shop.

J. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.

Moll. Nay, and a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the days of your life. Let me see a good shag-ruff.

[*The Sempster-shop.*

Mr Open. Mistress Mary, that shalt thou i'faith, and the best in the shop.

Mrs Open. How now! greetings! love terms with a pox between you! have I found out one of your haunts? I send you for hollands, and you're i'the low countries with a mischief. I'm serv'd with good ware by the shift, that makes it lie dead so long upon my hands; I were as good shut up shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Mr Open. Nay, and you fall a ringing once, the devil cannot stop you; I'll out of the belfry as fast as I can—Moll.

Mrs Open. Get you from my shop.

Moll. I come to buy.

Mrs Open. I'll sell ye nothing; I warn ye my house and shop.

Moll. You! goody Openwork,—you that prick out a poor living,
And sew many a bawdy skin-coat together,
Thou private pandress between shirt and smock,
I wish thee for a minute but a man:
Thou shouldst never use more shapes, but as thou art
I pity my revenge: now my spleen's up.

Enter a Fellow with a long Rapier by his side.

I would not mock it willingly—ha, be thankful; Now I forgive thee.

Mrs Open. Marry hang thee, I never askt forgiveness in my life.

Moll. You, goodman swines-face?

Fel. What, will you murder me?

Moll. You remember, slave, how you abused me t'other night in a tavern.

Fel. Not I by this light.

Moll. No, but by candle-light you did: you have tricks to save your oaths; reservations have you? and I have reserved somewhat for you,—as you like that, call for more; you know the sign again.

Fel. Pox on't, had I brought any company along with me to have borne witness on't, 'twold ne'er have griev'd me; but to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune still; why, tread upon a worm, they say 'twill turn tail; but indeed a gentleman should have more manners.

[*Exit Fellow.*

Lax. Gallantly performed i'faith, Moll, and manfully; I love thee for ever for't: base rogue! had he offer'd but the least counter-buff, by this hand I was prepared for him.

Moll. You prepared for him! why should you be prepared for him? was he any more than a man?

Lax. No, nor so much by a yard and a handful, London measure.

Moll. Why do you speak this then? do you think I cannot ride a stone horse, unless one lead him by the snaffle?

Lax. Yes, and sit him bravely; I know thou canst, Moll: 'twas but an honest mistake through love, and I'll make amends for't any way: pr'ythee, sweet plump Moll, when shall thou and I go out o' town together?

Moll. Whither, to Tyburn pr'ythee?

Lax. Mass that's out o' town indeed: thou hang'st so many jests upon thy friends still! I mean honestly to Brentford, Staines, or Ware.

Moll. What to do there?

Lax. Nothing but be merry and lie together: I'll hire a coach with four horses.

Moll. I thought 'twould be a beastly journey; you may leave out one well; three horses will serve, if I play the jade myself.

Lax. Nay, push, th'art such another kicking wench; pr'ythee be kind and let's meet.

Moll. 'Tis hard but we shall meet, sir.

Lax. Nay, but appoint the place then; there's

ten angels in fair gold, Moll: you see I do not trifle with you; do but say thou will meet me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee.

Moll. Why here's my hand, I'll meet you, sir.

Lax. Oh good gold—the place, sweet Moll?

Moll. It shall be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat near Holborn, Moll.

Moll. In Gray's-Inn-fields then.

Lax. A match.

Moll. I'll meet you there.

Lax. The hour?

Moll. Three.

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at Brentford. [*Fall from them to the other.*

Mr Open. I am of such a nature, sir, I cannot endure the house when she scolds. She has a tongue will be heard farther in a still morning than Saint Antling's bell: she rails upon me for foreign wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore i'the suburbs, and seek to impoverish the liberties: when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Gos. No trouble at all; 'tis a pleasure to me to join things together.

Mr Open. Go thy ways; I do this but to try thy honesty, Goshawk. [*The Feather-shop.*

J. Dap. How lik'st thou this, Moll?

Moll. Oh singularly, you're fitted now for a bunch: he looks for all the world with those spangled feathers like a nobleman's bedpost: the purity of your wench would I fain try, she seems like Kent unconquered, and I believe as many wiles are in her—oh, the gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench: 'tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because she's ne'er thoroughly tried; I am of that certain belief, there are more queans in this town of their own making, than of any man's provoking: where lies the slackness then? many a poor soul would down, and there's nobody will push them:

Women are courted, but ne'er soundly tried,
As many walk in spurs that never ride.

[*The Sempster's shop.*

Mrs Open. Oh, abominable!

Gos. Nay, more I tell you in private, he keeps a whore i'the suburbs.

Mrs Open. O spittle dealing! I came to him a gentlewoman born.

I'll shew you mine arms when you please, sir.

Gos. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

Mrs Open. 'Tis well known he took me from a lady's service, where I was well beloved of the steward. I had my Latin tongue, and a spice of the French, before I came to him; and now doth he keep a suburbian whore under my nostrils?

Gos. There's ways enough to cry quit with him; hark in thine ear.

Mrs Open. There's a friend worth a million.

Moll. I'll try one spear against your chastity, mistress Tiltyard,
Though it prove too short by the burgh.

Enter RALPH TRAPDOOR.

Trap. Mass, here she is.
I'm bound already to serve her, though it be but a sluttish trick. Bless my hopeful young mistress with long life and great limbs; send her the upper hand of all bailiffs, and their hungry adherents.

Moll. How now, what art thou?

R. Trap. A poor ebbing gentleman, that would gladly wait for the young flood of your service.

Moll. My service! what should move you to offer your service to me, sir?

R. Trap. The love I bear to your heroick spirit and masculine womanhood.

Moll. So, sir, put case we should retain you to us, what parts are there in you for a gentlewoman's service?

R. Trap. Of two kinds, right worshipful; moveable, and immoveable: moveable to run of errands, and immoveable to stand when you have occasion to use me.

Moll. What strength have you?

R. Trap. Strength, mistress Moll? I have gone up into a steeple, and staid the great bell as it has been ringing; stopt a windmill going.

[*Molls trips up his heels; he falls.*

Moll. And never struck down yourself.

R. Trap. Stood as upright as I do at this present.

Moll. Come, I pardon you for this, it shall be no disgrace to you: I have struck up the heels of the high German's size ere now,—what, not stand?

R. Trap. I am of that nature where I love, I'll be at my mistress' foot to do her service.

Moll. Why, well said; but say your mistress should receive injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you? durst you second her?

R. Trap. Life, I have kept a bridge myself, and drove seven at a time before me.

Moll. Aye?

R. Trap. But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks by my troth. [*Aside:*

Moll. Well, meet me in Gray's-Inn-fields, between three and four this afternoon; and upon better consideration we'll retain you.

R. Trap. I humbly thank your good mistressship;—
I'll crack your neck for this kindness.

[*Exit* TRAPDOOR.

Lax. Remember three. [MOLL *meets* LAXTON.

Moll. Nay, if I fail you, hang me.

Lax. Good wench, I'faith. [*Then* OPEN.

Moll. Who's this?

Mr Open. 'Tis I, Moll.

Moll. Pr'ythee tend thy shop, and prevent bastards.

Mr Open. We'll have a pint of the same wine 'faith, Moll. [*The Bell rings.*

Gos. Hark, the bell rings! come, gentlemen. Jack Dapper, where shall's all munch?

J. Dap. I am for Parker's ordinary.

Lax. He's a good guest to them, he deserves his board;

He draws all the gentlemen in a term time thither;
We'll be your followers, Jack; lead the way;
Look you, by my faith, the fool has feathered his nest well.

[*Exeunt Gallants.*

Enter Master GALLIPOT, *Master* TILTYARD *and Servants, with Water-spaniels and a Duck.*

Mr Tilt. Come, shut up your shops; where's master Openwork?

Mrs Gal. Nay, ask not me, master Tiltyard.

Mr Tilt. Where's his water-dog, puh—pist—hur—hur—pist.

Mr Gal. Come, wenches, come, we're going all to Hogsdon.

Mrs Gal. To Hogsdon, husband?

Mr Gal. Ay, to Hogsdon, pigsny.

Mrs Gal. I'm not ready, husband.

[*Spits in the Dog's mouth.*

Mr Gal. 'Faith, that's well—hum—pist—pist. Come, mistress Openwork, you are so long—

Mrs Open. I have no joy of my life, master Gallipot.

Mr Gal. Push, let your boy lead his water spaniel along, and we'll show you the bravest sport [18] at parlous pond, [19] he trug, he trug, he trug; here's the best duck in England, except my wife; he, he, he, fetch, fetch; come, let's away: Of all the year this is the sportful'st day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *solus.*

Seb. If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love?
All creatures have their liberty in that,

Enter Sir ALEXANDER, *and listens to him.*

Though else kept under servile yoke and fear;
The very bond-slave has his freedom there.
Amongst a world of creatures voiced and silent,
Must my desires wear fetters?—yea, are you
So near? then I must break with my heart's truth;
Meet grief at a back way—well: why suppose,
The two-leaved tongues of slander or of truth
Pronounce Moll loathsome; if before my love
She appear fair, what injury have I?
I have the thing I like; in all things else
Mine own eyes guide me, and I find 'em prosper.
Life, what should ail it now? I know that man
Ne'er truly loves, if he gainsay't he lyes,
That winks and marries with his father's eyes.
I'll keep mine own wide open.

Enter MOLL, *and a Porter with a viol on his back.*

Sir A. Wen. Here's brave wilfulness!
A made match, here she comes, they meet a purpose.

Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber, mistress Mary?

Moll. Fiddle, goodman hog-rubber! some of these porters bear so much for others, they have no time to carry wit for themselves.

Por. To your own chamber, mistress Mary?

Moll. Who'll hear an ass speak? whither else goodman pageant-bearer? they're people of the worst memories! [*Exit Porter.*

Seb. Wen. Why, 'twere too great a burthen, love, to have them carry things in their minds, and o'their backs together.

Moll. Pardon me, sir, I thought not you so near.

Sir A. Wen. So, so, so.

Seb. Wen. I would be nearer to thee, and in that fashion
That makes the best part of all creatures honest.
No otherwise I wish it.

Moll. Sir, I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me: I have no humour to marry, I love to lie aboth sides o'the bed myself; and again o'the other side, a wife you know ought to be obedient; but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore I'll ne'er go about it. I love you so well, sir, for your good will, I'd be loath you should repent your bargain after; and therefore we'll ne'er come together at first: I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman: marriage is but a chopping and changing; where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i'the place.

Sir A. Wen. The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girl, that ever mine ears drunk in.

Seb. This were enough now to affright a fool for ever from thee, when 'tis the music that I love thee for.

Sir A. Wen. There's a boy that spoils all again.

Moll. Believe it, sir, I am not of that disdainful temper, but I could love you faithfully.

Sir A. Wen. A pox on you for that word. I like you not now,
You're a cunning roarer I see that already.

Moll. But sleep upon this once more, sir; you may chance to shift a mind to-morrow; be not too hasty to wrong yourself; never while you

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[18] *At parlous pond*—This I imagine is the same place now called *peerless pool*. It is situated near Old Street road, and was formerly a spring that over-flowing its banks, caused a very dangerous pond, which from the number of persons who lost their lives there, obtained the name of *Perilous Pool*. To prevent these accidents, it was in a manner filled up until the year 1743, when it was inclosed, and converted into a bathing place.

[19] *He, trug, trug, trug,* &c.] I suppose *Trug* is the name of the spaniel whom he is sending into the water to hunt ducks; or else that he means to say, trudge, trudge, S.

live, sir, take a wife running, many have run out at heels that have don't: you see, sir, I speak against myself; and if every woman would deal with their suiter so honestly, poor younger brothers would not be so often gull'd with old cozening widows, that turn o'er all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poor gentleman work hard for a pension: fare you well, sir.

Seb. Wen. Nay, pr'ythee, one word more.

Sir A. Wen. How do I wrong this girl! she puts him off still.

Moll. Think upon this in cold blood, sir: you make as much haste as if you were going upon a sturgeon voyage. Take deliberation, sir; never chuse a wife as if you were going to [20] Virginia.

Seb. Wen. And so we parted, my too cursed fate!

Sir. A. Wen. She is but cunning, gives him longer time in't.

Enter a Taylor.

Tay. Mistress Moll, mistress Moll! so ho, ho, so, ho!

Moll. There, boy; there, boy; what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger?

Tay. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Sir A. Wen. Hoyda, breeches! what will he marry a monster with two trinkets! what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats like a fool.

Moll. What fidling's here! would not the old pattern have served your turn?

Tay. You change' the fashion; you say you'll have the great Dutch slop, mistress Mary.

Moll. Why, sir, I say so still.

Tay. Your breeches then will take up a yard more.

Moll. Well, pray look it be put in then.

Tay. It shall stand round and full, I warrant you.

Moll. Pray make 'em easy enough.

Tay. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiff between the legs, I'll make these open enough I warrant you.

Sir A. Wen. Here's good geer towards, I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop, and a French doublet; a codpiece daughter.

Tay. So, I have gone as far as I can go.

Moll. Why then, farewell.

Tay. If you go presently to your chamber, mistress Mary, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Moll. Well, sir, I'll send it by a porter presently. [*Exit* MOLL.

Tay. So you had need, it is a lusty one; both of them would make any porter's back ache in England. [*Exit Taylor.*

Seb. Wen. I have examined the best part of man,
Reason and judgment; and in love they tell me,
They leave me uncontroul'd; he that is sway'd
By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love,
His spring time must needs err, his watch ne'er goes right
That sets his diall by a rusty clock.

Sir A. Wen. So, and which is that rusty clock, sir, you?

Seb. Wen. The clock at Ludgate, sir, it ne'er goes true.

Sir A. Wen. But thou goest falser: not thy father's cares
Can keep thee right; when that insensible work
Obeys the workman's art, lets off the hour,
And stops again when time is satisfied:
But thou run'st on, and judgment, thy main wheel,
Beats by all stops, as if the work would break,
Begun with long pains for a minute's ruin:
Much like a suffering man brought up with care;
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.

Seb. Wen. I taste you bitterer than I can deserve, sir.

Sir A. Wen. Who has bewitched thee, son? what devil or drug
Has wrought upon the weakness of thy blood,
And betray'd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh, wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soul sits with a golden dream
Flattered and poisoned; I am old, my son;
Oh, let me prevail quickly!
For I have weightier business of mine own
Than to chide thee; I must not to my grave,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise:
Let me dispatch in time, come no more near her.

Seb. Wen. Not honestly? not in the way of marriage?

Sir A. Wen. What say'st thou? marriage? in what place? the Sessions-house? and who shall give the bride, pr'ythee? an inditement?

Seb. Wen. Sir, now you take part with the world to wrong her.

Sir A. Wen. Why, would'st thou fain marry to be pointed at?
Alas! the number's great, do not o'erburden't.
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon,
As her thy folly doats on. If thou long'st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes
Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns,
Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keep on, thou canst not miss it: or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness,
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet if no tears wrung from thy father's eyes,
Nor sighs that fly in sparkles, from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,

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[20] *Virginia*—Great efforts were used about this time to settle Virginia.

Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.
Seb. Wen. Why, is the name of Moll so fatal, sir?
Sir A. Wen. Many one, sir, where suspect is entered;
For seek all London from one end to t'other,
More whores of that name, than of any ten other.
Seb. Wen. What's that to her? let those blush for themselves.
Can any guilt in others condemn her?
I've vow'd to love her: let all storms oppose me,
That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death's black tempest shall divide us.
Sir A. Wen. Oh, folly that can doat on nought but shame!
Seb. Wen. Put case, a wanton itch runs through one name
More than another, is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
Appear more excellent, and deserve more praise,
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why there are of the devils, honest gentlemen,
And well descended, keep an open house,
And some of the good man's that are errant knaves.
He hates unworthily, that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves, nor yet condemns;
And for her honesty, I have made such proof on't,
In several forms, so nearly watcht her ways,
I will maintain that strict, against an army,
Excepting you, my father: here's her worst,
She has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it: and oftentimes
Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth:
Would all Molls were no worse!
Sir A. Wen. This way I toil in vain, and [21] give but aim
To infamy and ruin: he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him: all my joys
Stand at the brink of a devouring flood,
And will be wilfully swallowed; wilfully.
But why so vain? let all these tears be lost,
I'll pursue her to shame, and so all's crost.
[*Exit Sir* ALEXANDER.
Seb. Wen. He is gone with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To think I love so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on the other,
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crown'd,
Only his mood excepted, which must change
By opposite policies, courses indirect;
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect.
This mad girl I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known,
'Twixt lovers' hearts, she's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their own:
By her advice, for in that craft she's wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies.
[*Exit* SEBASTIAN.

Enter LAXTON *in Gray's-Inn-fields with the Coachman.*

Lax. Coachman?
Coach. Here, sir.
Lax. There's a tester more; pr'ythee drive thy coach to the hither end of Marybone-park, a fit place for Moll to get in.
Coach. Marybone-park, sir?
Lax. Ay, it's in our way, thou know'st.
Coach. It shall be done, sir.
Lax. Coachman.
Coach. Anon, sir.
Lax. [22] Are we fitted with good phrampel jades?
Coach. The best in Smithfield, I warrant you, sir.
Lax. May we safely take the upper hand of any coacht velvet cap, or tuftaffety jacket? for they keep a vile swaggering in coaches now-a-days; the highways are stopt with them.
Coach. My life for yours, and baffle 'em too, sir,— why, they are the same jades, believe it, sir, that have drawn all your famous whores to Ware.
Lax. Nay, then they know their business, they need no more instructions.
Coach. They're so used to such journies, sir, I never use whip to 'em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run like devils.
[*Exit Coachman with his whip.*
Lax. Fine Cerberus! that rogue will have the start of a thousand ones; for whilst others trot a foot, he'll ride prancing to hell upon a coach-horse. Stay, 'tis now about the hour of her appointment, [*The clock strikes three.*] but yet I see her not. Hark! what's this? one, two, three, three by the clock at Savoy; this is the hour, and Gray's-Inn-fields the place she swore she'd meet me: ha, yonder's two Inns-o-court men with one wench, but that's not she, they walk toward Islington out of my way; I see none yet drest

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[21] *Give but aim*—See Note 23 to *Cornelia*.

[22] *Are we fitted with good phrampel jades?*—*Phrampel* in this place Mr Steevens considers as the word *frampold*, used by Shakespeare, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2. but differently spelt. See his note on the passage. *Phrampel* here appears to signify *fiery* or *mettlesome*; and the word as used by Shakespeare and the other writers, quoted by Mr Steevens, seems generally to denote something *wild, extravagant*, or *irregular*.

like her; I must look for a shag ruff, a freeze jerken, a short sword, and a [23] safeguard, or I get none: why, Moll, pr'ythee make haste, or the Coachman will curse us anon.

Enter MOLL, *like a Man.*

Moll. Oh, here's my gentleman: if they would keep their days as well with their mercers, as their hours with their harlots, no bankrupt would give seven score pound for a serjeant's place; for would you know a catchpole rightly derived, the corruption of a citizen, is the generation of a serjeant: how his eye hawks for venery! come, you are ready, sir?

Lax. Ready for what, sir?

Moll. Do you ask that now, sir? why was this meeting 'pointed?

Lax. I thought you mistook me, sir;
You seem to be some young barrister,
I have no suit in law—all my land's sold,
I praise heaven for't; t'has rid me of much trouble.

Moll. Then I must wake you, sir; where stands the coach?

Lax. Whose this? Moll, honest Moll?

Moll. So young, and purblind? you're an old wanton in your eyes, I see that.

Lax. Thou'rt admirably suited for,[24] the three pigeons at Brentford; I'll swear I knew thee not.

Moll. I'll swear you did not: but you shall know me now.

Lax. No not here, we shall be spy'd 'faith; the coach is better, come.

Moll. Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou untruss a point, Moll?
[*She puts off her cloak and draws.*

Moll. Yes; here's the point that I untruss, 'tnas but one tag, 'twill serve though to tie up a rogue's tongue.

Lax. How!

Moll. There's the gold with which you hir'd your hackney, here's her pace;
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it:
Ten angels of mine own, I've put to thine, win 'em, and wear 'em.

Lax. Hold, Moll: mistress Mary!

Moll. Draw, or I'll serve an execution on thee,
Shall lay thee up till doomsday.

Lax. Draw upon a woman! why, what dost mean, Moll?

Moll. To teach thy base thoughts manners: thou'rt one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore;
If she but cast a liberal eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine; or amongst company
By chance drink first to thee, then she's quite gone,
There is no means to help her: nay for a need,
Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow letchers,
That thou'rt more in favour with a lady at first sight
Than her monkey all her life time.
How many of our sex, by such as thou,
Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name,
That never deserved loosely, or did trip
In path of whoredom, beyond cup and lip!
But for the stain of conscience and of soul,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent, than a bragging nothing,
There is no mercy in't—what durst move you, sir,
To think me whorish? a name which I'd tear out
From the [25] high German's throat, if it lay [26] leiger there
To dispatch privy slanders against me,
In thee I defy all men, their worst hates,
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they intangle the poor spirits of fools,
Distressed needle-women, and trade-fall'n wives,
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten;
Such hungry things as these may soon be took
With a worm fastened on a golden hook.
Those are the letcher's food, his prey, he watches
For quarrelling [27] wedlocks, and poor shifting sisters;

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[23] *Safeguard*,—See p. 333.

[24] *The three pigeons at Brentford*,—This Inn was afterwards kept by John Lowen, the celebrated player. See *Dialogue on Plays and Players*.

[25] *High German's throat*—This man is taken notice of before in this play. He seems to have been noted for his extraordinary strength, and is probably the same person mentioned in *The Curtaine Drawer of the World*, 1612, 4to, p. 27. "Aske but this Curtaine Drawer, and he will tell you, that few there are, and those escape very hardly like the bird out of the snare, like *the German* out of Wood-street, or those that commit murder, or like him that escapes the hangman from the tree of execution."

[26] *Leiger*—i. e. resident ambassador.

[27] *Wedlocks*,—i. e. wives. So, in *The Poetaster*, A. 4. S. 3. "Which of these is thy *wedlock*, Menelaus?" *The Devil is an Ass*, A. 2. S. 3;

"—you do see, good *wedlock*,
How I directed him?"

Marston's *Parasitaster*, A. 2. S. 1.—but to lie with one's brother's "*wedlock*, O my dear Herode, 'tis vile and uncommon lust!"

Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 233:

"My *wedlock* now, not hearing of these newes,
Made no haste home, till I was ore the shewes."

So *Matrimonium* is used, as Mr Sympson observes, for *Uxor*, more than once, by Justin.

'Tis the best fish he takes: but why, good fisherman
Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? cause you'll say
I'm given to sport, I'm often merry, jest:
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?
O shame take all her friends then! but howe'er
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
Tell them 'twere base to yield where I have conquer'd;
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me;
And so I greet thee.

Lax. Hear me.

Moll. Would the spirits of all my slanders were clasp't in thine,
That I might vex an army at one time!

Lax. I do repent me, hold! [*They fight.*

Moll. You'll die the better christian then.

Lax. I do confess I have wrong'd thee, Moll.

Moll. Confession is but poor amends for wrong,
Unless a rope would follow.

Lax. I ask thee pardon.

Moll. I'm your hired whore, sir.

Lax. I yield both purse and body.

Moll. Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

Lax. Spare my life.

Moll. I scorn to strike thee basely.

Lax. Spoke like a noble girl i'faith.
Heart, I think I fight with a familiar, or the ghost of a fencer. She has wounded me gallantly; call you this a letcherous visage? Here's blood would have served me this seven years in broken heads and cut fingers; and now it runs all out together. Pox o'the three pigeons! I would the coach were here now to carry me to the chirurgion's.

[*Exit* LAXTON.

Moll. If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with them in time;
And make them know, she that has wit, and spirit,
May scorn to live beholding to her body for meat;
Or for apparel like your common dame,
That makes shame get her clothes to cover shame.
Base is that mind, that kneels unto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
My spirit shall be mistress of this house
As long as I have time in't.——Oh,

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his hour'
Faith, a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable [28] to his umbles; he walks stiff,
But whether he will stand to't stifly, there's the point;
Has a good calf for't; and ye shall have many a woman
Choose him she means to make her head, by his calf:
I do not know their tricks in't: 'faith he seems
A man without; I'll try what he is within.

Trap. She told me Gray's-Inn-fields twixt three and four;
I'll fit her mistresship with a piece of service:
I'm hired to rid the town of one mad girl.

[*She jostles him.*

What a pox ails you, sir?

Moll. He begins like a gentleman.

Trap. 'Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight?
Life, he comes back again.

[*She comes towards him.*

Moll. Was this spoke to me, sir?

Trap. I cannot tell, sir.

Moll. Go, you're a coxcomb.

Trap. Coxcomb!

Moll. You're a slave.

Trap. I hope there's law for you, sir.

Moll. Yes, do you see, sir. [*Turns his hat.*

Trap. 'Heart, this is no good dealing: pray let me know what house you are of.

Moll. One of the Temple, sir. [*Philips him.*

Trap. Mass so me thinks.

Moll. And yet sometime I lie about Chick-lane.

Trap. I like you the worse, because you shift your lodging so often;
I'll not meddle with you for that trick, sir.

Moll. A good shift; but it shall not serve your turn.

Trap. You'll give me leave to pass about my business, sir?

Moll. Your business! I'll make you wait on me before I have done, and glad to serve me too.

Trap. How, sir! serve you? not if there were no more men in England.

Moll. But if there were no more women in England,
I hope you'd wait upon your mistress then?

Trap. Mistress!

Moll. Oh, you are a tried spirit at a push, sir!

Trap. What would your worship have me do?

Moll. You a fighter!

Trap. No, I praise heaven; I had better grace and more manners.

Moll. As how, I pray, sir?

Trap. Life, 'thad been a beastly part of me to have drawn my weapons upon my mistress; all the world would have cried shame of me for that.

Moll. Why, but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not say so, mistress; I knew you by your wide straddle as well as if I had been in your belly.

Moll. Well, we shall try you further? i'the mean time, we give ye entertainment.

Trap. Thank your good mistresship.

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[28] *To his umbles*—i. e. his inside. *Umbles* are the intrails of a deer. So, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 204, "The keeper hath the *skin, head, umbles*, chine, and shoulders." S.

Moll. How many suits have you?
Trap. No more suits than backs, mistress.
Moll. Well, if you deserve, I cast off this, next week,
And you may creep into't.
Trap. Thank your good worship.
Moll. Come follow me to S. Thomas Apostles;
I'll put a livery cloak upon your back, the first thing I do.
Trap. I follow my dear mistress. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mistress GALLIPOT *as from Supper, her Husband after her.*

Mr Gal. What, Pru; Nay, sweet prudence.
Mrs Gal. What a pruing keep you! I think the baby would have a teat,[29] it keys so: pray be not so fond of me, leave your city humours; I'm vext at you to see how like a calf you come bleating after me.
Mr Gal. Nay, honey Pru! how does your rising up before all the table shew? and flinging from my friends so uncivilly? fie, Pru, fie, come.
Mrs Gal. Then up and ride i'faith.
Mr Gal. Up and ride! nay, my pretty Pru; that's far from my thought, duck: why,[30] mouse; thy mind is nibbling at something: what is't? what lies upon thy stomach?
Mrs Gal. Such an ass as you: hoyda, y'are best turn midwife, or physician: y'are an apothecary already, but I'm none of your drugs.
Mr Gal. Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest Pru, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.
Mrs Gal. Must you be prying into a woman's secrets; say ye?
Mr Gal. Woman's secrets?
Mrs Gal. What? I cannot have a qualm come upon me, but your teeth water, till your nose hang over it.
Mr Gal. It is my love, dear wife.
Mrs Gal. Your love! your love is all words; give me deeds: I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me, so cookish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.
Mr Gal. No, Pru? why, I hope I have handled——
Mrs Gal. Handle a fool's head of your own —fih—fih.
Mr Gal. Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp: it does me good now to have her sting me, little rogue!
Mrs Gal. Now fie, how you vex me! I cannot abide these[31] apron husbands; such cotqueans: you overdo your things, they become you scurvily.
Mr Gal. Upon my life she breeds: heaven knows how I have strain'd myself to please her night and day: I wonder why we citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine; shall I leave thee, my Pru?
Mrs Gal. Fie, fie, fie.
Mr Gal. Thou shalt not be vext no more, pretty kind rogue; take no cold, sweet Pru.
[*Exit Master* GALLIPOT.
Mrs Gal. As your wit has done: now, Master Laxton, shew your head; what news from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, *Buy any scurvy-grass*, should bring love-letters amongst her herbs to his wife? pretty trick! fine conveyance! had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all; Laxton with bays crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise.
This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise.
Lack, what poor shift is love forced to devise?
To the point.

She reads the Letter.

O, sweet creature—(a sweet beginning) *pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence; though Demophoon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pandarus was to Cressida; though Æneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so; O, sweetest creature, make much of me, for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee: furnish me therefore with thirty pounds; you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee; protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I have and will. Thy true* LAXTON *ever.*

Alas, poor gentleman! troth I pity him;
How shall I raise this money? thirty pounds!
'Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an 0,
I know his threes too well; my child-bed linen,
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark
Be known, I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turn?
Laxton, what with my own fears, and thy wants,
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Enter Master GALLIPOT *hastily.*

Mr Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up: ha! how? reading a letter? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon, from her mother out of the country. I hold my life —steal—
Mrs Gal. O, beshrew your heart!
Mr Gal. What letter's that? I'll see it.
[*She tears the Letter.*
Mrs Gal. Oh, would thou had'st no eyes to see the downfal of me and thyself! I'm for ever, for ever I'm undone.

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[29] *It keys so*—i. e. cries. She imitates the jargon talked by nurses to infants. S.
[30] *Mouse*—See Note 16, p. 333.
[31] *Apron husbands*—i. e. Husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their *apron* strings. S.

Mr Gal. What ails my Pru? what paper's that thou tear'st?
Mrs Gal. Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces; for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.
Mr Gal. What means this?
Mrs Gal. Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in heighth of all my joys?
Mr Gal. Dear woman.
Mrs Gal. When the full sea of pleasure and content seem'd to flow over me?
Mr Gal. As thou desirest to keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee; is not thy child at nurse fallen sick, or dead?
Mrs Gal. Oh, no.
Mr Gal. Heavens bless me! are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockly-hole consumed with fire?
I can build more, sweet Pru.
Mrs Gal. 'Tis worse, 'tis worse.
Mr Gal. My factor broke, or is the Jonas sunk?
Mrs Gal. Would all we had were swallowed in the waves,
Rather then both should be the scorn of slaves.
Mr Gal. I'm at my wit's end.
Mrs Gal. Oh, my dear husband,
Where once I thought myself a fixed star,
Placed only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer;
Oh, Laxton, Laxton, is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown!
Mr Gal. Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into frenzy! on my knees—
Sweet Pru, speak, what's that Laxton, who so heavy lies on thy bosom?
Mrs Gal. I shall sure run mad.
Mr Gal. I shall run mad for company then: speak to me,
I'm Gallipot thy husband—Pru—why, Pru!
Art sick in conscience for some villainous deed
Thou wert about to act: didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee: hadst thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?
I'll wink at all faults, Pru; 'las that's no more,
Than what some neighbours near thee have done before,
Sweet honey Pru! what's that Laxton?
Mrs Gal. Oh!
Mr Gal. Out with him.
Mrs Gal. Oh he's born to be my undoer,
This hand which thou call'st thine, to him was given,
To him was I made sure i'the sight of heaven.
Mr Gal. I never heard this thunder.
Mrs Gal. Yes, yes, before
I was to thee contracted, to him I swore:
Since last I saw him twelve months three times told,
The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
For o'er the seas he went, and it was said,
But rumour lies, that he in France was dead.
But he's alive; oh, he's alive, he sent
That letter to me, which in rage I rent;
Swearing with oaths most dammably to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom: oh heavens, save me!
Mr Gal. My heart will break—shamed and undone for ever!
Mrs Gal. So black a day, poor wretch! went o'er thee never.
Mr Gal. If thou should'st wrestle with him at the law,
Thou'rt sure to fall: no odd slight? no prevention?
I'll tell him thou'rt with child.
Mrs Gal. Umh.
Mr Gal. Or give out one of my men was ta'en abed with thee.
Mrs Gal. Umh, umh.
Mr Gal. Before I lose thee, my dear Pru,
I'll drive it to that push.
Mrs Gal. Worse and worse still,
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.
Mr Gal. I'll buy thee of him, stop his mouth with gold,
Think'st thou 'twill do.
Mrs Gal. Oh me heavens! grant it would;
Yet now my senses are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding up and down had spent,
Ere he could find me, thirty pounds; send that,
Stand not on thirty with him.
Mr Gal. Forty, Pru; say thou the word, 'tis done: we venture lives for wealth, but must do more to keep our wives: thirty or forty, Pru?
Mrs Gal. Thirty, good sweet.
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can.
I'll pay it him with my tears; he was a man
When first I knew him, of a meek spirit,
All goodness is not yet dry'd up I hope.
Mr Gal. He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all:
Love's sweets taste best, when we have drunk down gall.

Enter Master TILT-YARD, *and his Wife, Master* GOSHAWK, *and Mistress* OPENWORK.

God's-so! our friends; come, come, smooth your cheek:
After a storm the face of heaven looks sleek.
Mr Tilt. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?
Mrs Tilt. How dost thou, sirrah? why, sister Gallipot?
Mrs Open. Lord, how she's chang'd!
Mr Gos. Is your wife ill, sir?
Mr Gal. Yes indeed, la, sir, very ill, very ill, never worse.
Mrs Tilt. How her head burns! feel how her pulses work.
Mrs Open. Sister, lie down a little, that always does me good.
Mrs Tilt. In good sadness, I find best ease in that too:
Has she laid some hot thing to her stomach?

Mrs Gal. No, but I will lay something anon.

Mr Tilt. Come, come, fools, you trouble her; shall's go, Master Goshawk?

Mr Gos. Yes, sweet Master Tiltyard; sirrah, Rosamond, I hold my life Gallipot hath vext his wife.

Mrs Open. She has a horrible high colour indeed.

Mr Gos. We shall have your face painted with the same red soon at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley; thou wilt not believe me that his bowls run with a wrong bias.

Mrs Open. It cannot sink into me, that he feeds upon stale mutton abroad, having better and fresher at home.

Mr Gos. What if I bring thee where thou shalt see him stand at rack and manger?

Mrs Open. I'll saddle him in's kind, and spur him till he kick again.

Mr Gos. Shall thou and I ride our journey then?

Mrs Open. Here's my hand.

Mr Gos. No more;—come, Master Tilt-yard, shall we leap into the stirrups with our women, and amble home?

Mr Tilt. Yes, yes; come, wife.

Mrs Tilt. In troth, sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mrs Gal. I hope I shall: farewell, good sister: sweet Master Goshawk.

Mr Gal. Welcome, brother, most kindly welcome, sir.

Omnes. Thanks, sir, for our good cheer.

[*Exeunt all but* GALLIPOT *and his Wife.*

Mr Gal. It shall be so, because a crafty knave
Shall not out-reach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore,
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound:
Tush, Pru, what's thirty pound? sweet duck, look cheerly.

Mrs Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart, thou buy'st it dearly.

Enter LAXTON, *muffled.*

Lax. Uds light! the tide's against me, a pox of your 'Poticariship! oh for some glister to set him going; 'tis one of Hercules' labours, to tread one of these city hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them; there's no turning tail here, I must on.

Mrs Gal. Oh, husband, see he comes!

Mr Gal. Let me deal with him.

Lax. Bless you, sir.

Mr Gal. Be you blest too, sir, if you come in peace.

Lax. Have you any good pudding tobacco, sir?

Mrs Gal. Oh, pick no quarrels gentle sir, my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are;
He knows all, I have open'd all before him,
Concerning you.

Lax. Zounds! has she shown my letters!

Mrs Gal. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do?
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults,
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him;
How could you shift this storm off?

Lax. If I know, hang me.

Mrs Gal. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

Lax. What a pox means this riddling?

Mr Gal. Be wise, sir, let not you and I be tost
On lawyers' pens; they have sharp nibs, and draw
Men's very heart blood from them: what need you, sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends togethers, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when she has confest it!

Lax. Umh, sir,—has she confest it?

Mr Gal. Sh'has 'faith to me, sir, upon your letter sending.

Mrs Gal. I have, I have.

Lax. If I let this iron cool, call me slave.
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think'st thou, vile woman,
I'll take these blows and wink?

Mrs Gal. Upon my knees.

Lax. Out, impudence!

Mr Gal. Good sir.

Lax. You goatish slave!
No wild fowl to cut up but mine?

Mr Gal. Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble, fright her not,
She shall do reason, and what's fit.

Lax. I'll have thee, wert thou more common
Than an hospital, and more diseased.

Mr Gal. But one word, good sir.

Lax. So, sir.

Mr Gal. I married her, have lain with her, and got
Two children on her body; think but on that;
Have you so beggarly an appetite,
When I upon a dainty dish have fed,
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha, sir?
Do I come near you now, sir?

Lax. By lady you touch me.

Mr Gal. Would not you scorn to wear my clothes, sir?

Lax. Right, sir.

Mr Gal. Then pray, sir, wear not her, for she's a garment
So fitting for my body, I am loth
Another should put it on; you will undo both.
Your letter, as she said, complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound; I'll pay it;
Shall that, sir, stop this gap up 'twixt you two?

Lax. Well, if I swallow this wrong, let her thank you:
The money being paid, sir, I am gone:
Farewell. Oh women! happy's he trusts none

Mrs Gal. Dispatch him hence, sweet husband.

Mr Gal. Yes, dear wife: pray, sir, come in; ere master Laxton part,

Thou shalt in wine drink to him. [*Exit.*

Mrs Gal. With all my heart;—how dost thou like my wit?

Lax. Rarely, that wile,
By which the serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did ever since all women's bosoms fill;
You're apple-eaters all, deceivers still. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE: *Sir* DAVY DAPPER, *Sir* ADAM APPLETON *at one Door, and* TRAPDOOR *at another Door.*

Sir A. Wen. Out with your tale, sir Davy, to sir Adam.
A knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

Sir D. Dap. Nay; if he be a knave, sir, hold him fast.

Sir A. Wen. Speak softly; what egg is there hatching now?

Trap. A duck's egg, sir, a duck that has eaten a frog; I have crackt the shell, and some villainy or other will peep out presently: the duck that sits is the [32] bouncing Ramp (that Roaring Girl my mistress); the drake that must tread is your son Sebastian.

Sir A. Wen. Be quick:

Trap. As the tongue of an oyster wench.

Sir A. Wen. And see thy news be true.

Trap. As a barber's every Saturday night—mad Moll—

Sir A. Wen. Ah!

Trap. Must be let in without knocking at your back gate.

Sir A. Wen. So.

Trap. Your chamber will be made bawdy.

Sir A. Wen. Good.

Trap. She comes in a shirt of male.

Sir A. Wen. How shirt of male?

Trap. Yes, sir, or a male shirt, that's to say in man's apparel.

Sir A. Wen. To my son?

Trap. Close to your son: your son and her moon will be in conjunction, if all Almanacks lie not; her black saveguard is turned unto a deep slop, the holes of her upper body to button-holes, her waistcoat to a doublet, her placket to the ancient seat of a codpiece, and you shall take them both with standing collers.

Sir A. Wen. Art sure of this?

Trap. As every throng is sure of a pick-pocket, as sure as a whore is of the clients all Michaelmas term, and of the pox after the term.

Sir A. Wen. The time of their tilting?

Trap. Three.

Sir A. Wen. The day?

Trap. This.

Sir A. Wen. Away; ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the devil doth for the death of a bawd; I'll watch her, do you catch her.

Sir A. Wen. She's fast: here weave thou the nets; hark!

Trap. They are made.

Sir A. Wen. I told them thou didst owe me money; hold it up: maintain't.

Trap. Stifly; as a puritan does contention—
For I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter.

Sir A. Wen. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Varlet, I'll make thee look through a grate.

Trap. I'll do't presently, through a tavern grate; drawer: pish. [*Exit* TRAPDOOR.

Sir A. Ap. Has the knave vext you, sir?

Sir A. Wen. Askt him my money,
He swears my son received it: oh, that boy
Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Sir A. Ap. Is he still wild?

Sir A Wen. As is a Russian bear.

Sir A. Ap. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage?

Sir A. Wen. Worse still and worse.
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.

Sir D. Dap. My son, Jack Dapper, then shall run with him,
All in one pasture.

Sir A. Ap. Proves your son bad too, sir?

Sir D. Dap. As villainy can make him: your Sebastian
Doats but on one drab, mine on a thousand,
[33] A noise of fiddlers, tobacco, wine, and a whore
A mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck: oh,
Bring him a bed: with these, when his purse jingles,
Roaring boys follow at's tail, fencers and [34] ningles,
(Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to) these horse leeches suck
My son, he being drawn dry, they all live on smoke.

Sir A. Wen. Tobacco?

Sir D. Dap. Right, but I have in my brain
A windmill going, that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise,
Or a stark fool: pray lend me your advice.

Both. That shall you, good sir Davy.

Sir D. Dap. Here's the sprindge
I have set to catch this woodcock in: an action
In a false name, unknown to him is entered
I'the Counter, to arrest Jack Dapper.

Both. Ha, ha, he.

Sir D. Dap. Think you the Counter cannot

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[32] *Bouncing Ramp*—See Note 60 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 117.

[33] *A noise of fiddlers*,—See Note 76 to *The Ordinary*.

[34] *Ningles*,—This word is to be found as often in our ancient Plays as *ingle*, to which it seems to be synonymous. An explanation of it is in Blount's *Glosographia*.

break him?
Sir A. Ap. Break him?
Yes, and break's heart too, if he lie there long.
Sir D. Dap. I'll make him sing a counter-tenor sure.
Sir A. Ap. No way to tame him like it; there he shall learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.
Sir D. Dap. He's bridled there.
Sir A. Wen. Aye, yet knows not how to mend it.
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year,
Than one of the Counters does; men pay more dear
There for their wit than any where: a Counter!
Why, 'tis an university, who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees,
And follow the same studies, all alike.
Scholars learn first logic and rhetoric;
So does a prisoner; with fine honied speech
At's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech,
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy;
To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lowsy;
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtile logic, and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.
Sir A. Ap. Say they do.
Sir A. Wen. Then he's a graduate.
Sir D. Dap. Say they trust him not,
Sir A. Wen. [35] Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence; but being still barr'd,
Be expulst from the master's side, to the two-penny ward,
[36] Or else i'the hole, beg place.
Sir A. Ap. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner?
Sir A. Wen. When money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditor's hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a master of arts:
Sir Davy send your son to Woodstreet college,
A gentleman can no where get more knowledge.
Sir D. Dap. There gallants study hard.
Sir A. Wen. True: to get money.
Sir D. Dap. 'Lies by the heels i'faith; thanks, thanks; I have sent
For a couple of bears shall paw him.

Enter Serjeant CURTILAX, *and Yeoman* HANGER.

Sir A. Ap. Who comes yonder?
Sir D. Dap. They look like [37] puttocks; these should be they.
Sir A. Wen. I know 'em, they are officers: sir we'll leave you.
Sir D. Dap. My good knights,
Leave me; you see I'm haunted now with spirits
Both. Fare you well sir.
[*Exeunt Sir* ALEX. *and Sir* ADAM.
Ser. Cur. This old muzzle chops should be he
By the fellow's description: Save you, sir.
Sir D. Dap. Come hither, you mad varlets; did not my man tell you I watch'd here for you?
Ser. Cur. One in a blue coat, sir, told us, that in this place an old gentleman would watch for us; a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a city.
Sir D. Dap. You'll watch then for ten thousand: what's thy name, honesty?
Ser. Cur. Serjeant Curtilax I, sir.
Sir D. Dap. An excellent name for a serjeant, Curtilax.
Serjeants indeed are weapons of the law;
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them, citizens were o'erthrown.
Thou dwell'st hereby, in Holborn Curtilax?
Ser. Cur. That's my circuit, sir; I conjure most in that circle.
Sir D. Dap. And what young toward whelp is this?
Yeo. Han. Of the same litter; his yeoman, sir; my name's Hanger.
Sir D. Dap. Yeoman Hanger,
One pair of shears sure cut out both your coats,
You have two names most dangerous to men's throats:
You two are villainous loads on gentlemen's backs;
Dear ware, this Hanger and this Curtilax.
Ser. Cur. We are as other men are, sir; I cannot see but he who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his claws can fasten to his liking, he draws blood; all that live in the world are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon one another: some eat up whole men, a serjeant cares but for the shoulder of a man: they call us knaves and curs; but many times he that sets us on worries more lambs one year than we do in seven.
Sir D. Dap. Spoke like a noble Cerberus! is the action entered?
Yeo. Han. His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.
Sir D. Dap. What book's that?
Ser. Cur. The book where all prisoners' names stand; and not one amongst forty, when he comes

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[35] *Then is he held a freshman and a sot,*
And never shall commence;—The speaker is here employing terms in use only at the University. Every one is acquainted with the Cambridge *commencement*. See, however, Mr Tyrwhitt's Note on the Second Part of *King Henry* IV. Vol. V. p. 561. edit. 1778. S.

[36] *Or else i'the hole, beg place.*—The quarto reads *beg plac't.* S.
For an account of that part of the Counter called *The Hole*, see Fennor's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 4to, 1617, p. 79.

[37] *Puttocks*—i. e. buzzards. So Shakspeare,
" Who finds the partridge in the *puttock's* nest,
But" &c. S.

in, believes to come out in haste.

Sir D. Dap. Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to be.

Both. O, sir!

Sir D. Dap. You know the unthrift Jack Dapper?

Ser. Cur. Ay, Ay, sir, that Gull? as well as I know my yeoman.

Sir D. Dap. And you know his father too, Sir Davy Dapper?

Ser. Cur. As damn'd a usurer as ever was among Jews; if he were sure his father's skin would yield him any money, he would, when he dies, flea it off, and sell it to cover drums for children at Bartholomew fair.

Sir D. Dap. What toads are these to spit poison on a man to his face! do you see, my honest rascals? yonder grey-hound is the dog he hunts with; out of that tavern Jack Dapper will sally, sa, sa; give the counter; on, set upon him.

Both. We'll charge him upon the back, sir.

Sir D. Dap. Take no bail, put mace enough into his caudle; double your files, traverse your ground.

Both. Brave, sir.

Sir D. Dap. Cry arm, arm, arm!

Both. Thus, sir.

Sir D. Dap. There, boy; there, boy; away: look to your prey, my true English wolves, and so I vanish. [*Exit Sir* DAVY DAPPER.

Ser. Cur. Some warden of the serjeants begat this old fellow upon my life; stand close.

Yeo. Han. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Ser. Cur. No; nook thou yonder.

Enter MOLL *and* TRAPDOOR.

Moll. Ralph.

Trap. What says my brave Captain male and female?

Moll. This Holborn is such a wrangling street!

Trap. That's because lawyers walk to and fro in't.

Moll. Here's such jostling, as if every one we met were drunk and reel'd.

Trap. Stand, mistress! do you not smell carrion?

Moll. Carrion! no, yet I spy ravens.

Trap. Some poor wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwives must bring him to bed i'the counter; there all those that are great with child with debts lie in.

Moll. Stand up.

Trap. Like your new May-pole.

Yeo. Han. Whist, whew.

Ser. Cur. Hemp, no.

Moll. Peeping? it shall go hard, huntsmen, but I'll spoil your game: they look for all the world like two infected maltmen coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, Captain; a bear comes to the stake.

Enter JACK DAPPER *and* GULL.

Moll. It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let loose.

Yeo. Han. Whew.

Ser. Cur. Hemp.

Moll. Hark, Trapdoor, follow your leader.

J. Dap. Gull.

Gull. Master.

J. Dap. Did'st ever see such an ass as I am, boy?

Gull. No by my troth, sir, to loose all your money, yet have false dice of your own: why 'tis as I saw a great fellow used t'other day; he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beat him with a cudgel.

Both. Honest Gull fly; fly master Dapper, you'll be arrested else.

J. Dap. Run, Gull, and draw.

Gull. Run, master, Gull follows you.

[*Exeunt* DAPPER *and* GULL.

Ser. Cur. I know you well enough; you're but a whore to hang upon any man.

Moll. Whores then are like serjeants; so now hang you;—draw, rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'll keep their beds, and recover twenty marks damages.

Ser. Cur. You shall pay for this rescue; run down Shoe-lane and meet him.

Trap. Shu, is this a rescue gentlemen, or no?

Moll. Rescue! a pox on 'em; Trapdoor, let's away;

I'm glad I have done perfect one good work to-day:
If any gentleman be in scrivener's bands,
Send but for Moll, she'll bail him by these hands.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, *solus.*

Sir A. Wen. Unhappy in the follies of a son,
Led against judgment, sense, obedience;
And all the powers of nobleness and wit.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Oh wretched father! now, Trapdoor, will she come?

Trap. In man's apparel, sir; I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

Sir A. Wen. Peace, peace, peace.
Here take [38] my German watch, hang't up in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

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[38] *My German watch.*—Clock and watch-making had their origin in *Germany*. See Note to *Love's Labour Lost*, A. S. S. 1. S.

See also Note 38 to *A Mad World, my Masters*, p. 276.

Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions rids her, sir:
This watch will bring her in better than a hundred constables.
Sir A. Wen. Good Trapdoor, sayst thou so? thou cheer'st my heart
After a storm of sorrow—my gold chain too,
Here take a hundred marks in yellow links.
Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light, sir.
And worth a thousand of your Headborough's lanthorns.
Sir A. Wen. Place that a'the[39]Court cup-board, let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.
Trap. She cannot miss it, sir; I see't so plain, that I could steal't myself.
Sir A. Wen. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty; what she leaves,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.
Trap. You cannot assure that, sir.
Sir A. Wen. No; what[40] lets it?
Trap. Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing;
Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.
Sir A. Wen. Belly or back I care not, so I've one.
Trap. You're of my mind for that, sir.
Sir A. Wen. Hang up my ruff-band with the diamond at it;
It may be she'll like that best.
Trap. It's well for her, that she must have her choice; he thinks nothing too good for her: if you hold on this mind a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief myself; 'twould do a man good to be hang'd when he is so well provided for.
Sir A. Wen. So, well said; all hangs well; would she hung so too!
The sight would please me more, than all their glisterings:
Oh that my mysteries to such streights should run,
That I must rob myself to bliss my son! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE, *with* MARY FITZ-ALLARD *like a Page, and* MOLL.

Seb. Thou hast done me a kind office without touch
Either of sin or shame; our loves are honest.
Moll. I'd scorn to make such shift to bring you together else.
Seb. Now have I time and opportunity,
Without all fear, to bid thee welcome. [*Kiss.*
M. Fitz. Never with more desire and harder venture.
Moll. How strange this shews, one man to kiss another!
Seb. I'd kiss such men to chuse, Moll;
Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet.
Moll. Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whose breaths grew stale before the fashion came;
If that will help 'em, as you think 'twill do,
They'll learn in time to pluck on the hose too.
Seb. The older they wax, Moll, troth I speak seriously,
As some have a conceit their drink tastes better
In an outlandish cup than in our own;
So methinks every kiss she gives me now
In this strange form is worth a pair of two.
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
Of all suspicion; this is my father's chamber;
Upon which floor he never steps till night.
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming;
At mine own chamber he still pries unto me.
My freedom is not there at mine own finding;
Still check'd and curb'd,—here he shall miss his purpose.
Moll. And what's your business now, you have your mind, sir,
At your great suit I promised you to come.
I pitied her for name's-sake, that a Moll
Should be so crost in love, when there's so many,
That owes nine lays apiece, and not so little:
My taylor fitted her, how like you his work?
Seb. So well, no art can mend it, for this purpose:
But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
And must live still beholding.
Moll. Any honest pity
I'm willing to bestow upon poor ring-doves.
Seb. I'll offer no worse play.
Moll. Nay, and you should, sir,
I should draw first, and prove the quicker man.
Seb. Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting:
But cause thou shalt not lose thy fury idle,
Here take this viol, run upon the guts,
And end thy quarrel singing.
Moll. Like a swan above bridge;
For look you here's the bridge, and here am I.
Seb. Hold on, sweet Moll.
M. Fitz. I've heard her much commended, sir, for one that was ne'er taught.
Moll. I'm much beholding to 'em; well, since you'll needs put us together, sir, I'll play my part as well as I can: it shall ne'er be said I came into a gentleman's chamber, and let his instrument hang by the walls.
Seb. Why, well said, Moll, i'faith; it had been a shame for that gentleman then that would have let it hung still, and ne'er offered thee it.
Moll. There it should have been still then for Moll; for though the world judge impudently of me, I ne'er came into that chamber yet, where I took down the instrument myself.
Seb. Pish, let 'em prate abroad; thou'rt here where thou art known and loved; there be a

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[39] *Court Cup-board.*—See Note 25 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 529.
[40] *Lets it.*—i. e. hinders it.

thousand close dames that will call the viol an unmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee; when you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality.

Moll. Push, I ever fall asleep and think not of 'em, sir; and thus I dream.

Seb. Pr'ythee, let's hear thy dream, Moll.

THE SONG.

Moll. *I dream there is a mistress,*
And she lays out the money,
She goes unto her sisters,
She never comes at any.

Enter SIR ALEXANDER behind them.

She says she went[41] *to th' Burse for patterns,*
You shall find her at Saint Kathern's,
And comes home with never a penny.

Seb. That's a free mistress, i'faith.

Sir A. Wen. Ay, ay, ay, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing.

Moll. But shall I dream again?
Here comes a wench will brave ye,
Her courage was so great,
She lay with one o' the navy,
Her husband lying i'the fleet.
Yet oft with him she cavil'd,
I wonder what she ails:
Her husband's ship lay gravel'd,
When her's could hoist up sails;
Yet she began like all my foes,
To call whore first; for so do those,
A pox of all false tails!

Seb. Marry, amen say I.

Sir A. Wen. So say I too.

Moll. Hang up the viol now, sir; all this while I was in a dream, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keep my legs together; a watch, what's a clock here?

Sir A. Wen. Now, now, she's trapt.

Moll. Between one and two; nay, then I care not; a watch and a musician are cousin-germans in one thing, they must both keep time well, or there's no goodness in 'em; the one else deserves to be dash'd against a wall, and t'other to have his brains knocked out with a fiddle case. What! a loose chain and a dangling diamond?
Here were a brave booty for an evening thief now:
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To look twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sand-bag.
Oh, if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution,
That e'er was seen in England! there would be but few left to sing the ballets, there would be so much work: most of our brokers would be chosen for hangmen; a good day for them: they might renew their wardrobe of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do us good.

M. Fitz. No poison, sir, but serves us for some use, which is confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace; foot, I did hear him sure, where'er he be.

Moll. Who did you hear?

Seb. My father; 'twas like a sight of his; I must be wary.

Sir A. Wen. No! wilt not be? am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge for't.

Seb. Life! here he comes,—sir, I beseech you take it,
Your way of teaching does so much content me.
I'll make it four pound; here's forty shillings, sir,
I think I name it right: help me, good Moll;—
Forty in hand.

Moll. Sir, you shall pardon me;
I have more of the meanest scholar I can teach;
This pays me more than you have offered yet.

Seb. At the next quarter,
When I receive the means my father 'lows me,
You shall have t'other forty.

Sir A. Wen. This were well now,
Wer't to a man, whose sorrows had blind eyes;
But mine behold his follies and untruths,
With two clear glasses—how now?

Seb. Sir!

Sir A. Wen. What's he there?

Seb. You're come in good time, sir, I've a suit to you;
I'd crave your present kindness.

Sir A. Wen. What is he there?

Seb. A gentleman, a musician, sir; one of excellent fingering.

Sir A. Wen. Ay, I think so, I wonder how they 'scapt her.

Seb. Has the most delicate stroke, sir.

Sir A. Wen. A stroke indeed, I feel it at my heart.

Seb. Puts down all your famous musicians.

Sir A. Wen. Ay, a whore may put down a hundred of 'em.

Seb. Forty shillings is the agreement, sir, between us:
Now, sir, my present means mounts but to half on't.

Sir A. Wen. And he stands upon the whole?

Seb. Ay, indeed does he, sir.

Sir A. Wen. And will do still: he'll ne'er be in other tale.

Seb. Therefore I'd stop his mouth, sir, and I could.

Sir A. Wen. Hum, true; there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.
Now, sir, I understand you profess musick.

Moll. I am a poor servant to that liberal science, sir.

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[41] *To th' Burse for patterns.*—*The Burse* is the Exchange, *Bourse*, F. Over this building, in the time of Middleton, were many shops where women's finery was sold. S.

Sir A. Wen. Where is it you teach?
Moll. Right against Clifford's-Inn.
Sir A. Wen. Hum, that's a fit place for it: you have many scholars?
Moll. And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.
Sir A. Wen. Ay, true, a company of whore-masters; you teach to sing too?
Moll. Marry, do I, sir.
Sir A. Wen. I think you'll find an apt scholar of my son, especially for prick-song.
Moll. I have much hope of him.
Sir A. Wen. I am sorry for't, I have the less for that: you can play any lesson?
Moll. At first sight, sir.
Sir A. Wen. There's a thing called the Witch; can you play that?
Moll. I would be sorry any one should mend me in't.
Sir A. Wen. Ay, I believe thee, thou hast so bewitcht my son,
No care will mend the work that thou hast done.
I have bethought myself, since my art fails,
I'll make her policy the art to trap her.
Here are four angels markt with holes in them
Fit for his crackt companions; gold he will give her;
These will I make induction to her ruin,
And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart.
Here, son, in what you take content and pleasure,
Want shall not curb you; pay the gentleman
His latter half in gold.
Seb. I thank you, sir.
Sir A. Wen. Oh, may the operation on't, end three!
In her life, shame in him, and grief in me.
[*Exit Sir* ALEX.
Seb. Faith thou shalt have 'em; 'tis my father's gift;
Never was man beguiled with better shift.
Moll. He that can take me for a male-musician,
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,
And play upon him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mistress GALLIPOT, *and Mistress* OPEN-WORK.

Mrs Gal. Is then that bird of yours, master Goshawk so wild?
Mrs Open. A goshawk? a[42] puttock; all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.
Mrs Gal. Is't possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in't, and we not see them?
Mrs Open. Possible! why have not many handsome legs[43] in silk stockings villainous splay-feet, for all their[44] great roses?
Mrs Gal. Troth, sirrah, thou sayest true.
Mrs Open. Didst never see an archer, as thou hast walked by Bunhill, look asquint when he drew his bow?
Mrs Gal. Yes, when his arrows have fline toward Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary towards Pimlico.
Mrs Open. For all the world so does master Goshawk double with me.
Mrs Gal. Oh fie upon him; if he double once he's not for me.
Mrs Open. Because Goshawk goes in a shagruff band, with a face sticking up in't, which shows like an agget set in[45] a cramp ring, he thinks I'm in love with him.
Mrs Gal. 'Las! I think he takes his mark amiss in thee.
Mrs Open. He has by often beating into me, made me believe that my husband kept a whore.
Mrs Gal. Very good.
Mrs Open. Swore to me, that my husband this very morning went in a boat with a tilt over it, to the three pigeons at Brentford, and his punk with him under his tilt.
Mrs Gal. That were wholesome.
Mrs Open. I believ'd it; fell a swearing at him, cursing of harlots; made me ready to hoist up sail, and be there as soon as he.
Mrs Gal. So, so.
Mrs Open. And for that voyage Goshawk comes hither incontinently; but, sirrah, this water spaniel dives after no duck but me; his hope is having me at Brentford, to make me cry quack.
Mrs Gal. Art sure of it?
Mrs Open. Sure of it! my poor innocent Open-work came in[46] as I was poking my ruff; presently hit I him i'the teeth with the three pigeons; he

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[42] *Puttock.*—See Note 37, p. 345.

[43] *Silk stockings.*—Among the other extravagances of the times, that of silk stockings seems to have been one which gave great offence to the rigid and precise. Stubbes, in *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 4to, 1596, p. 31. says, "Then have they *neyther stockes* [i. e. stockings] to these gay hosen, not of cloth (though never so fine) for that is thought too base, but of jarnsey worsted, crewell, silke, thred, and such like, or els at the least of the finest yarne that can be got, and so curiously knit with open seame downe the legge, with quirks and clockes about the anckles, and sometime (haplie) interlaced with gold or silver threds, as is woonderfull to beholde. And to such impudent insolency and shamefull outrage it is now growne, that every one almost, though otherwise verie poore, having scarce fourtie shillings of wages by the yeare, will not sticke to have two or three paire of these silke nether stockes, or els of the finest yarne that may be got, though the price of them be a royal or twenty shillings or more, as commonly it is, for how can they be lesse, when as the very knitting of them is worth a noble or a royall, and some much more. The time hath bene, when one might have clothed all his body wel, from top to toe, for lesse than a paire of these nether stocks will cost.

[44] *Great roses.*—i. e. roses anciently worn in shoes. See note on *Hamlet*, vol. X. p. 303. edit. 1778. S.

[45] *A cramp ring.*—See Note 62 to the *Ordinary*.

[46] *As I was poking my ruff*—See note 24 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 529.

forswore all, I up and opened all; and now stands he, in shop hard by, like [47] a musket on a rest to hit Goshawk i'the eye, when he comes to fetch me to the boat.

Mrs Gal. Such another lame gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin (Laxton, sirrah,) but I am rid of him now.

Mrs Open. Happy is the woman can be rid of them all; 'las, what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh them rightly man for man?

Mrs Gal. Troth, mere shallow things.

Mrs Open. Idle simple things, running heads; and yet let them run over us never so fast, we shop-keepers, when all's done, are sure to have them in our pursnets at length; and when they are in, Lord what simple animals they are! then they hang the head.

Mrs Gal. Then they droop.

Mrs Open. Then they write letters.

Mrs Gal. Then they cog.

Mrs Open. Then deal they under hand with us, and we must ingle with our husbands abed; and we must swear they are our cozens, and able to do us a pleasure at court.

Mrs Gal. And yet when we have done our best, all's but put into [48] a riven dish, we are but frump'd at and libel'd upon.

Mrs Open. Oh, if it were the good Lord's will, there were a law made, no citizen should trust any of them all!

Enter GOSHAWK.

Mrs Gal. Hush, sirrah, Goshawk.

Gos. How now, are you ready?

Mrs Open. Nay, are you ready? a little thing you see makes us ready.

Gos. Us? why, must she make one i'the voyage?

Mrs Open. Oh by any means! do I know how my husband will handle me?

Gos. 'Foot, how shall I find water to keep these two mills going? well, since you'll needs be clapt under hatches, if I sail not with you both [49] till all split, hang me up at the main yard and duck me; it's but liquoring them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork-heels fly up high, like two swans when their tails are above water, and their long necks under water, diving to catch gudgeons: come, come, oars stand ready: the tide's with us; on with those false faces; blow winds, and thou shalt take thy husband casting out his net to catch fresh salmon at Brentford.

Mrs Gal. I believe you'll eat of a cod's head of your own dressing, before you reach half way thither.

Gos. So, so, follow close; pin as you go.

Enter LAXTON, *muffled.*

Lax. Do you hear?

Mrs Gal. Yes, I thank my ears.

Lax. I must have a bout with your 'potticariship.

Mrs Gal. At what weapon?

Lax. I must speak with you.

Mrs Gal. No.

Lax. No? you shall.

Mrs Gal. Shall? away, souced sturgeon! half fish, half flesh.

Lax. 'Faith gib, are you spitting? I'll cut your tail pus-cat for this.

Mrs Gal. 'Las, poor Laxton, I think thy tail's cut already: your worst.

Lax. If I do not—— [*Exit* LAXTON.

Gos. Come, have you done?

Enter Master OPENWORK.

S'foot, Rosamond, your husband.

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[47] *A musket on a rest.*—The following extract from an ingenious, and, I believe, noble author, as quoted in the life of Roger Ascham, will explain the above allusion: "The first *muskets* were very heavy, and could not be fired *without a rest*: they had match-locks, and barrels of a wide bore, that carried a large ball and charge of powder, and did execution at a greater distance.

"The musketeers on a march carried only their rests and ammunition, and had boys to bear their muskets after them, for which they were allowed great additional pay:

"They were very slow in loading, not only by reason of the unwieldiness of the pieces, and because they carried the powder and balls separate, but from the time it took to prepare and adjust the match: so that their fire was not near so brisk as ours is now. Afterwards a lighter kind of match-lock musket came into use, and they carried their ammunition in bandeliers, which were broad belts that came over the shoulder, each containing a charge of powder; the balls they carried loose in a pouch: and they had also a priming horn by their side.

"The old English writers called those large muskets calivers; the harquebuze was a lighter piece, that could be fired without a rest. The match-lock was fired by a match fixed by a kind of tongs in the serpentine or cock, which, by pulling the trigger, was brought down with great quickness upon the priming in the pan; over which there was a sliding cover which was drawn back by the hand just at the time of firing. There was a great deal of nicety and care required to fit the match properly to the cock, so as to come down exactly true on the priming, to blow the ashes from the coal, and to guard the pan from the sparks that fell from it. A great deal of time was also lost in taking it out of the cock, and returning it between the fingers of the left hand every time that the piece was fired; and wet weather often rendered the matches useless,"

[48] *A riven dish.*—i. e. a broken dish.

[49] *Till all split.*—This expression occurs in many old plays. See the notes of Dr Farmer, Mr Steevens, and Mr Malone, on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 1. S. 2.

Mr Open. How now? sweet master Goshawk, none more welcome,
I have wanted your embracements: when friends meet,
The music of the spheres sounds not more sweet,
Than does their conference: who is this? Rosamond;
Wife: how now, sister?
Gos. Silence, if you love me.
Mr Open. Why mask'd?
Mrs Open. Does a mask grieve you, sir?
Mr Open. It does.
Mrs Open. Then you're best get you a mumming.
Gos. S'foot, you'll spoil all.
Mrs Gal. May not we cover our bare faces with masks,
As well as you cover your bald heads with hats?
Mr Open. No masks; why th'are thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies.
Why are masks worn? why good? or, why desired?
Unless by their gay covers wits are fired
To read the wildest looks; many bad faces,
Because rich gems are treasured up in cases,
Pass by their privilege current; but as caves
Damn misers gold, so masks are beauties graves.
Men ne'er meet women with such muffled eyes,
But they curse her, that first did masks devise,
And swear it was some beldam. Come, off with't.
Mrs Open. I will not.
Mr Open. Good faces mask'd are jewels kept by spirits;
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men's sights;
Show then as shop-keepers do their broidered stuff,
By owl-light, fine wares cannot be open enough.
Pr'ythee, sweet rose, come strike this sail.
Mrs Open. Sail?
Mr Open. Ha? yes, wife, strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes:
Mrs Open. Th'are here, sir, in my brows, if any rise.
Mr Open. Ha, brows! what says she, friend? pray tell me why
[50] Your two flags were advanced; the comedy,
Come, what's the comedy?
Mrs Gal. [51] Westward hoe.
Mr Open. How?
Mrs Open. 'Tis Westward hoe, she says.
Gos. Are you both mad?
Mrs Open. Is't market day at Brentford, and your ware not sent up yet?
Mr Open. What market-day? what ware?
Mrs Open. A pye with three pigeons in't 'tis drawn, and stays your cutting up.
Gos. As you regard my credit!—
Mr Open. Art mad?
Mrs Open. Yes, letcherous goat; baboon.
Mr Open. Baboon? then toss me in a blanket;
Mrs Open. Do I it well?
Mrs Gal. Rarely.
Gos. Belike, sir, she's not well; best leave her.
Mr Open. No;
I'll stand the storm now, how fierce so e'er it blow.
Mrs Open. Did I for this lose all my friends? refuse
Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
[52] A stale to a common whore?
Mr Open. This does amaze me.
Mrs Open. Oh God, oh God, feed at reversion now?
A strumpet's leaving?
Mr Open. Rosamond!
Gos. I sweat: would I lay in [53] Cold Harbour!
Mrs Open. Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through my heart.
Mr Open. Not I, by heaven! sweet wife.
Mrs Open. Go, devil, go; that which thou swear'st by, damns thee.
Gos. S'heart will you undo me?
Mrs Open. Why stay you here? the star, by which you sail, shines yonder above Chelsea: you lose your shore, if this moon light you, seek out your light whore.
Mr Open. Ha?
Mrs Gal. Push; your western pug.
Gos. Zounds! now hell roars.

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[50] *Your two flags*—Alluding to the flags which were placed formerly on the tops of play-houses. See Note 5 to *A Mad World, my Masters*, p. 260.

[51] *Westward hoe.*—This is the title of a Comedy written by Thomas Dekkar and John Webster, printed in 4to, 1607.

[52] A stale *to a common Whore.*—See the Notes of Mr Steevens, and Mr Collins, to *The Comedy of Errors*, A. 2. S. 1.

[53] *Cold Harbour.*—Cold Harbour is in the parish of Alhallows the Less. It was formerly a large house, which, in the year 1485, Richard the Third granted to the Heralds. It afterwards came into the possession of Cuthbert Tonstal, Bishop of Durham, from whom it was conveyed, as is supposed, to the Earl of Shrewsbury. After continuing some time in that family, it was pulled down, and a number of houses built on the spot.

Mrs Open. With whom you tilted in a pair of oars this very morning.

Mr Open. Oars?

Mrs Open. At Brentford, sir.

Mr Open. Rack not my patience: master Goshawk, some slave has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in Brentford with a woman? 'tis a lye. What old bawd tells thee this? S'death, 'tis a lye.

Mrs Open. 'Tis one to thy face shall justify all that I speak.

Mr Open. Ud'soul, do but name that rascal.

Mrs Open. No, sir, I will not.

Gos. Keep thee there, girl:——then!

Mrs Open. Sister, know you this varlet?

Mrs Gal. Yes.

Mr Open. Swear true,
Is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second Judas? a common hangman cutting a man's throat does it to his face; bite me behind my back? a cur dog! swear if you know this hell-hound,

Mrs Gal. In truth I do.

Mr Open. His name?

Mrs Gal. Not for the world;
To have you to stab him!

Gos. Oh, brave girls! worth gold!

Mr Open. A word, honest master Goshawk.
[*Draws out his Sword.*

Gos. What do you mean, sir?

Mr Open. Keep off, and if the devil can give a name to this new fury, holla it through my ear, or wrap it up in some hid character: [54] I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak: or else shew me but one hair of his head or beard, that I may sample it; if the fiend I meet, in mine own house, I'll kill him:—the street,
Or at the church-door:—there—(cause he seeks to untie
The knot God fastens) he deserves most to die.

Mrs Open. My husband titles him.

Mr Open. Master Goshawk, pray, sir,
Swear to me, that you know him, or know him not,
Who makes me at Brentford to take up a petticoat besides my wife's.

Gos. By heaven, that man I know not.

Mrs Open. Come, come, you lye.

Gos. Will you not have all out?
By heaven I know no man beneath the moon
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
I'd print it in text letters.

Mrs Open. Print thine own then;
Did'st not thou swear to me he kept his whore?

Mrs Gal. And that in sinful Brentford they would commit
That which our lips did water at, sir,—ha?

Mrs Open. Thou spider, that hast woven thy cunning web
In mine own house t'insnare me: hast not thou
Sucked nourishment even underneath this roof,
And turned it all to poison? spitting it
On thy friend's face, my husband? he as 'twere sleeping;
Only to leave him ugly to mine eyes,
That they might glance on thee.

Mrs Gal. Speak, are these lies?

Gos. Mine own shame me confounds.

Mr Open. No more, he's stung;
Who'd think that in one body there could dwell
Deformity and beauty, heaven and hell?
Goodness I see is but outside, we all set,
In rings of gold, stones that be counterfeit;
I thought you none.

Gos. Pardon me.

Mr Open. Truth I do.
This blemish grows in nature, not in you;
For man's creation sticks even moles in scorn
On fairest cheeks; wife, nothing is perfect born.

Mrs Open. I thought you had been born perfect.

Mr Open. What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old core still.
I'll tell you, master Goshawk, [55] aye in your eye
I have seen wanton fire; and then, to try
The soundness of my judgment, I told you,
I kept a whore, made you believe 'twas true,
Only to feel how your pulse beat; but find,
The world can hardly yield a perfect friend.
Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiven,
This rub put by, our love shall run more even.

Mrs Open. You'll deal upon men's wives no more?

Gos. No:—you teach me a trick for that.

Mrs Open. Troth, do not, they'll o'er-reach thee.

Mr Open. Make my house yours, sir, still.

Gos. No.

Mr Open. I say you shall;

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[54] *I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak.*—We have here an allusion to an idle story very current of a brazen head, which was said to have been made by the celebrated Friar Bacon, with the assistance of Friar Bungay. These two learned friars are supposed to have been employed no less than seven years in framing it; and the information they were to receive from it was, Whether it might not be possible to build a wall of brass round this island? They were, however, disappointed in their expected intelligence; for neglecting the time at which the head was to speak, they lost the opportunity of hearing the answer distinctly; and thus their labour being vain, and the head in a manner useless, it was demolished. See also Robert Green's *Historie of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1630.

[55] *Aye.*—*i. e.* even. The quarto has *I.*

Seeing, thus besieged, it holds out, 'twill never fall.

Enter Master GALLIPOT, and GREENEWIT *like a Sumner*, LAXTON *muffled aloof off.*

Omnes. How now?

Mr Gal. With me, sir?

Greene. You, sir. I have gone snafling up and down by your door this hour to watch for you.

Mrs Gal. What's the matter, husband?

Greene. ——I have caught a cold in my head, sir, by sitting up late in the Rose tavern; but I hope you understand my speech.

Mr Gal. So, sir.

Greene. I cite you by the name of Hippocrates Gallipot, and you by the name of Prudence Gallipot, to appear upon *Crastino*, do you see, *Crastino sancti Dunstani* (this Easter term) in Bow Church.

Mr Gal. Where, sir? what says he?

Greene. Bow; Bow Church, to answer to a libel of precontract on the part and behalf of the said Prudence and another; you're best, sir, take a copy of the citation, 'tis but twelve-pence.

Omnes. A citation!

Mr Gal. You pocky-nosed rascal, what slave fees you to this?

Lax. Slave! I have nothing to do with you; do you hear, sir?

Gos. Laxton, is't not?—what fagary is this?

Mr Gal. Trust me, I thought, sir, this storm long ago had been full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the last fifteen pounds, besides the thirty you had first—for then you swore.

Lax. Tush, tush, sir, oaths,—
Truth, yet I'm loth to vex you—tell you what;
Make up the money I had an hundred pounds,
And take your belly full of her.

Mr Gal. An hundred pounds?

Mrs Gal. What! a hundred pounds? he gets none: what! a hundred pounds?

Mr Gal. Sweet Pru, be calm; *the gentleman offers thus;*
If I will make the moneys that are past,
A hundred pounds, he will discharge all courts,
And give his bond never to vex us more.

Mrs Gal. A hundred pounds? 'Las! take, sir, but threescore;
Do you seek my undoing?

Lax. I'll not 'bate one six-pence—I'll maul you, puss, for spitting.

Mrs Gal. Do thy worst;
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Mrs Gal. You're a slave;
Thou cheat, I'll now tear money from thy throat;
Husband, lay hold on yonder tawny-coat,

Greene. Nay, gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot,[55] I most lose my hair in their company I see.

Mrs Open. His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.

Gos. He has had the better chirurgeon; master Greenewit is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a Sumner's?

Mr Gal. I pray, who plays a[56] knack to know an honest man in this company?

Mrs Gal. Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pounds;
I had no shift but that.

Mr Gal. A very clean shift: but able to make me lousy; on.

Mrs Gal. Husband, I pluck'd, (when he had tempted me to think well of him.)[57] Get feathers from thy wings, to make him fly more lofty.

Mr Gal. A'the top of you, wife? on.

Mrs Gal. He having wasted them, comes now for more,
Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sin keeps him in breath; by heaven! I vow,
Thy bed he never wronged more than he does now.

Mr Gal. My bed! ha, ha, like enough; a shop-board will serve to have a cuckold's coat cut out upon; of that we'll talk hereafter: you're a villain.

Lax. Hear me but speak, sir, you shall find me none.

Omnes. Pray, sir, be patient and hear him.

Mr Gal. I am muzzled for biting, sir; use me how you will.

Lax. The first hour that your wife was in my eye,
Myself with other gentlemen sitting by,
(In your shop) tasting smoke, and speech being used,
That men who have fairest wives are most abused,
And hardly scaped the horn; your wife maintained,
That only such spots in city dames were stain'd
Justly, but by men's slanders; for her own part,
She vow'd that you had so much of her heart,
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Never so fine spun, should yourself beguile
Of what in her was yours.

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[55] *I must lose my hair.*—Alluding to the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.

[56] *A knack to know an honest man.*—The name of an ancient anonymous Comedy. S.

[57] *Get feathers.*—So the quarto. *Get*, however, seems superfluous. S.

Mr Gal. Yet, Pru, 'tis well: play out [58] your game at Irish, sir: who wins?

Mrs Open. The trial is when she comes to bearing.

Lax. I scorn'd one woman thus should brave all men,
And, which more vex'd me, a she citizen.
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,
Gave many a brave repulse, and me compell'd
With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust;
Then, seeing all base desires raked up in dust,
And that to tempt her modest ears, I swore
Ne'er to presume again; she said, her eye
Would ever give me welcome honestly;
And (since I was a gentleman) if it run low,
She would my state relieve, not to o'erthrow
Your own and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Upon her meekness, me she set at nought;
And yet to try if I could turn that tide,
You see what stream I strove with; but sir, I swear,
By heaven, and by those hopes men lay up there,
I neither have, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed; what's done is merriment;
Your gold I pay back with this interest,
When I had most power to do't I wronged you least.

Mr Gal. If this no gullery be, sir,—

Omnes. No, no, on my life.

Mr Gal. Then, sir, I am beholden, not to you, wife,
But, master Laxton, to your want of doing ill,
Which it seems you have not; gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Mr Open. Brother, we have a jest,
As good as yours, to furnish out a feast.

Mr Gal. We'll crown our table with it; wife, brag no more
Of holding out; who most brags is most whore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter JACK DAPPER, MOLL, *Sir* BEAUTEOUS GANYMED, *and Sir* THOMAS LONG.

J. Dap. But pr'ythee, master Captain Jack, be plain and perspicuous with me; was it your Megg of Westminster's courage, that rescued me from the [59] Poultry puttocks indeed?

Moll. The valour of my wit, I ensure you, sir, fetch'd you off bravely, when you were i'the forlorn hope among those desperates. Sir Beauteous Ganymed here, and Sir Thomas Long, heard that cuckoo, my man Trapdoor, sing the note of your ransom from captivity.

Sir B. Gan. Uds so, Moll; where's that Trapdoor?

Moll. Hang'd I think by this time; a justice in this town, (that speaks nothing but "make a mittimus, away with him to Newgate") used that rogue like a fire-work to run upon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes. How, how?

Moll. Marry, to lay trains of villainy to blow up my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what [60] linstock gave fire to shoot against the poor captain of the [61] Gallifoyst, and away slid I my man, like a [62] shovel-board shilling; he struts up and down the suburbs I think; and eats up whores; feeds upon a bawd's garbage.

Sir T. Long. Sirrah, Jack Dapper.

J. Dap. What say'st, Tom Long?

Sir T. Long. Thou hadst a sweet faced-boy, hail-fellow with thee to your little gull: how is he spent?

J. Dap. Troth, I whistled the poor little buzzard off a my fist because when he waited upon me at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i'the teeth still, and said, I look'd like a painted alderman's tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a death's head. Sirrah, Jack, Moll.

Moll. What says my little Dapper?

Sir B. Gan. Come, come; walk and talk, walk and talk.

J. Dap. Moll and I'll be i'the midst.

Moll. These knights shall have squires places belike then: well, Dapper, what say you?

J. Dap. Sirrah, captain, mad Mary, the guil my own father, Dapper Sir Davy, laid these London [63] boot-halers the catch-poles in ambush to set upon me.

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[58] *Your game at Irish.—Irish* is a game which differs very slightly from Back-Gammon. The manner of playing it is described in *The Complete Gamester*, 1680, p. 109.

[59] *Poultry puttocks.*—See Note 37, p. 345.

[60] *Linstock.*—See Note 47 to *The Jew of Malta*, Vol. I. p. 218.

[61] *Gallifoyst.*—See Note 8 to *The Parson's Wedding.*

[62] *Shovel-board shilling.—A shovel-board shilling* Mr Steevens supposes to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of *shovel-board.* See Note on Second Part of *King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4. and Mr Whalley's Note on *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 5.

[63] *Boot-halers.*—Cotgrave explains *Picoreur* to be "*A boot-haler* (in a friend's country,) a ravening or filching souldier." So, in *Pierce Penilesse, his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 6. "It were lamentable to tell what miserie the rattes and myce endured in this hard world, how when all supply of victuals fayled them, they went a *boot-haling* one night to Signior Greedinesse bed-chamber."

Dekkar's *Belman of London*, H 3:—"some of these *boot-halers* are called termers, and they ply Westminster Hall."

Dekkar's *Belman's Night-walkes*, F 2;—like *boot-halers*, they forrage up and down countries, 5 or 6 in a company."

Omnes. Your father? away Jack.

J. Dap. By the tassels of this hankercher 'tis true: and what was his warlike stratagem, think you? he thought because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowsy prison could make an ass of me.

Omnes. A nasty plot.

J. Dap. Ay: as though a counter, which is a park in which all the wild beasts of the city run head by head, could tame me.

Enter the Lord NOLAND.

Moll. Yonder comes my Lord Noland.

Omnes. Save you, my lord.

L. Nol. Well met, gentlemen all; good Sir Beauteous Ganymed, Sir Thomas Long,—and how does Mr Dapper?

J. Dap. Thanks, my lord.

Moll. No tobacco, my lord?

L. Nol. No faith, Jack.

J. Dap. My Lord Noland, will you go to Pimlico with us? we are making a boon voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes.

L. Nol. Here's such a merry ging, I could find in my heart to sail to the world's end with such company: come, gentlemen let's on.

J. Dap. Here's most amorous weather, my lord.

Omnes. Amorous weather! [*They walk.*

J. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter TRAPDOOR *like a poor Soldier, with a patch over one eye; and* TEAR-CAT *with him all tatters.*

Trap. Shall we set upon the infantry, these troops of foot? Zounds! yonder comes Moll, my whorish master and mistress; would I had her kidnies between my teeth!

Tear. I had rather have a cow-heel.

Trap. Zounds! I am so patch'd up, she cannot discover me; we'll on.

Tear. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your honours and worships, enlarge the ears of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe penetrate your pitiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of silver as may give a hard straw-bed lodging to a couple of maim'd soldiers.

J. Dap. Where are you maim'd?

Trap. In both our nether limbs.

Moll. Come, come, Dapper, let's give 'em something: 'las! poor men! what money have you? by my troth I love a soldier with my soul.

Sir B. Gan. Stay, stay, where have you served.

Sir T. Long. In any part of the Low Countries.

Trap. Not in the Low Countries, if it please your manhood; but in Hungary against the Turk at the siege of Belgrade.

L. Nol. Who served there with you, sirrah?

Trap. Many Hungarians, Moldavians, Valachians, and Transilvanians, with some Sclavonians; and retiring home, sir, the Venetian gallies took us prisoners; yet freed us, and suffered us to beg up and down the country.

J. Dap. You have ambled all over Italy then?

Trap. Oh, sir, from Venice to Roma, Vecchio, Bononia, Romania, Bolonia, Modena, Piacenza, and Tuscana; with all her cities, as Pistoia, Valteria, Mountepulchena, Arrezzo, with the Siennois, and diverse others.

Moll. Mere rogues, put spurs to 'em once more.

J. Dap. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak'st English; what art thou?

Tear. *Ick mine here. Ick bin den ruffling Tear-Cat,*
Den, brave soldado, ick bin dorick all Dutchlant.
Gueresen; der Shellum das meere Ine Beasa
Ine woert gaeb.
Ick sluag um stroakes ou tom Cop:
Daflick den hundred touzun diuell halle,
Frollick mine here.

Sir B. Gan. Here, here: let's be rid of their jobbering.

Moll. Not a cross, Sir Beauteous: you base rogues, I have taken measure of you better than a tailor can; and I'll fit you, as you, monster with one eye, have fitted me.

Trap. Your worship will not abuse a soldier.

Moll. Soldier! thou deserv'st to be hanged up by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession: soldier! you [64] skeldering varlet! hold, stand, there should be a trapdoor here about.

[*Pulls off his patch.*

Trap. The balls of these glasiers of mine (mine

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[64] *Skeldering.*—A cant term generally applied to a vagrant, and often used by our ancient poets. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of soldiers, borrowing or begging money.

So, in *The Poetaster*, A. 1. S. 1: "An honest decayed commander cannot *skelder*, cheat, nor be seen in a bawdy-house, but he shall be strait in one of their wormwood comedies."

Ibid. "O no; and there was the mad *skeldering* captain with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that presses every man he meets with an oath to lend him money."

Ibid. A. 3. S. 4. "A man may *skelder* ye now and then of half a dozen shillings, or so."

Ibid. A. 5. S. 3. "Would I were abroad *skeldring* for a drachm, &c."

Every Man out of his Humour, Dramatis Personæ. *Shift.* "A thread bare shark; one that never was a soldier, yet lives upon lendings. His profession is *skeldring* and odling, his bank Paul's, and his warehouse Pictliatch."

Dekker's *Satiromastrix*: "—come, my dear mandrake, if *skeldering* fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish."

eyes) shall be shot up and down in any hot piece of service for my invincible mistress.

J. Dap. I did not think there had been such knavery in black patches as now I see.

Moll. Oh, sir, he hath been brought up in the Isle of Dogs, and can both fawn like a spaniel, and bite like a mastiff, as he finds occasion.

Lord Nol. What are you, sirrah? a bird of this feather too?

Tear. A man beaten from the wars, sir.

Sir T. Long. I think so, for you never stood to fight.

J. Dap. What's thy name, fellow-soldier?

Tear. I am called, by those that have seen my valour, Tear-Cat.

Omnes. Tear-Cat!

Moll. A mere whip-jack, and that is in the commonwealth of rogues a slave, that can talk of sea-fight, name all your chief pirates, discover more countries to you than either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English, ever found out; yet indeed all his service is by land, and that is to rob a fair, or some such venturous exploit. Tear-Cat! foot, sirrah, I have your name, now I remember me, in my book of horners; horns for the thumb, you know how.

Tear. No indeed, captain Moll, for I know you by sight; I am no such nipping christian, but a [65] maunderer upon the pad I confess; and meeting with honest Trapdoor here, whom you had cashiered from bearing arms, out at elbow, under your colours, I instructed him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my map made him sail over any country you can name, so that now he can maunder better than myself.

J. Dap. So then, Trapdoor, thou art turn'd soldier now?

Trap. Alas, sir! now there's no wars, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

Moll. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you, sirrah, are an upright man.

Trap. As any walks the highway I assure you.

Moll. And, Tear-Cat, what are you? a wild rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

Tear. Brother to this upright man, flesh and blood, ruffling Tear-Cat is my name; and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

Moll. Sirrah, where's your doxy? halt not with me.

Omnes. Doxy! Moll, what's that?

Moll. His wench.

Trap. My doxy? I have by the Salomon a doxy, that carries a kinchin mort in her slate at her back, besides my dell and my dainty wild dell, with all whom I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel, and drink ben baufe, and eat a fat gruntling cheat, a cackling cheat, and a quacking cheat.

J. Dap. Here's [66] old cheating.

Trap. My doxy stays for me in a bousing ken, brave captain.

Moll. He says his wench stays for him in an alehouse; [67] you are no pure rogues.

Tear. Pure rogues! no, we scorn to be pure rogues; but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling ken, you shall find neither him nor me a quire cuffin.

Moll. So, sir, no churl of you.

Tear. No, but a ben cave, a brave cave, a gentry cuffin.

L. Nol. Call you this canting?

J. Dap. Zounds! I'll give a school-master half a crown a week, and teach me this pedler's French.

Trap. Do but strol, sir, half a harvest with us, sir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

Moll. Come, you rogue, cant with me.

Sir T. Long. Well said, Moll; cant with her, sirrah, and you shall have money, else not a penny.

Trap. I'll have a bout if she please.

Moll. Come on, sirrah.

Trap. Ben mort, shall you and I heave a bough, mill a ken or nip a bung, and then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruffemans, and there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you.

Moll. Out, you damn'd impudent rascal.

Trap. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your stamps.

L. Nol. Nay, nay, Moll, why art thou angry? what was his gibberish?

Moll. Marry this, my lord, says he; Ben mort (good wench) shall you and I heave a bough, mill a ken, or nip a bung? shall you and I rob a house, or cut a purse?

Omnes. Very good.

Moll. And then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruffemans:

And then we'll lie under a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire, captain, as 'tis fit a soldier should lie.

Moll. And there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir B. Gan. Nay, nay, Moll, what's that wap?

J. Dap, Nay, teach me what niggling is, I'd fain be niggling.

Moll. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Marmyon's *Fine Companion*, A. 3. S. 4:

"—or else
" Wandering abroad *to skelder* for a shilling
" Amongst your bowling alleyes, &c.

[65] *Maunderer upon the pad.*—A vagrant.

[66] *Old cheating.*—See Note 43 to *Lingua*, p. 210.

[67] *You are no pure rogues.*—See Note 11 to *The Mayor of Quinborough.*

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling; if it please you.

Sir B. Gan. This is excellent, one fit more, good Moll.

Moll. Come, you rogue, sing with me.

THE SONG.

A gage of ben Rom-bouse
In a bousing ken of Rom-vile.
Tear. *Is Benar then a Caster,*
Peck, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuse a vile.
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans,
Oh I woud lib all the darkmans,
By the sollamon under the Ruffemans.
By the sollamon in the Hartmans,
Moll. *And scoure the Quire cramp ring.*
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my bousy nab might skew rom bouse well
Avast to the pad, let us bing,
Avast to the pad, let us bing.

Omnes. Fine knaves i'faith.

J. Dap. The grating of ten new cart wheels, and the gruntling of five hundred hogs coming from Rumford-market, cannot make a worse noise than this canting language does in my ears; pray, my Lord Noland, let's give these soldiers their pay.

Sir B. Gan. Agreed, and let them march.

L. Nol. Here, Moll.

Moll. Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your professions, look you: my Lord Noland here and these gentlemen bestow upon you two, two boards and a half, that's two shillings and sixpence.

Trap. Thanks to your lordship.

Tear. Thanks, heroical captain.

Moll. Away.

Trap. We shall cut ben whiddes of your masters and mistreship wheresoever we come.

Moll. You'll maintain, sirrah, the old justice's plot to his face.

Trap. Else trine me on the cheats; hang me.

Moll. Be sure you meet me there.

Trap. Without any more maundering I'll do't; follow, brave Tear-Cat.

Tear. *I præsequor*; let us go, mouse.

[*Exeunt* TRAPDOOR *and* TEAR-CAT.

L. Nol. Moll, what was in that canting song?

Moll. Troth, my lord, only a praise of good, drink, the only milk
Which these wild beasts love to suck, and thus it was.
A rich cup of wine, oh it is juice divine;
More wholesome for the head, than meat, drink or bread;
To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'd sit up late,
By the heels would I lie, under a lowsy hedge die,
Let a slave have a pull at my whore, so I be full
Of that precious liquor; and a parcel of such stuff, my lord,
Not worth the opening.

Enter a CUT-PURSE *very gallant, with four or five men after him, one with a wand.*

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder?

Sir T. Long. Mass, I think I know him; 'tis one of Cumberland.

1 *Cut.* Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of gallants, and strike?

2 *Cut.* 'Tis a question whether there be any silver shells amongst them, for all their sattin outsides.

Omnes. Let's try.

Moll. Pox on him, a gallant? shadow me, I know him; 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if he swim near to the shore of any of your pockets, look to your purses.

Omnes. Is't possible!

Moll. This brave fellow is no better than a foist.

Omnes. Foist! what's that?

Moll. A diver with two fingers, a pick-pocket: all his train study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foisting; one of them is a nip; I took him once in the twopenny gallery[68] at the Fortune; then there's a cloyter, or snap, that dogs any new brother in that trade, and snaps, will have half in any booty. He with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man in the streets, whilst shells are drawn by another; and then with his black conjuring rod in his hand, he, by the nimbleness of his eye and juggling stick, will, in cheaping a piece of plate at a goldsmith's stall, make four or five rings mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leap-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

2 *Cut.* Zounds! we are smoked.

Omnes. Ha?

2 *Cut.* We are boil'd, pox on her! see Moll, the roaring drab!

1 *Cut.* All the diseases of sixteen hospitals boil her! away.

Moll. Bless you, sir.

1 *Cut.* And you, good sir.

Moll. Do'st not ken me, man?

1 *Cut.* No trust me, sir.

Moll. 'Heart, there's a knight, to whom I'm bound for many favours, lost his purse at the last new play[69] in the Swan, seven angels in't; make it good, you'd best; do you see? no more.

1 *Cut.* A synagogue shall be call'd mistress Mary; disgrace me not; *pacus palabros*, I will conjure for you; farewell. [*Exit.*

Moll. Did not I tell you, my lord?

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[68] *At the Fortune.*---In White Cross-street. This play-house belonged to Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich-College.

[69] *In the Swan.*---This play-house was situated near the Globe and the Bear Garden. See the south view of the city, and part of Southwark, as it appeared about the year 1599.

L. Nol. I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villains.

Sir T. Long. And why do the foul mouths of the world call thee Moll Cut-purse? a name, methinks, damn'd and odious.

Moll. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I have ta'en thee doing so, Moll? I must confess,
In younger days, when I was apt to stray,
I have sat amongst such adders; seen their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houses
Watch'd their quick-diving hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that stream met an ill name;
When next, my lord, you spy any one of those,
So he be in his art a scholar, question him;
Tempt him with gold to open the large book
Of his close villanies; and you yourself shall cant
Better than poor Moll can, and know more laws
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, puggards, curbers,
With all the devils black guard, than it is fit
Should be discovered to a noble wit.
I know they have their orders, offices,
Circuits, and circles, unto which they are bound
To raise their own damnation in.

J. Dap. How do'st thou know it?

Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it;
Suppose, my lord, you were in Venice.

L. Nol. Well.

Moll. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close tricks of curtizans; would not you
Hearken to such a fellow?

L. Nol. Yes.

Moll. And here,
Being come from Venice, to a friend most dear
That were to travel thither, you would proclaim
Your knowledge in those villanies, to save
Your friend from their quick danger: must you have
A black ill name, because ill things you know?
Good troth, my lord, I am made Moll Cut-purse so.
How many are whores, in small ruffs and still look's?
How many chaste, whose names fill slander's books?
Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their scorns
Call so, we should not walk for goring horns.
Perhaps for my mad going some reprove me,
I please myself, and care not else who loves me.

Omnes. A brave mind, Moll, i'faith.

Sir T. Long. Come, my lord, shall's to the ordinary?

L. Nol. Ay, 'tis noon sure.

Moll. Good my lord; let not my name condemn me to you, or to the world; a fencer I hope may be called a coward, is he so for that? If all that have ill names in London were to be whipt, and to pay but twelve-pence a-piece to the beadle, I would rather have his office, than a constable's.

J. Dap. So would I, Captain Moll: 'twere a sweet tickling office i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR ALEXANDER WENGRAVE, GOSHAWK, GREENEWIT, *and Others.*

Sir A. Wen. My son marry a thief, that impudent girl,
Whom all the world stick their worst eyes upon?

Greene. How will your care prevent it?

Gos. 'Tis impossible!
They marry close, they are gone, but none knows whither.

Sir A. Wen. Oh, gentlemen, when has a father's heart-strings
Held out so long from breaking? now what news, sir?

Ser. They were met upon the water an hour since, sir
Putting in towards the sluce.

Sir A. Wen. 'The sluce! come, gentlemen,
'Tis Lambeth works against us.

Greene. And that Lambeth joins more mad matches, than your six wet towns[70] 'twixt that and Windsor-bridge, where fares lie soaking.

Sir A. Wen. Delay no time, sweet gentlemen: to Black Friars,
We'll take a pair of oars and make after them.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trap. Your son, and that bold masculine ramp my mistress are landed now at the Tower.

Sir A. Wen. Hoyda, at Tower?

Trap. I heard it now reported.

Sir A. Wen. Which way, gentlemen, shall I bestow my care?
I'm drawn in pieces betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter SIR GUY FITZ-ALLARD.

Sir. G. Fitz. Sir Alexander,
You're well met, and most rightly served;
My daughter was a scorn to you.

Sir A. Wen. Say not so, sir.

Sir G. Fitz. A very abject; she, poor gentlewoman,
Your house had been dishonoured. Give you joy, sir,
Of your son's Gaskoyne-bride; you'll be a grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sons and daughters;
'Twill help to stock the suburbs passing well, sir.

Sir A. Wen. O! play not with the miseries of my heart;
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vext, or left
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,
And scornful air let in: rather let pity

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[70] These I should apprehend to be Fulham, Richmond, Kingston, Hampton, Chertsey, Staines.—The other intermediate towns are, Chelsea, Battersea, Kew, Isleworth, Twickenham, and Walton. N.

And advice charitably help to refresh 'em.
Sir G. Fitz. Who'd place his charity so unworthily,
Like one that gives alms to a cursing beggar?
Had I but found one spark of goodness in you
Toward my deserving child, which then grew found
Of your son's virtues, I had eased you now.
But I perceive both fire of youth and goodness
Are raked up in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should have come near your house,
Nor such ignoble sorrow touch'd your heart.
Sir A Wen. If not for worth, for pity's sake assist me.
Greene. You urge a thing past sense: how can he help you?
All his assistance is as frail as ours;
Full as uncertain where's the place that holds 'em.
One brings us water-news; then comes another
With a full-charged mouth, like a culverin's voice,
And he reports the Tower; whose sounds are truest?
Gos. In vain you flatter him. Sir Alexander—
Sir G. Fitz. I flatter him, gentlemen, you, wrong me grossly.
Greene. He does it well, i'faith.
Sir G. Fitz. Both news are false,
Of Tower or water: they took no such way yet.
Sir A. Wen. Oh strange! hear you this, gentlemen; yet more plunges?
Sir A. Fitz. Th'are nearer than you think for, yet more close than if they were further off.
Sir A Wen. How am I lost in these distractions?
Sir G. Fitz. For your speeches, gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashness; fore you all,
I will engage my state to half his wealth,
Nay, to his son's revenues, which are less,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him;
That I could, if my will stuck to my power,
Prevent this marriage yet, nay banish her
For ever from his thoughts, much more his arms.
Sir A. Wen. Slack not this goodness, though you heap upon me
Mountains of malice and revenge hereafter:
I'd willingly resign up half my state to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.
Greene. He talks impossibilities, and you believe 'em.
Sir G. Fitz. I talk no more than I know how to finish,
My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me.
The poor young gentleman I love and pity;
And to keep shame from him, because the spring
Of his affection was my daughter's first,
Till his frown blasted all, do but estate him
In those possessions, which your love and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may have room
To entertain fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants cast him upon her;
And if I do not for his own sake chiefly,
Rid him of this disease, that now grows on him,
I'll forfeit my whole state, before these gentlemen,
Greene. Troth, but you shall not undertake such matches:
We'll persuade so much with you.
Sir A. Wen. Here's my ring,
He will believe this token: fore these gentlemen
I will confirm it fully: all those lands,
My first love lotted him, he shall straight possess
In that refusal.
Sir G. Fitz. If I change it not, change me into a beggar.
Greene. Are you mad, sir?
Sir G. Fitz. 'Tis done.
Gos. Will you undo yourself by doing,
And shew a prodigal trick in your old days?
Sir A. Wen. 'Tis a match, gentlemen.
Sir G. Fitz. Ay, ay, sir, ay.
I ask no favour: trust to you for none,
My hope rests in the goodness of your son.
[*Exit* FITZ-ALLARD.
Greene. He holds it up well yet.
Gos. Of an old knight, i'faith.
Sir A. Wen. Curst be the time I laid his first love barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this hour
Had sprung forth fruits, of comfort and of honour!
He loved a virtuous gentlewoman.

Enter MOLL.

Gos. Life, here's Moll.
Greene. Jack.
Gos. How doest thou, Jack?
Moll. How doest thou, gallant?
Sir A. Wen. Impudence, where's my son?
Moll. Weakness, go look him.
Sir A. Wen. Is this your wedding gown?
Moll. [71] The man talks monthly,
Hot broth and a dark chamber for the night,
I see he'll be stark-mad at our next meeting.
[*Exit* MOLL.
Gos. Why, sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,
No priest will marry her, for a woman,
While that shape's on; and it was never known,

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[71] *The man talks monthly.*—i. e. madly; as if under the influence of the moon. So a *moonman* was formerly a cant term for *a madman*. See Dekkar's *Villanies Discovered*, Sign. F.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 1. S. 6:

"I have a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a *moonling* as no wit of man
Or roses can redeem from being an ass."

Two men were married and conjoin'd in one;
Your son hath made some shift to love another.
Sir A. Wen. Whate'er she be, she has my blessing with her:
May they be rich, and fruitful, and receive
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them;
He's pleased me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amiss.
Greene. Glad you're so penitent for your former sin, sir.
Gos. Say he should take a wench with her smock-dowry,
No portion with her, but her lips and arms?
Sir A. Wen. Why, who thrive better, sir? they have most blessing,
Though other have more wealth, and least repent?
Many that want most, know the most content.
Greene. Say he should marry a kind youthful sinner?
Sir A. Wen. Age will quench that; any offence but theft and drunkenness,
Nothing but death can wipe away.
Their sins are green, even when their heads are grey;
Nay, I despair not now, my heart's cheer'd, gentlemen:
No face can come unfortunately to me.
Now, sir, your news?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your son with his fair bride is near at hand.
Sir A. Wen. Fair may their fortunes be!
Greene. Now you're [72] resolved, sir, it was never she.
Sir A. Wen. I find it in the music of my heart.

Enter MOLL *masked in* SEBASTIAN WENGRAVE'S *hand, and* FITZ-ALLARD.

See where they come.
Gos. A proper lusty presence, sir.
Sir A. Wen. Now has he pleased me right; I always counsel'd him
To choose a goodly personable creature;
Just of her pitch was my first wife his mother.
Seb. Wen. Before I dare discover my offence, I kneel for pardon.
Sir A. Wen. My heart gave it thee before thy tongue could ask it;
Rise, thou has raised my joy to greater height,
Than to that seat where grief dejected it.
Both welcome to my love and care for ever;
Hide not my happiness too long, all's pardoned;
Here are our friends, salute her, gentlemen.
[*They unmask her.*
Omnes. Heart, who this? Moll?
Sir A. Wen. O my reviving shame! is't I must live
To be struck blind? be it the work of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand.
Sir G. Fitz. Darkness and death!
Have you deceived me thus? did I engage
My whole estate for this?
Sir A. Wen. You ask'd no favour;
And you shall find as little: since my comforts
Play false with me, I'll be as cruel to thee
As grief to father's hearts.
Moll. Why, what's the matter with you?
Lest too much joy should make your age forgetful,
Are you too well, too happy?
Sir A. Wen. With a vengeance.
Moll. Methinks you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man as your son.
Sir A. Wen. O monstrous impudence!
Moll. You had no note before, an unmarked knight,
Now all the town will take regard on you,
And all your enemies fear you for my sake:
You may pass where you list, through crowds most thick,
And come off bravely with your purse unpick'd:
You do not know the benefits I bring with me;
No cheat dares work upon you, with thumb or knife,
While you've a Roaring Girl to your son's wife.
Sir A. Wen. A devil rampant!
Sir G. Fitz. Have you so much charity,
Yet to release me of my last rash bargain!
And I'll give in your pledge.
Sir A. Wen. No, sir, I stand to't, I'll work upon advantage,
As all mischiefs do upon me.
Sir G. Fitz. Content, bear witness all then
His are the lands, and so contention ends.
Here comes your son's bride, twixt two noble friends.

Enter the Lord NOLAND, *and Sir* BEAUTEOUS GANYMED, *with* MARY FITZ-ALLARD *between them, the Citizens and their Wives with them.*

Moll. Now are *you* gull'd as you would be, thank me for't,
I'd a fore-finger in't.
Seb. Wen. Forgive me, father;
Though there before your eyes my sorrow feign'd,
This still was she, for whom true love complain'd.
Sir A. Wen. Blessings eternal, and the joys of angels,
Begin your peace here, to be sign'd in heaven!
How short my sleep of sorrow seems now to me,
To this eternity of boundless comforts,
That finds no want but utterance, and expression!

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[72] *Resolved.*—i. e. *convinced.* It is frequently used in this sense by Massinger and other writers of the times.

My lord, your office here appears so honourably,
So full of ancient goodness, grace, and worthiness,
I never took more joy in sight of man,
Than in your comfortable presence now.
L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to virtue,
Than in this worthy gentlewoman your son's bride,
Noble Fitz-allard's daughter, to whose honour
And modest fame I am a servant vow'd;
So is this knight.
Sir A. Wen. Your loves make my joys proud.
Bring forth those deeds of land, my care laid ready,
And which, old knight, thy nobleness may challenge,
Join'd with thy daughter's virtues, whom I prize now
As dearly as that flesh I call mine own.
Forgive me, worthy gentlewoman; 'twas my blindness
When I rejected thee, I saw thee not.
Sorrow and wilful rashness grew like films
Over the eyes of judgment, now so clear
I see the brightness of thy worth appear.
M. Fitz. Duty and love may I deserve in those,
And all my wishes have a perfect close.
Sir A. Wen. That tongue can never err, the sound's so sweet;
Here, honest son, receive into thy hands
The keys of wealth, possession of those lands,
Which my first care provided; they are thine own.
Heaven give thee a blessing with 'em! the best joys
That can in worldly shapes to man betide,
Are fertile lands, and a fair fruitful bride;
Of which I hope thou'rt sped.
Seb. Wen. I hope so too, sir.
Moll. Father and son, I have done you simple service here.
Seb. Wen. For which thou shalt not part, Moll, unrequited.
Sir A. Wen. Thou art a mad girl, and yet I cannot now condemn thee.
Moll. Condemn me? troth, and you should, sir,
I'd make you seek out one to hang in my room;
I'd give you the slip at gallows, and cozen the people.
Heard you this jest, my lord?
L. Nol. What is it, Jack?
Moll. He was in fear his son would marry me,
But never dreamt that I would ne'er agree.
L. Nol. Why? thou had'st a suitor once, Jack! when wilt marry?
Moll. Who I, my lord, I'll tell you when, i'faith,
When you shall hear,
Gallants void from serjeant's fear,
Honesty and truth unslandered,
Woman man'd, but never pandered,
Cheats booted, but not coach'd,
Vessels older ere they're broach'd.
If my mind be then not varied,
Next day following I'll be married.
L. Nol. This sounds like domesday.
Moll. Then were marriage best;
For if I should repent, I were soon at rest.
Sir A. Wen. In troth thou art a good wench; I'm sorry now,
The opinion was so hard I conceived of thee.
Some wrongs I've done thee.

Enter TRAPDOOR.

Trap. Is the wind there now?
'Tis time for me to kneel and confess first,
For fear it come too late, and my brains feel it;
Upon my paws I ask you pardon, mistress.
Moll. Pardon! for what, sir? what has your rogueship done now?
Trap. I have been from time to time hired to confound you by this old gentleman.
Moll. How?
Trap. Pray forgive him;
But may I counsel you, you should never do't.
Many a snare to entrap your worship's life
Have I laid privily; chains, watches, jewels,
And when he saw nothing could mount you up,
Four hollow-hearted angels he then gave you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to save you.
Sir A. Wen. To all which, shame and grief in me cry guilty;
Forgive me now, I cast the world's eyes from me,
And look upon thee freely with mine own;
I see the most of many wrongs before thee,
Cast from the jaws of envy and her people,
And nothing foul but that; I'll never more
Condemn by common voice, for that's the whore
That deceives man's opinion, mocks his trust,
Cozens his love, and makes his heart unjust.
Moll. Here be the angels, gentlemen, they were given me;
As a musician; I pursue no pity,——
Follow the law, and you can cuck me, spare not,
Hang up my viol by me, and I care not.
Sir A. Wen. So far I'm sorry; I'll thrice double them
To make thy wrongs amends.
Come worthy friends, my honourable lord,
Sir Beauteous Ganymed, and noble Fitz-allard,
And you kind gentlewoman, whose sparkling presence
Are glories set in marriage, beams of society,
For all your loves give lustre to my joys,
The happiness of this day shall be remembered,
At the return of every smiling spring;
In my time now 'tis born, and may no sadness
Sit on the brows of men upon that day,
But as I am, so all go pleased away.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

A painter having drawn, with curious art,
The picture of a woman, every part
Limb'd to the life, hung out the piece to sell:
People, who pass'd along, viewing it well,
Gave several verdicts on it; some dispraised
The hair; some said the brows too high were raised;
Some hit her o'er the lips, misliked their colour;
Some wish'd her nose were shorter; some, the eyes fuller;
Others said roses on her cheeks should grow,
Swearing they look'd too pale; others cried no;
The workman still, as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all. But this work being ended,
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous, and so ugly, all men did smile
At the poor Painter's folly. Such we doubt
Is this our Comedy; some perhaps do flout
The plot, saying, 'tis too thin, too weak, too mean;
Some for the person will revile the scene,
And wonder that a creature of her being
Should be the subject of a poet, seeing
In the world's eye none weighs so light; others look
For all those base tricks, publish'd in a book,
Foul as his brains they flow'd from, of Cut-purses,
Of Nips and Foists, nasty, obscene discourses,
As full of lies, as empty of worth or wit,
For any honest ear or eye unfit.
And thus,
If we to every brain, that's humorous,
Should fashion Scenes, we, with the Painter, shall,
In striving to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults, as either the writer's wit,
Or negligence of the Actors, do commit,
Both crave your pardons: if what both have done,
Cannot full pay your expectation;
The Roaring Girl herself, some few days hence,
Shall on this stage give larger recompence.
Which Mirth that you may share in, herself does woo you,
And craves this sign, your hands to beckon her to you.

THE CITY MATCH.

JASPER MAYNE, *was born at Hatherlagh, in Devonshire, in the year* 1604; *and being sent to Westminster-school, he continued there until the age of nineteen years, without obtaining a King's scholarship. At that time, he met with a patron in Dr Bryan Duppa; by whose recommendation, in* 1623, *he entered himself a servitor of Christ Church, Oxford, and commenced M. A. June* 18, 1631. *He afterwards took holy orders; and distinguished himself in the pulpit by that quaint manner of preaching which was then in vogue. His first preferment was the vicarage of Cassington, near Woodstock; to which was afterwards added the living of Pyrton, near Watlington; both by the presentation of his college. These preferments lying at a small distance from the university, he continued to reside there; and was much admired for his wit and humour. In* 1638, *he published a Translation of Lucian's Dialogues; and in the next year appeared his comedy of* The City-Match. *On the breaking out of the civil war, he sided with the royal party; to which he remained, ever after, firmly attached. He was appointed, in* 1642, *one of the divines to preach before the King and Parliament; and in that year proceeded Bachelor of Divinity; and was created D. D. on June* 7, 1646. *The decline of the King's affairs caused a very great alteration in those of our Author; he was ejected from his student's place in* 1648, *and soon after deprived of both his vicarages. In the midst of these sufferings, he still preserved a warm zeal for the old establishment. In September* 1652, *he held a public disputation with a noted Anabaptist-preacher, in Watlington Church. He afterwards had the good fortune to meet with a friend in the Earl of Devonshire; who received him into his family, in the character of chaplain; and with that nobleman he resided until the restoration. On that event, he returned back to his livings; was appointed chaplain in ordinary to the King; promoted to a canon's stall at Christ Church, and raised to the dignity of Archdeacon of Chichester.*

Thus replaced in his favourite seat of the Muses, he continued to reside there during the rest of his life, happy in the full enjoyment of his promotions.—He died December 6, 1672; *and his corpse was interred in the aisle adjoining to the choir of Christ Church: where a monument was erected to his memory, at the charge of Dr Robert South and Dr. John Lamphire, the executors of his will.*

Besides the Translation of Lucian, before mentioned, he published several sermons and poems; and the two following plays;

1. "*The City-Match; a Comedy. Presented to the King and Queen at Whitehall. Acted since, at Blackfriers, by his Majesties Servants.* Fo. 1639. 4to. 1658. 8vo. 1659."
2. "*The Amorous Warre; a Tragi-Comedie.* 4to. 1648."

TO THE READER.

THE Author of this Poem, knowing how hardly the best things protect themselves from censure, had no ambition to make it this way public: holding works of this light nature to be things which need an apology for being written at all; nor esteeming otherwise of them, whose abilities in this kind are most passable, than of maskers who spangle and glitter for the time, but 'tis through a tinsel. As it was merely out of obedience that he first wrote it, so when it was made, had it not been commanded from him, it had died upon the place where it took life. Himself being so averse from raising fame from the stage, that at the presentment, he was one of the severest spectators there; nor ever shewed other sign whereby it might be known to be his, but his liberty to despise it. Yet he hath at length consented it should pass the press; not with an aim to purchase a new reputation, but to keep that which he hath already from growing worse; for, understanding that some at London, without his approbation or allowance, were ready to print a false, imperfect copy, he was loth to be libell'd by his own work; or that his play should appear to the world with more than its own faults.——Farewell.

THE

PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN.

The author, royal Sir, so dreads this night,
As if for writing he were doom'd to th' fight;
Or else, unless you do protect his fame,
Y'had saved his play, and sentenced him to the flame.
For though your name or power were i'the reprieve,
Such works he thinks, are but condemn'd to live.
Which for this place, being rescued from the fire,
Take ruin from the advancement, and fall higher.
Though none, he hopes, sit here upon his wit,
As if he poems did, or plays commit.
Yet he must needs fear censure, that fears praise,
Nor would write still, were't to succeed i'the bays;
For he is not o'the trade, nor would excel
In this kind, where 'tis lightness to do well.
Yet, as the Gods refined base things, and some
Beasts foul i'the herd grew pure i'the hecatomb;
And as the ox prepared, and crowned bull,
Are offerings, though kept back, and altars full;
So, mighty Sir, this sacrifice being near
The knife at Oxford, which I have kindled here,
He hopes 'twill from You, and the Queen, grow clean,
And turn t' oblation what he meant a scene.

THE

PROLOGUE AT BLACK-FRIARS.

Were it his trade, the author bid me say,
Perchance he'd beg you would be good to the play;
And I, to set him up in reputation,
Should hold a bason forth for approbation:
But praise so gain'd, he thinks, were a relief
Able to make his comedy a brief;
For, where your pity must your judgment be,
'Tis not a play, but you fired houses see.
Look not his quill, then, should petitions run;
No gatherings here into a prologue spun.
Whether their sold scenes be disliked, or hit,
Are cares for them who eat by the stage, and wit.
He's one, whose unbought Muse did never fear
An empty second day, or a thin share;
But can make the actors, though you come not twice,
No losers, since we act now at the King's price,
Who hath made this play public; and the same
Power that makes laws, redeem'd this from the flame:
For the author builds no fame, nor doth aspire
To praise, from that which he condemn'd to the fire.
He's thus secure, then, that he cannot win
A censure sharper than his own hath been.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Warehouse, *an old Merchant.*
Frank Plotwell, *his Nephew.*
Cypher, *his Factor.*
Baneswright, *old Plotwell disguised.*
Madam Aurelia, *Penelope Plotwell his Daughter.*
Seathrift, *a Merchant.*
Mrs Seathrift, *his Wife.*
Timothy, *his Son.*
Dorcas, *Susan Seathrift his Daughter.*
Bright, Newcut, } *two Templars.*
Mrs Scruple, *a Puritan School-mistress.*
Mrs Holland, *a Seamster on the Exchange.*
Quartfield, *a Captain.*
Salewit, *a Poet.*
Roseclap, *one that keeps an Ordinary.*
Millicent, *his Wife.*
'Prentice.
Two Footmen.
Boy that sings.

Scene—London.

THE CITY MATCH.[1]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

WAREHOUSE, SEATHRIFT.

Sea. I promise you 'twill be a most rare plot.
Ware. The city, Mr Seathrift, never yet
Brought forth the like; I would have them that have
Fined twice for sheriff mend it.
Sea. Mend it! why?
'Tis past the wit o' the court of aldermen.
Next Merchant-taylor that writes chronicles [2]
Will put us in.
Ware. For, since I took him home,
Though, sir, my nephew, as you may observe,
Seem quite transfigured, be as dutiful
As a new 'prentice, in his talk declaim
'Gainst revelling companions, be as hard
To be enticed from home as my door-posts;
This reformation may but be his part,
And he may act his virtues. I have not
Forgot his riots at the Temple. You know, sir——
Sea. You told me, Mr Warehouse,
Ware. Not the sea,
When it devour'd my ships, cost me so much
As did his vanities. A voyage to the Indies
Has been lost in a night: his daily suits
Were worth more than the stock that set me up;
For which he knew none but the silk-man's book,
And studied that more than the law. He had
His loves too, and his mistresses; was entered
Among the philosophical madams [3]; was
As great with them as their concerners; and, I hear,
Kept one of them in pension.
Sea. My son too
Hath had his errors: I could tell the time
When all the wine which I put off by wholesale
He took again in quarts; and at the day
Vintners have paid me with his large scores; but
He is reformed too.
Ware. Sir, we now are friends
In a design.
Sea. And hope to be in time
Friends in alliance, sir.
Ware. I'll be free;
I think well of your son.
Sea. Who? Timothy?
Believ't, a virtuous boy; and for his sister
A very saint.
Ware. Mistake me not, I have
The like opinion of my nephew, sir;
Yet he is young, and so is your son, nor
Doth the church-book say they are past our fears.
Our presence is their bridle now; 'tis good
To know them well whom we do make our heirs.
Sea. It is most true.
Ware. Well; and how shall we know
How they will use their fortune, or what place
We have in their affection, without trial?
Some wise men build their own tombs; let us try,
If we were dead, whether our heirs would cry,
Or wear [4] long cloaks. This plot will do't.
Sea. 'Twill make us
Famous upon the Exchange for ever. I'll home,
And take leave of my wife and son.
Ware. And I'll
Come to you at your garden-house [5]. Within there —— [*Exit* SEATHRIFT.

SCENE II.

Enter CYPHER.

Ware. Now, Cypher, where's my nephew?

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[1] In the year 1755, a gentleman of great eminence in his profession, made a few alterations in this play, and presented it to the governors of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park-corner, who obtained a representation of it, at Drury-lane, for the benefit of that charity. It was at the same time printed in 8vo, under the title of "THE SCHEMERS; OR, THE CITY-MATCH."

[2] *Next Merchant-taylor that writes chronicles*—The merchant-taylor here alluded to, was John Stowe, author of the *Chronicle of England*, who was of that company, and a taylor by profession.

[3] *Philosophical madams.*—See *Ben Jonson's Silent Woman.* S. P.

[4] *Wear*—All the editions read *their.*

[5] *Garden-house*—See extract from *Stubbes*, quoted in *The Miseries of inforced Marriage.*

Cyph. In the hall,
Reading a letter, which a footman brought
Just now to him from a lady, sir.
Ware. A lady!
Cyph. Yes, sir, a lady in distress; for I
Could overhear the fellow say, she must
Sell her coach-horses, and return again
To her needle, if your nephew don't supply her
With money.
Ware. This is some honourable seamstress.
I am now confirm'd: They say he keeps a lady,
And this is she. Well, Cypher, 'tis too late
To change my project now. Be sure you keep
A diary of his actions; strictly mark
What company comes to him; if he stir
Out of my house, observe the place he enters.
Watch him till he come out: follow him, disguised,
To all his haunts.
Cyph. He shall not want a spy, sir.
But, sir, when you are absent, if he draw not
A lattice to your door, and hang a bush out——
Ware. I hope he will not make my house a tavern.
Cyph. Sir, I am no Sibyl's son.
Ware. Peace, here he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter PLOTWELL *in a sad posture,* WAREHOUSE, CYPHER.

Ware. Good-morrow, nephew: How now? sad? how comes
This melancholy?
Plot. Can I chuse but wear
Clouds in my face, when I must venture, sir,
Your reverend age to a long doubtful voyage,
And not partake your dangers?
Ware. Fie; these fears,
Though they become you, nephew, are ominous.
When heard you from your father?
Plot. Never since
He made the escape, sir.
Ware. I hear he is in Ireland:
Is't true, he took your sister with him?
Plot. So
Her mistress thinks, sir: one day she left the Exchange,
And has not since been heard of.
Ware. And, nephew,
How like you your new course; which place prefer you?
The Temple, or Exchange? Where are, think you,
The wealthier mines; in the Indies, or Westminster-hall?
Plot. Sir, my desires take measure
And form from yours.
Ware. Nay, tell me your mind plainly,
I'the city-tongue. I'd have you speak like Cypher;
I do not like quaint figures; they do smell
Too much o' the inns of court.
Plot. Sir, my obedience
Is ready for all impressions which——
Ware. Again!
Plot. Sir, I prefer your kind of life, a merchant.
Ware. 'Tis spoken like my nephew: now I like you,
Nor shall I e'er repent the benefits
I have bestow'd; but will forget all errors,
[*Exit* CYPHER.
As mere seducements. And will not only be
An uncle, but a father to you; but then
—You must be constant, nephew.
Plot. Else I were blind
To my good fortune, sir.
Ware. Think, man, how it may
In time make thee o' the city senate, and raise thee
To the sword and cap of maintenance.
Plot. Yes, and make me
Sentence light bread, and pounds of butter on horse-back. [*Aside.*
Ware. Have gates and conduits dated from thy year:
Ride to the spittle on thy free beast.
Plot. Yes,
Free of your company. [*Aside.*
Ware. Have the people vail
As low to his trappings, as if he thrice had fined
For that good time's employment.
Plot. Or as if
He had his rider's wisdom. [*Aside.*
Ware. Then the works
And good deeds of the city to go before thee,
Besides a troop of varlets.
Plot. Yes, and I
To sleep the sermon in my chain and scarlet.
[*Aside.*
Ware. How say you? Let's hear that?
Plot. I say, sir, I
To sit at sermon in my chain and scarlet.
Ware. 'Tis right, and be remembered at the Cross.[4]
Plot. And then at sessions, sir, and all times else;
Master Recorder to save me the trouble,
And understand things for me.
Ware. All this is possible,
And in the stars and winds; therefore, dear nephew,
You shall pursue this course; and, to enable you,
In this half year that I shall be away,
Cypher shall teach you French, Italian, Spanish,
And other tongues of traffic.
Plot. Shall I not learn
Arithmetic too, sir, and short-hand?
Ware. 'Tis well remembered; yes, and navigation.

---

[4] *At the cross.*—At St. Paul's Cross, where sermons were then preached. S. P.

Enter CYPHER.

Cyph. Sir Mr Seathrift says you will lose the tide;
The boat stays for you.
Ware. Well, nephew, at my return,
As I hear of your carriage, you do know
What my intentions are; and, for a token
How much I trust your reformation,
Take this key of my counting-house, and spend
Discreetly in my absence. Farewell. Nay,
No tears, I'll be here sooner than you think on't.
Cypher, you know what you have to do.
Cyph. I warrant you, sir. [*Exit* WAREHOUSE.
Plot. Tears! yes, my melting eyes shall run, but it
Shall be such tears as shall increase the tide
To carry you from hence.
Cyph. Come, Mr Plotwell, shall I
Read to you this morning?
Plot. Read! what? how the price
Of sugar goes; how many pints of olives
Go to a jar; how long wine works at sea;
What difference is in gain between fresh herrings
And herrings red?
Cyph. This is fine; ha' you
Forgot your uncle's charge?
Plot. Pr'ythee what was't?
Cyph. To learn the tongues, and mathematics.
Plot. Troth,
If I have tongue enough to say my prayers
I' the phrase o' the kingdom, I care not; otherwise,
I'm for no tongues but dried ones, such as will
Give a fine relish to my backrag[5]; and for mathematics,
I hate to travel by the map; methinks
'Tis riding post.
Cyph. I knew 'twould come to this.
Here be his comrades.
Plot. What, my Fleet-street friends?
[*Exit* CYPHER.

SCENE IV.

Enter BRIGHT *and* NEWCUT.

Bright. Save you, merchant Plotwell!
New. Mr Plotwell, citizen and merchant, save you!
Bright. Is thy uncle
Gone the wish'd voyage?
Plot. Yes, he's gone; and, if
He die by the way, hath bequeath'd me but some
Twelve hundred pound a year in Kent; some three-
Score thousand pound in money, besides jewels, bonds,
And desperate debts.
New. And dost not thou fall down
And pray to the winds to sacrifice him to
Poor John and Mackarel?
Bright. Or invoke some rock
To do thee justice?
New. Or some compendious cannon
To take him off i'the middle?
Plot. And why, my tender,
Soft-hearted friends?
Bright. What, to take thee from the Temple,
To make thee an old juryman, a Whittington?
New. To transform thy plush to penny-stone; and scarlet
Into a velvet jacket, which hath seen
Aleppo twice, is known to the great Turk,
Hath 'scapt three shipwrecks to be left off to thee,
And knows the way to Mexico as well as the map?
Bright. This jacket surely was employ'd in finding
The north east passage out, or the same jacket
That Coryat[6] died in.
Plot. Very good.
New. In Ovid
There is not such a metamorphosis
As thou art now. To be turned into a tree,
Or some handsome beast, is courtly to this.
But for thee, Frank, O transmutation!
Of satin changed to kersey hose I sing.
'Slid, his shoes shine too.[7]
Bright. They have the Gresham dye.
Dost thou not dress thyself by 'em? I can see
My face in them hither.
Plot. Very pleasant, gentlemen.
Bright. And faith, for how many years art thou bound?
Plot. Do you take me for a 'prentice?
New. Why then, what office
Dost thou bear in the parish this year? Let's feel:
No batteries in thy head, to signify
Th'art constable?
Bright. No furious jug broke on it,
In the king's name?
Plot. Did you contrive this scene

---

[5] *Backrag.*—This was a wine which was brought from Germany, as appears from *Philo-cothonista*, 1635, p. 48. It is there mentioned along with *Rhenish.*

[6] *Coryat.*—See Note 11 to *The Ordinary.*

[7] *'Slid, his shoes shine too.*—The citizens of Charles the First's time, and earlier, were as famous for the brightness of their shoes, as some particular professions at present. In *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1. Kitely says,

> "Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
> Make their loose comments upon every word,
> Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
> From my flat cap *unto my shining shoes.*"

By the way, gentlemen?
New. No; but the news
Thou should'st turn tradesman, and this pagan dress,
In which if thou shouldst die, thou wouldst be damn'd
For an usurer, is comical at the Temple.
We were about to bring in such a fellow
For an apostate, in our antimasque.
Set one to keep the door, provide half-crown rooms,
For I'll set bills up of thee. What shall I
Give thee for the first day?
Bright. Aye, or second?
For thou'lt endure twice or thrice coming in.
Plot. Well, my conceited Orient friends, bright offspring
O' the female silk-worm, and taylor male; I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid-for glory;
That in these colours you set out the Strand,
And adorn Fleet-street; that you may laugh at me
Poor working-day o' the city, like two festivals
Escaped out of the Almanack.
New. Sirrah, Bright,
Didst look to hear such language beyond Ludgate?
Bright. I thought all wit had ended at Fleet-bridge:
But wit that goes o' the score, that may extend,
If't be a courtier's wit, into Cheapside.
Plot. Your mercer lives there, does he? I warrant you
He has the patience of a burnt heretic.
The very faith that sold to you these silks,
And thinks you'll pay for 'em, is strong enough
To save the infidel part o' the world, or Antichrist.
Bright. We are most mechanically abused.
New. Let's tear his jacket off.
Bright. A match! take that side.
Plot. Hold, hold.
Bright. How frail a thing old velvet is! it parts
With as much ease and willingness as two cowards. [*They tear off his jacket.*
New. The tend'rest weed that ever fell asunder.
Plot. Ha' you your wits? What mean you?
Bright. Go, put on
One of thy Temple suits, and accompany us,
Or else thy dimity breeches will be mortal.
Plot. You will not strip me, will you?
New. By thy visible ears, we will.
Bright. By this two-handed beaver, which is so thin
And light, a butterfly's wings put to't would make it
A Mercury's flying hat, and soar aloft.
Plot. But do you know to how much danger
You tempt me? Should my uncle know I come
Within the air of Fleet-street——
New. Will you make
Yourself fit for a coach again, and come
Along with us?
Plot. Well, my two resolute friends,
You shall prevail. But whether now are your
Lewd motions bent?
New. We'll dine at Roseclap's: there
We shall meet Captain Quartfield and his poet;
They shall shew us another fish.
Bright. But by the way, we have agreed to see
A lady, you mechanic.
Plot. What lady?
New. Hast not thou heard of the new-sprung lady?
Bright. One
That keeps her coachman, footboy, woman; and spends
A thousand pounds a year by wit.
Plot. How! wit?
New. That is her patrimony, sir. 'Tis thought,
The fortune she is born to, will not buy
A bunch of turnips.
Plot. She is no gamester, is she? Nor carries false dice?
Bright. No; but has a tongue,
Were't in a lawyer's mouth, would make him buy
All young heirs near him.
Plot. But does no man know from whence she came?
Bright. As for her birth, she may
Choose her own pedigree; it is unknown
Whether she be descended of some ditch
Or duchess.
New. She's the wonder of the court,
And talk o' the town.
Plot. Her name?
New. Aurelia.
Plot. I've heard of her. 'They say she does fight duels,
And answers challenges in wit.
Bright. She has been thrice in the field.
Plot. I' the field?
New. Yes, in Spring garden;
Has conquer'd, with no second but her woman,
A puritan, and has return'd with prizes.
Plot. And no drum beat before her?
New. No, nor colours
Flourish'd. She has made a vow never to marry
Till she be won by stratagem.
Plot. I long to see her.
Bright. I' the name of Guildhall, who comes here?

SCENE V.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. By your leave, gentlemen.
Plot. Mr Timothy!
Welcome from the new world. I look'd you should
Ha' past through half the signs in heaven by this,
And ha' conversed with the dolphins. What! not gone
To sea with your father?
Tim. No, faith, I do not love
To go to sea; it makes one lousy, lays him
In wooden sheets, and lands him a preservative
Against the plague: besides, my mother was

Afraid to venture me.
Plot. Believ't, she's wise,
Not to trust such a wit to a thin frail bark,
Where you had sail'd within three inches of
Becoming a Jonas. Besides the tossing, to have
All the fierce blust'ring faces in the map
Swell more tempestuously upon you than
Lawyers preferr'd, or trumpeters. And whither
Were you bound now?
Tim. I only came to have
Your judgment of my suit.
Plot. Surely the taylor
Has done his part.
Tim. And my mother has done her's;
For she has paid for't. I never durst be seen
Before my father out of duretta and serge:
But if he catch me in such paltry stuffs,
To make me look like one that lets out money,
Let him say, "Timothy was born a fool."
Before he went, he made me do what he list:
Now he's abroad, I'll do what I list. What
Are these two? Gentlemen?
Plot. You see they wear
Their heraldry.
Tim. But I mean, can they roar,
Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their mistress?
I mean forthwith to get a mistress.
Plot. But
How comes this, Mr Timothy? you did not
Rise such a gallant this morning.
Tim. All's one for that.
My mother lost her maidenhead, that I
Might come first into the world: and by God's lid
I'll bear myself like the elder brother, I.
D'you think, I'll all days of my life frequent
Saint Antlins, like my sister? Gentlemen,
I covet your acquaintance.
Bright. Your servant, sir.
New. I shall be proud to know you.
Tim. Sir, my knowledge
Is not much worth. I'm born to a small fortune;
Some hundred thousand pound, if once my father
Held up his hands in marble, or kneel'd in brass.
What are you? inns of court-men?
New. The Catechism
Were false, should we deny it.
Tim. I shall shortly
Be one myself; I learn to dance already,
And wear short cloaks. I mean in your next masque
To have a part; I shall take most extremely.
Bright. You will inflame the ladies, sir; they'll strive
Who shall most privately convey jewels
Into your hand.
New. This is an excellent fellow!
Who is't?
Plot. Rich Seathrift's son, that's gone to sea
This morning with my uncle.
Bright. Is this he
Whose sister thou shouldst marry? The wench that brings
Ten thousand pound.
Plot. My uncle would fain have me,
But I have cast her off.
Bright. Why?
Plot. Faith, she's handsome,
And had a good wit; but her school-mistress
Has made her a rank Puritan.
New. Let's take him
Along with us, and Captain Quartfield shall show him.
Plot. 'Twill be an excellent comedy; and afterwards
I have a project on him.
Tim. Gentlemen,
Shall we dine at an ordinary? You
Shall enter me among the wits.
Plot. Sir, I
Will but shift clothes, then we'll associate you.
But first you shall with us, and see a lady,
Rich as your father's chests and odd holes, and
Fresh as Pygmalion's mistress, newly wakened
Out of her alabaster.
Tim. Lead on:
I long to see a lady, and to salute her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

AURELIA, DORCAS.

Aur. Why we shall have you get, in time, the turn-
Up of your eyes, speak in the nose, draw sighs
Of an ell long, and rail at discipline.
Would I could hear from Baneswright! Ere I'll be tortur'd
With your preciseness thus, I'll get dry palms
With starching, and put on my smocks myself.
Dor. Surely you may, and air 'em too. there have been
Very devout and holy women, that wore
No shift at all.
Aur. Such saints you mean as wore
Their congregations, and swarm'd with Christian vermin.
You'll hold clean linen heresy?
Dor. Surely, yes,
Clean linen in a surplice: that and powders
Do bring dry summers, make the sickness rage,
And the enemy prevail. It was reveal'd
To Mrs Scruple and her husband, who
Do verily ascribe the German war,
And the late persecutions, to curling,

False teeth, and oil of talc,[8]
Aur. Now she is in,
A lecturer will sooner hold his peace
Than she.
Dor. And surely, as master Scruple says——
Aur. That was her school-master. One that cools a feast
With his long grace, and sooner eats a capon
Than blesses it.
Dor. And proves it very well,
Out of a book that suffer'd martyrdom[9]
By fire in Cheapside. Since amulets, and bracelets,
And love-locks, were in use, the price of sprats,
Jerusalem artichokes, and Holland cheese,
Is very much increased; so that the brethren,
Botchers I mean, and such poor zealous saints
As earn five groats a week under a stall,
By singing psalms, and drawing up of holes,
Can't live in their vocation, but are fain
To turn——
Aur. Old breeches.
Dor. Surely, teachers and prophets.

SCENE II.

Enter BANESWRIGHT.

Aur. Oh, Mr Baneswright, are you come! my woman
Was in her preaching-fit; she only wanted
A table's end.
Bane. Why, what's the matter?
Aur. Never
Poor lady had so much unbred holiness
About her person: I am never drest
Without a sermon; but am forced to prove
The lawfulness of curling-irons, before
She'll crisp me in a morning. I must show
Text for the fashions of my gowns. She'll ask
Where jewels are commanded? or what lady
I' the primitive times wore ropes of pearl or rubies?
She will urge councils for her little ruff,
Called in Northamptonshire;[10] and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.
Bane. Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A serviceable sinner.
Aur. She can't preserve
The gift for which I took her; but, as though
She were inspired from Ipswich,[11] she will make
The Acts and Monuments in sweet-meats; quinces,
Arraign'd and burnt at a stake: all my banquets
Are persecutions; Dioclesian's days
Are brought for entertainment; and we eat martyrs.
Bane. Madam, she is far gone.
Aur. Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.
Bane. Indeed!
Aur. She works religious petticoats:[12] for flowers
She'll make church-histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets! Besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I, fear, in time,
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
To see a lady that has a parrot: my woman,
While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;

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[8] *Oil of talc.*—"*Talc*, in natural history, is a shining, squamous, fissile species of stone, easily separable into thin, transparent scales or leaves." *Chambers's Dictionary.* It was anciently found only in Spain, but since, in several parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. "Some chymists," says the same writer, "and other empirics, have held, that *talc* might be used for many important purposes; and pretend to draw from it that precious oil so much boasted of by the ancients, particularly the Arabs, called *Oil of Talc;* which is supposed a wonderful cosmetic, and preserver of the complexion: but the truth is, the word *talc*, among them, signified no more than an equal disposition of the humours, which keeps the body in good temperament and perfect health. Now, as nothing contributes more than health to the preserving of beauty, this has given occasion to the chymists to search this *oil of talc*, which is to maintain the body in this disposition, and to engage the ladies to be at the expense of the search."

[9] *Out of a book*, &c.—This was Prynne's celebrated work, entitled *Histriomastrix*, &c. which was, by the sentence of the Star Chamber, ordered to be burnt.

[10] *Called in Northamptonshire.*—The county in which the celebrated Robert Browne (who may be esteemed the head of the Puritans) was beneficed, and afterwards died in gaol, at a very advanced age.

[11] *She were inspired from Ipswich.*—Alluding to the second publication for which Prynne was prosecuted, and sentenced to lose the remainder of his ears. It was entitled, "The News from Ipswich, and the Divine Tragedy, recording God's fearful judgments against Sabbath-breakers 4to. 1636."

[12] *She works religious petticoats*, &c.—It appears to have been the custom at this time, to work religious and other stories, in different parts of the dress then worn.——In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, A. 2. S. 1. vol. 2. p. 33. edition 1778, Rutilio says,

"Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without *a neat historical shirt*."

And now it can speak nought but Knox's Works;[13]
So there's a parrot lost.
Bane. Faith, madam, she
Was earnest to come to you: had I known
Her mistress had so bred her, I would first
Have preferred her to New England.[14]
Dor. Surely, sir,
You promised me, when you did take my money
To help me to a faithful service, a lady
That would be saved; not one that loves profane,
Unsanctified fashions.
Aur. Fly my sight,
You goody Hofman, and keep your chamber till
You can provide yourself some cure, or I
Will forthwith excommunicate your zeal,
And make you a silent waiting-woman.
Bane. Mrs Dorcas,
If you'll be usher to that holy, learned woman,
That can heal broken shins, scald heads, and the itch,
Your school-mistress; that can expound, and teaches
To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew samplers,
I'll help you back again.
Dor. The motion sure is good,
And I will ponder of it.
[*Exit* DORCAS.
Aur. From thy zeal,
The frantic ladies judgments, and Histriomastrix,[15]
Deliver me! this was of your preferring;
You must needs help me to another.
Bane. How
Would you desire her qualified? deformed,
And crooked? like some ladies, who do wear
Their women like black patches, to set them off?
Aur. I need no foil, nor shall I think I'm white
Only between two moors; or that my nose
Stands wrong, because my woman's doth stand right.
Bane. But you would have her secret, able to keep
Strange sights from the knowledge of your knight, when you
Are married, madam, of a quick-feigning head
Aur. You wrong me, Baneswright: she whom I would have,
Must to her handsome shape have virtue too.
Bane. Well, madam, I shall fit you. I do know
A cholerick lady, which, within these three weeks,
Has, for not cutting her corns well, put off
Three women; and is now about to part
With the fourth, just one of your description.
Next change o' the moon, or weather, when her feet
Do ache again, I do believe I shall
Pleasure your ladyship.
Aur. Expect your reward.
[*Exit* BANESWRIGHT.

SCENE III.

Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL.

Tim. Lady, let me taste the elysium of your lips.
Aur. Why, what are you? You will not leap me, sir?
Pray, know your distance.
Tim. What am I, sweet lady?
My father is an alderman's fellow; and I
Hope to be one in time.
Aur. Then, sir, in time
You may be remembred at the quenching of
Fired houses, when the bells ring backward, by
Your name upon the buckets.
Tim. Nay, they say
You have a good wit, lady, and I can find it
As soon as another. I in my time have been
O' the university, and should have been a scholar.
Aur. By the size of your wit, sir, had you kept
To that profession, I can foresee
You would have been a great persecutor of Nature,
And great consumer of rush candles, with
As small success, as if a tortoise should
Day and night practise to run races. Having
Contemplated yourself into ill looks,
In pity to so much affliction,
You might ha' past for learned; and 't may be,
If you had fallen out with the Muses, and
Scap't poetry, you might have risen to scarlet.
Tim. Here's a rare lady with all my heart. By this
Light, gentlemen, now have I no more language
Than a dumb parrot. A little more, she'll jeer me
Into a fellow that turns upon his toe
In a steeple, and strikes quarters![16]
Bright. And why should you
Be now so dainty of your lips? Verily,
They are not virgins; they have tasted man.
Aur. And may again; but then I'll be secured
For the sweet air o' the parties. If you
Will bring it me confirm'd under the hands
Of four sufficient ladies, that you are

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[13] *Knox's Works.*—See Note 94 to *The Ordinary.*
[14] *New England.*—See Note 105 to *The Ordinary.*
[15] *Histriomastrix.*—Prynne's book, mentioned before.
[16] *Into a fellow that turns upon his toe*
In a steeple, and strikes quarters.—Alluding to an automaton, like those at St Dunstan's, Fleet-street. See Notes on Shakespeare's *King Richard III.* edit. 1778, p. 113. vol. 7. S.

Clean men, you may chance kiss my woman.
New. Lady,
Our lips are made of the same clay that yours;
And have not been refused.
Aur. 'Tis right, you are
Two inns of court-men.
Bright. Yes, what then?
Aur. Known Cladders
Through all the town.
Bright. Cladders?
Aur. Yes, catholic lovers,
From country madams to your glover's wife,
Or laundress; will not let poor gentlewomen
Take physic quietly, but disturb their pills
From operation with your untaught visits;
Or, if they be employ'd, contrive small plots
Below stairs with the chamber-maid; commend
Her fragrant breath, which five yards off salutes,
At four deflowers a rose, at three kills spiders.
New. What dangerous truths these are!
Aur. Ravish a lock
From the yellow waiting-woman, use stratagems
To get her silver whistle, and way-lay
Her pewder knots or bodkin.
New. Pretty, pretty!
Bright. You think you have abused us now?
Aur. I'll tell you:
Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle, and making socks;
And were that forty mark mil-sixpences,
Spur-royals, Harry-groats,[17] or such odd coin
Of husbandry, as in the king's reign now
Would never pass, I would despise you.
New. Lady,
Your wit will make you die a wither'd virgin.
Bright. We shall in time, when your most tyrant tongue
Hath made this house a wilderness, and you
As unfrequented as a statesman fallen;
When you shall quarrel with your face and glass
Till from your pencil you have raised new cheeks;
See you beg suitors, write bills o'er your door,
"Here is an ancient lady to be let."
New. You think you are handsome now, and that your eyes
Make star-shooting, and dart?
Aur. 'T may be I do.
New. May I not prosper, if I have not seen
A better face in signs, or gingerbread!
Tim. Yes, I for two-pence oft have bought a better.
Bright. What a sweet innocent look you have!
Plot. Fie, gentlemen,
Abuse a harmless lady thus! I can't
With patience hear your blasphemies. Make me
Your second, madam.
Tim. And make me your third.
Aur. O prodigy, to hear an image speak!
Why, sir, I took you for a mute i' the hangings.
I'll tell the faces.
Tim. Gentlemen, do I
Look like one of them Trojans?
Aur. 'Tis so; your face
Is missing here, sir; pray step back again,
And fill the number. You, I hope, have more
Truth in you than to filch yourself away,
And leave my room unfurnish'd.
Plot. By this light,
She'll send for a constable straight, and apprehend him
For thievery.
Tim. Why, lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom? some Dutch piece weav'd at Mortlake?
Aur. Surely you stood so simply, like a man
Penning of recantations, that I suspected
Y' had been a part of the monopoly.
But now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very man, I'll think you only dull,
And pray for better utterance.
Plot. Lady, you make
Rash judgment of him; he was only struck
With admiration of your beauty.
Tim. Truly, and so I was.
Aur. Then you can wonder, sir?
Plot. Yes, when he sees such miracles as you.
Aur. And love me, can't you?
Tim. Love you! by this hand,
I'd love a dog of your sweet looks; I am
Enamour'd of you, lady.
Aur. Ha, ha, ha! now surely
I wonder you wear not a cap; your case
Requires warm things: I'll send you forth a caudle. [*Exit.*
Bright. The plague of rotten teeth, wrinkles, loud lungs,
Be with you, madam.
Tim. Had I pen and ink,
If I were urged, I'd fain know whether I
In conscience ought not to set down *myself*
No wiser than I should be?
Plot. Gentlemen, how like you her wit?
Tim. Wit! *I verily*
Believe she was begotten by some wit;
And he that has her, may beget plays on her.
New. Her wit had need be good, it finds her house.
Tim. Her house! 'tis able to find the court: if she
Be chaste to all this wit, I do not think
But that she might be shown.
Bright. She speaks with salt,
And has a pretty scornfulness, which now
I've seen, I'm satisfied.

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[17] *Spur-royals, Harry-groats.*— In the third year of James the First, rose-*rials* (or *royals*) of gold, were coined at 30s. apiece, and *spur-rials*, at 15s. each. For *Harry-groats*, see Note 18 to *The Antiquary*.

New. Come then away to Roseclap's.
Tim. Lead on, let us dine. This lady
Runs in my head still.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, my lady prays
You would dismiss your company; she has
Some business with you.
Plot. Gentlemen, walk softly; I'll overtake you.
Bright. Newcut, 'slight! her wit
Is come to private meetings!
New. Ay, I thought
She had some other virtues. Well, make haste,
We'll stay without; when thou hast done, inform us
What the rate is; if she be reasonable,
We'll be her customers.
Plot. You're merry, sir.
[*Exeunt* BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY.

SCENE IV.

Enter AURELIA.

Plot. Nay, sister, you may enter: they are gone.
I did receive your ticket this morning. What!
You look the mine should run still?
Aur. O you are
A careful brother, to put me on a course
That draws the eyes o'the town upon me, and makes me
Discourse for ordinaries, then leave me in't.
I will put off my ladyship, and return
To Mrs Holland, and to making shirts
And bands again.
Plot. I hope you will not.
Aur. I repent I left the Exchange.
Plot. Faith, I should laugh
To see you there again, and there serve out
The rest of your indentures, by managing
Your needle well, and making night-caps by
A chafing-dish in winter mornings, to keep
Your fingers pliant. How rarely 'twould become you
To run over all your shop to passengers
In a fine sale-tune!
Aur. What would you have me do?
D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin, that could live
By the scent of flowers?[18] or that my family
Are descended of cameleons,
And can be kept with air? Is this the way
To get a husband; to be in danger to be
Shut up for house-rent, or to wear a gown
Out a whole fashion, or the same jewels twice?
Shortly my neighbours will commend my clothes
For lasting well, give them strange dates, and cry,
"Since your last gorget and the blazing star."
Plot. Pr'ythee excuse me, sister, I can now
Rain showers of silver into thy lap again.
My uncle's gone to sea, and has left me
The key to the golden fleece. Thou shalt be still
A madam, Pen; and to maintain thy honour,
And to new-dub thee, take this. But, sister, I
[*Gives her a Purse.*
Expected you ere this, out of the throng
Of suitors that frequent you, should have been
Made a true lady; not one in type or show.
I fear you are too scornful, look too high.
Aur. Faith, brother, 'tis no age to be put off
With empty education; few will make jointures
To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
When some old widow, which at every cough
Resigns some of her teeth, and every night
Puts off her leg as duly as French hood;
Scarce wears her own nose; hath no eyes but such
As she first bought in Broad-street; and every morning

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[18] *D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin that could live*
By the scent of flowers?—The following seems to be the story here alluded to: "But the strangest I have met with in this kinde, is the historie of Eve Fleigen, out of the *Dutch* translated into English, and printed at London, Anno 1611; who being borne at Meurs, is said to have taken no kind of sustenance by the space of 14 yeares *together*; that is, from the yeere of her age 22 to 36, and from the yeare of our Lord 1597 to 1611; and this we have confirmed by the testimony of the magistrate of the towne of Meurs, as also by the minister, who made tryall of her in his house thirteene days together, by all the meanes he could devise, but could detect no imposture. Over the picture of this maiden, set in the front of the Duch copie, stand these Latin verses;

Meursæ hæc quem cernis decies ter sexque peregit
Annos, bis septem prorsus non vescitur annis
Nec potat, sic sola sedit, sic pallida vitam
Ducit, et *exigui se oblectat floribus horti.*"

Thus rendered in the English copie;

This maid of Meurs thirty-six yeares spent,
Fourteene of which she took no nourishment;
Thus pale and wan shee sits, sad and alone,
A garden's all she loves to looke upon.
Hakewill's Apologie, Fol. 1635, p. 440.

Is put together like some instrument;
Having full coffers, shall be woo'd, and thought
A youthful bride.
Plot. Why, sister, will you like
A match of my projection? you do know
How ruinous our father's fortunes are.
Before he broke, you know, there was a contract
Between you and young Seathrift. What if I
Make it a wedding?
Aur. Marry a fool, in hope
To be a lady Mayoress?
Plot. Why, sister, I
Could name good ladies that are fain to find
Wit for themselves and knights too.
Aur. I have heard
Of one, whose husband was so meek, to be
For need her gentleman-usher; and, while she
Made visits above stairs, would patiently
Find himself business at tre-trip [19] i' the hall.
Plot. He's only city bred, one month of your
Sharp conversation will refine him; besides,
How long will't be ere your dissembled state
Meet such another offer?
Aur. Well, brother, you shall dispose of my affections.
Plot. Then some time
This afternoon I'll bring him hither: do you
Provide the priest; your dining-room will serve
As well as the church.
Aur. I will expect you.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE V.

Enter Captain QUARTFIELD *beating* ROSECLAP; SALEWIT *and* MILLICENT *labouring to part them.*

Quart. Sirrah, I'll beat you into air.
Rose. Good captain.
Quart. I will, by Hector.
Rose. Murder, murder, help!
Quart. You needy, shifting, cozening, breaking slave.
Mil. Nay, Mr Salewit, help to part 'em.
Sale. Captain!
Quart. Ask me for money, dog!
Rose. Oh! I am killed!
Mil. Help, help!
Sale. Nay, captain.
Quart. Men of my coat pay!
Mil. I'll call in neighbours. Murder, murder!
Quart. Rascal,
I'll make you trust, and offer me petitions
To go o' the score.
Rose. Good; 'tis very good.
Mil. How does thy head, sweetheart?
Rose. Away, be quiet, Millicent.
Sale. Roseclap, you'll never leave this: I did tell you,
Last time the captain beat you, what a lion
He is, being ask'd for reckonings.
Mil. So you did,
Indeed, good Mr Salewit; yet you must
Ever be foolish, husband.
Sale. What if we
Do owe you money, sir; is't fit for you
To ask it?
Rose. Well, sir, there is law. I say
No more, but there is law.
Quart. What law, you cur?
The law of nature, custom, arms, and nations,
Frees men of war from payments.
Rose. Yes, your arms, captain; none else.
Quart. No soldiers ought to pay.
Sale. Nor poets;
All void of money are privileged.
Mil. What would you have?
Captains and poets, Mr Salewit says,
Must never pay.
Sale. No, nor be ask'd for money.
Rose. Still, I say, there is law.
Quart. Say that again,
And, by Bellona, I will cut thy throat.
Mil. You long to see your brains out.
Quart. Why you mungrel,
You John of all trades, have we been your guests,
Since you first kept a tavern; when you had
The face and impudence to hang a bush
Out to three pints of claret, two of sack,
In all the world?
Sale. After that, when you broke,
Did we here find you out, custom'd your house,
And help'd away your victuals, which had else
Lain mouldy on your hands?
Rose. You did indeed,
And never paid for't. I do not deny,
But you have been my customers these two years;
My jack went not, nor chimney smoked without you.
I will go farther; your two mouths have been
Two as good eating mouths as need to come

---

[19] *Tre-trip.*—Or, as it was more frequently written, *troy-trip*. This game is mentioned very frequently in our ancient writers, but it is by no means clear what the nature of it was. Mr Steevens considers it as a *game at cards*; and Mr Tyrwhitt, as a *game at tables*. In opposition to both, Mr Hawkins was of opinion, that it was the same play which is now called *Scotch Hop*, the amusement at present of the lower class of young people. In support of this idea, the above passage was quoted by that gentleman. See Notes on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5.

Within my doors; as curious to be pleased
As if you still had eaten with ready money;
Had still the meats in season; still drank more
Than your ordinary came to.
Sale. And your conscience now
Would have this paid for?
Rose. Surely, so I take it.
Sale. Was ever the like heard?
Quart. 'Tis most unreasonable;
He has a hardened conscience. Sirrah, cheater,
You would be question'd for your reckoning, rogue.
Rose. Do you inform.
Quart. I hear one o' the sheriffs
Paid for the boiling of a carp a mark.
Sale. Most unheard-of exactions!
Rose. Yet surely, captain,
No man had cheaper reckonings than yourself,
And Mr Salewit here.
Quart. How cheap?
Rose. I say
No more, good captain; not to pay is cheap,
A man would think.
Quart. Sir, don't you reckon air,
And make it dear to breathe in your house, and put
The nose to charges?
Rose. Right, perfumed air, captain.
Quart. Is not the standing of the salt an item,
And placing of the bread?
Rose. A new way, captain.
Quart. Is not the folding of your napkins brought
Into the bill?
Rose. Pinch'd napkins, captain, and laid
Like fishes, fowls, or faces.
Sale. Then remember
How you rate sallads, Roseclap; one may buy
Gardens as cheap.
Rose. Yes, Mr Salewit, sallads
Taken from Euclid, made in diagrams,
And to be eaten in figures.
Quart. And we must pay for your inventions, sir?
Rose. Or, you are damn'd,
Good captain, you have sworn to pay this twelvemonth.
Quart. Peace! you loud, bawling cur; do you disgrace me
Before these gallants? See if I don't kill you.

SCENE VI.

Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL.

Bright. Save you, Captain Quartfield, and my brave wit,
My man of Helicon; salute this gentleman,
He is a city wit.
New. A corporation went to the bringing of him forth.
Quart. I embrace him.
Sale. And so do I.
Tim. You are a poet, sir,
And can make verses, I hear?
Sale. Sir, I am
A servant to the Muses.
Tim. I have made
Some speeches, sir, in verse, which have been spoke
By a green Robin Goodfellow from Cheapside conduit,[20]
To my father's company; and mean this afternoon
To make an epithalamium upon my wedding.
A lady fell in love with me this morning:
Ask Mr Francis here.
Plot. 'Heart, you spoil all.
Did not I charge you to be silent?
Tim. That's true;
I had forgot. You are a captain, sir?
Quart. I have seen service, sir.
Tim. Captain, I love
Men of the sword and buff; and if need were,
I can roar too; and hope to swear in time,
Do you see, captain.
Plot. Nay, captain, we have brought you
A gentleman of valour, who has been
In Moorfields often: marry, it has been
To 'squire his sisters, and demolish custards
At Pimlico.[21]
Quart. Afore me, Mr Plotwell,
I never hop'd to see you in silk again.
Sale. I look'd the next Lord Mayor's day to see you o' the livery,
Or one o' the bachelor whifflers.[22]
Quart. What is your uncle dead?
Plot. He may in time: he's gone
To sea this morning, captain; and I am come
Into your order again. But hark you, captain,
What think you of a fish now?
Quart. Mad wags, mad wags.
Bright. By Heaven, it's true: here we have brought one with us.

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[20] *A green* Robin Goodfellow *from* Cheapside conduit.—Alluding to the quaint speeches anciently delivered by fantastic characters during pageants and processions, such as that of the Lord Mayor, those at the entry of foreign princes, &c. The speakers were usually placed on *conduits, market crosses,* and other elevated situations. S.

[21] *At Pimlico.*—A place in or near Hogsdon, remarkable for selling ale. See *Pimlyco, or Runne Red cap, 'tis a mad world at Hogsdon.* B. L. 4to, 1609.

[22] *Bachelor whifflers.*—A whiffler is one who carries a flag at the processions on Lord Mayor's day. I believe this name is given to a number of children, who, in some of the companies, are still provided with small flags, which they bear on those occasions. See the notes of Mr Wharton on *Othello,* A. 3. S. 2. and Mr Steevens on *King Henry* Vth, A. 5. Chorus.

New. Rich Seathrift's son: he'll make a rare sea-monster.
Quart. And shall's be merry, i'faith?
Bright. Salewit shall make a song upon him.
New. And Roseclap's boy shall sing it.
Sale. We have the properties of the last fish.[23]
Quart. And if I
At dinner do not give him sea enough,
And afterwards, if I and Salewit do not
Show him much better than he that shows the tombs,
Let me be turn'd into a sword-fish myself.
Plot. A natural change for a captain! How now, Roseclap,
Pensive, and cursing the long vacation?
Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to break shortly.
Rose. Ask the captain, why I am sad.
Quart. Faith, gentlemen,
I disciplined him for his rudeness.
Plot. Why these
Are judgments, Roseclap, for dear reckonings.
Tim. Art thou the half-crown fellow of the house?
Rose. Sir, I do keep the ordinary.
Tim. Let's have wine enough;
I mean to drink a health to a lady.
Plot. Still
Will you betray your fortune? One of them
Will go and tell her who you are, and spoil
The marriage.
Tim. No, peace! Gentlemen, if you'll
Go in, we'll follow.
Rose. Please you enter, dinner
Shall straight be set upon the board.
Bright. We'll expect you. Come, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* BRIGHT, NEWCUT, SALEWIT, QUARTFIELD, *and* ROSECLAP.
Tim. But, Mr Francis, was that
The business why she call'd you back?
Plot. Believe it;
Your mother's smock shin'd at your birth, or else
You wear some charm about you.
Tim. Not I, truly.
Plot. It cannot be she should so strangely doat
Upon you else. 'Slight, had you stay'd, I think
She would have woo'd you herself.
Tim. Now I remember,
One read my fortune once, and told my father
That I should match a lady.
Plot. How things fall out!
Tim. And did she ask you who I was?
Plot. I told her you were a young knight.
Tim. Good.
Plot. Scarce come to the years of your discretion yet.
Tim. Good still.
Plot. And that a great man
Did mean to beg you——for his daughter.
Tim. Most rare: this afternoon's the time.
Plot. Faith, she
Looks you should use a little courtship first;
That done, let me alone to have the priest
In readiness.
Tim. But were I not best ask my friends consent?
Plot. How! Friends consent? that's fit
For none but farmers sons and milkmaids. You shall not
Debase your judgment. She takes you for a wit,
And you shall match her like one.
Tim. Then I will.
Plot. But no more words to the gallants.
Tim. Do you think I am a sieve, and cannot hold?

Enter ROSECLAP.

Rose. Gentlemen, the company are sate.
Tim. It shall be your's.
Plot. Nay, sir, your fortune claims precedency.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

WAREHOUSE, SEATHRIFT, CYPHER.

Ware. Fetch'd abroad by two gallants, say you?
Cyph. Yes, sir,
As soon as you were gone; he only staid
To put on other clothes.
Sea. You say, my son went with 'em too?
Cyph. Yes, sir.
Ware. And whither went they?
Cyph. I follow'd 'em to Roseclap's ordinary.
Ware. And there you left 'em?
Cyph. Yes, sir, just before
I saw some captains enter.
Sea. Well, I give
My son for lost, undone past hope.
Ware. There is
No more but this; we'll thither straight: you, Cypher,
Have your instructions.
Cyph. Sir, let me alone
To make the story doleful.
Ware. Go make you ready then.
[*Exit* CYPHER.
Now, Mr Seathrift, you may see, what these
Young men would do, left to themselves.
Sea. My son shall know he has a sister.
Ware. And my nephew,
That once he had an uncle. To leave land
Unto an unthrift, is to build on sand. [*Exeunt.*

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[23] *We have the properties of the last fish.*—See Note 24, p. 377.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

BRIGHT, NEWCUT, PLOTWELL, ROSECLAP, *hanging out the picture of a strange fish.*[24]

Bright. 'Fore Jove, the captain fox'd[25] him rarely.
Rose. O, sir,
He is used to it: this is the fifth fish now
That he hath shewn thus. One got him twenty pound.
New. How, Roseclap?
Rose. Why, the captain kept him, sir,
A whole week drunk, and shew'd him twice a day.
New. It could not be like this.
Rose. Faith, I do grant
This is the strangest fish. Yon I have hung
His other picture in the fields, where some
Say 'tis an o'ergrown porpoise; others say,
'Tis the fish caught in Cheshire; one, to whom
The rest agree, said 'twas a mermaid.
Plot. 'Slight,
Roseclap shall have a patent of him. The birds
Brought from Peru, the hairy wench,[26] the camel,
The elephant, dromedaries, or Windsor castle,
The woman with dead flesh, or she that washes,
Threads, needles, writes, dresses her children, plays
O' the virginals with her feet, could never draw
People like this.
New. O, that his father were
At home to see him!
Plot. Or his mother come,
Who follows strange sights out of town, and went
To Brentford to a motion.
Bright. Bid the captain hasten,
Or he'll recover, and spoil all.
Rose. They're here!

SCENE II.

Enter QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT, *drest like two Trumpeters, keeping the door:* *Mrs* SEATHRIFT *and Mrs* HOLLAND, *with a 'prentice before 'em, as comers-in.*

Quart. Bear back there!
Sale. Pray you, do not press so hard.
Quart. Make room for the two gentlewomen.
Mrs Sea. What is't?
Sale. Twelve pence apiece.
Hol. We will not give't.
Quart. Make room for them that will then.
Plot. O fortune, here's his mother!
Bright. And who's the other?
Plot. One Mrs Holland, the
Great seamstress on the Exchange.
Hol. We gave but a groat
To see the last fish.
Quart. Gentlewoman, that
Was but an Irish sturgeon.
Sale. This came from
The Indies, and eats five crowns a day in fry,
Ox-livers, and brown paste.
Mrs Sea. Well, there's three shillings:
Pray let us have good places now.
Quart. Bear back there!
Hol. Look, Mrs Seathrift, here be gentlemen.
Sure 'tis a rare fish.
Mrs Sea. I know one of 'em.
Hol. And so do I; his sister was my 'prentice.
Mrs Sea. Let's take acquaintance with him.
Plot. Mrs Seathrift,
Hath the sight drawn you hither?
Mrs Sea. Yes, sir, I
And Mrs Holland here, my gossip, pass'd
This way, and so call'd in. Pray, Mr Plotwell,
Is not my son here? I was told he went
With you this morning.
Plot. You shall see him straight.
Hol. When will the fish begin, sir?
Bright. 'Heart, she makes him a puppet play!
Plot. Why, now, they only stay
For company, 't has sounded twice.
Mrs Sea. Indeed
I long to see this fish: I wonder whether
They will cut up his belly; they say a tench
Will make him whole again.
Hol. Look, Mrs Seathrift, what claws he has!
Mrs Sea. For all the world like crabs.
Hol. Nay, mark his feet too.
Mrs Sea. For all the world like plaice.
Bright. Was ever better sport heard?
New. Pr'ythee, peace.
Hol. Pray, can you read that? Sir, I warrant
That tells where it was caught, and what fish 'tis.
Plot. *Within this place is to be seen*
A wondrous fish. God save—the Queen.
Hol. Amen! she is my customer, and I
Have sold her bone-lace often.
Bright. Why the Queen? 'Tis writ the King.
Plot. That was to make the rhime.

---

[24] *A strange fish.*—Mr Steevens observes, (note to *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2.) that it was formerly very common to exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, in this manner; and that it appears from the books of Stationers Hall, that in 1604 was published "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea."

[25] *Fox'd*—Made him drunk, or intoxicated him.

[26] *The hairy wench.*—Probably the same mentioned by Sir Kenelm Digby. See note 49 to *The Ordinary*;

Bright. 'Slid, thou did'st read it as 'twere some picture of
An Elizabeth-fish.
Quart. Bear back there!
Sale. Make room, you
Friend, that were going to cut a purse there! make
Way, for the two old gentlemen to pass.

Enter WAREHOUSE *and* SEATHRIFT, *disguised.*

Ware. What must we give?
Quart. We take a shilling, sir.
Sale. It is no less.
Sea. Pray God your fish be worth it.
What is't, a whale, you take so dear?
Quart. It is a fish taken in the Indies.
Ware. Pray dispatch then, and show't us quickly.
Sale. Pray forbear, you'd have your head broke, cobler.
Ware. Yonder is my nephew, in his old gallantry.
Sea. Who's there too? my wife,
And Mrs Holland? Nay, I look'd for them.
But where's my wise son?
Ware. Mass, I see not him.
Quart. Keep out, sir.
Sale. Waterman, you must not enter.
[CYPHER *presses in like a Waterman.*
Quart. This is no place for scullers.
Cyph. I must needs speak
With one Mr Plotwell—
Quart. You must stay.
Sale. Thrust him out. [*They thrust him out.*
Cyph. And one Mr Seathrift,
On urgent business.
Sale. They are yet employ'd
In weightier affairs. Make fast the door.
Quart. There shall no more come in. Come in, boy.
Sea. Don't they speak as if my son were in the room?
Ware. Yes, pray observe and mark them.
Quart. Gentlemen,
And gentlewomen, you now shall see a sight,
Europe never shew'd the like; behold this fish!
[*Draws a curtain; behind it,* TIMOTHY *asleep like a strange Fish.*
Hol. O strange, look how it sleeps?
Bright. Just like a salmon upon a stall in Fish-street.
Mrs Sea. How it snorts too! just like my husband.
Ware. 'Tis very like a man.
Sea. 'T has such a nose and eyes.
Sale. Why, 'tis a man fish;
An ocean centaur, begot between a Siren
And a he stock-fish.
Sea. Pray, where took ye him?
Quart. We took him strangely in the Indies, near
The mouth of Rio de la Plata, asleep
Upon the shore just as you see him now.
Hol. How say ye? asleep!
Ware. How! would he come to land?
Sea. 'Tis strange a fish should leave his element!
Quart. Ask him what things the country told us.
Sale. You
Will scarce believe it now. This fish would walk you
Two or three mile o' the shore sometimes; break houses,
Ravish a naked wench or two, (for there
Women go naked) then run to sea again.
Quart. The country has been laid, and warrants granted to apprehend him.
Ware. I do suspect these fellows;
They lye as if they had patent for it.
Sea. The company,
Should every one believe his part, would scarce
Have faith enough among us.
Ware. Mark again.
Sale. The states of Holland would have bought him of us, out of a great design.
Sea. Indeed!
Sale. They offer'd a thousand dollars.
Quart. You cannot enter yet. [*Some knock.*
Ware. Indeed! so much? pray, what to do?
Sale. Why, sir,
They were in hope, in time, to make this fish
Of faction 'gainst the Spaniard, and do service
Unto the state.
Sea. As how?
Sale. Why, sir, next plate-fleet
To dive, bore holes i' the bottom of their ships,
And sink them: you must think a fish like this
May be taught Machiavel, and made a state-fish.
Plot. As dogs are taught to fetch.
New. Or elephants to dance on ropes.
Bright. And, pray, what honour would
The states have given him for the service?
Quart. That, sir, is uncertain.
Sale. Ha' made him some sea-count; or't may be admiral.
Plot. Then, sir, in time,
Dutch authors that writ *Mare Liberum*,[27]
Might dedicate their books to him?
Sale. Yes, being
A fish advanced and of great place. Sing, boy!
You now shall hear a song upon him.
Bright. Listen.

---

[27] *Dutch authors that writ* Mare Liberum.—*Mare Liberum* was the title of a book written by the celebrated Grotius, to prove that the sea was free to every nation, in opposition to those who wished to circumscribe the Dutch trade. It was printed in 1609; and, among other answers which appeared to it, was one by Selden, which he entitled *Mare Clausum.*

New. Do they not act it rarely?
Plot. If 'twere their trade, they could not do it better.
Sea. Hear you that, sir?
Ware. Still I suspect.
Hol. I warrant you, this fish
Will shortly be in a ballad.
Sale. Begin, boy.

SONG.

We show no monstrous crocodile,
Nor any prodigy of Nile;
No Remora that stops your fleet[28]
Like sergeants, gallants in the street;
No sea-horse which can trot or pace,
Or swim false gallop, post, or race;
For crooked dolphins we not care,
Though on their back a fiddler were;
The like to this fish, which we shew,
Was ne'er in Fish street, old or new;
Nor ever served to the sheriff's board,
Or kept in souse for the Mayor Lord.
Had old astronomers but seen
This fish, none else in heaven had been.

Hol. The song has waken'd him: look, he stirs!
Tim. Oh, captain, pox—take—you—captain.
Mrs. Sea. Hark, he speaks!
Tim. Oh—my—stomach—
Ware. How's this?
Sea. I'll pawn my life, this is imposture.
Tim. Oh—oh—
Plot. 'Heart, the captain did not give him his full load.
Ware. Can your fish
Speak, friends? the proverb says they're mute.
Quart. I'll tell you,
You will admire how docile he is, and how
He'll imitate a man: tell him your name,
He will repeat it after you; he has heard me
Call'd captain, and my fellow curse sometimes;
And now you heard him say, pox-take-you, captain.
Sale. And yesterday, I but complain'd my stomach
Was over-charged, and how he minds it!
New. Strange!
Bright. Ay, is it not?
Plot. The towardness of a fish!
Sale. Would you think, when we caught him, he should speak, Drake, Drake.[29]
Bright. And did he?
Quart. Yes, and Hawkins;[30]
A sign he was a fish that swam there, when
These two compass'd the world.
New. How should he learn their names, I wonder?
Sale. From the sailors.
New. That may be.
Quart. He'll call for drink, like me, or any thing
He lacks.
Tim. O Gad, my head—
Quart. D' you hear him?
Tim. Oh, hostess, a bason—
Plot. 'Slid, he'll spew.
Bright. No matter.
Quart. Nay, I have seen him fox'd, and then maintain
A drunken dialogue.
Hol. Lord, how I long
To hear a little! pray try him with some questions
Will you, my friend?
Quart. Sometimes he will be sullen,
And make no answers.
Sale. That is, when he's anger'd,
Or kept from drink long.
Quart. But I'll try him.
Mrs. Sea. To see what creatures may be brought to!
Quart. Tim, you are drunk.
Tim. Plague take you, captain. Oh—Lord, you made me—
Sea. S'death, my son's name! Tim, do you call him?
Sale. He'll answer to no name but that.
Quart. And, Tim, what think you of a wench now?
Tim. Oh, I'm sick; where is she? oh—
Sea. I'll lay my life, this fish is some confederate rogue.
Quart. I drink to you, Timothy, in sack.
Tim. Oh, oh!
Quart. A health, Tim.
Tim. I can drink no more,—oh!
Sale. What, not pledge your mistress!
Tim. Oh, let me alone.
Sale. He is not in the mood now:
Sometimes you'd wonder at him.
Quart. He is tired
With talking all this day. That, and the heat
Of company about him, dull him.
Ware. Surely,
My friends, it is to me a miracle,
To hear a fish speak thus.
Quart. So, sirs, 't has been to thousands more.
Sale. Come now next Michaelmas,
'Tis five year we have shewn him in most courts
In Christendom; and you will not believe,

---

[28] *No* Remora *that stops your fleet.*—The *echineis*, a fish which, by adhering to the bottoms of ships, was supposed to retard their course. So Lucan, Lib. vi. v. 67

"—puppim retinens, Euro te rudentes
In mediis *echineis* aquis." S.

[29] *Drake, Drake.*—Sir Francis Drake.

[30] *Hawkins.*—There were two of that name, father and son, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, both eminent navigators. See their lives in *Biographia Britannica*.

How with mere travelling and observation
He has improved himself, and brought away
The language of the country.
Sea. May not I ask him some questions?
Quart. Sir, you may, but he
Will answer none but one of us.
Mrs. Sea. He's used, and knows their voices.
[*Knocking at Door.*
Sale. He is so, mistress. Now we'll open door.
Ware. Well, my belief doth tell me,
There is a mist before our eyes.
Mrs Sea. I mar'l my wise son miss'd this show.
Quart. Good people, we
Do show no more to-day; if you desire
[*They draw the Curtain before him.*
To see, come to us in King's street to-morrow.
Hol. Come, gossip, let us go, the fish is done.
Mrs Sea. By your leave, gentlemen. Truly, 'tis a dainty fish.
[*Exunt* MRS SEATHRIFT, MRS HOLLAND, *and 'Prentice.*

SCENE III.

Enter CYPHER, *like a Waterman:*

Cyph. Pray, which is Mr Plotwell?
Plot. I'm he, friend, what is your business?
Cyph. Sir, I should speak,
With young Mr Seathrift too.
Plot. Sir, at this time,
Although no crab like you, to swim backward, he is
Of your element.
Cyph. Upon the water?
Plot. No,
But something that lives in't. If you but stay
Till he have slept himself a land-creature, you may
Chance see him come ashore here.
Tim. Oh—my head—
Oh—Captain—Mr Francis—Captain—Oh—
Plot. That is his voice, sir.
Sea. Death o' my soul! my son!
Cyph. He is in drink, sir, is he?
Plot. Surely, friend, you are a witch; he is so.
Cyph. Then I must tell the news to you; 'tis sad.
Plot. I'll hear't as sadly.
Cyph. Your uncle, sir, and Mr Seathrift, are
Both drown'd, some eight miles below Greenwich.
Plot. Drown'd!
Cyph. They went i'the tilt-boat, sir, and I was one
O' the oars that rowed 'em: a coal-ship did o'erun us:
I 'scaped by swimming; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.
Bright. How some men's prayers are heard! We did invoke
The sea this morning, and see the Thames has took 'em.
Plot. It cannot be; such good news, gentlemen
Cannot be true.
Ware. 'Tis very certain, sir.
'Twas talk'd upon the Exchange.
Sea. We heard it too
In Paul's now as we came.
Plot. There, friend, there is
A fare for you; I'm glad you 'scaped I had
Not known the news so soon else.
[*Gives him Money.*
Cyph. Sir, excuse me.
Plot. Sir, it is conscience; I do believe you might
Sue me in chancery.
Cyph. Sir, you show the virtues of an heir.
Ware. Are you rich Warehouse's heir, sir?
Plot. Yes, sir, his transitory pelf,
And some twelve hundred pound a year in earth,
Is cast on me. Captain, the hour is come,
You shall no more drink ale, of which one draught
Makes cowards, and spoils valour; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glass. I intend to have
A musket for you, or glass-cannon, with
A most capacious barrel, which we'll charge
And discharge with the rich valiant grape
Of my uncle's cellar: every charge shall fire
The glass, and burn itself i'the filling, and look
Like a piece going off.
Quart. I shall be glad
To give thanks for you, sir, in pottle-draughts,
And shall love Scotch-coal for this wreck the better,
As long as I know fuel.
Plot. Then my poet
No longer shall write catches, or thin sonnets,
Nor preach in verse, as if he were suborn'd
By him that wrote the Whip,[31] to pen lean acts,
And so to overthrow the stage for want
Of salt or wit. Nor shall he need torment
Or persecute his muse; but I will be
His God of wine t'inspire him. He shall no more
Converse with the five-yard butler; who, like thunder,
Can turn beer with his voice, and roar it sour;
But shall come forth a Sophocles, and write
Things for the buskin. Instead of Pegasus,
To strike a spring with's hoof, we'll have a steed
Which shall but touch a butt, and straight shall flow
A purer, higher, wealthier Helicon.
Sale. Frank, thou shalt be my Phœbus. My next poem
Shall be thy uncle's tragedy, or the life
And death of two rich merchants.
Plot. Gentlemen,
And now i'faith what think you of the fish?
Ware. Why as we ought, sir, strangely.
Bright. But d' you think it is a very fish?
Sale. Yes.
New. 'Tis a man.

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[31] *By him that wrote the Whip.*—Prynne and his *Histriomastrix*, so often noticed in this play.

Plot. This valiant captain, and this man of wit,
First fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will wake him,
And tell him the news. Ho, Mr Timothy!
Tim. Plague take you, captain.
Plot. What does your sack work still?
Tim. Where am I?
Plot. Come, you've slept enough.
Bright. Mr Timothy!
How in the name of fresh-cod came you changed
Into a sea-calf thus?
New. 'Slight, sir, here be
Two fishmongers to buy you: beat the price,
Now y' are awake, yourself.
Tim. How's this? my hands
Transmuted into claws? my feet made flounders?
Arrayed in fins and scales? are not you
Ashamed to make me such a monster? pray
Help to undress me.
Plot. We have rare news for you.
Tim. No letter from the lady, I hope.
Plot. Your father,
And my grave uncle, sir, are cast away.
Tim. How?
Plot. They by this have made a meal
For jacks and salmon; they are drown'd.
Bright. Fall down,
And worship sea-coals, for a ship of them
Has made you, sir, an heir.
Plot. This fellow here
Brings the auspicious news: and these two friends
Of ours confirm it.
Cyph. 'Tis too true, sir.
Tim. Well,
We are all mortal: but in what wet case
Had I been now, If I had gone with him!
Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into some pike, you might ha' cheapened me
In Fish-street; I had made an ordinary,
Perchance at the Mermaid.[32] Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain which
Runs lamentations. O my hard misfortune!
[*He feigns to weep.*
Sea. Fie, sir! good truth, it is not manly in you
To weep for such a slight loss as a father.
Tim. I do not cry for that.
Sea. No?
Tim. No, but to think,
My mother is not drowned too.
Sea. I assure you,
And that's a shrewd mischance.
Tim. For then might I
Have gone to the counting house, and set at liberty
Those harmless angels, which for many years
Have been condemned to darkness.
Plot. You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilst you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in sieges,
Your meals weigh'd to you.
New. Indeed they say he was
A monument of Paul's.
Tim. Yes, he was there
As constant as Duke Humphrey.[33] I can show
The prints where he sate, holes i' the logs.
Plot. He wore
More pavement out with walking than would make
A row of new stone saints, and yet refused
To give to the reparation.[34]

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[32] *At the Mermaid.*—A tavern, which used to be frequented by Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other wits of the times, and often mentioned in their works. From the following enumeration of taverns, in an old poem called, *Newes from Bartholomew Fayre*, printed in 4to. B. L. the title page of which is lost, we find it was situate in Cornhill.

> "There hath beene great sale and utterance of wine,
> Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
> In every country, region, and nation;
> Chefely at Billingsgate, at the *Salutation*,
> And *Bores Head*, neere London Stone,
> *The Swan* at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne,
> *The Miter* in Cheape, and then the *Bull Head*,
> And many like places that make noses red;
> *The Bores Head* in Old Fish-street, *three Cranes* in the Vintree,
> And now of late, St Martin's in the Sentree;
> *The Wind-mill* in Lothburry, *the Ship* at the Exchange,
> *King's Head* in New Fish-streete, where roysters do range;
> THE MERMAID IN CORNHILL, *Red Lion* in the Strand,
> *Three Tuns* Newgate Market, Old Fish-street, at *the Swan*.

[33] *As constant as Duke Humphrey.*—In the ancient church of St Paul, one of the aisles was called, *Duke Humphrey's Walk*, in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner affected to loitre. See Mr Steevens's Note on *King Richard* III. vol. vii. p. 124, edit. 1778.

[34] *Refused to give to the reparation.*—About the year 1631, Archbishop Laud, under the patronage of Charles I. undertook the repairing and rebuilding of St Paul's. On this occasion, the king went to the Cathedral, and after divine service was performed, solemnly promised to exert his best endeavours to repair the ruins, which time, or the casualties of weather, had made therein. In consequence of this scheme, many applications were made to noblemen and gentlemen for their assistance; and on their refusal to contribute, some were very severely censured, and even fined.

Bright. I've heard
He'd make his jack go empty, to cozen neighbours.
Plot. Yes, when there was not not fire enough to warm
A mastich-patch t' apply to his wife's temples,
In great extremity of tooth-ach. This is
True, Mr Timothy, is't not?
Tim. Yes, then linen
To us was stranger than to capuchins.
My flesh is of an order with wearing shirts
Made of the sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My sister wears
Smocks made of currant bags.
Sea. I'll not endure it:
Let's show ourselves.
Ware. Stay, hear all first.
New. Thy uncle was such another.
Bright. I have heard
He still last left the Exchange; and would commend
The wholesomeness o' the air in Moor-fields, when
The clock struck three sometimes.
Plot. Surely myself,
Cypher his factor, and an ancient cat,
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a bunch of raisins, swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an Epicure
From half an orange. [*They undisguise.*
Ware. Gentlemen, 'tis false.
Cast off your cloud. D'ye know me, sir?
Plot. My uncle!
Sea. And do you know me, sir?
Tim. My father!
Ware. Nay,
We'll open all the plot; reveal yourself.
Plot. Cypher the waterman!
Quart. Salewit, away!
I feel a tempest coming.
[*Exit* QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT.
Ware. Are you struck
With a torpedo, nephew?
Sea. Ha' you seen too
A Gorgon's head, that you stand speechless? or
Are you a fish in earnest?
Bright. It begins to thunder.
New. We will make bold to take our leaves.
Ware. What, is your captain fled?
Sea. Nay, gentlemen, forsake your company!
Bright. Sir, we have business.
[*Exeunt* BRIGHT *and* NEWCUT.
Sea. Troth, it is not kindly done.
Ware. Now, Mr Seathrift,
You see what mourners we had had, had we
Been wrecked in earnest. My grieved nephew here,
Had made my cellar flow with tears, my wines
Had charged glass ordnance, our funerals had been
Bewail'd in pottle-draughts.
Sea. And at our graves
Your nephew and my son had made a panegyric,
And open'd all our virtues.
Ware. Ungrateful monster!
Sea. Unnatural villain!
Ware. Thou enemy to my blood!
Sea. Thou worse than parricide!
Ware. Next my sins, I do repent I am thy uncle.
Sea. And I thy father.
Ware. Death o' my soul! did I, when first thy father
Broke in estate, and then broke from the compter,
Where Mr Seathrift laid him in the hole
For debt, among the ruins of the city,
And trades like him blown up, take thee from dust,
Give thee free education, put thee in
My own fair way of traffic, nay, decree
To leave thee jewels, land, my whole estate;
Pardon'd thy former wildness; and could'st thou sort
Thyself with none but idle gallants, captains,
And poets, who must plot before they eat,
And make each meal a stratagem? Then could none
But I be subject of thy impious scoffs?
I swoon at sight of meat! I rise a glutton
From half an orange! wretch, forgetful wretch!
'Fore Heaven, I count it treason in my blood
That gives thee a relation. But I'll take
A full revenge. Make thee my heir! I'll first
Adopt a slave brought from some galley; one
Which laws do put into the inventory,
And men bequeath in wills with stools and brass pots;
One who shall first be household-stuff, then my heir.
Or, to defeat all thy large aims, I'll marry.
Cypher, go find me Baneswright; he shall straight
Provide me a wife. I will not stay to let
My resolution cool. Be she a wench
That every day puts on her dowry, wears
Her fortunes, has no portion, so she be
Young and likely to be fruitful, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will; this afternoon!
I will about it straight.
Sea. I follow you.
[*Exeunt* WAREHOUSE, CYPHER.
And as for you, Tim, mermaid, triton, haddock,
The wond'rous Indian fish caught near Peru,
Who can be of both elements, your sight
Will keep you well. Here I do cast thee off,
And in thy room pronounce to make thy sister
My heir; it would be most unnatural
To leave a fish land. 'Las! sir, one of your

Bright fins and gills must swim in seas of sack,
Spout rich canaries up like whales in maps;[35]
I know you'll not endure to see my jack
Go empty, nor wear shirts of copperas-bags,
Nor fast in Paul's, you. I do hate thee now,
Worse than a tempest, quick-sand, pirate, rock,
Or fatal lake, ay, or a privy-seal.[36]
Go, let the captain make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into some ape, ('tis stale
To be a fish twice) or some active baboon:
And, when you can find money out, betray
What wench i' the room has lost her maiden-head;
Can mount to the king, and can do all your feats,
If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
The Exchange, I'll see you. So I leave you.
[*Exit* SEATHRIFT.

Plot. Now,
Were there a dexterous beam, and two-pence hemp,
Never had man such cause to hang himself.

Tim. I have brought myself to a fine pass too. Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap carps, or beget
A goodly race of pickrel.

SCENE IV.

Enter QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT.

Quart. How now, mad lads, what! is the storm broke up?

Sale. What sad, like broken gamesters! Mr Timothy,
'Slight, who would think your father should lay wheels[37]
To catch you thus?

Tim. If ever I be drunk with captains more—

Plot. Where's Bright and Newcut?

Sale. They were sent for to the Temple; but left word
They would be here at supper.

Plot. They are sure friends, to leave us in distress!

Quart. What a mad plot
These two old merchants had contrived, to feign
A voyage, then to hunt you out disguised,
And hear themselves abused?

Sale. We heard all.

Quart. If I had staid, they had paid me for a captain.

Sale. They had a fling at me. But do you think
Your uncle in this furious mood will marry?

Plot. He deeply swore it: if he do, the sleight
Upon the cards, the hollow die, Park Corner,
And Shooter's Hill, are my revenue.

Tim. Yes; and as for me, my destiny will be
To fight by the day, carry my kitchen and
Collation at my back, wear orderly
My shirt in course, after 't has been the shift
Of a whole regiment in the Low Countries;
And, after all, return with half a leg,
One arm perchance, my nose shot off, to move
Compassion in my father; who, in pity
To so much ruin, may be brought to buy
Some place for me in an hospital, to keep me
From bridges, hill-tops, and from selling switches.

Enter ROSECLAP.

Rose. Yonder's your uncle at the field-door talking
With Baneswright, as hot and earnest for a wench,
As a recovered Monsieur.

Quart. What is this Baneswright?

Sale. A fellow much employ'd about the town,
That contrives matches. One that brings together
Parties that never saw or never met,
Till't be for good and all. Knows to a penny
Estates and jointures: I'll undertake he has
Now lying by him, unprovided, some twenty
Widows of all fortunes that want husbands,
And men that want wives, and, at an hour's warning,
Can make things ready for the priest.

Quart. Let us
Devise to get him hither, and cross the match.

Plot. I have great interest in him; the fellow loves me.
Could I speak with him, and draw him to be
An actor in't, I have a stratagem
That can redeem all, and turn the plot
Upon these sage heads.

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[35] *Like whales in maps.*—Most of our ancient maps will sufficiently illustrate this image. The vacant spaces, occasioned by tracts of sea, are usually ornamented with these monsters spouting water. S.

[36] *Ay, or a privy-seal.*—Among the illegal modes of raising money, adopted by Charles the First, after he determined to govern without a parliament, the borrowing of money by writs of privy-seal, was one not the least burdensome and oppressive. The manner was, to direct these writs to particular persons by name, requiring the loan of money, or plate to the amount of the money, to be paid or delivered to a particular person for the king's use. The form of the writs may be seen in *The Parliamentary History*, vol. 13, p. 84; where one of them is printed.

[37] *Lay wheels.*—Alluding to a method of catching pikes. S. P.

Enter BANESWRIGHT.

Sale. By Minerva, look! here's Baneswright!
Plot. Mr Baneswright!
Bane. Save you, gallants.
Plot. You are employed, I hear, to find a wife out
For my young sprightly uncle.
Bane. Sir, he has
Retain'd me to that purpose. I just now
Came from him.
Plot. And do you mean the match
Shall then proceed?
Bane. I have a leiger wench
In readiness; he's gone to put himself
Into fit ornaments for the solemnity.
I'm to provide the priest and licence. We go
Some two hours hence to church.
Quart. Death! you pander;
Forbid the banns, or I will cut your wizzel,[38]
And spoil your 'squiring in the dark. I've heard
Of your lewd function, sirrah! you prefer
Wenches to bawdy-houses, rascal!
Bane. Good sir,
Threaten me not in my vocation.
Plot. Why, Baneswright, you can be but paid: say I
Procure the wench, a friend of mine; and double
Your bargain; such a fair reward, methinks,
Should make thee of my project. Thou dost know
My fortunes are engaged, and thou may'st be
The happy instrument to recover 'em.
Be my good angel once! I have a plot
Shall make thee famous.
Quart. By Mars, deny, and I
Will act a tragedy upon thee.
Bane. Gentlemen,
I am a friend to wit; but more to you, sir,
Of whose misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though then your uncle has employed me, and
Has deeply sworn to wed this afternoon
A wife of my providing; if you can
O'er-reach the angry burgess, sir, and bring
His wisdom to the gin, show me the way,
I'll help to lay the trap.
Quart. Now thou art
An honest hearted pimp; thou shalt for this
Be drunk in Vine-dee,[39] rascal; I'll begin
A runlet to thee.
Plot. Gentlemen, let's in,
I'll tell you my design: you Salewit, must
Transform yourself to a French deacon. I
Have parts for Bright and Newcut too. Mischief
Upon their absence!
Sale. We'll send for 'em.
Plot. And for Mr Timothy, I have a project,
Shall make his father everlastingly
Admire his wit, and ask him blessing.
Quart. Come, let's in and drink a health to our success.
Tim. I'm for no healths, unless the glass be less. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SEATHRIFT, *Mrs* SEATHRIFT, *Mrs* HOLLAND, *Mrs* SCRUPLE.

Sea. I did commit her to your charge, that you
Might breed her, Mrs Scruple, and do require
Her at your hand. Here be fine tricks indeed!
My daughter Susan to be stol'n a week,
And you conceal it. You were of the plot,
I do suspect you.
Mrs Scru. Sir, will you but hear me meekly?
Sea. No, I'll never trust you again,—
A woman with white eyes, that can take notes,
And write a comment on the catechism;—
All your devotion's false; Is't possible
She could be gone without your knowledge?
Mrs Scru. Will you
Attend me, Mrs Seathrift? If my husband,
To wean her from love-courses, did not take
More pains with her than with his Tuesday lectures;—
And if I did not every day expound
Some good things to her 'gainst the sin o' the flesh,
For fear of such temptations, to which frail girls
Are very subject,—let me never more
Be thought fit t' instruct young gentlewomen,
Or deal in tent-stitch. Whoe'er 'twas that seduced her,
She took my daughter Emlin's gown and ruff,
And left her own clothes; and my scholars say,
She often would write letters.
Sea. Why 'tis right,
Some silenced minister has got her. That I
Should breed my daughter in a conventicle!
Mrs Sea. Pray, husband, be appeased.
Sea. You are a fool.
Mrs Sea. You hear her mistress could not help it.
Sea. Nor your son help being a fish.
Mrs Hol. Why, sir, was he
The first that was abused by captains?
Sea. Go, you talk like prating gossips.
Mrs Hol. Gossips! 'light, what gossips, sir!
Mrs Sea. What gossips are we? speak.
Sea. I'll tell you, since you'd know: my wife and you,

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[38] *Wizzel.*—A corruption probably of *wizand* or *weason.* S.
[39] *Vine-dee.*—Perhaps he means to say *Vin de Dieu*; i. e. *Lacrymæ Christi.* S.

Shrill Mrs Holland, have two tongues, that when
They're in conjunction, are busier, and make
More noise than country-fairs, and utter more tales
Than blind folks, midwives, nurses. Then no show,
Though 't be a juggler, 'scapes you. You did follow
The Elephant so long, and king of Sweden,
That people at last came in to see you. Then
My son could not be made a fish, but who
Should I find there, much taken with the sight,
But you two! I may now build hospitals,
Or give my money to plantations.
[*Exit* SEATHRIFT.

Mrs Sea. Let's follow him: come, Mrs Scruple.

Mrs Hol. Just as your Sue left her school-mistress,
My Pen left me.

Mrs Scru. They'll come again, I warrant you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PLOTWELL, AURELIA.

Plot. Sister, 'tis so projected, therefore make
No more demurs; the life of both our fortunes
Lies in your carriage of things well; think therefore
Whether you will restore me, and advance
Your own affairs; or else within this week
Fly this your lodging, like uncustom'd sinners,
And have your coach-horses transform'd to rent;
Have your apparel sold for properties,[40]
And you return to cut-work. By this hand,
If you refuse, all this must happen.

Aur. Well, sir,
Necessity, which hath no law, for once
Shall make me o' the conspiracy; and, since
We are left wholly to our wits, let's show
The power and virtue of 'em. If your Baneswright
Can but persuade my uncle, I will fit
Him with a bride.

Plot. The scene is laid already;
I have transformed an English poet into
A fine French teacher, who shall join your hands,
With a most learned legend out of Rablais.

Aur. But for my true groom, who you say comes hither
For a disguised knight, I shall think I wed
His father's counting house, and go to bed
To so much bullion of a man: faith, I've
No mind to him. Brother, he hath not wit enough
To make't a lawful marriage.

Plot. You're deceived.
I'll undertake, by one week's tutoring,
And carrying him to plays and ordinaries,
Engaging him in a quarrel or two, and making
Some captain beat him, to render him a most
Accomplished gallant. Or say he be born, sister,
Under the city-planet, pray what wise lady
Desires to match a wise knight? You'd marry some
Philosopher now, that should every night
Lie with you out of Aristotle, and lose
Your maidenhead by demonstration.
Or some great statesman, before whom you must sit
As silent and reserved, as if your looks
Had plots on foreign princes, and must visit
And dress yourself by Tacitus. What he wants
In naturals, his fortunes will make up
In honours, Pen. When he's once made a lord,
Who'll be so saucy as to think he can
Be impotent in wisdom? She that marries
A fool, is an hermaphrodite: the man
And wife too, sister. Besides 'tis now too late;
He'll be here presently, and comes prepared
For Hymen. I took up a footman for him,
And left him under three tiremen's hands, besides
Two barbers.

Aur. Well, sir, I must then accept him
With all his imperfections. I have
Procured a Sir John yonder.

Plot. Who is't?

Aur. One that preaches the next parish once a week
Asleep, for thirty pounds a-year.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Here is a knight
Desires your ladyship will give him audience.

Aur. 'Tis no knight ambassador?

Foot. He rather looks like a knight o' the sun.

Plot. 'Tis he.

Aur. Let him come in.

Plot. If you be coy now, Pen,
You spoil all. [*Exit Footman.*

Aur. Well, sir, I'll be affable.

SCENE III.

Enter TIMOTHY *fantastically dressed, and a Footman.*

Plot. Here he comes!

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[40] *For Properties.*—*i. e.* To make some of the lesser necessaries of a theatre, *properties* being the usual term for them. So *Bottom*, in the *Mid-summer Night's Dream*;

"I will draw a bill of *properties*."

See a note on this passage, last edition, vol. 3. p. 22. S.

Tim. Sirrah, wait me in the hall,
And let your feet stink there; your air's not fit
To be endured by ladies.
Plot. What! quarrel with your footman, sir?
Tim. Hang him, he casts a scent
That drowns my perfumes, and is strong enough
To cure the mother or palsy. Do I act
A knight well?
Plot. This imperiousness becomes you,
Like a knight newly dubb'd, sir.
Tim. What says the lady?
Plot. Speak lower; I have prepared her; shew yourself
A courtier; now she's your's!
Tim. If that be all,
I'll court her as if some courtier had begot me
I' the gallery at a masque.
Plot. Madam, this gentleman
Desires to kiss your hands.
Tim. And lips too, lady.
Aur. Sir, you much honour both.
Tim. Ay, I know that,
Else I'd not kiss you. Yesterday I was
In company with ladies, and they all
Long'd to be touch'd by me.
Aur. You cannot cure
The evil, sir; nor have your lips the virtue
To restore ruins, or make old ladies young.
Tim. Faith, all the virtue that they have, is that
My lips are knighted. I am born, sweet lady,
To a poor fortune, that will keep myself
And footman, as you see, to bear my sword
In querpo after me. I can at court,
If I would, show my gilt[41] i' the presence; look
After the rate of some five thousands
Yearly, in old rents; and were my father once
Well wrapt in sear-cloth, I could fine for sheriff.
Plot. 'Heart! you spoil all.
Tim. Why!
Plot. She verily believed y' had ne'er a father.
Aur. Lives your father then, sir?
That gentleman told me he was dead.
Tim. 'Tis true,
I had forgot myself; he was drown'd, lady,
This morning, as he went to take possession
Of a summer-house and land in the Canaries.
Plot. Now you've recovered all.
Tim. D' you think I have
Not wit enough to lye?
Plot. Break your mind to her;
She does expect it.
Tim. But, lady, this is not
The business which I came for.
Aur. I'm at leisure
To hear your business, sir.
Plot. Mark that!
Tim. Indeed,
Sweet lady, I've a motion which was once
Or twice this morning in my mouth, and then
Slipt back again for fear.
Aur. Cowards ne'er won
Ladies or forts, sir.
Tim. Say then I should feel
Some motions, lady, of affection: might
A man repair Paul's with his heart, or put it
Into a tinder-box?
Aur. How mean you, sir?
Tim. Why, is your heart a stone or flint?
Aur. Be plain, sir, I understand you not.
Tim. Not understand me?
You're the first lady that e'er put a man
To speak plain English; some would understand
Riddles and signs. Say, I should love you, lady.
Aur. There should be no love lost, sir.
Tim. Say you so!
Then, by this air, my teeth e'en water at you;
I long to have some offspring by you. We
Shall have an excellent breed of wits;
I mean my youngest son shall be a poet; and
My daughters, like their mother, every one
A wench o' the game. And for my eldest son,
He shall be like me, and inherit. Therefore
Let's not defer our joys, but go to bed
And multiply.
Aur. Soft, sir, the priest must first
Discharge his office, I do not mean to marry,

Enter DORCAS, *out of her Puritan dress.*

Like ladies in New England, where they couple
With no more ceremony than birds choose their mate
Upon St Valentine's day.
Dor. Madam, the preacher
Is sent for to a churching, and doth ask
If you be ready: he shall lose, he says,
His chrysome[42] else.
Aur. O miracle! out of
Your little ruff, Dorcas, and in the fashion!
Dost thou hope to be saved?
Dor. Pray, madam, do not
Abuse me; I will tell you more anon.
Plot. Tell him she's coming.
Aur. Sir, please you, partake

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[41] *Show my* gilt.—*i. e.* The gold on my apparel. So in *King Henry V.*

"Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmerched."

See a note on this passage, last edition, vol. 6. p. 128. S.

[42] *His chrysome.*—The mantle was the white cloth thrown over the new-baptized child. This perhaps was the perquisite of the officiating clergyman. The child itself, however, was sometimes called a *Chrysome.* See a note on *King Henry V.* last edition, vol. 6, p. 52. S.

Of a slight banquet! [*Exit* DORCAS.
Plot. Just as you are sate,
I'll steal the priest in.
Tim. Do.
Plot. When you are join'd,
Be sure you do not oversee, but straight
Retire to bed; she'll follow.
Tim. 'Tis not three o'clock i'the afternoon.
Plot. 'Tis but drawing
Your curtains, and you do create your night.
All times, to lovers and new married folks,
May be made dark.
Tim. I will then. By this room,
She's a rare lady: I do almost wish
I could change sex, and that she might beget
Children on me.
Plot. Nay, will you enter?
Tim. Lady, pray will you shew the way?
Plot. Most city-like!
Slid, take her by the arm, and lead her in.
Tim. Your arm, sweet lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

Bright. But are you sure they're they?
New. I'll not believe
My treacherous eyes again, but trust some dog
To guide me, if I did not see his uncle
Coming this way, and Baneswright with him.
Bright. Who?
The fellow that brings love to banns, and banns
To bare thighs 'bout the town.
New. The very same, sir;
The City-cupid, that shoots arrows betwixt
Party and party. All the difference is,
He has his eyes, but they he brings together
Sometimes do not see one another till
They meet i'the church.
Bright. What say you now, if Warehouse
Should in displeasure marry?
New. 'Tis so; this fellow
In's company confirms me. 'Tis the very business
Why Plotwell has sent for us.
Bright. Here they come:
Pr'ythee let's stand and overhear 'em.
New. Stand close then.

SCENE V.

Enter WAREHOUSE, BANESWRIGHT.

Ware. Madam Aurelia, is her name?
Bane. Her father
Was, sir, an Irish baron, that undid
Himself by house-keeping.
Ware. As for her birth,
I could wish it were meaner. As many knights
And justices of peace as have been of
The family are reckoned into the portion,
She'll still be naming of her ancestors,
Ask jointure by the herald's book, and I
That have no coat, nor can show Azure Lions,
In Fields of Argent, shall be scorned; she'll think
Her honour wrong'd, to match a man that hath
No 'scutcheons but them of his company,
Which once a-year do serve to trim a lighter
To Westminster and back again.
Bane. You are mistaken, sir. This lady, as she is
Descended of a great house, so she hath
No dowry but her arms. She can bring only
Some libbards [43] heads, or strange beasts; which you know
Being but beasts, let them derive themselves
From monsters in the globe, and lineally
Proceed from Hercules' labours, they will never
Advance her to a husband equal to
Herself in birth, that can give beasts too. She
Aims only to match one that can maintain
Her some way to her state. She is possest [44]
What streams of gold you flow in, sir.
Ware. But can she
Affect my age?
Bane. I ask'd her that, and told her
You were about some threescore, sir, and ten
But were as lusty as one of twenty,—or
An aged eunuch. [*Aside.*
Ware. And what replied she?
Bane. She,
Like a true Lucrece, answered it was fit
For them to marry by the church-book, who
Came there to cool themselves; but to a mind
Chaste, and endued with virtue, age did turn
Love into reverence.
Bright. Or sir-reverence.
New. Pr'ythee observe.
Ware. Is she so virtuous then?
Bane. 'Tis all the fault she has; she will outpray
A preacher at St Ant'lin's; and divides
The day in exercise. I did commend
A great Precisian to her for her woman,
Who tells me, that her lady makes her quilt
Her smocks before for kneeling.
Ware. Excellent creature!
Bane. Then, sir, she is so modest.
Ware. Too?
Bane. The least
Obscene word shames her: a lascivious figure
Makes her do penance; and she maintains the law

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[43] *Libbards.*—i. e. leopards.
[44] *Possest.*—See note 7 to the *City Night-Cap*.

Which forbids fornication, doth extend
To kissing too.
Ware. I think the time an age
Till the solemnity be past.
Bane. I have
Prepared her, sir, and have so set you out!
Besides, I told her how you had cast off
Your nephew; and to leave no doubt that you
Would e'er be reconciled, before she went
To church, would settle your estate on her,
And on the heirs of her begotten.
Ware. To make all sure,
We'll call upon my lawyer by the way,
And take him with us.
Bane. You must be married, sir,
At the French church; I have bespoke the priest;
One that will join you i' the right Geneva form,
Without a licence.
Ware. But may a man
Wed in a strange tongue?
Bane. I have brought together
Some in Italian, sir; the language doth
Not change the substance of the match; you know
No licence will be granted, all the offices
Are before-hand bribed by your nephew.
Ware. Well,
Let's to the lady straight; to cross him, I
Would marry an Arabian, and be at charge
To keep one to interpret, or be married
In China language, or the tongue that's spoke
By the Great Cham.
[*Exeunt* WAREHOUSE *and* BANESWRIGHT.
Bright. Now, Newcut, you perceive
My divination's true; this fellow did
Portend a wedding.
New. Plague o' the prognostication!
Who'd think that madam were the party?
Brigt. Oh, sir,
She'll call this wit to wed his bags, and lie
With some Platonic servant.
New. What if we,
Before we go to Plotwell, went to her,
And strived to dissuade her?
Bright. Let's make haste,
they'l be before us else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter TIMOTHY *unbuttoning himself,* AURELIA, PLOTWELL, DORCAS, *Footman.*

Tim. By this hand, lady, you sha'l not deny me:
Since we are coupled, I shall think the priest
Has not done all, as long as I'm a virgin.
Aur. Will you not stay till night, sir?
Tim. Night! no faith;
I've sworn to get my first child by day, you may
Be quick by night.
Plot. Madam, your knight speaks reason.
Tim. I will both speak, and do it.
Aur. Well, sir, since
There is no remedy, your bed's prepared;
By that time you are laid, *I'll come.* Mean time
I'll pray that gentleman to conduct you. There's
My footman to pluck off your stockings.
Plot. Come, sir.
Tim. Sweet lady, stay not long.
Plot. I'll promise for her.
[*Exeunt* TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL, *an Footman.*
Dor. Faith, I admire *your temperance,* to let
Your bridegroom go to bed and you not follow.
Were I in your case, *I should ha' gone first,*
And warmed his place.
Aur. Well, wench; but that thou hast
Revealed thyself unto me, I'd admire
To hear a saint talk thus. To one that knows not
The mystery of thy strange conversion, thou
Would'st seem a legend.
Dor. Faith, I've told you all,
Both why I left my school-mistress, who taught me
To confute curling-irons, and why I put
Myself on this adventure.
Aur. Well, wench, my brother
Has had his plots on me, and I'll contribute
My help to work thy honest ones on him;
Do but perform thy task well, and thou winn'st him.
Dor. Let me alone; never was man so fitted
With a chaste bride, as I will fit his uncle.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, your knight doth call most fiercely for you. [*Exit.*
Aur. Pr'ythee, go tell him some business keep me yet,
And bid him stay himself with this kiss.

SCENE VII.

As they kiss, enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

Bright. By your leave, madam, what for practice sake
Kissing your woman? Lord, how a lady's lips
Hate idleness, and will be busied, *when*
The rest lies fallow: and rather than want action
Be kind within themselves, an't be to enjoy
But the poor pleasure of contemplation!
New. And how do you find her, madam?
Aur. Stay, wench.
New. Lord!
Does it not grieve you now, and make you sigh,
And very passionately accuse nature,
And say she was too hard to make your woman
Able to kiss you only, and do no more?
Bright. Is it not pity, but, besides the gift
Of making caudles, and using of her pencil,
She had the trick o' the other sex?
Aur. Methinks
Your own good breeding might instruct you, that
My house is not a new foundation, where
You might, paying the rate, approach, be rude,
Give freedom to your unwash'd mouths.
Dor. My lady

Keeps no poor nuns that sin for victuals for you,
With whom this dead vacation you may trade
For old silk stockings and half-shirts. They say
You do offend o' the score, and sin in chalk,
And the dumb walls complain you are behind
In pension: so that your distressed vestals
Are fain to foot their stockings, pay the brewer,
And landlord's rent in woman-kind, and long
More earnestly for the term than Norfolk lawyers.
Bright. Why, you have got a second, lady; your woman
Doth speak good country language.
New. Offers at wit, and shews teeth for a jest.
Bright. We hear you are to marry an old citizen.
Aur. Then surely you were not deaf.
New. And do you mean his age,
Which hath seen all the kingdom buried thrice,
To whom the heat of August is December;
[*Exit* DORCAS.
Who, were he but in Italy, would save
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts, shall freeze between
Your melting arms? do but consider, he
But marries you as he would do his furs,
To keep him warm.
Aur. But he is rich, sir.
Bright. Then,
In wedding him, you wed more infirmities
Than ever Galen wrote of; he has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments.
Half his diseases in the city bill
Kill hundreds weekly? A lone hospital
Were but enough for him.
New. Besides,
He has a cough that nightly drowns the bell-man:
Calls up his family: all his neighbours rise,
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam walls, nor saw-dust put between,
Can dead it.
Aur. Yet he is still rich.
Bright. If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholesome counsel, and will marry
One, who by the course of nature ought to have been
Rotten before the Queen's time, and in justice
Should now have been some threescore years a ghost;
Let pity move you. In this match you quite
Destroy the hopes and fortunes of a gentleman,
For whom had his penurious uncle starved
And pined himself his whole life, to increase
The riches he deserves to inherit, it
Had been his duty.
Aur. You mean his nephew Plotwell,
A prodigal young man; one whom the good
Old man, his uncle, kept to the inns of court,
And would in time ha' made him barrister;
And raised him to his sattin cap and biggon,[44]
In which he might ha' sold his breath far dearer,
And let his tongue out at a greater price,
Than some their manors. But he did neglect
These thriving means, followed his loose companions;
His Brights and Newcuts, two, they say, that live
By the new heresy, Platonic love;
Can take up silks upon their strengths, and pay
Their mercer with an infant.
Bright. Newcut!
New. Ay, I do observe her character. Well, then,
You are resolved to marry?
Aur. Were the man
A statue, so it were a golden one,
I'd have him.
Bright. Pray then, take along to church
These few good wishes. May your husband prove
So jealous, to suspect that when you drink
To any man, you kiss the place where his
Lips were before, and so pledge meetings. Let him
Think you do cuckold him by looks; and let him
Each night, before you go to rest, administer
A solemn oath, that all your thoughts were chaste
That day, and that you sleep with all your hairs.
New. And, which is worse; let him forget he lay
With you himself; before some magistrate
Swear 'twas some other; and have it believed
Upon record.

Enter PLOTWELL.

Plot. Sister, I've left your bridegroom
Under this key lock'd in, to embrace your pillow.
Sure he has eat eringoes, he's as hot—
He was about to fetch you in his shirt.
Bright. How's this? his sister!
New. I conceive not this.
Plot. My noble friends, you wonder now to hear
Me call her sister.
Bright. Faith, sir, we wonder more,
She should be married.
New. If't be your sister, we
Have labour'd her she should not match her uncle,
And bring forth riddles; children that should be
Nephews to their father: and to their uncle, sons.
Plot. I laugh now at your ignorance; why these
Are projects, gentlemen; fine gins, and projects.
Did Roseclap's boy come to you?
Bright. Yes.
Plot. I have
A rare scene for you.

---

[44] *And biggon.*—A *biggon* was a kind of quoif formerly worn by men. It is now only in use for children. See a note on *K. Hen. IV. Part 2.* page 570. S.

New. The boy told us you were
Upon a stratagem.
Plot. I've sent for Roseclap,
And captain Quartfield to be here. I have
Put Salewit into orders; he's inducted
Into the French church; you must all have parts.
Bright. Pry'thee speak out of clouds.
Plot. By this good light,
'Twere justice now to let you both die simple,
For leaving us so scurvily.
New. We were
Sent for in haste by the Benchers, to contribute
To one of 'em that's reader.[45]
Plot. Come with me,
I'll tell you then. But first I'll show you a sight
Much stranger than the fish.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. Madam, here's Baneswright,
And an old merchant, do desire access.
Aur. Bid 'em come in. [*Exit* DORCAS.
Plot. Gentlemen, fall off;
If we be seen, the plot is spoil'd. Sister,
Now, look you do your part well.
Aur. I am perfect.
[*Exeunt* PLOTWELL, BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

SCENE VIII.

Enter BANESWRIGHT, WAREHOUSE, DORCAS.

Bane. Madam, this is the gentleman I mentioned;
I've brought him here, according to my function,
To give you both an interview; if you
Be ready, the church and priest are.
Aur. Is this, sir,
The wealthy merchant?
Bane. Madam, this is he,
That if you'll wear the price of baronies,
Or live at Cleopatra's rate, can keep you.
Aur. Come you a suitor, sir, to me?
Ware. Yes, lady,
I did employ my speaker there, who hath,
I hope, informed you with my purpose.
Aur. Surely;
Your speaker then hath err'd; I understood
Him for my woman; if you can like her, sir,
It being, for aught I hear, all one to you,
I've wooed her for you. But for myself, could you
Endow me with the stream that ebbs and flows
In waves of gold, I hope you do not think
I'd so much stain my birth, as to be bought
To match into a company. Sir, plainly,
I'm match'd already.
Ware. Baneswright, did not you
Tell me she'd have me?
Bane. Faith, sir, I have ears
That might deceive me; *but I did dream waking,*
If she were not the party. *Madam, pray you*
One word in private.
Aur. *I'll prevent you;* 'Tis true,
My brother laid the scene for me; but since
We've changed the *plot,* and 'tis contrived, *my* woman
Shall undertake my part.
Bane. I am instructed.
I was mistaken, sir; indeed the lady
Spoke to me for her gentlewoman. How
Do you affect her, sir? you see she is
As handsome as her lady: and her birth
Not being so high, she will more size with you.
Ware. I say, I like her best. Her lady has
Too much great house in her.
Bane. 'Tis right; this you
May govern as you list. I'll motion't: lady,
Pray pardon our mistake: indeed our errand
Was chiefly to your gentlewoman.
Aur. Sir,
She's one, whose fortune I so much intend:
And your's, sir, are so fair, that though there be
Much disproportion in your age, yet I
Will over-rule her, and she shall refer
Herself to be disposed by me.
Ware. You much oblige me, madam.
Aur. Dorcas, this is the merchant
I have provided for you: he is old;
But he has that will make him young, much gold.
Dor. Madam, but that I should offend against
Your care, as well as my preferment, I'd
Have more experience of the man I mean
To make my husband. At first sight to marry,
Must argue me of lightness.
Aur. Princes, Dorcas,
Do woo by pictures and ambassadors,
And match in absent ceremonies.
Dor. But
You look for some great portion, sir?
Ware. Fair mistress,
Your virtues are to me a wealthy dowry:

---

[45] *Sent for in haste by the Benchers to contribute*
To one of 'em that's reader.---From *Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales*, p. 207, &c. we learn that the office of a reader at the Middle Temple, was held at a great charge to the person who executed it. "His expences," says that author, "during this time of *reading* are very great; insomuch, as some have spent above six hundred pounds in two dayes less then a fortnight, which now is the usual time of *reading*." It appears also, that many gentlemen, who were put by their reading, were removed from the bar-table, unto a table, called the Auncients table; "And it is no disgrace," says the same author, "for any man to be removed hither; for by reason of the excessive chardge of readings, many men of great learning and competent practise, as well as others of less learning, but great estates, have refused to read, and are here placed." To relieve the gentlemen who undertook this expensive office, it seems to have been usual to call upon the students for their assistance; and this circumstance is alluded to in the text.

And if you love me, I shall think you bring
More than the Indies.
Dor. But, sir, it may be
You'll be against my course of life. I love
Retirement, must have times for my devotion,
Am little used to company, and hate
The vanity of visits.
Ware. This makes me
Love you the more.
Dor. Then I shall never trust you
To go to sea, and leave me; I shall dream
Of nought but storms and pirates. Every wind
Will break my sleep.
Ware. I'll stay at home.
Dor. Sir, there
Is one thing more; I hear you have a nephew,
You mean to make your heir. I hope you will
Settle some jointure on me.
Ware. He's so lost
In my intents, that to revenge myself,
I take this course. But to remove your doubts,
I've brought my lawyer with blank deeds;
He shall put in your name: and I, before
We go to church, will seal them.
Dor. On these terms,
Where is your priest, sir?
Ware. He expects me at
The French church, mistress.
Aur. Come, when you have seal'd, sir;
I'll bear a part in the solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

PLOTWELL, AURELIA, BRIGHT, NEWCUT, QUARTFIELD, ROSECLAP, *two Footmen*, CYPHER.

Plot. Well, sister, by this hand I was afraid
You had marr'd all; but I am well content
You have outreached me: If she do act it well now,
By Jove I'll have her.
Aur. She hath studied all
Her cues already.
Plot. Gentlemen, how do
You like the project?
Bright. Theirs was dull and cold,
Compared to ours.
New. Some poet will steal from us,
And bring't into a comedy.
Quart. The jest
Will more inspire than sack.
Plot. I have got Cypher
Over to our side too; he has been up and down
To invite guests to the wedding.

Enter SALEWIT *like a Curate.*

How now, Salewit, are they gone home?
Sale. Yes, faith, for better for worse:
I've read a fiction out of Rablais to 'em,
In a religious tone, which he believes
For good French liturgy. When I had done,
There came a christening.
Plot. And didst thou baptize
Out of thy Rablais too?
Sale. No, faith; I left them
In expectation of their pastor.
Bright. Newcut,
Who does he look like in that dress?
New. Hum! why
Like a Geneva weaver, in black, who left [46]
The loom, and entered into the ministry
For conscience sake.
Plot. Well, gentlemen, you all
Do know your parts; you captain, and Baneswright,
Go get your properties. For you two, these
Two mules shall carry you in greater state,
And more ease than the Fistula. You, sister,
We'll leave unto your knight, to come anon.
Roseclap and I will thither straight. You, Cypher,
Know what you have to do.
Sale. And as for me,
I'm an invited guest, and am to bless
The venison in French, or in a grace
Of broken English.
Quart. Before we do divide
Our army, let us dip our rosemaries [47]
In one rich bowl of sack to this brave girl,
And to the gentleman that was my fish.
All. Agreed, agreed.
Plot. Captain, you shall dip first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

WAREHOUSE, DORCAS.

Ware. My dearest Dorcas, welcome. Here you see
The house you must be mistress of, which with
This kiss I do confirm unto you.
Dor. Forbear, sir.
Ware. How! wife, refuse to kiss me?

---

[46] *Like a Geneva weaver, &c.*---Dr Warburton observes (note to 1*st Part Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.) that in the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These being Calvinists, were joined by those of the same persuasion from other countries, and amongst the rest from Geneva.

[47] *Our* rosemaries. --*rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was therefore distributed at marriages and funerals. See a note on *Hamlet*, last edit. vol. x. p. 355.

Dor. Yes, unless
A sweeter air came from you: ye have turned my stomach.
I wonder you can be so rude to ask me,
Knowing your lungs are perished.
Ware. This is rare,
That I should live to this great age, and never
Till now know I was rotten!
Dor. I shall never
Endure your conversation; I hope you have
Contrived two beds, two chambers, and two tables;
It is an article, that I should live
Retired; that is, apart.
Ware. But pray you, wife, are you in earnest?
Dor. D' you think I'll jest with age?
Ware. Will you not lie with me then?
Dor. Did ever man
Of your hairs ask such questions? I do blush
At your unreasonableness.
Ware. Nay, then—
Dor. Is't fit I should be buried?
Ware. I reach you not.
Dor. Why, to lie with you, were a direct emblem
Of going to my grave.
Ware. I understand you.
Dor. I'll have your picture set in my wedding-ring
For a death's head.
Ware. I do conceive you.
Dor. I'd
Rather lie with an ancient tomb, or embrace
An ancestor than you. D' you think I'll come
Between your winding-sheets? for what? to hear you
Depart all night, and fetch your last groan; and
I' the morning find a deluge on the floor;
Your entrails floating, and half my husband spit
Upon the arras.
Ware. I am married——
Dor. Then,
For your abilities, should twelve good women
Sit on these reverend locks, and on your heat,
And natural appetite, they would just find you
As youthful as a coffin, and as hot
As the sultry winter that froze o'er the Thames.
They say the hard time did begin from you.
Ware. Good, I am made the curse of watermen.
Dor. Your humours come frost from you, and your nose
Hath icicles in June.
Ware. Assist me, patience!
Why, hear you, mistress: you that have a fever,
And dog-days in your blood, if you knew this,
Why did you marry me?
Dor. Ha, ha, ha!
Ware. She laughs.
Dor. That your experienced ach,[47] that hath felt springs
And falls this forty years, should be so dull
To think I have not them that shall supply
Your cold defects!
Ware. You have your servants then,
And I am forked? hum!
Dor. Do you think
A woman young, high in her blood——
Ware. And hot
As goats or marmosites——
Dor. Apt to take flame at
Every temptation——
Ware. And to kindle at
The picture of a man——
Dor. Would wed dust, ashes,
A monument, unless she were——
Ware. Crack'd, tried, and broken up?——
Dor. Right, sir, or lack'd a cloak?
Ware. Mischief, and hell! and was there none to make
Your cloak but I?
Dor. Not so well lin'd.
Ware. O you
Staid for a wealthy cuckold; your tame beast
Must have his gilded horns?
Dor. Yes, sir; besides,
Your age being impotent, you would, I knew,
In conscience wink at my stol'n helps, if I
Took comfort from abroad.
Ware. Yes, yes, yes, yes!
You shall be comforted: I will maintain
A stallion for you.
Dor. I will have friends come to me;
So you'll conceal ——
Ware. Alas! I'll be your pander;
Deliver letters for you, and keep the door.
Dor. I'll have a woman shall do that.
Ware. O impudence!
Unheard-of impudence!
Dor. Then, sir, I'll look
Your coffers shall maintain me at my rate.
Ware. How's that?
Dor. Why, like a lady. For I do mean
To have you knighted.
Ware. I shall rise to honour.
Dor. D' you think I'll have your factor move before me,
Like a device stirr'd by a wire, or like
Some grave clock wound up to a regular pace?
Ware. No, you shall have your usher, dame, to slaik
Before you, like a buskin'd prologue,[48] in
A stately, high, majestic, motion, bare.

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[47] *Ach.*—So all the editions. Mr Dodsley reads *age*.

[48] *Before you, &c.*—The stately step, and pompous manner used by the prologue speakers of the times, are still retained in delivering the few lines used as a prologue in *Hamlet*. These particulars seem to have been delivered traditionally to the present race of actors, from their brethren in the last century.

Dor. I do expect it: yes, sir, and my coach,
Six horses and postilion: four are fit
For them that have a charge of children: you
And I shall never have any.
Ware. If we have,
All Middlesex is father.
Dor. Then I'll have
My footman to run by me when I visit,
Or take the air sometimes in Hyde-park.
Ware. You,
Besides being chaste, are good at races too:
You can be a jockey for a need?
Dor. You're pleasant, sir.
Ware. Why, hark you, hark you, mistress, you told me
You loved retirement, loved not visits, and bargain'd
I should not carry you abroad.
Dor. You! no.
Is't fit I should be seen at court with you?
Such an odd sight as you, would make the ladies
Have melancholy thoughts.
Ware. You bound me too
I should not go to sea: you loved me so,
You could not be without me.
Dor. Not if you staid
Above a year; for should I, in a long voyage,
Prove fruitful, I should want a father to
The infant.
Ware. Most politicly kind,
And, like a whore, perfect i' the mystery!
It is beyond my sufferance.
Dor. Pray, sir, vex;
I'll in, and see your jewels, and make choice
Of some for every day, and some to wear
At masques. [*Exit.*
Ware. 'Tis very good. Two days
Of this I shall grow mad; or, to redeem
Myself, commit some outrage———O—O—O!

SCENE III.

Enter PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP.

Plot. Sir, I am sorry such a light offence
Should make such deep impressions in you; but that
Which more afflicts me than the loss of my
Great hopes, is that you're likely to be abused, sir;
Strangely abused, sir, by one Baneswright. I hear
You are to marry———
Ware. Did you hear so?
Plot. Madam Aurelia's woman.
Ware. What of her, sir?
Plot. Why, sir, I thought it duty to inform you,
That you were better match a ruin'd bawd;
One ten times cured by sweating, and the tub,[49]
Or pain'd now with her fiftieth ach, whom not
The power of usquebaugh, or heat of fevers,
Quickens enough to wish; one of such looks,
The judges of assize, without more proof,
Suspect, arraign, and burn for witchcraft.
Ware. Why, pray?
Plot. For she being past all motions, impotence
Will be a kind of chastity, and you
Might have her to yourself; but here is one
Knows this to be———
Ware. An arrant whore?
Rose. I see
You have heard of her, sir. Indeed she has
Done penance thrice.
Ware. How say you, penance?
Rose. Yes, sir: and should have suffer'd—
Ware. Carting, should she not?
Rose. The marshal had her, sir.
Ware. I sweat, I sweat!
Rose. She's of known practice, sir: the clothes she wears
Are but her quarter's sins: she has no linen,
But what she first offends for.
Ware. O bless'd Heaven!
Look down upon me.
Plot. Nay, sir, which is more,
She has three children living; has had four.
Ware. How! Children! Children, say you?
Plot. Ask him, sir;
One by a Frenchman.
Rose. Another by a Dutch.
Plot. A third by a Moor, sir, born of two colours,
Just like a serjeant's man.
Ware. Why, she has known then
All tongues and nations?
Rose. She has been lain with farther
Than ever Coryat travell'd, and lain in
By two parts of the map, Afrique and Europe,
As if the state maintain'd her to allay
The heat of foreigners.
Ware. O, O, O, O!
Plot. What ail you, sir?
Ware. O nephew, I am not well, I am not well!
Plot. I hope you are not married?
Ware. It is too true.
Rose. God help you then.
Ware. Amen. Nephew, forgive me.
Rose. Alas! good gentleman!
Plot. Would you trust Baneswright, sir?
Ware. Nephew, in hell,
There's not a torment for him. O that I could
But see that cheating rogue upon the rack now;
I'd give a thousand pound for every stretch
That should enlarge the rogue through all his joints,
And but just shew him hell, and then recal
His broking soul, and give him strength to suffer
His torture often. I would have the rascal
Think hanging a relief, and be as long

[49] *And the tub.*—See a note on *Timon of Athens*, edition 1773, vol. 8, p. 409.

A dying as a chopt eel, that the devil
Might have his soul by pieces. Who's here? a sailor?

SCENE IV.

Enter CYPHER *like a Sailor.*

Cyph. Are you, sir, Warehouse, the rich merchant?
Ware. Sir, my name is Warehouse.
Cyph. Then you are not, sir,
So rich by two ships as you were.
Ware. How mean you?
Cyph. Your two ships, sir, that were now coming home
From Ormus, are both cast away; the wreck
And burden on the place was valued at
Some forty thousand pound. All the men perish'd
By the violence of the storm, only myself
Preserved my life by swimming, till a ship
Of Bristol took me up, and brought me home
To be the sad reporter.
Ware. Was nothing saved?
Cyph. Two small casks, one of blue figs, the other
Of pickled mushrooms; which served me for bladders,
And kept me up from sinking. 'Twas a storm,
Which, sir, I will describe to you. The winds
Rose of a sudden with that tempestuous force—
Ware. Pr'ythee, no more, I've heard too much. Would I
Had been i' the tempest.
Cyph. Good your worship, give
A poor sea-faring man your charity,
To carry me back again. I'm come above
A hundred mile to tell you this.
Ware. Go in,
And let my factor, if he be come in,
Reward thee: stay and sup too.
Cyph. Thank your worship. [*Exit* CYPHER.
Ware. Why should I not now hang myself? or, if
It be a fate that will more hide itself,
And keep me from discredit, tie some weight
About my neck, to sink me to the bottom
O' th' Thames, not to be found, to keep my body
From rising up and telling tales. Two wrecks,
And both worth forty thousand pound there! Why,
That landed here, were worth an hundred. I
Will drown myself; I nothing have to do
Now in this world but drown myself.
Plot. Fie, these
Are desperate resolutions. Take heart, sir,
There may be ways yet to relieve you.
Ware. How?
Plot. Why, for your lost ships, say, sir; I should bring
Two o' the Assurance-office that should warrant
Their safe return? 'Tis not known yet. Would you
Give three parts to secure the fourth?
Ware. I'd give ten to secure one.
Plot. Well, sir, and for your wife,
Say I should prove it were no lawful match;
And that she is another man's: you'd take
The piece of service well?
Ware. Yes, and repent
That when I had so good an heir begot
Unto my hand, I was so rash to aim
At one of my own dotage.
Plot. Say no more, sir;
But keep the sailor that he stir not. We'll
About it straight.
[*Exeunt* PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP.
Ware. How much I was deceived,
To think ill of my nephew! In whose revenge
I see the heavens frown on me; seas and winds
Swell and rage for him against me: but I will
Appease their furies, and be reconciled.

SCENE V.

Enter SEATHRIFT, *Mrs* SEATHRIFT, *Mrs* HOLLAND, *Mrs* SCRUPLE.

Mrs Sea. Much joy to you, sir; you have made quick dispatch.
I like a man that can love, woo, and wed,
All in an hour. My husband was so long
A getting me, so many friends consents
Were to be ask'd, that when we came to church,
'Twas not a marriage, but our times were out,
And we were there made free of one another.
Mrs Hol. I look'd to find you a-bed, and a young sheriff
Begot by this. My husband, when I came
From church, by this time had his caudle; I
Had not a garter left, nor he a point.
Mrs Scru. Surely, all that my husband did the first
Night we were married, was to call for one
Of his wrought caps more, to allay his rheum.
Mrs Hol. We hear you've match'd a courtier, sir, a gallant;
One that can spring fire in your blood, and dart
Fresh flames into you.
Mrs Sea. Sir, you are not merry;
Methinks you do not look as you were married.
Mrs Hol. You rather look as you had lost your love.
Mrs Scru. Or else, as if your spouse, sir, had rebuked you.
Sea. How is it, sir? You see I have brought along
My fiddlers with me; my wife and Mrs Holland
Are good wind-instruments. 'Tis enough for me
To put on sadness.
Ware. You, sir, have no cause.
Sea. Not I! Ask Mrs Scruple. I have lost
My daughter, sir, she's stolen. Then, sir, I have
A spendthrift to my son.
Ware. These are felicities
Compar'd to me. You have not match'd a whore, sir,
Nor lost two ships at sea.
Sea. Nor you, I hope.

Ware. Truth is, you are my friends. I am abused,
Grossly fetch'd over. I have match'd a stew;
The noted'st woman o' the town.
Mrs Sea. Indeed, I heard
She was a chambermaid.
Hol. And they by their place
Do wait upon the lady, but belong
Unto the lord.
Sea. But is this true?
Ware. Here was
My nephew just now, and one Roseclap, who tell me
She has three children living; one dapple-grey,
Half Moor, half English. Knows as many men
As she that sinned by the kalendar, and divided
The nights o' the year with several men.
Sea. Bless me, goodness!
Ware. Then, like a man condemned to all misfortunes,
I have estated her in all I have.
Sea. How!
Ware. Under hand and seal, sir, irrecoverably.

SCENE VI.

Enter SALEWIT.

Mrs Hol. Look, Mrs Scruple, here's your husband.
Sale. Be the leave of the fair companée.
Mrs Scru. My husband!
His cold keeps him at home. Surely I take
This to be some Dutch elder.
Sale. Where is ,
The breed an breedgroom? Oh, monsieur, I'm com't
To give you zhoy, and bless your capòn: where
Is your fair breed?
Ware. O, Monsieur, you have join'd me
To a chaste virgin. Would when I came to you
Y' had used your ceremonies about my funeral.
Sale. Fooneral? is your breed dead?
Ware. Would she were,
I'd double your fee, Monsieur, to bury her.
Sale. Ee can but leetle English.
Ware. No, I see you are but new come over.
Sale. Dover! Tere Ee landed.
Ware. Ay, sir, pray walk in; that door
Will land you in my dining-room.
Sale. Ee tank you. [*Exit.*
Ware. This is the priest that married us.
Sea. This is a Frenchman, is't not?
Ware. 'Twas at the French church.

SCENE VII.

Enter two Footmen bearing the frame of a great Picture. Curtains drawn.

1 *Foot.* Set 'em down gently; so.
2 *Foot.* They make me sweat.
Pictures, quoth you; 'slight, they have weight enough
To be the parties.
1 *Foot.* My lady, sir, has sent
A present to your wife.
Ware. What lady, pray?
1 *Foot.* Madam Aurelia, sir.
Ware. Oh ———
2 *Foot.* Sir, they are
A brace of pictures, with which my lady prays
She will adorn her chamber.
Ware. Male pictures, pray,
Or female?
1 *Foot.* Why d' you ask?
Ware. Because, methinks,
It should be Mars and Venus in a net;
Aretine's postures, or a naked nymph
Lying asleep, and some lascivious satyr
Taking her lineaments. These are pictures which
Delight my wife.
2 *Foot.* These are night-pieces, sir.
Mrs Hol. Lord, how I long to see 'em! I have at home
The finest ravish'd Lucrece!
Mrs Scru. So have I
The finest fall of Babylon? there is
A fat monk spewing churches; save your presence.
Mrs Hol. Pray, will you open 'em?
1 *Foot.* My lady charged us
None should have sight of 'em, sir, but your wife.
Ware. Because you make so dainty, I will see 'em. [*Draws the Curtain, within are discovered* BRIGHT *and* NEWCUT.
2 *Foot.* 'Tis out of our commission.
Ware. But not of mine. Hell and damnation!
1 *Foot.* How d' you like 'em, sir?
Mrs Hol. Look, they are pictured in their clothes!
Mrs Sea. They stir too.
2 *Foot.* Sir, they are drawn to life; a master's hand
Went to 'em, I assure you.
Ware. Out varlets, bawds,
Panders, avoid my house! O devil! are you
My wife's night-pieces? [*They come out.*
Bright. Sir, you are rude, uncivil,
And would be beaten.
New. We cannot come in private
On business to your wife, but you must be
Inquisitive, sir? Thank God, 'tis in your own house;
The place protects you.
Bright. If such an insolence
'Scape unrevenged, henceforth no ladies shall
Have secret servants.
New. Here she comes, we'll ask
If she gave you commission to be so bold.
Ware. Why this is far beyond example rare,
Now I conceive what is Platonic love;
'Tis to have men like pictures, brought disguised,
To cuckold us with virtue. [*They whisper.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter DORCAS.

Dor. He would not offer't, would he?
Bright. We have been

In danger to be search'd; hereafter we
Must first be question'd by an officer,
And bring it under hands we are no men,
Or have nought dangerous about us, before
We shall obtain access.
New. We do expect
In time, your husband, to preserve you chaste,
Should keep you with a guard of eunuchs; or
Confine you, like Italians, to a room
Where no male beast is pictured, lest the sight
Of aught that can beget, should stir desires.
Dor. I mar'l, sir, who did licence you to pry
Or spy out any friends that come to me;
It shews an unbred curiosity,
Which I'll correct hereafter; you will dare
To break up letters shortly, and examine
My tailor, lest when he brings home my gown,
There be a man in't. I'll have whom I list,
In what disguise I list, and when I list;
And not have your sour eyes so saucy, to peep,
As if you, by prevention, meant to kill
A basilisk.
Ware. Mistress, do what you list,
Send for your couch out, lie with your gallants there
Before us all. Or, if you have a mind
To fellows that can lift weights, I can call
Two footmen too.
Sea. You are too patient, sir;
Send for the Marshal, and discharge your house.
Mrs Sea. Truly, a handsome woman? what pity 'tis
She is not honest.
Mrs Hol. Two proper gentlemen, too.
Lord, that such pictures might be sent to me!

SCENE IX.

Enter PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP, *with* BANESWRIGHT *and* QUARTFIELD *disguiscd.*

Ware. O nephew, welcome to my ransom; here
My house is made a new erection; gallants
Are brought in varied forms. Had I not look'd
By providence into that frame, these two
Had been conveyed for night-pieces and landskips
Into my chaste bride's chamber. Till now, she took
And let herself out; now she will be able
To hire, and buy offenders.
Plot. I'll ease you, sir;
We two have made a full discovery of her.
Rose. She's married to another man, sir.
Ware. Good nephew, thou art my blessed angel.
Who are these two?
Plot. Two that will secure your ships,
Sent by the office. Seal you, sir: Th' have brought
Th' assurance with 'em.
Ware. Nephew, thou wer't born
To be my dear preserver.
Plot. It is duty, sir,
To help you out with your misfortunes. Gentlemen,
Produce your instruments. Uncle, put your seal,
[*They subscribe, seal, and deliver interchangeably.*
And write your name here; they will do the like
To the other parchment. So, now deliver.
Ware. I do deliver this as my act and deed.
Banes. Quart. And we this, as our act and deed.
Plot. Pray, gentlemen,
Be witness here. Upon a doubtful rumour
Of two ships wreck'd as they return'd from Ormus,
My uncle covenants to give three parts
To have the fourth secured. And these two here,
[SEATHRIFT, ROSECLAP, BRIGHT, *and* NEWCUT *subscribe as witnesses.*
As delegates of the office, undertake
At that rate to assure them. Uncle, now
Call forth the sailor, and send for the priest
That married you.

Enter SALEWIT *and* CYPHER.

Ware. Look, here they come.
Plot. First then,
Not to afflict you longer, uncle, since
We now are quiet; know, all this was my project.
Ware. How!
Plot. Your two ships are richly landed; if
You'll not believe me, here's the sailor, who,
[CYPHER *undisguises.*
Transform'd to Cypher, can tell you.
Cyph. 'Tis very true, sir.
I hired this travelling case of one o' the sailors
That came in one of 'em. They lie at Blackwall.
'Troth, I in pity, sir, to Mr. Plotwell,
Thought it my duty to deceive you.
Ware. Very well, sir;
What are these maskers too?
Plot. Faith, sir, these [*Exit* CYPHER.
Can change their forms too. They are two friends
[*They undisguise.*
Worth threescore thousand pounds, sir, to my use.
Ware. Baneswright, and Captain Quartfield!
Quart. Nay, old boy,
Th' hast a good penny-worth on't. The jest is worth
Three parts of four.
Banes. Faith, sir, we hope you'll pay
Tonnage and poundage into the bargain.
Ware. O you are a precious rogue; you ha' preferred me
To a chaste Lucrece, sirrah!
Banes. Your nephew, sir,
Hath married her with all her faults. They are
New come from church.
Ware. How!
Plot. Wonder not, sir: you
Were married but in jest. 'Twas no church-form,
But a fine legend out of Rablais.
Sale. 'Troth
This reverend weed cast off, I'm a lay poet,
[SALEWIT *undisguises.*
And cannot marry, unless 't be in a play,]
In the fifth act or so; and that's almost
Worn out of fashion too.

Mrs Sea. These are the two
That show'd my son.
Mrs Hol. Let's have our money back.
Plot. But, uncle, for the jointure you have made her,
I hope you'll not retract. That, and three parts
Of your two ships, besides what you will leave
Us at your death, will make a pretty stock
For young beginners.
Ware. Am I o'er-reach'd so finely?
Sea. But are you married, sir, in earnest?
Plot. Troth,
We have not been a-bed yet, but may go,
And no law broken.
Sea. Then I must tell you, sir,
You've wrong'd me; and I look for satisfaction.
Plot. Why, I beseech you, sir?
Sea. Sir, were not you
Betrothed once to my daughter?
Mrs Sea. And did not I,
And Mrs Holland, help to make you sure?
Plot. I do confess it.
Sea. Bear witness, gentlemen, he doth confess it.
Plot. I'll swear it too, sir.
Sea. Why,
Then, have you match'd this woman?
Plot. Why! because
This is your daughter, sir. I'm her's by conquest,
For this day's service.
Sea. Is't possible I should
Be out in my own child so?
Mrs Sea. I told you, husband.
Mrs Scru. Surely, my spirit gave me it was she;
And yet to see, now you have not your wire,
Nor city-ruff on, mistress Sue, how these
Clothes do beguile! in truth, I took you for
A gentlewoman.
Sea. Here be rare plots, indeed!
Why, how now, sir, these young heads have outgone us.
Was my son o' the plot too?
Plot. Faith, sir, he
Is married too. I did strike up a wedding
Between him and my sister,

Enter TIMOTHY *and* AURELIA.

Look, sir!
They come without their maidenheads.
Sea. Why, this
Is better still. Now, sir, you might have asked
Consent of parents.
Tim. Pray, forgive me, sir.
I thought I had matched a lady, but she proves—
Sea. Much better, sir: I'd chide you as a fish,
But that your choice pleads for you.
Tim. Mother, pray
Salute my wife, and tell me if one may not
Lie with her lips; nay, you too, Mrs Holland,
You taught her to make shirts and bone-lace. She's
Out of her time now.
Mrs Hol. I release her, sir.
Ware. I took your sister for a lady, nephew.
Plot. I kept her like one, sir. My Temple scores
Went to maintain the title, out of hope
To gain some great match for her; which you see
Is come to pass.
Ware. Well, Mr Seathrift,
Things are just fallen out as we contrived 'em;
I grieve not I'm deceived. Believe me, gentlemen,
You all did your parts well: 'twas carried cleanly;
And though I could take some things ill of you,
Fair Mistress, yet 'twas Plot, and I forget it.
Let's in, and make 'em portions.
Sea. Lead the way, sir.
Banes. Pray, stay a little.
Ware. More revelations yet?
Banes. I all this while have stood behind the curtain:
You have a brother, sir, and you a father.
Plot. If he do live, I have.
Banes. He in his time
Was held the wealthiest merchant on the Exchange.
Ware. 'Tis true, but that his shipwrecks broke him.
Banes. And
The debt for which he broke, I hear you have
Compounded.
Sea. I am paid it.
Banes. Then I thank you.
[BANESWRIGHT *undisguises.*
Ware. My brother Plotwell!
Banes. Son, I wish you joy.
Plot. O my blessed stars! my father!
Banes. And to you, fair mistress,
Let it not breed repentance, that I have,
For my security, to 'scape your father,
A while descended from myself to this
Unworthy shape. Now I can cast it off,
And be my true self. I have a ship, which fame
Gave out for lost, but just now landed too,
Worth twenty thousand pounds, towards your match.
Sea. Better and better still.
Ware. Well; what was wanting
Unto our joys, and made these nuptials
Imperfect, brother, you by your discovery
Have fully added.

Enter CYPHER.

Cyph. Sir, the two sheriffs are
Within, and have both brought their wives.
Ware. The feast
Intended for my wedding shall be your's.

To which I add,—May you so love, to say,
When old, your time was but one marriage-day.

THE
EPILOGUE AT WHITEHALL.

THE Author was deceived; for, should the parts
And play, which you have seen, plead rules and arts,
Such as strict critics write by, who refuse
T' allow the buskin to the Comic Muse;
Whose region is the people, every strain
Of royalty being tragic, though none slain;
He'd now, great sir, hold all his rules untrue,
And think his best rules are the Queen and you.
He should have search'd the stories of each age,
And brought five acts of princes on the stage;
He should have taken measure, and raised sport
From persons bright and glorious as your court;
And should have made his argument to be
Fully as high, and great as they that see.
Here, he confesseth, you did nothing meet
But what was first a comedy i'the street:
Cheapside brought into verse; no passage strange:
To any here, that hath been at the Exchange.
Yet, he hopes none doth value it so low,
As to compare it with my Lord Mayor's Show.
'Tis so unlike, that some, he fears, did sit,
Who, missing pageants, did o'ersee the wit.
Since then his scene no pomp or highness boasts,
And low things graced, shew princes princes most;
Your royal smiles will raise't, and make him say,
He only wrote; your liking made the play.

THE
EPILOGUE AT BLACKFRIERS.

ONCE more the Author, ere you rise, doth say,
Though he have public warrant for his play,
Yet he to the King's command needs the King's writ
To keep him safe, not to be arraign'd for wit.
Not that he fears his name can suffer wrack
From them who sixpence pay and sixpence crack.
To such he wrote not: though some parts have been
So like here, that they to themselves came in.
To them who call't reproof to make a face,
Who think they judge, when they frown i' the wrong place;
Who, if they speak not ill o' the poet, doubt
They lose by the play, nor have their two shillings out;
He says, he hopes they'll not expect he'd woo,
The play being done, they'd end their sour looks too.
But, before you, who did true hearers sit,
Who singly make a box, and fill the pit,
Who to his comedy read, and unseen,
Had thronged theatres, and Black-Friers been,
He for his doom stands; your hands are his bays,
Since they can only clap who know to praise.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Citye Match: a Comœdye. Presented to the King and Queene, at Whitehall. Acted since at Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Horat. de Arte Poet. *Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.* Oxford: printed by Leonard Lichfield, printer to the University." Anno Dom. MDCXXXIX. Fo.

(2.) "Two Plaies: The City Match, a Comœdy; and the Amorous Warre, a Tragy Comœdy; both long since written. By J. M. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Oxford: reprinted by Hen. Hall, for Ric. Davis, 1658, 4to.

(3.) "The City Match: a Comœdy. Presented to the King and Queene at White-Hall. Acted since at Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Horat. de Arte Poet. *Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.* By J. M. St. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Oxford: printed by Henry Hall, Printer to the University, for Rich. Davis, 1659, 8vo."

THE MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS

THOMAS RANDOLPH, *was the son of William Randolph, of Hams, near Lewis, in Sussex, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Thomas Smith of Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire. He was born at Newnham, on the 15th of June,* 1605, *and educated as one of the King's Scholars of Westminster School. From thence he was chosen into Trinity College in Cambridge, in* 1623, *of which he became a fellow, took his degree of Master of Arts, and afterwards received the same honour at the university of Oxford. He very early began to exercise his poetical talents, having, it is said, at the age of nine or ten years, written* THE HISTORY OF THE INCARNATION OF OUR SAVIOUR, *in verse. As he grew up, the ingenuity of his poetical performances procured him the esteem of all who had any pretensions to wit, particularly of Ben Jonson, who adopted him for one of his sons. His lively and agreeable conversation engaged him into too much company, and sometimes amongst none of the best or most peaceable persons. So that once, in a jovial and drunken meeting, a quarrel arising, he had the misfortune to lose the little finger of his left hand. On this accident he wrote a copy of verses, printed in his works. The scantiness of his patrimony, or his own extravagance, soon brought him to poverty; and his irregular and too free mode of living, among his companions and admirers, in all probability shortened his life. After living some time with his father, at Little Houghton, in Northamptonshire, he went to the house of William Stafford, of Blatherwick, in the same county; where he died in March* 1634, *aged not quite* 30 *years. The* 17*th of the same month, he was buried in an aisle adjoining to Blatherwick church, among the Stafford family; and soon after Sir Christopher Hatton caused, at his own charge, a monument of white marble, wreathed about with laurel, to be erected over his grave; the inscription on which, in Latin and English verse, was made by the poet's friend, Peter Hausted of Cambridge. He appears to have been a man of the greatest good-humour, and a facetious companion; his poems abound with wit, and though generally jocose, he is upon many occasions sententiously grave and moral. Like many of his profession, he seems to have been free, generous, and totally regardless of the world.*

He was the author of six Dramatic pieces.

1. "*Aristippus; or, the Jovial Philosopher; demonstrativelie prooving that quartes, pintes, and pottles, are sometimes necessary authours in a scholers library. Presented in a private show.*"—4*to,* 1630. 4*to,* 1631. 4*to,* 1635.

2 "*The Conceited Pedlar.*" *Printed at the end of every edition of Aristippus.—From this piece Mr Dodsley says, he took the hint of his Dramatic performance, called the Toy-Shop.*

3. "*The Jealous Lovers, a comedie, presented to their gracious Majestics at Cambridge, by the Students of Trinity College.*"—4*to,* 1632. 4*to,* 1634.

4. "*The Muse's Looking-glasse.*" 4*to,* 1638.

5. "*Amyntas; or, The Impossible Dowry. A pastorall, acted before the King and Queene, at White Hall.*"—4*to,* 1638.

6. *A pleasant comedie, entitled,* "*Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery. Translated out of Aristophanes his Plutus, by Thomas Randolph; augmented and published by F. J.*" 4*to,* 1651.

All these pieces, except the last, have been several times published, together with the author's poems. The 5th edition in 1668.

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* Concerning the merit of this play, the sentiments of critics have been various. Gildon says, the source of all humours that are in nature, may be found in it; and Mr Dodsley, that it has been always esteemed an excellent common-place book for dramatic authors, to instruct them in the art of drawing characters. Bishop Hurd, however, observes, "that if a reader would see the extravagance of building dramatic manners on abstract ideas, in its full light, he needs only turn to B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*; which, under the name of a play of character, is in fact an unnatural, and, as the painters call it, *hard delineation* of a group of *simply existing passions*, wholly chimerical, and unlike to any thing we observe in the commerce of real life. Yet this comedy has always had its admirers. And *Randolph* in particular, was so taken with the design, that he seems to have formed his Muse's Looking-glass in express imitation of it."——It was reprinted in 1706 in 12mo, with a prefatory epistle to the Reverend Mr Jer. Collier, who had written most virulently against the stage; and Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says, it *has now, in* 1748, *been brought on the stage*; but where, or with what success, do not appear. An alteration of it, under the title of The Mirrour, was published by one *Henry Dell*, a Bookseller, in 8vo, 1758.

THE MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROSCIUS, *a Player.*
BIRD, *a Feather-man.*
Mrs FLOWERDEW, *a Haberdasher of small-wares.*
A Deformed Fellow.
COMEDY.
TRAGEDY.
MIME.
SATIRE.
COLAX.
DYSCOLUS.
DEILUS.
APHOBUS.
ACOLASTUS.
ANAISTHETUS.
ASOTUS.
ANELEUTHERUS.
CHAUNAS.
MICROPSYCHUS.
ORGYLUS.
AORGUS.
ALAZON.
EIRON.
PHILOTIMIA.
LUPARUS.
ANAISKINTIA.
KATAPLEITUS.
Justice NIMIS, *and Justice* NIHIL,
PLUS *and* MINUS, *their Clerks.*
AGROICUS, *a Clown.*
BOMOLOCHUS.
MEDIOCRITY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter BIRD *the Feather-man, and Mrs* FLOWERDEW, *Wife to a Haberdasher of small-wares; the one having brought Feathers to the Play-house; the other Pins and Looking-glasses; two of the sanctified Fraternity of Black-Friars.*[1]

Mrs Flower. See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd, full, as is a cushion,
With the lewd reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before inns,
Yes, I will say inns, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns, enough to harbour such
As travelled to destruction the broad way;
But they built more and more, more shops of Satan?

Mrs Flower. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,
A new built church, erected North and South,
It had been something worth the wondering at.

Bird. Good works are done.

Mrs Flower. I say no works are good;

---

[1] *Black-Friars.*—Notwithstanding the vicinity of the play-house, Black-Friars appears to have been a place celebrated for the residence of many Puritans. It was equally remarkable for being inhabited by the Feather-makers. Both these circumstances appear in Ben Jonson's plays.

The Alchymist, A. 1. S. 1:

"A whoreson upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not *a puritan* in *Black-Friers* will trust
So much as for a *feather*."

Again, *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 5. S. 5:

"Or *feather-maker* in the *Friers*, that are of your *faction of faith*. Are not they with their perukes and their puffs, their fans and their huffs, as much pages of pride and waiters upon vanity?"

Good works are merely popish, and apocryphal.
Bird. But the bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if play-houses increase;
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.
Mrs Flower. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay, and I have heard,
That in a—Tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.
Mrs Flower. Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley; and their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.
Mrs Flower. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?
Bird. That's nothing, Mrs Flowerdew; they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.
Mrs Flower. Impiety! O that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them!
Bird. Be there not other
Vocations, as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparators,[2]
Beadles, and martials-men, the needful instruments
Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters! for they are monsters, they are monsters;
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters.
Mrs Flower. I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.
Bird. Why then, the city will, in time, be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-Fryars college, where I wonder,
How that prophane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
O impudence!
Mrs Flower. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning play-houses.
Bird. For charity, what is't?
Mrs Flower. That the Globe,[3]
Wherein, quoth he, reigns a whole world of vice
Had been consumed; the Phœnix burnt to ashes;
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore; Black-Fryars,
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing
I' the time of reformation; lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-Garden,
And there be soundly baited.
Bird. A good prayer.
Mrs Flower. Indeed it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.
Bird. I have their custom too for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

SCENE II.

Enter ROSCIUS, *a Player.*

Bird. Mr Roscius, we have brought the things you spake for.
Ros. Why, 'tis well.
Mrs Flower. Pray sir, what serve they for?
Ros. We use them in our play.
Bird. Are you a player?
Ros. I am, sir; what of that?
Bird. And is it lawful?
Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?
Mrs Flower. And so impious?
Bird. So irreligious?
Mrs Flower. So unwarrantable?
Bird. Only to gain by vice?
Mrs Flower. To live by sin!
Ros. My spleen is up: and live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,
But to joint gewgaws, and to knit together
Gorgets, strips, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other such-like toys as these,
To make the baby pride a pretty puppet?

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[2] *Apparator.*—"A serjeant, beadle, or sumner; but most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summoned in delinquents to a spiritual court." *Blount's Glossographia.*

[3] *That the Globe, &c.*—These were the names of several play-houses then in being: The Globe was situate on the bank-side, and was the same house for which a licence was granted, in 1603, to Shakespeare and others, to enable them to perform there. The Phœnix stood in Drury-Lane. The Fortune was near Whitecross-street, and had belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, who rebuilt it. Black-Fryars probably had the *same* proprietors as The Globe; and The Red Bull was at the upper end of St John's-street. The Bear Garden, or, as it is as often called, *Paris Garden*, was near the Globe play-

And you, sweet feather-man, whose ware, though light,
O'erweighs your conscience, what serves your trade,
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
To deck vain-glory? spoiling the peacock's tail
T' adorn an idiot's coxcomb! O, dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! they abuse our scene,
And say we live by vice. Indeed, 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. They do live, we see,
Like cooks, by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul; a prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,
There has been more by us in some one play,
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
And foppish humours; hence the cause doth rise,
Men are not won by the ears so well as eyes.
First see what we present.

Mrs Flower. The sight is able
To unsanctity our eyes, and make them carnal.

Ros. Will you condemn without examination?

Bird. No, sister, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the strength of this temptation.
Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.

Mrs Flower. I am content.

Ros. Then take your places here; I will come to you,
And moralize the plot.

Mrs Flower. That moralizing
I do approve; it may be for instruction.

SCENE III.

Enter a Deform'd Fellow.

Deform'd Fellow. Roscius, I hear you have a new play to-day?

Ros. We want not you to play, Mephostopholis.[4]
A pretty natural vizard.

Deform'd Fellow. What have you there?

Ros. A looking-glass, or two.

Deform'd Fellow. What things are they?
Pray, let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here!
I have seen a devil. Looking-glasses call you them?
There is no basilisk, but a looking-glass.

Ros. 'Tis your own face you saw.

Deform'd Fellow. My own? thou lyest;
I'd not be such a monster for the world.

Ros. Look on it now with me; what see'st thou now?

Deform'd Fellow. An angel and a devil.

Ros. Look on that
Thou call'dst an angel; mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face?

Deform'd Fellow. As 'twere the same.

Ros. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
'Tis not the glass, but thy deformity,
That makes this ugly shape? if they be fair
That view the glass, such the reflexions are.
This serves the body; the soul sees her face
In comedy, and has no other glass.

Deform'd Fellow. Nay then, farewell; for I had rather see
Hell, than a looking-glass, or comedy.
[*Exit Deform'd Fellow.*

Ros. And yet, methinks, if 'twere not for this glass,
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,
We could not find another way to see
How near our shapes approach divinity.
Ladies, let they who will your glass deride,
And say it is an instrument of pride;
I will commend you for it; there you see,
If you be fair, how truly fair you be;
Where, finding beauteous faces, I do know
You'll have the greater care to keep them so.
A heavenly vision in your beauty lies,
Which nature hath denied to your own eyes;
Were it not pity you alone should be
Debarr'd of that, others are blessed to see?
Then take your glasses, and yourselves enjoy
The benefit of yourselves; it is no toy,
Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her,
That will preserve us good, or make us better.
A country-slut, for such she was, though here
I' the city may be some as well as there,
Kept her hands clean, (for those being always seen,
Had told her else how sluttish she had been,)
But had her face as nasty as the stall
Of a fishmonger, or an usurer's hall
Daub'd o'er with dirt; one might have dared to say,
She was a true piece of Promethean clay,
Not yet informed; and then her unkemb'd hair,
Dress'd up with cobwebs, made her, hag-like, stare.
One day within her pail, (for country lasses,
Fair ladies, have no other looking-glasses,)
She spy'd her ugliness, and fain she would
Have blush'd, if, thorough so much dirt, she could.

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house, as may be seen in the south view of London, taken in 1599. It there appears to have been an octagon building, with a flag flying at the top of it, in the same manner as at the play-houses. On the sale of Church lands, January 14th, 1647, it produced 1783l. 15s.

[4] *Mephostopholis.*—The familiar attending Dr Faustus, in the old play of that name, by Christopher Marlow.

Ashamed, within that water, that, I say,
Which shew'd her filth, she wash'd her filth away.
So comedies, as poets do intend them,
Serve first to shew our faults, and then to mend them.
Upon our stage two glasses oft there be—
The comic mirror, and the tragedy;
The comic glass is full of merry strife,
The low reflexion of a country life.
Grave tragedy, void of such homely sports,
Is the sad glass of cities and of courts.
I'll shew you both: Thalia, come; and bring
Thy buskin'd sister, that of blood doth sing.

SCENE IV.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, MIME, SATIRE.

Com. Why do you stop? go on.
Trag. I charge him, stay.
My robe of state, buskins, and crown of gold,
Claim a priority.
Com. Your crown of gold
Is but the wreath of wealth; 'tis mine of laurel
Is virtue's diadem. This grew green and flourish'd,
When nature, pitying poor mortality,
Hid thine within the bowels of the earth.
Men, looking up to heaven, found this that's mine;
Digging to find out hell, they li't on thine.
Trag. I know you've tongue enough.
Com. Besides, my birth-right
Gives me the first possession.
Trag. How your birthright?
Com. Yes, sister, birthright; and a crown besides,
Put on before the altar of Apollo,
By his dear priest Phemonoe; [5] she that first,
Full of her god, raged in heroic numbers.
Trag. How came it, then, the magistrate decreed
A public charge to furnish out my chorus,
When you were fain to appear in rags and tatters,
And at your own expenses?
Com. My reward
Came after, my deserts went before yours.
Trag. Deserts? yes! what deserts? when like a gypsey
You took a poor and beggarly pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then,
As a fit ceremony of religion,
In my full state contended at the tomb
Of mighty Theseus.
Com. I, before that time,
Did chaunt out hymns in praise of great Apollo;
The shepherds' deity, whom they reverence
Under the name of Nomius; [6] in remembrance,
How with them once he kept Admetus' sheep.
And, 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
Till Sophocles laid gilt upon your buskins,
You had no ornaments, no robes of state,
No rich and glorious scene; your first benefactors,
Who were they, but the reeling priests of Bacchus;
For which a goat gave you reward and name?
Trag. But, sister, who were yours, I pray, but such
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets,
In honour of the fine chaste god Priapus?
Com. Let age alone, merit must plead our title.
Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?
I stalk in princes courts; great kings and emperors,
From their close cabinets, and council-tables,
Yield me the fatal matter of my scene.
Com. Inferior persons, and the lighter vanities,
Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitful,
Yield subjects various enough to move
Plentiful laughter.
Trag. Laughter! a fit object
For poetry to aim at.
Com. Yes, laughter is my object; 'tis a property
In man essential to his reason.
Trag. So;
But I move horror; and that frights the guilty
From his dear sins. He, that sees Œdipus
Incestuous, shall behold him blind withal.
Who views Orestes as a parricide,
Shall see him lash'd with furies too: the ambitious
Shall fear Prometheus' vulture; daring gluttony
Stand frighted at the sight of Tantalus;
And every family, great in sins as blood,
Shake at the memory of Pelops' house.
Who will rely on Fortune's giddy smile,
That hath seen Priam acted on the stage?
Com. You move with fear; I work as much with shame;

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[5] *Phemonoe.*—One of the Sylphs who first uttered oracles at Delphos, and invented heroic measure. So in the *Sylvæ* of *Statius*, L. 2. v. 38:

"——Reseretque arcana pudicos
Phemonoe fontes"—— S.

[6] *Under the name of Nomius.*—Apollo was so called (from νομεὺς, *pastor*) while he kept the flocks of Admetus, in Thessaly. S.

A thing more powerful in a generous breast.
Who sees an eating parasite abused;
A covetous bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant gull
Cheated; a glorious soldier knock'd and baffled;[7]
A crafty servant whipp'd; a niggard churl
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his son;
A spruce fantastic courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous tradesman, an over-weening lady,
Or corrupt lawyer, rightly personated;
But, if he have a blush, will blush; and shame
As well to act those follies as to own them.
Trag. The subject of my scene is in the persons
Greater, as in the vices; atheists, tyrants,
O'er-daring favourites, traitors, parasites,
The wolves and cats of state, which in a language
High as the men, and loud as are their crimes,
I thunder forth with terror and amazement
Unto the ghastly wondering audience.
Satire. And, as my lady takes deserved place
Of thy light mistress, so yield thou to me,
Fantastic Mime.
Mime. Fond Satire, why to thee?
Satire. As the attendant of the nobler dame,
And of myself more worthy.
Mime. How more worthy?
Satire. As one whose whip of steel can with a flash
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
That not eternity shall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my Lucilius' brow,[8]
Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill soul; while every guilty breast
Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid
To be anatomized by that skilful hand,
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin,
By it laid open to the public scorn.
I have untruss'd the proudest; greatest tyrants
Have quaked below my powerful whip, half dead
With expectation of the smarting jerk,
Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave
A lasting scar, that with a poison eats
Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
The eternal ulcer to their memories!
What can your apish fine gesticulations,
My manlike-monkey Mime, vie down to this?[9]
Mime. When men, through sins, were grown unlike the gods,
Apes grew to be like men; therefore, I think,
My apish imitation, brother beadle,
Does as good service to reform bad manners,
As your proud whip, with all his ferks and jerks.
The Spartans, when they strove t' express the loathsomeness
Of drunkenness to their children, brought a slave,
Some captive Helot, overcharged with wine,
Reeling in thus:—his eyes shot out with staring;
A fire in his nose; a burning redness
Blazing in either cheek; his hair upright;
His tongue and senses falt'ring; and his stomach
O'erburden'd, ready to discharge her load
In each man's face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that sin of swine, and not of men.
Would I express a complimental youth,
That thinks himself a spruce and expert courtier,
Bending his supple hams, kissing his hands,
Honouring shoe-strings, screwing his writh'd face
To all the several postures of affection,
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?[10]
Yet such there be, that very much please themselves
In such-like antic humours. To our own sins
We will be moles, even to the grossest of 'em;
But in another's life, we can spy forth
The least of faults, with eyes as sharp as eagles,[11]
Or the Epidaurean serpent. Now in me,
Where self-love casts not her Egyptian mists,
They find this misbecoming foppishness,
And afterwards apply it to themselves.
This, Satire, is the use of Mimic elves.
Trag. Sister, let's lay this poor contention by,

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[7] *Knock'd and Baffled.*—"*Bafulling,*" says Holinshed, as quoted by Mr Tollet, in his note on *King Richard II. A.* 1. S. 1. "is a great disgrace among the Scots; and it is used when a man is openlie perjured; and then they make of him an image painted, reversed with his heels upward, with his name woondering, crieing, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. C. 3. S. 37. and B. 6. C. 7. S. 27. has the word in the same signification. See also Mr Steevens's note on the same passage.

[8] *My Lucilius' brow.*—*i. e.* Brow like that of the Roman satirist;

"Secuit *Lucilius* urbem." *Persius*, Sat. 1. L. 114. S.

Dryden says, "*Lucilius* wrote long before Horace; who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design."

[9] *Vie down to this.*—To *vie*, is a term used at the game of Gleek.

[10] *Motion.*—*i. e.* Puppet. See note to *The Antiquary.*

[11] ——*As sharp as Eagles,*
Or the Epidaurean serpent.

"————tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut *Aquila*, aut *serpens Epidaurius.*"

Horace. Sat. Lib. I. 3. S.

And friendly live together; if one womb
Could hold us both, why should we think this room
Too narrow to contain us? on this stage
We'll plead a trial; and in one year contend
Which shall do best; that past, she then that shall,
By the most sacred and impartial judgment
Of our Apollo, best deserve the bays,
Shall hold the entire possession of the place.
Com. I were unworthy, if I should
Appeal from this tribunal: be it so.
I doubt not but his censure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's sad and tragical
Dare to approach his presence; let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd misery.
Trag. Such is my prayer, that he may only see,
Not be the subject of a tragedy!
Sister, a truce till then. That vice may bleed,
Let us join whips together.
Com. 'Tis agreed.
Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The masque which we intended.
Satire. 'Tis my care. [*Exeunt.*
Mrs Flower. How did she say? a mass? brother, fly hence;
Fly hence, idolatry will overtake us.
Ros. It was a masque she spake of; a rude dance
Presented by the seven deadly sins.
Bird. Still 'tis a mass, sister! Away, I tell you;
It is a mass; a mass of vile idolatry.
Ros. 'Tis but a simple dance, brought in to shew
The native foulness and deformity
Of our dear sin, and what an ugly guest
He entertains, admits him to his breast.

SONG *and* DANCE.

Say, in a dance how shall we go,
That never could a measure know?
How shall we sing to please the scene,
That never yet could keep a mean?[12]
Disorder is the masque we bring,
And discords are the tunes we sing.
No sound in our harsh ears can find a place,
But highest trebles, or the lowest base.
Mrs Flower. See, brother, if men's hearts and consciences
Had not been sear'd and cauterized, how could they
Affect these filthy harbingers of hell?
These proctors of Belzebub, Lucifer's henchboys![13]
Ros. I pray you stir yourselves within a while.
[*Exeunt.*

ROSCIUS, *Solus.*

And here——unless your favourable mildness
With hope of mercy do encourage us,
Our author bids us end. He dares not venture,
Neither what's past, nor that which is to come,
Upon his country; 'tis so weak and impotent,
It cannot stand a trial; nor dares hope
The benefit of his clergy; but, if rigour
Sit judge, must of necessity be condemn'd
To Vulcan or the spunge. All he can plead
Is a desire of pardon; for he brings you
No plot at all, but a mere Olla Podrida,[14]
A medley of ill-placed, and worse penn'd humours.
His desire was, in single scenes, to shew
How comedy presents each single vice
Ridiculous; whose number, as their character,
He borrows from the man to whom he owes
All the poor skill he has, great Aristotle.
Now, if you can endure to hear the rest,

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[12] *Keep a mean*—i. e. Tenor. S.

[13] *Hench-boys*—Very improperly altered by Mr Dodsley, to *link-boys*, in the last edition. Blount says, that a *henchman*, or *heinsman*, "is a German word, signifying a domestic, or one of a family. It is used with us for one that runs on foot, attending on a person of honour." He also observes, that "from hence comes our word *hine* or *hinde*, a servant for husbandry."

Henchemen are mentioned in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1616. Sign. B. 4.

"Hee whose phrases are as neatly deckt as my Lord Mayor's *hensmen*."

They are also excepted out of the stat. 4. Edward IV. c. 5. concerning excess of apparel;—"Provided also, that *henchmen*, heralds, pursuivants, sword-bearers to mayors, messengers, and minstrels, nor none of them, nor players in their interludes, shall not be comprised within this statute." A like exception 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. See also the notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tyrrwhitt to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 2.

[14] *Olla Podrida.*—"Olla Podrida properly consists of beef, mutton, bacon, hogs feet, pullet, partridge, black-puddings, sausages, *garvancos*, a sort of Spanish pease, turkies, and cabbage; all very well boiled, or rather stewed together, and duly seasoned with salt and spice." *Steevens's Spanish Dictionary.*—Howell, in his letters, adds other ingredients: P. 229, ed. 1754, recommending a cook, he says, "He will tell your ladyship, that the reverend matron the *Olla Podrida*, hath intellectuals and senses; mutton, beef, and bacon, are to her as the will, understanding, and memory, are to the soul; cabbage, turnips, artichokes, potatoes, and dates, are to her five senses, and pepper the common sense; she must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages."

Your'e welcome; if you cannot, do but tell
Your meaning by some sign, and—all farewell.
If you will stay, resolve to pardon first:
Our author will deserve it by offending.
Yet if he miss a pardon, as in justice
You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,
Still he hath this left for a comfort to him,
That he picks forth a subject of his rhime,
May lose perchance his credit, not his time.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, BIRD, MRS FLOWERDEW.

Ros. Receive your places. The first that we present are the extremes of a virtue, necessary in our conversation, called *comitas* or courtesy, which, as all other virtues, hath her deviations from the mean. The one Colax, that to seem over courteous, falls into a servile flattery; the other, (as fools fall into the contraries which they shun,) is Dyscolus, who, hating to be a slavish parasite, grows into peevishness and impertinent distaste.

Mrs Flower. I thought you taught two vices for one virtue.

Ros. So does philosophy; but the actors enter.

COLAX, DYSCOLUS.

Col. How far they sin against humanity
That use you thus! believe me, 'tis a symptom
Of barbarism, and rudeness, so to vex
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.
Dys. Why dost thou vex me then?
Col. I? Heaven defend!
My breeding has been better; I vex you!
You that I know so virtuous, just, and wise,
So pious and religious, so admired,
So loved of all?
Dys. Wilt thou not leave me then?
Eternal torture! could your cruelty find,
No back but mine, that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all these epithets?
Pious? religious? he takes me for a fool.
Virtuous? and just? sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you, that you call me just,
And virtuous? I am grown the common scoff
Of all the world; the scoff of all the world!
Col. The world is grown too vile then.
Dys. So art thou.
Heaven! I am turned ridiculous!
Col. You ridiculous?
But 'tis an impious age; there was a time,—
And pity 'tis so good a time had wings
To fly away,—when reverence was paid
To a grey head; 'twas held a sacrilege [15]
Not expiable, to deny respect
To one, sir, of your years and gravity.
Dys. My years and gravity! why, how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank
As I should smell o'the grave: *O times* and manners!
Well, Colax, well, go on; *you may abuse me,*
Poor dust and ashes, worms meat; years and gravity!
He takes me for a carcase! what see you
So crazy in me? I have half my teeth;
I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too,
With the benefit of my staff: mark, if I cannot!—
But you, sir, at your pleasure, with years and gravity,
Think me decrepid.
Col. How? decrepid, sir!
I see young roses bud within your cheeks:
And a quick active blood run free and fresh
Thorough your veins.
Dys. I'm turn'd boy again!
A very stripling school-boy! have I not
The itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams?
Col. Still, Dyscolus,——
Dys. Dyscolus! and why Dyscolus? when were we
Grown so familiar? Dyscolus! by my name?
Sure we are Pylades and Orestes! are we not?
Speak, good Pylades.
Col. Nay, worthy sir,
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. I'll find some other name
To call you by——
Dys. What do you mean to call me?
Fool, ass, or knave? my name is not so bad,
As that I am ashamed on't.
Col. Still you take all worse than it was meant;
You are too jealous.
Dys. Jealous? I ha' not cause for't, my wife's honest;
Dost see my horns? dost? if thou doest,
Write cuckold in my forehead; *do, write cuckold*
With aqua-fortis, do. Jealous! I am *jealous*—
Free of the company! wife, I am jealous.

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[15] *'Twas held a sacrilege,* &c.—"Credebant tum grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat." *Juv.* Sat. 13, v. 54. S.

Col. I mean suspicious.
Dys. How! suspicious?
For what? for treason, felony, or murder?
Carry me to the justice; bind me over
For a suspicious person; hang me too
For a suspicious person; oh, oh, oh,
Some courteous plague seize me, and free my soul
From this immortal torment! every thing
I meet with is vexation; and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations;
The hell of hells, and devil of all devils!
Mrs Flower. For pity's sake, fret not the good old gentleman.
Dys. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you must add to my affliction?
Eternal silence seize you!
Col. Sir, we strive
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.
Dys. I must be pleased? a very babe, an infant!
I must be pleased? give me some pap, or plumbs;
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,
To still me, do! be pleased? wouldst have me get
A parasite, to be flatter'd?
Col. How? a parasite?
A cogging, flattering, slavish parasite?
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls below reason, will not stoop so low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by another's wheel. They have no passions
Free to themselves. All their affections,
Qualities, humours, appetites, desires,
Nay, wishes, vows, and prayers, discourse, and thoughts,
Are but another's bondman. Let me tug
At the Turks gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a quarry; in this state my mind
Is free: a flatterer has nor soul nor body;
What shall I say?—No, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveness takes distaste
At such, whose servile nature strives to please you.
'Tis royal in you, sir.
Dys. Ha! what's that?
Col. A feather stuck upon your cloak.
Dys. A feather!
And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why should you hinder me from telling the world
I do not lie on flock-beds?
Col. Pray be pleased.
I brush'd it off for mere respect I bear you.
Dys. Respect! a fine respect, sir, is it not,
To make the world believe I nourish vermin?
O death, death, death! if that our graves hatch worms
Without tongues to torment us, let 'em have
What teeth they will. I meet not here an object,
But adds to my affliction! sure I am not
A man; I could not then be so ridiculous;
My ears are overgrown, I am an ass;
It is my ears they gaze at. What strange harpy,
Centaur, or Gorgon, am I turned into?
What Circe wrought my metamorphosis?
If I be a beast, she might have made me a lion,
Or something not ridiculous! O Acteon,
If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why look they on me else? there is within
A glass, they say, that has strange qualities in it;
That shall resolve me. I will in, to see
Whether or no, I man or monster be. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

To them DEILUS, APHOBUS.

Bird. Who be these? they look like presumption and despair.
Ros. And such they are. That is Aphobus, one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing: the other Deilus, that from an atheistical distrust, shakes at the motion of a reed. These are the extremes of fortitude, that steers an even course between overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.
Mrs Flower. Why stays this reprobate Colax?
Ros. Any vice
Yields work for flattery.
Mrs Flower. A good doctrine, mark it.
Deil. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?
To me the mere relation is an ague.
Good Aphobus, no more such terrible stories;
I would not for a world lie alone to-night;
I shall have such strange dreams!
Apho. What can there be
That I should fear? the gods? if they be good,
'Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils
That must affright me?
Deil. Devils! where, good Aphobus?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
'Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is:
Now it is here again! O still, still, still!
Apho. What's the matter?
Deil. Still it follows me!
The thing in black, behind; soon as the sun
But shines, it haunts me. Gentle spirit, leave me!
Cannot you lay him, Aphobus? what an ugly look it has!
With eyes as big as saucers, nostrils wider
Than barbers basons!
Apho. 'Tis nothing, Deilus,
But your weak fancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing—
Deil. Where is it, Aphobus?
Apho.—Is but your shadow, Deilus.
Deil And should we not fear shadows?
Apho. No! why should we?
Deil. Who knows but they come leering after us,
To steal away the substance? watch him, Aphobus.
Apho. I nothing fear.
Col. I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great soul fast as a center,
Not to be moved with dangers: let slight cock-boats
Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm

Like an undaunted rock; whose constant hardness
Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soul.[15]
Deil. Now, I fear every thing.
Col. 'Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be feared.
I do applaud this wisdom: 'tis a symptom
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,
A blind and senseless judgment; give me fear
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinel —
Mrs Flower. Now shame take thee, for
A lukewarm formalist!
Col. —But daring valour,
Uncapable of danger, sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.
Deil. What, are they landed?
Apho. Who?
Deil. The enemies
That Colax talks of.
Apho. If they be, I care not;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.
Deil. Why, do you not fear thunder?
Apho. Thunder? no!
No more than squibs and crackers.
Deil. Squibs and crackers?
I hope there be none here? 'Slid, squibs and crackers!
The mere epitomes of the gunpowder-treason,
Faux[16] in a lesser volume.
Apho. Let fools gaze
At bearded stars, it is all one to me,
As if they had been shaved—thus, thus would I
Outbeard a meteor! for I might as well
Name it a prodigy, when my candle blazes.
Deil. Is there a comet, say you? nay, I saw it:
It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and portends
Some certain imminent danger to the inhabitants
'Twixt those two places: I'll go get a lodging
Out of its influence.
Colax. Will that serve?—I fear
It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.
Deil. I'll to some other country.
Colax. There's danger to cross the seas.
Deil. Is there no way, good Colax,
To cross the sea by land? O the situation!
The horrible situation of an island!
Colax. You, sir, are far above such frivolous thoughts.
You fear not death.
Apho. Not I.
Colax. Not sudden death?
Apho. No more than sudden *sleeps: sir, I dare* die.
Deil. I dare not; death *to me is terrible:*
I will not die.
Apho. How can you, sir, prevent it?
Deil. Why,—I will kill myself.
Colax. A valiant course;
And the right way to prevent death indeed!
Your spirit is true Roman!—But your's greater,
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it:
Should heaven fall—
Apho. Why then we should have larks.[17]
Deil. I shall never eat larks again while I breathe.
Colax. Or should the earth yawn like a sepulchre,
And with an open throat swallow you quick?
Apho. 'Twould save me the expences of a grave.
Deil. I'd rather trouble my executors, by the half.
Apho. Cannons to me are pot-guns.
Deil. Pot-guns to me
Are cannons; the report will strike me dead.
Apho. A rapier's but a bodkin.
Deil. And a bodkin
Is a most dangerous weapon; since I read
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a taylor's shop for fear of bodkins.[18]

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[15] ——*Base fear doth argue*
A low degenerate soul. Degeneros animos timor *arguit.* *Virg.* En. iv. 13.

[16] *Faux.*—Guy Faux, executed in 1605, for being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot in that year.

[17] *Why then we should have larks.*—This was proverbial. *Se rouinass eil cielo si pigliarebbon di molli uccelli.* Ital. *Si le ciel tomboiles cailles seroyent prinses.* Gall. *Ray's Proverbs*, p. 157. edit. 1742.

[18] ——*since I read*
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a taylor's shop, for fear of bodkins.—A small dagger was anciently styled a *bodkin*.
The Serpent of Division, prefixed to some editions of *Gorboduc*, 1590.
"And the cheef woorker of this murder was Brutus Cassius, associed with two hundreth and sixtye of the senate; all having *bodkins* in their sleeves: and, as it is written in stories, he had twentye fowet deadly woundes as he sat in the Capitall."
Ibid:

"With *bodkins* was Cæsar Julius
Murdred at Rome of Brutus Cassius,
When many a region he had brought full lowe.
Lo, who may trust Fortune any throw?"

Apho. O that the valiant giants should again
Rebel against the gods, and besiege heaven,
So I might be their leader!
Colax. Had Enceladus
Been half so valiant, Jove had been his prisoner.
Apho. Why should we think there be such things as dangers?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python, are but fables;
Medea's bull and dragon very tales;
Sea-monsters, serpents, all poetical figments;
Nay, *Hell itself*, and Acheron, mere inventions.
Or were they true, as they are false, should I be
So timorous as to fear these bug-bear Harpies,
Medusas, Centaurs, Gorgons?
Deil. O, good Aphobus,
Leave conjuring, or take me into the circle,
What shall I do, good Colax?
Colax. Sir, walk in:
There is, they say, a looking-glass; a strange one,
Of admirable virtues, that will render you
Free from enchantments.
Deil. How! a looking-glass?
Dost think I can endure it? Why, their lies
A man within't in ambush to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and he presently
Catch'd at it.
Colax. 'Twas the shadow, sir, of yourself;
Trust me, a mere reflection.
Deil. I will trust thee. [*Exit.*
Apho. What glass is that?
Colax. A trick to fright the idiot
Out of his wits; a glass so full of dread,
Rendering unto the eye such horrid spectacles,
As would amaze even you. Sir, I do think
Your optic nerves would shrink in the beholding.
This if your eye endure, I will confess you
The prince of eagles.
Apho. Look to it, eyes! if you refuse this sight,
My nails shall damn you to eternal night. [*Exit.*
Colax. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence:
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

SCENE III.

ACOLASTUS, ANAISTHETUS.

Ros. Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures when they are present; and a moderate desire of them, being absent: and these are the extremes of that virtue. Acolastus, a voluptuous epicure, that out of an immoderate and untamed desire, seeks after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawful. The other, Anaisthetus, a mere Anchorite, that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allowed of by God and nature.

Acol. O now for an eternity of eating!
Fool was he that wish'd but a crane's short neck;
Give me one, Nature, long as is a cable,
Or sounding-line; and all the way a palate,
To taste my meat the longer. I would have
My senses feast together: Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
Enjoy their happiness: Lay me in a bed
Made of a summer's cloud; to my embraces
Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen,
Fresh, plump, and active; she that Mars enjoy'd
Is grown too stale: and then, at the same instant
My touch is pleased, I would delight my sight
With pictures of Diana, and her nymphs,
Naked and bathing, drawn by some Apelles:
By them some of our fairest virgins stand,
That I may see whether 'tis art or nature
Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
Nor cease I here. Give me the seven orbs
To charm my ears with their celestial lutes;
To which the angels, that do move those spheres,
Shall sing some amorous ditty. Nor yet here
Fix I my bounds. The sun himself shall fire
The phœnix nest, to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the bird, and eternally
Quaff of eternal nectar. These, single, are
But torments; but together, O together!
Each is a paradise! Having got such objects
To please the senses, give me senses too
Fit to receive those objects: give me therefore
An eagle's eye, a blood-hound's curious smell,
A stag's quick hearing; let my feeling be
As subtle as the spider's, and my taste
Sharp as a squirrel's: then I'll read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promises in future,
I'll practise in the present.
Bird. Heathenish glutton!
Mrs Flower. Base belly-god! licentious libertine!
Anais. And I do think there is no pleasure at all,
But in contemning pleasures. Happy Niobe,
And blessed Daphne, and all such as are
Turned stocks and stones! would I were laurel too,
Or marble; ay, or any thing insensible!
It is a toil for me to eat or drink,
Only for nature's satisfaction;
Would I could live without it! To my ear

Euphues, 1581, p. 46:
"Asiarchus, forsaking companie, spoiled himselfe with his owne *bodkin*."
Euphues and his England, 1582, p. 10:
"And in this you turne the point of your owne *bodkin* into your own bosome."
See also Mr Steevens's note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 1.

Music is but a mandrake:[19] to my smell,
Nard scents of rue and wormwood; and I taste
Nectar with as much loathing, and distaste,
As gall or aloes, or my doctor's potion,
My eye can meet no object but I hate it.
Acol. Come, brother Stoick, be not so melancholy.
Anais. Be not so foolish, brother Epicure.
Acol. Come, we'll go and see a comedy, that will raise
Thy heavy spirits up.
Anais. A comedy?
Sure I delight much in those toys: I can
With as much patience hear the mariners
Chide in a storm.[20]
Acol. Then let's go drink a while.
Anais. 'Tis too much labour. Happy Tantalus,
That never drinks!
Acol. A little venery
Shall recreate thy soul.
Anais. Yes, like an itch;
For 'tis no better. I could wish an heir,
But that I cannot take the pains to get one.
Acol. Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender
As not to do it otherwise, then 'tis lawful.
Anais. True: matrimony's nothing else, indeed,
But fornication licensed; lawful adultery.
O heavens! how all my senses are wide sluices
To let in discontent and miseries!
How happy are the moles, that have no eyes!
How blest the adders, that have no ears!
They never see nor hear aught that afflicts them.
But happier they that have no sense at all;
That neither see, nor hear, taste, smell, nor feel,
Any thing to torment them. Souls were given
To torture bodies. Man has reason too,
To add unto the heap of his distractions.
I can see nothing without sense and motion,
But I do wish myself transform'd into it.
Colax. Sir, I commend this temperance: your armed soul
Is able to contemn these petty baits,
These slight temptations, which we title pleasures,
That are indeed but names; Heaven itself knows
No such-like thing: the stars nor eat nor drink,
Nor lie with one another; and you imitate
Those glorious bodies; by which noble abstinence
You gain the name of moderate, chaste, and sober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms
Of glutton, drunkard, and adulterer;
Pleasures, that are not man's, as man is man,
But as his nature sympathies with beasts.
You shall be the third Cato; this grave look
And rigid eye-brow will become a censor.
But I will fit you with an object, sir,
My noble Anaisthetus, that will please you;
It is a looking-glass, wherein at once
You may see all the dismal groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts,
With what in hell itself can dismal be.
Anais. That is indeed a prospect fit for me.
[*Exit.*
Acol. He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently
He wishes to be turn'd to one of those:
I have another humour; I cannot see
A fat voluptuous sow with *full delight*
Wallow in dirt, but I do wish *myself*
Transformed into that blessed epicure:
Or when I view the hot sallacious sparrow
Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,
I wish myself that little bird of love.
Colax. It shews you a man of a soft moving clay;
Not made of flint. Nature has been bountiful
To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards
At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest
That will observe a diet at a feast.
When Nature thought the earth too little
To find us meat, and therefore stored the air
With winged creatures; not contented yet,
She made the water fruitful to delight us;
Nay, I believe the other element, too,
Doth nurse some curious dainty for man's food,
If we would use the skill to catch the salamander:
Did she do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or, when she gave so many different odours
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
She cry'd not——Stop your noses. Would she give us
So sweet a choir of winged musicians
To have us deaf? Or, when she placed us here,
Here in a paradise, where such pleasing prospects,
So many ravishing colours entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? When she bestow'd
So powerful faces, such commanding beauties
On many glorious nymphs, was it to say,
Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleasures, and at full, were to make Nature
Guilty of that she ne'er was guilty of,
A vanity in her works.
Acol. A learned lecture!
'Tis fit such grave and solid arguments
Have their reward.—Here—half of my estate
T' invent a pleasure never tasted yet,
That I may be the first shall make it stale.

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[19] ——— *To my ear*
Music is but a mandrake.—The shriek supposed to be given by the *mandrake*, when torn out of the earth, was esteemed fatal to those who heard it. S.
See note to *Microcosmus*, p. 147.
[20] *Chide in a storm.*—To chide, in this instance, does not signify to *reprehend*, but to *make a noise*. See note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, vol. 5. p. 96. edition 1778. S.

Colax. Within, sir, is a glass, that by reflection
Doth shew the image of all sorts of pleasures
That ever yet were acted; more variety
Than Aretine's pictures.[21]
Acol. I'll see the jewel;
For though to do, most moves my appetite,
I love to see, as well as act delight. [*Exit.*
Bird. These are the things indeed the stage doth teach:
Dear heart, what a foul sink of sins run here!
Mrs Flower. In sooth, it is the common-shore of lewdness.

SCENE IV.

ASOTUS, ANELEUTHERUS.

Ros. These are, Aneleutherus, an illiberal niggardly usurer, that will sell heaven to purchase earth: that, his son Asotus, a profuse prodigal, that will sell earth to buy hell: The extremes of Liberality; which prescribes a mediocrity in the getting and spending of riches.
Anel. Come, boy, go with me to the scrivener's, go.
Asotus. I was in hope, you would have said a bawdy-house.
Anel. Thence to the Exchange.
Asotus. No, to the tavern, father.
Anel. Be a good husband, boy, follow my counsel.
Asotus. Your counsel? No, dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow——shall we go and roar?
'Slid, father, I shall never live to spend
That you have got already——Pox of attornies,
Merchants, and scriveners! I would hear you talk
Of drawers, punks, and panders.
Anel. Prodigal child!
Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.
Asotus. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it:
To feed on caveare,[22] and eat anchovies!
Anel. Asotus, my dear son, talk not to me
Of your anchovies, or your caveare.
No: feed on widows; have each meal an orphan
Served to your table, or a glibbery heir[23]
With all his lands melted into a mortgage.
The gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties;
Such fatting, thriving diet.
Asotus. Trust me, sir,
I am ashamed, la—now to call you father,
Ne'er trust me, now I'm come to be a gentleman:
One of your havings,[24] and thus cark and care!
Come, I will send for a whole coach or two
Of Bank-side ladies,[25] and we will be jovial.
Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?
Well, do your pleasure, keep me short of monies;
When you are dead, (as die I hope you must,)
I'll make a shift to spend one half, at least,
Ere you are coffined; and the other half
Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
Were not you better help away with some of it?
But you will starve yourself, that when you're rotten,
One——Have at all! of mine may set it flying:
And I will have your bones cut into dice,
And make you guilty of the spending of it;
Or I will get a very handsome bowl
Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.
Anel. That's not the way to thrive. No, sit and brood
On thy estate: as yet, it is not hatch'd
Into maturity.
Asotus. Marry, I will brood upon it,
And hatch it into chickens, capons, hens,
Larks, thrushes, quails, woodcocks, snipes, and pheasants,
The best that can be got for love or money.
There is no life to drinking!
Anel. O yes, yes;
Exaction, usury, and oppression,
Twenty i'the hundred is a very nectar.
And wilt thou, wasteful lad, spend in a supper

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[21] *Than* Aretine's *pictures.*—These celebrated pieces of obscenity are likewise mentioned by Sir *Epicure Mammon*, in the *Alchymist*; who says, he will have pictures

"Richer than those Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated." S.

[22] *Caveare.*—See note 19 to *The Ordinary.*

[23] *Glibbery heir.*—So in *Marston's* First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 2:

"Milke, milke, yee *glibbery* urchin, is food for infants."

[24] *One of your havings.*—*i. e.* one possessed of your estate or property.
So in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 4:

"Lie in a water-bearer's house!
A gentleman of his *havings!*"

The Devil is an Ass, A. 3. S. 3:

"We then advise the party, if he be
A man of means and *havings*, that forthwith
He settle his estate"

[25] *Bnk-side.*—Where the stews formerly stood.

What I with sweat and labour, care and industry,
Have been an age a scraping up together?
No, no, Asotus, trust gray-headed experience;
As I have been an ox, a painful ox,
A diligent, toiling, and laborious ox,
To plough up gold for thee; so I would have thee——

Asotus. Be a fine silly ass to keep it.

Anel. Be a good watchful dragon to preserve it.

Colax. Sir, I overheard your wise instructions,
And wonder at the gravity of your counsel.
This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown
Acquainted with the world; he has not felt
The weight of need; that want is virtue's clog:
Of what necessity, respect, and value
Wealth is; how base and how contemptible
Poverty makes us. Liberality
In some circumstances may be allowed;
As when it has no end but honesty,
With a respect of person, quantity,
Quality, time, and place; but this profuse,
Vain, injudicious spending, speaks him idiot.
And yet the best of liberality
Is to be liberal to ourselves: and thus
Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows
How fond a thing it is for discreet men
To purchase with the loss of their estate
The name of one poor virtue, liberality;
And that too only from the mouth of beggars!
One of your judgment would not, I am sure,
Buy all the virtues at so dear a rate.
Nor are you, sir, I dare presume, so fond
As for to weigh your gains by the strict scale
Of equity and justice, names invented
To keep us beggars. I would counsel, now,
Your son to tread no steps but your's; for they
Will certainly direct him the broad way
That leads unto the place where plenty dwells,
And she shall give him honour.

Anel. Your tongue is powerful;
Pray read this lecture to my son: I go
To find my scrivener, who is gone, I hear,
To a strange glass, wherein all things appear.
[*Exit.*

Asotus. To see if it can shew him his lost ears.
Now to your lecture,

Colax. And to such an one
As you will be a willing pupil to.
Think you I meant all that I told your father?
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old hunchs.
I love a man like you, that can make much
Of his blest genius. Miracle of charity!
That open hand becomes thee; let thy father
Scrape, like the dunghill-cock, the dirt, and mire,
To find a precious gem for thee, the chicken
Of the white hen, to wear. It is a wonder
How such a generous branch as you, could spring
From that old root of damned avarice!
For every widow's house the father swallows,
The son should spew a tavern. How are we
Richer than others? Not in having much,
But in bestowing;
And that shines glorious in you. The chuff's crowns,[26]
Imprison'd in his trusty chest, methinks,
I hear groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to see the light again. Thou can'st not
Stand in a flood of nectar up to the *chin*,
And yet not dare to sup it; *nor can'st suffer*
The golden apples dangle at *thy lips*,
But thou wilt taste the fruit. *'Tis generous this.*

Asotus. Grammercy, thou shalt be doctor o' the chair.
Here—'tis too little, but 'tis all my store:
I'll in to pump my dad, and fetch thee more.
[*Exit.*

Colax. How like you now my art? Is't not a subtle one?

Mrs Flower. Now, out upon thee, thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of sin and shame, that sowest cushions
Unto the elbows of iniquity!

Colax. I do commend this zeal; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodness.
There is a general frost hath seiz'd devotion;
And, without such-like ardent flames as these,
There is no hope to thaw it. The word, puritan,
That I do glorify, and esteem reverend,
As the most sanctified, pure, and holy sect
Of all professors, is by the prophane
Used for a name of infamy, a by-word, a slander.
That I sooth vice! I do but flatter them;
As we give children plumbs to learn their prayers,
T' entice them to the truth, and by fair *means*
Work out their reformation.

Bird. 'Tis well done.
I hope he'll become a brother, and make
A separatist!

Mrs Flower. You shall have the devotions
Of all the elders. *But this foppishness*
Is wearisome; I could at our saint Antlins,
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.

Ros. Go in with me to recreate your spirits,
(As music theirs) with some refreshing song,
Whose patience our rude scene hath held too long.
[*Exeunt.*

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[26] *The chuff's crowns.*—It is observed by Mr Steevens, (note to First Part of *Henry* IV. A. 2, S. 2.) that this term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. He supposes it a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, BIRD, *and Mrs* FLOWERDEW.

Bird. I will no more of this abomination.

Ros. The end crowns every action, stay till that;
A judge, that's just, will not prejudicate.

Mrs Flower. Pray, sir, continue still the moralizing.

Ros. The next we present are the extremes of magnificence, who teaches a decorum in great expences, as liberality in the lesser: one is Banausus, out of a mere ostentation vain-gloriously expensive; the other Microprepes, one in glorious works extremely base and penurious.

BANAUSUS, MICROPREPES.

Ban. Being born not for ourselves, but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We do express the majesty of our souls
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

Mic. The world is full of vanity; and fond fools
Promise themselves a name from building churches,
Or any thing that tends to the republic;
'Tis the re-private that I study for.

Ban. First, therefore, for the fame of my republic,
I'll imitate a brave Egyptian king,
And plant such store of onions and of garlic,
As shall maintain so many thousand workmen
To the building of a pyramid, at Saint Albans;
Upon whose top I'll set a hand of brass,
With a scrowl in't, to shew the way to London,
For the benefit of travellers.

Colax. Excellent;
'Tis charity to direct the wandering pilgrim.

Mic. I am church-warden, and we are this year
To build our steeple up: now, to save charges,
I'll get a high-crown'd hat with five low-bells,
To make a peal shall serve as well as Bow.

Colax. 'Tis wisely cast,
And like a careful steward of the church;
Of which the steeple is no part, at least
No necessary one.

Bird. Verily, 'tis true.
They are but wicked synagogues, where those instruments
Of superstition and idolatry ring
Warning to sin, and chyme all in—to the devil.

Ban. And, 'cause there be such swarms of heresies rising,
I'll have an artist frame two wondrous weather-cocks
Of gold, to set on Paul's, and Grantham steeple;
To shew to all the kingdom, what fashion next
The wind of humour hither means to blow.

Mic. A wicker-chair will fit them for a pulpit.

Colax. It is the doctrine, sir, that you respect.

Mrs Flower. In sooth, I have heard as wholesome instructions
From a zealous wicker-chair, as e'er I did
From the carved idol of wainscot.

Ban. Next, I intend to found an hospital
For the decayed professors of the suburbs;
With a college of physicians too at Chelsea,
Only to study the cure of the French pox;
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.

Colax. You have a care, sir, of your country's health.

Mic. Then I will sell the lead to thatch the chancel.

Ban. I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills[27]
Upon Newmarket Heath, and Salisbury Plain,
To drain the fens.

Colax. The fens, sir, are not there.

Ban. But who knows but they may be?

Colax. Very right.
You aim at the prevention of a danger.

Mic. A porter's frock shall serve me for a surplice.

Mrs Flower. Indeed a frock is not so ceremonious.

Ban. But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a cathedral church:
It shall be at Hog's Norton;[28] with a pair
Of stately organs; more than pity 'twere
The pigs should lose their skill for want of practice,

Bird. Organs! fie on them for Babylonian bag-pipes.

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[27] *I have a rare device,* &c.—In the reign of James the I. and the beginning of his successor's, many schemes were proposed, and some adopted, though never carried into execution, for draining the fens. Among others, a Dutchman, Sir Cornelius Vermuiden, was employed. But I believe his scheme was different from that alluded to in the text.

[28] *Hog's-Norton,* &c.—It appears by *Ray's Proverbs,* edit. 1742, p. 258, that to say, *You were born at Hog's-Norton,* conveyed an insinuation of boorish rustical behaviour. The true name of the town is *Hoch Norton,* and it is situated in the county of Oxford. Nash, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse,* 4to, 1593, Sign. K 4, says, "If thou bestowst any curtesie on mee, and I do not requite it, then call mee *cut,* and I was brought up at *Hogge Norton, where Pigges play on the organs.*"

Mic. Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in mother Redcap's hall, [29]
In painted cloth, the story of the prodigal.
Colax. And that will be for very good use and moral.
Sir, you are wise; what serve Egyptian pyramids,
Ephesian temples, Babylonian towers,
Carian Collossus, Trajan's water-works,
Domitian's amphitheatres, the vain cost
Of ignorance and prodigality?
Rome flourish'd when her capitol was thatch'd,
And all her gods dwelt but in cottages;
Since Parian marble and Corinthian brass
Entered her gaudy temple, soon she fell
To superstition, and from thence to ruin.
You see, that in our churches, glorious statues,
Rich copes, and other ornaments of state,
Draw wondering eyes from their devotion
Unto a wanton gazing; and that other
Rich edifices, and such gorgeous toys,
Do more proclaim our country's wealth than safety,
And serve but like so many gilded baits
T' entice a foreign foe to our invasion.
Go in, there is a glass will shew you, sir,
What sweet simplicity our grandsires used:
How in the age of gold no church was gilded.
[*Exit* MICROPREPES.
Ban. O, I have thought on't: I will straightway build
A free-school here in London; a free-school
For the education of young gentlemen,
To study how to drink and take tobacco;
To swear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel.
'Twill be the great Gymnasium of the realm,
The Frontisterium [30] of Great Brittany.
And for their better study, I will furnish them
With a large library of drapers books.
Colax. 'Twill put down Bodly's, and the Vatican.
Royal Banausus! how many spheres fly you
Above the earthly dull Microprepes!
I hope to live to see you build a stew
Shall out-brave Venice: to repair old Tyburn,
And make it cedar. This magnificent course
Doth purchase you an immortality.
In them you build your honour to remain
The example and the wonder of posterity;
While other hide-bound churls do grudge themselves
The charges of a tomb.
Ban. But I'll have one
In which I'll lie embalm'd with myrrh and cassia,
And richer unguents than the Egyptian kings:
And all that this my precious tomb may furnish
The land with mummy. [31]
Colax. Yonder is a glass
Will shew you plots and models of all monuments
Form'd the old way. You may invent a new;
'Twill make for your more glory.
Ban. Colax, true. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Ros. These are the extremes of Magnanimity. Chaunus, a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above *him*; the other Micropsychus, a base and *low spirited* fellow, that, undervaluing his own *qualities*, *dares* not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise *his* merits are capable of.

CHAUNUS, MICROPSYCHUS.

Chaunus. I wonder that I hear no news from court.
Colax. All hail unto the honourable Chaunus.
Chaunus. The honourable Chaunus! 'Tis decreed
I am a privy counsellor: our new honours
Cannot so alter us, as that we can
Forget our friends. Walk with us, our familiar.
Microp. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.
Colax. Sir, I do know and see, and so do all
That have not wilful blindness, what rare *skill*
Of wisdom, policy, judgment, and the rest
Of the state-virtues sit within this breast,
As if it were their parliament; but as yet
I am not, sir, the happy messenger
That tells you, you are called unto the helm;
Or that the rudder of Great Brittany
Is put into your hands, that you may steer
Our floating Delos, till she be arrived
At the bless'd port of happiness, and surnamed
The *Fortunate Isle*, from you that are the fortunate.
Chaunus. 'Tis strange that I, the best experienced,
The skilfullest, and the rarest, of all carpenters,
Should not be yet a privy counsellor!
Surely the state wants eyes; or has drunk opium,
And sleeps! but when it wakes, it cannot chuse

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[29] ——— *In mother Redcap's hall,*
In painted cloth, the story of the prodigal.—Mother Redcap's hall probably stood where a house between London and Hampstead is still distinguished by the sign of this old lady's head. The story of the Prodigal in painted cloth was a very common one. Falstaff says to Mrs Quickly, "——— for thy walls, — a pretty slight drollery, or the *Story of the Prodigal*, or the German Hunting *in water-work*, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries."

[30] *The Frontisterium.*—*Frontisterium* signifies a cloister, a college. The word occurs in *Albumazar*, vol 7. S.

[31] *With mummy.*—See note on *Bird in a Cage*, Vol. I. p. 226.

But meet the glorious beams of my deserts,
Bright as the rising sun, and say to England,
England, behold thy light!
Microp. Make me a constable!
Make me, that am the simplest of my neighbours,
So great a magistrate! so powerful an officer!
I blush at my unworthiness. A constable!
The very prince o' the parish! You are one, sir,
Of an ability to discharge it better;
Let me resign to you.
Chaunus. How! I a constable?
What might I be in your opinion, sir?
Microp. A carpenter of worship.
Chaunus. Very well:
And yet you would make me a constable.
I'll evidently demonstrate, that of all men
Your carpenters are best statesmen: of all carpenters,
I, being the best, am best of statesmen too.
Imagine, sir, the commonwealth a log,
Or a rude block of wood; your statesman comes,
(For by that word I mean a carpenter)
And with the saw of policy divides it
Into so many boards, or several orders,
Of prince, nobility, gentry, and the other
Inferior boards, call'd vulgar; fit for nothing
But to make stiles, or planks to be trod over,
Or trampled on. This adds unto the log,
Call'd commonwealth, at least some small perfection;
But afterwards he planes them, and so makes
The commonwealth, that was before a board,
A pretty wainscot. Some he carves with titles
Of lord, or knight, or gentleman; some stand plain,
And serve us more for use than ornament:
We call them yeomen; (boards now out of fashion:)
And, lest the disproportion break the frame,
He, with the pegs of amity and concord,
(As with the glue-pot of good government)
Joints 'em together; makes an absolute edifice
Of the republic. State-skill'd Machiavel
Was certainly a carpenter; yet you think
A constable a giant-dignity.
Microp. Pray Heaven that, Icarus like, I do not melt
The waxen plumes of my ambition!
Or that, from this bright chariot of the sun
I fall not headlong down with Phaeton,
I have aspired so high; make me a constable,
That have not yet attain'd to the Greek tongue!
Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
His Majesty's peace. I am not fit to keep
His Majesty's hogs, much less his peace, the best
Of all his jewels. How dare I presume
To charge a man in the king's name! I faint
Under the burthen of so great a place,
Whose weight might press down Atlas. Magistrates
Are only sumpter-horses. Nay, they threaten me
To make me warden of the church.
Am I a patriot? or have I ability
To present knights-recusant, clergy-reelers,
Or gentlemen-fornicators?
Colax. You have worth
Richly enamell'd with modesty;
And, though your lofty merit might sit crown'd
On Caucasus, or the Pyrenean mountains,
You choose the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a safe shrub below, than dare the winds,
And be a cedar. Sir, you know, there is not
Half so much honour in the pilot's place,
As danger in the storm. Poor windy titles
Of dignity, and offices that puff up
The bubble pride, till it swell big and burst,
What are they but brave nothings? Toys, call'd honours,
Make them on whom they are bestowed, no better
Than glorious slaves, the servants of the vulgar.
Men sweat at helm as much as at the oar.
There is a glass within shall show you, sir,
The vanity of these silk-worms, that do think
They toil not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread.
Microp. I'll see it. Honour is a baby's rattle;
And let blind Fortune, where she will, bestow her:
Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. [*Exit.*
Chaunus. Colax, what news?
Colax. The Persian emperor
Is desperately sick.
Chaunus. Heaven take his soul!
When I am the grand sophy, as 'tis likely
I may be, Colax, thou art made for ever.
Colax. The Turk, they say, prepares again for Poland.
Chaunus. And I no bashaw yet? Sultan, repent it!
Colax. The state of Venice too is in distraction.
Chaunus. And can that state be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chuse their duke?
Colax. Our merchants do report the inhabitants there
Are now in consultation for the settling
The crown upon a more deserving head
Than his that bears it.
Chaunus. Then my fortunes rise
On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.
Colax, be bold; thou see'st me Prester-John.
Well, England, of all countries in the world,
Most blind to thine own good. Other nations
Woo me to take the bridle in my hands
With gifts and presents. Had I lived in Rome,
Who durst with Chaunus stand a candidate?
I might have choice of Ædile, Consul, Tribune,
Or the perpetual Dictator's place.
I could discharge 'em all; I know my merits
Are large and boundless. A Cæsar might be hew'd
Out of a carpenter, if a skilful workman
But undertook it.
Colax. 'Tis a worthy confidence.
Let birds of night and shame, with their owls eyes,
Not dare to gaze upon the sun of honour:
They are no precedents for eagles. Bats,
Like dull Micropsychus, things of earth and lead,
May love a private safety; men in whom

Prometheus has spent much of his stolen fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour,
Hedged in with thousand dangers! What's a man
Without desert? And what's desert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich,
That holds within his house some buried chests
Of gold or pearl, and knows not where to look them?
What was the loadstone till the use was found,
But a foul dotard on a fouler mistress?
I praise your Argus' eyes, that not alone
Shoot their beams forwards, but reflect and turn
Back on themselves, and find an object there
More worthy their intentive contemplation.
You are at home no stranger, but are grown
Acquainted with your virtues, and can tell
What use the pearl is of, which dunghill-cocks
Scrape into dirt again. This searching judgment
Was not intended to work wood, but men.
Honour attends you. I shall live to see
A diadem crown that head. There is within
A glass that will acquaint you with all places
Of dignity, authority, and renown,
The state and carriage of them: chuse the best,
Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.
Chaunus. I go, that want no worth to merit honour:
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me.
Fortune, thou arbitress of human things,
Thy credit is at stake: if I but rise,
The world's opinion will conceive th' hast eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

ORGYLUS, AORGUS.

Ros. These are the extremes of Meekness. Orgylus, an angry, quarrelsome man, moved with the least shadow or appearance of injury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a fellow too patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.

Org. Persuade me not: he has awaked a fury
That carries steel about him. Dags[32] and pistols!
To bite his thumb at me![33]
Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb?
Org. At me! Wear I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs? Rapiers and daggers—
He is the son of a whore.
Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T' have moved this anger: he may bite his own,
And eat it too.
Org. Muskets and cannons!—eat it?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here:
I'll try his ostrich stomach.
Aor. Sir, be patient.
Org. You lye in your throat, and I will not.
Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madness?
Pray, be milder.
Org. Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.
Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?
Org. Your father was hanged, and I will be revenged.
Aor. When reason doth in equal balance poise
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
An even scale; and yet it moves not me;
My anger is not up.
Org. But I will raise it.
You are a fool!
Aor. I know it; and shall I
Be angry for a truth?
Org. You are besides
An arrant knave!
Aor. So are my betters, sir.
Org. I cannot move him—O my spleen—it rises:
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.
Org. You are a horned beast; a very cuckold.
Aor. 'Tis my wife's fault, not mine; I have no reason
Than to be angry for another's sin.
Org. And I did graft your horns: you might have come
And found us glewed together like two goats,
And stood a witness to your transformation.
Aor. Why if I had, I am so far from anger,
I would have e'en fallen down upon my knees,
And desired Heaven to have forgiven you both.
Org. Your children are all bastards; not one of them,
Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.
Aor. Why then I am the more beholden to them
That they will call me father. It was lust
Perchance that did beget them; but I am sure
'Tis charity to keep the infants.
Org. Not yet stirred!
'Tis done of mere contempt: he will not now
Be angry, to express his scorn of me.
'Tis above patience this; insufferable.
Proclaim me coward, if I put up this!
Dotard, you will be angry, will you not?
Aor. To see how strange a course fond wrath doth go;

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[32] *Dags.*—See note 148 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, Vol. I. p. 492.

[33] *To bite his thumb at me.*—Which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it; as it is explained by Shakespeare. See *Romeo and Juliet*, A. I. S. I. and Mr Steevens's note thereto.

You will be angry 'cause I am not so.
Org. I can endure no longer: if your spleen
Lie in your breech, thus I will kick it up——
[*He kicks him.*
Aor. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta, Theta, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi, Ro, Sigma, Tau, Upsilon, Phi, Chi, Psi, Omega.
Org. How! What contempt is this?
Aor. An antidote
Against the poison, anger. 'Twas prescribed
A Roman emperor, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek alphabet; that being done,
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and practise.
Org. Not yet angry!
Still will you vex me? I will practise too.
[*Kicks again.*
Aor. Aleph, Beth, Gimel.
Org. What new alphabet
Is this?
Aor. The Hebrew alphabet that I use,
A second remedy.
Org. O, my torment still!
Are not your buttocks angry with my toes?
Aor. For aught I feel, your toes have more occasion
For to be angry with my buttocks.
Org. Well,
I'll try your physic for the third assault;
And exercise the patience of your nose.
Aor. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z.
Org. Are you not angry now?
Aor. Now, sir! why now?
Now, have you done?
Org. O, 'tis a mere plot this,
To jeer my tameness; will no sense of wrong
Waken the lethargy of a coward's soul?
Will not this rouse her from her dead sleep, nor this?
Aor. Why should I, sir, be angry, if I suffer
An injury? It is not guilt of mine:
No, let it trouble them that do the wrong.
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.
Org. A bitterness o'er-flows me; my eyes flame,
My blood boils in me, all my faculties
Of soul and body move in a disorder,
His patience hath so tortured me: sirrah, villain,
I will dissect thee with my rapier's point,
Rip up each vein and sinew of my stoick,[34]
Anatomize him, searching every intrail,
To see if Nature, when she made this ass,
This suffering ass, did not forget to give him
Some gall.
Colax. Put it up, good Orgylus,
Let him not glory in so brave a death,
As by your hand; it stands not with your honour
To stain your rapier in a coward's blood.
The Lesbian lions, in their noble rage,
Will prey on bulls, or mate the unicorn;[35]
But trouble not the painted butterfly;
Ants crawl securely by them.
Org. 'Tis intolerable.
Would thou wer't worth the killing!
Colax. A good wish,
Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour.
Think not of such a baffled[36] ass as this,
More stone than man, Medusa's head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every fly
Carries a spleen. Poor worms, being trampled on,
Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet
Of their oppressors. A dead palsy, sure,
Hath struck a desperate numbness through his soul,
Till it be grown insensible. Mere stupidity
Hath seized him. Your more manly soul, I find,
Is capable of wrong, and, like a flint,
Throws forth a fire into the striker's eyes.
You bear about you valour's whetstone, anger,
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit. You conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to ourselves; the suffering
One injury invites a second; that
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply,
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that martial brow! A glass within
Will shew you, sir, when your great spleen doth rise,
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.
Org. Learn anger, sir, against you meet me next;
Never was man like me with patience vex'd.
[*Exit.*
Aor. I am so far from anger in myself,
That 'tis my grief I can make others so.
Colax. It proves a sweetness in your disposition,
A gentle, winning carriage—dear Aorgus,
O give me leave to open wide my breast,
And let so rare a friend into my soul!

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[34] *Stoick.*—The early editions read *storque.*—The alteration by Mr Dodsley.
[35] *Mate the unicorn.*—*To mate*, sometimes signifies *to oppose or contend* with; as in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, vol. 3, p. 453, edition 1778:
"——————he stood up to me,
And *mated* my commands."
And sometimes *to overcome.*
As in *Fryar Bacon and Fryar Bungay*, by Green, Sign. B 2:
"Burden, what are you *mated* by this frolicke fryer?"
[36] *Baffled.*—See note 7, p. 404. of this vol.

Enter, and take possession; such a man
As has no gall, no bitterness, no exceptions;
Whom Nature meant a dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity, where all discourse
Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken.
He's a good friend will pardon his friend's errors,
But he's a better takes no notice of them.
How like a beast, with rude and savage rage,
Breath'd the distemper'd soul of Orgylus?
The proneness of this passion is the nurse
That fosters all confusion, ruins states,
Depopulates cities, lays great kingdoms waste.
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The strongest bridle; give it reins, it runs
A desperate course, and drags down reason with it.
It is the whirlwind of the soul, the storm
And tempest of the mind, that raises up
The billows of disturbed passions
To shipwreck judgment. O, a soul like yours,
Constant in patience! Let the north wind meet
The south at sea, and Zephyrus breathe opposite
To Eurus: let the two-and-thirty sons
Of Eolus break forth at once, to plough
The ocean, and dispeople all the woods;
Yet here could be a calm. It is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. There's a glass within
Will let you see yourself, and tell you now,
How sweet a tameness dwells upon your brow.

Aor. Colax, I must believe, and therefore go;
Who is distrustful will be angry too.

SCENE IV.

ALAZON, EIRON.

Ros. The next are the extremes of Truth; Alazon, one that arrogates that to himself which is not his; and Eiron, one that, out of an itch to be thought modest, dissembles his qualities; the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other offending in denying a truth.

Alaz. I hear you're wond'rous valiant?

Eiron. I! alas.
Who told you I was valiant?

Alaz. The world speaks it.

Eiron. She is deceived: But does she speak truly?

Alaz. I am indeed the Hector of the age;
But she calls you Achilles.

Eiron. I Achilles!
No, I am not Achilles. I confess
I am no coward.—That the world should think
That I am an Achilles! yet the world may
Call me what she please.

Alaz. Next to my valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.

Eiron. I may have my share;
But the last valour shew'd in Christendom,
Was in Lepanto.[37]

Alaz. Valour in Lepanto?
He might be thought so, sir, by them that knew him not;
But I have found him a poor baffled snake;
Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every post i' the city.

Eiron. Who?

Alaz. Lepanto.
The valour, sir, that you so much renown.

Eiron. Lepanto was no man, sir, but the *place*
Made famous by the so-much mention'd *battle*
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.

Alaz. Cry you mercy!
Then the Lepanto that I meant, it seems,
Was but Lepanto's name-sake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in history.

Eiron. Not a whit! a novice, I! I could perchance
Discourse from Adam downward, but what's that
To history? All that I know is only
The original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every commonwealth. I have read nothing
But Plutarch, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius,
Appian, Dion, Junius,[38] Paterculus,
With Florus, Justin, Sallust, and some few
More of the Latin. For the modern, I
Have all without book. Gallo-Belgicus,[39]
Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Guicciardine,
The Turkish and Egyptian histories,
With those of Spain, France, and the Netherlands.
For England, Polydore Virgil, Cambden, Speed,
And a matter of forty more: nothing,
Alas! to one that's read in histories.
In the Greek I have a smack or so, at
Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, and
Stow's chronicle.

Alaz. Believe me, sir, and that
Stow's Chronicle is very good Greek: you little
Think who writ it! Do you not see him? Are
You blinded? I am the man.

Eiron. Then I must number
You with my best authors in my library.

Alaz. Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture 'em

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[37] *Lepanto*.—This famous battle, between the Turks and the Venetians, was fought in the year 1571. It is supposed to have been one of the most bloody engagements which ever was known. The loss on the part of the Venetians, was about 7566; and on that of the Turks, more than double the number.—See an account of it in *Knolles's History of the Turks*, 1631, p. 878. In the Venetian fleet, the celebrated Cervantes served, and had the misfortune to lose his left hand by the shot of a harquebus.

[38] *Junius*.—So all the editions. It was, however, probably *Julius*, *i. e.* Julius Cæsar. S.

[39] *Gallo-Belgicus*.—See note 1. to *The Heir*, Vol. I. p. 196.

With other names, to shun the opinion
Of arrogance; so the subtle cardinal
Calls one book Bellarmine, 'nother Tostatus,
Yet one man's labour both. You talk of numb-
'ring;
You cannot chuse but hear how loud fame speaks
Of my experience in Arithmetic:
She says you too grow near perfection.
Eiron. Far from it, I; some insight, but no more.
I count the stars, can give the total sum,
How many sands there be i'the sea; but these
Are trifles to the expert, that have studied
Penkethman's[40] president. Sir, I have no skill
In any thing; if I have any, 'tis
In languages, but yet in sooth I speak
Only my mother tongue; I have not gain'd
The Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, or Arabic;
Nor know the Greek with all her dialects.
Scaliger and Tom Coriate[41] both excel me.
I have no skill in French, Italian, Spanish,
Turkish, Egyptian, China, Persian tongues.
Indeed the Latin I was whipt into;
But Russian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian,
With Saxon, Danish, and Albanian speech,
That of the Cossacks, and Hungarian too,
With Biscays, and the prime of languages;
Dutch, Welch, and Irish, are too hard for me
To be familiar in: And yet some think
(But thought is free) that I do speak all these
As I were born in each; but they may err
That think so; 'tis not ev'ry judgment sits
In the infallible chair. To confess truth,
All Europe, Asia, and Africa too;
But in America, and the new-found world,
I very much fear there be some languages
That would go near to puzzle me.
Alaz. Very likely.
You have a pretty pittance in the tongues:
But, Eiron, I am now more general;
I can speak all alike; there is no stranger
Of so remote a nation hears me talk,
But confidently calls me countryman.
The witty world, giving my worth her due,
Surnames me the confusion: I but want
An orator like you to speak my praise.
Eiron. Am I an orator, Alazon? no;
Though it hath pleased the wiser few to say
Demosthenes was not so eloquent;
But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
To believe all hyperboles: something, sir,
Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Especially, Alazon, in your presence.
Alaz. Your modesty, Eiron, speaks but truth in this.
Colax. I need not flatter these, they'll do't themselves,
And cross the proverb, that was wont to say,
One mule doth scrub another: here each ass
Hath learn'd to claw himself.
Alaz. I do surpass
All orators. How like you my orations?
Those against Catiline, I account them best
Except my Philippics; all acknowledge me
Above the three great orators of Rome.
Eiron. What three, Alazon?
Alaz. Marcus, Tullius,
And Cicero, the best of all the three.
Eiron. Why those three names are all the self-same man's.
Alaz. Then all is one. Were those three names three men,
I should excel them all. And then for poetry—
Eiron. There is no poetry, but Homer's Iliads.
Alaz. Alas 'twas writ i'the nonage of my muses.
You understand the Italian?
Eiron. A little, sir;
I have read Tasso.
Alaz. And Torquato too?
Eiron. They're still the same!
Alaz. I find you very skilful.
Eiron, I err only to sound your judgment.
You are a poet too?
Eiron. The world may think so,
But 'tis deceived, and I am sorry for it.
But I will tell you, sir, some excellent verses
Made by a friend of mine; I have not read
A better epigram of a Neoterique.[42]
Alaz. Pray, do my eyes the favour, sir, to let me learn 'em.
Eiron. *Strange sights there late were seen, that did affright*
The multitude; the moon was seen by night,
And sun appear'd by day—Is it not good?
Alaz. Excellent good! proceed.
Eiron. *Without remorse,*
Each star and planet kept their wonted course.
What here could fright them! (Mark the answer now)
O, sir, ask not that;
The vulgar know not why they fear, nor what,
But in their humours too inconstant be;
Nothing seems strange to them but constancy.
Has not my friend approved himself a poet?
Alaz. The verses, sir, are excellent; but your friend
Approves himself a thief.
Eiron. Why, good Alazon?
Alaz. A plagiary, I mean: the verses, sir,
Were stolen.

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[40] *Penkethman's president.*—Probably the additions made by John Penkethman to *Hopton's Concordance of years, containing a new, easy, and most exact computation of time according to the English account*, London, 8vo. 1616.

[41] *Tom Coriate.*—See note 11 to *The Ordinary*.

[42] *Neoterique.*—New, modern.

Eiron. From whom?
Alaz. From me, believe't; I made 'em.
Eiron. They are, alas, unworthy, sir, your owning;
Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.
Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you
That you came near me, sir. Your's they may be.
Good wits may jump:[43] but let me tell you, Eiron,
Your friend must steal them, if he have 'em.
Colax. What pretty gulls are these! I'll take them off.——
You are learned.
Alaz. I know that.
Colax. And virtuous.
Alaz. 'Tis confess'd.
Colax. A good historian.
Alaz. Who dares deny it?
Colax. A rare arithmetician.
Alaz. I have heard it often.
Colax. I commend your care,
That know your virtues: why should modesty
Stop good men's mouths from their own praise? our neighbours
Are envious, and will rather blast our memories
With infamy, than immortalize our names;
When fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,
We must be our own trumpets; careful men
Will have an inventory of their goods;
And why not of their virtues? should you say
You were not wise, it were a sin to truth.
Let Eiron's modesty tell bashful lyes,
To cloak and mask his parts; he's a fool for't.
'Twas heavenly counsel bid us *know ourselves.*
You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums,
Ring out a panegyric to yourself,
And yourself write the learned commentary
Of your own actions.
Alaz. So I have.
Colax. Where is it?
Alaz. 'Tis stolen.
Colax. I know the thief; they call him, Cæsar.
Go in, good sir, there is within a glass,
That will present you with a felon's face.
[*Exit* ALAZON.
Eiron, you hear the news?
Eiron. Not I, what is it?
Colax. That you are held the only man of art.
Eiron. Is't current, Colax?
Colax. Current as the air,
Every man breathes it for a certainty.
Eiron. This is the first time I heard on't, in truth.
Can it be certain? so much charity left
In men's opinion?
Colax. You call it charity,
Which is their duty: virtue, sir, like your's,
Commands men's praises. Emptiness and folly,
Such as Alazon is, use their own tongues,
While real worth hears her own praise, not speaks it.
Other men's mouths become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaims you loudly forth
From east to west, till either pole admire you.
Self-praise is bragging, and begets the envy
Of them that hear it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued: you are wisely silent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
For others to be so: the fish would lose
Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
Should want a speaker: yet, sir, I would have you
Know your own virtues, be acquainted with them.
Eiron. Why, good sir, bring me but acquainted with them.
Colax. There is a glass within shews you yourself
By a reflection; go and speak 'em there.
Eiron. I should be glad to see 'em any where.
[*Exit* EIRON.
Ros. Retire yourselves again, for these are sights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Mrs FLOWERDEW, BIRD, ROSCIUS.

Bird. My indignation boileth like a pot,
An overheated pot, still, still it boileth;
It boileth and it bubbleth with disdain.
Mrs Flower. My spirit within me too fumeth, I say
Fumeth and steameth up, and runneth o'er
With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.
Ros. The actors beg your silence—The next virtue, whose extreme we would present, wants a name both in the Greek and Latin.
Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian virtue.
Ros. But they describe it such a modesty, as directs us in the pursuit, and refusal of the meaner honours, and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence; but here, that

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[43] *Good wits may jump.*—See note 17 to *Alexander and Campaspe.*

humour of the persons, being already forestall'd, and no pride now so much practised, or countenanced, as that of apparel, let me present you Philotimia, an over-curious lady, too neat in her attire; and for Aphilotimus, Luparus, a nasty sordid sloven.

Mrs Flower. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

PHILOTIMIA, LUPARUS, COLAX.

Phil. What mole dress'd me to-day? O patience!
Who would be troubled with these moap-eyed chambermaids?
There's a whole hair on this side more than t'other,
I am no lady else! come on, you sloven.
Was ever christian madam so tormented
To wed a swine as I am? make you ready.

Lup. I would the tailor had been hang'd, for me,
That first invented clothes—O nature, nature!
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And oxen have no breeches to put off.
The lamb is born with her freeze-coat about her;
Hogs go to bed in rest,[44] and are not troubled
With pulling on their hose and shoes i' the morning,
With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,
And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

Phil. To see her negligence! she hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The natural redness of my nose: she knows not
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the self-same teeth
That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew.
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does?
What, are you snoring there? you'll rise, you sluggard,
And make you ready?

Lup. Rise, and make you ready?
Two works of that your happy birds make one;
They, when they rise are ready. Blessed birds!
They, fortunate creatures! sleep in their own clothes,
And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakedness were come again in fashion!
I had some hope then when the breasts went bare,[45]
Their bodies too would have come to't in time.

Phil. Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
You'll go and wash—you are a pretty husband!

Lup. Our sow ne'er washes, yet she has a face
Methinks as cleanly, madam, as your's is,
If you durst wear your own.

Colax. Madam Superbia,
You're studying the lady's library,
The looking-glass; 'tis well! so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars; 'tis she attires
The bird of paradise in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all those glorious lights;
She spotted the ermin's skin; and arm'd the fish
In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked,
Not that he should remain so, but that he,
Endued with reason, should adorn himself
With every one of these. The silk-worm is
Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly
Above her master-piece. You are the *image*
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the east; let the red-sea be ransack'd,
To make you glitter. Look on Luparus,
Your husband, there, and see how in a sloven,
All the best characters of divinity,
Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried.

Phil. I see it to my grief; pray counsel him.

Colax. This vanity in your nice lady's humours,
Of being so curious in her toys, and dresses,
Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
These cob-web lawns catch spiders, sir, believe;
You know that clothes do not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age prefer
A cloak of plush, before a brain of art,
You understand what misery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the draper for;
No doubt, you spend the time your lady loses
In tricking up her body, to clothe the soul.

Lup. To clothe the soul? must the soul too be clothed?
I protest, sir, I had rather have no soul,
Than be tormented with the clothing of it.

Ros. To these enter the extremes of modesty, a near kinswoman of the virtues, Anaiskyntia or Impudence, a bawd, and Kataplectus an over-bashful scholar; where our author hopes, the women will pardon him, if, of four-and-twenty vices he presents but two, pride and impudence, of their sex.

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[44] *Hogs go to bed and rest.*—Probably *all drest*, or *as drest*. S. P.

[45] *I had some hope then when the breasts went bare.*—How far the ladies of the times were censurable in this particular, may be seen in *Hollar's Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus*. The rigid puritans discovered almost every evil to be the consequence of this unrestrained freedom of dress, against which they were continually pouring out the most severe invectives.

SCENE II.

ANAISKYNTIA, KATAPLECTUS.

Phil. Here comes Anaiskyntia too; O fates!
Acolastus and Asotus have sent for me,
And my breath not perfumed yet!
Kat. O sweet mother,
Are the gentlemen there already?
Anais. Come away,
Are you not ashamed to be so bashful? well,
If I had thought of this in time, I would
As soon have seen you fairly hang'd as sent you
To the university.
Phil. What gentleman is that?
Anais. A shamefaced scholar, madam. Look upon her,
Speak to her, or you lose your exhibition: [46]
—You'll speak, I hope; wear not away your buttons.
Kat. What should I say?
Anais. Why tell her you are glad
To see her ladyship in health: nay, out with it
Kat. —*Gaudeo te bene valére*—
Phil. A pretty proficient!
What standing is he of i'the university?
Anais. He dares not answer to that question, madam.
Phil. How long have you been in the academy?
Kat. *Profecto Do—Domina sum Bac—Bac—Bacchalaureus Artium.*
Phil. What pity 'tis he is not impudent!
Anais. Nay all my cost I see is spent in vain.
I having, as your ladyship knows full well,
Good practice in the suburbs; and by reason
That our mortality there is very subject
To an infection of the French disease,
I brought my nephew up i' the university,
Hoping he might, having attain'd some knowledge,
Save me the charge of keeping a physician;
But all in vain; he is so bashful, madam,
He dares not look upon a woman's water.
Colax. Sweet gentlemen, proceed in bashfulness,
'Tis virtue's best preserver—
Kat. *Recte dicis, sic inquit Aristoteles.*
Colax. That being gone,
The rest soon follow, and a swarm of vice
Enters the soul; no colour but a blush
Becomes a young man's cheek; pure shamefacedness
Is porter to the lips, and ears that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modest; Nature strives to hide
The parts of shame; let her, the best of guides,—
Kat. *Natura dux optima.*
Colax. Teach us to do so too in our discourse.
Kat. *Gratias tibi aga.*
Phil. Enure him to speak bawdy.
Anais. A very good way; Kataplectus, here's a lady
Would hear you speak obscenely.
Kat. *Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportuit.*
Anais. Off goes your velvet cap! did I maintain you,
To have you disobedient? you'll be persuaded?
Kat. *Liberis operam dare.*
Anais. What's that in English?
Kat. To do an endeavour for children.
Anais. Some more of this; it may be something one day.
Kat. *Communis est omnium animantium conjunctionis appetitus procreandi causa.*
Phil. Construe me that.
Kat. All creatures have a natural desire, or appetite, to be joined together in the lawful bonds of matrimony, that they may have sons and daughters.
Anais. Your laundress has bestow'd her time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper terms?
If you should catechise my head, and say,
What is your name, would it not say, *A head?*
So would my skin confess itself a skin;
Nor any part about me be ashamed
Of his own name, although I catechised
All over. Come, good nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknamed.
Colax. Our stoick, the gravest of philosophers,
Is just of your opinion; and thus argues:
Is any thing obscene, the filthiness
Is either grounded in the things themselves,
Or in the words that signify those things.
Not in the things: that would make Nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaste, and honest; if not in the things,
How in the words, the shadows of those things?
To manure grounds, is a chaste honest term;
Another word that signifies the same,
Unlawful: every man endures to hear,
He got a child; speak plainer, and he blushes,
Yet means the same. The stoick thus disputes;
Who would have men to breathe as freely downward,
As they do upward.
Anais. I commend him, madam,
Unto your ladyship's service; he may mend
With counsel: let him be your gentleman-usher,
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the just size, now overgrown with playing

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[46] *Exhibition.* i. e. your stipend, your allowance. See note on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 1. S. 3.

Too much at foot-ball.
Phil. So he will prove a stoick;
I long to have a stoick strut before me:
Here, kiss my hand. Come, what is that in Latin?
Kat. *Deosculor manum.*
Phil. My lip;—nay, sir, you must, if I command you.
Kat. *Osculor te, vel oscular a te.*
Phil. His breath smells strong.
Anais. 'Tis but of logic, madam.
Phil. He will come to it one day—you shall go with me
To see an exquisite glass to dress me by.
Nay go! you must go first; you are too mannerly.
It is the office of your place, so—on—
[*Exeunt.*
Colax. Slow Luparus, rise, or you'll be metamorphosed;
Acteon's fate is imminent.
Lup. Where's my wife?
Colax. She's gone with a young snip, and an old bawd.
Lup. Then I am cuckolded; if I be, my comfort is,
She's put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off; yet, madam, I'll prevent you.
[*Exit.*
Ros. The next are the extremes of Justice.

SCENE III.

Enter Justice NIMIS, *Justice* NIHIL. PLUS *and* PARUM, *their Clerks.*

Nimis. Plus!
Plus. What says your worship?
Nimis. Have my tenants,
That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their lord in chief,
Paid their rent charge?
Plus. They have, an't please your worship;
I, receiver-general, gave 'em my acquittance.
Parum. Sir, I resign my pen and ink-horn to you;
I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.
I have not made a mittimus since I served you.
Were I a reverend justice as you are,
I would not sit a cypher on the bench,
But do as justice Nimis does, and be
The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the sessions.
Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordium,*
Instead of your *Totums*; people shall not wish
To see my spurs filed off; it does me good
To take a merciful nap upon the bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pitiful;
I wake the better for it.
Nimis. The yearly value
Of my fair manor of Clerkenwell, is pounds
So many, besides newyear's capons—the lordship
Of Turnbal[47] so—which, with my Pickt-hatch grange,[48]
And Shoreditch farm, and other premises
Adjoining—very good, a pretty maintenance
To keep the justice of peace and coram too;
Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
With harriots of all such as die; *quatenus* whores
And ruin'd bawds, with all amercements due
To such as hunt in purley;[49] this is something,
With mine own game reserved.
Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worship's bailiff.
Parum. Will't please your worship, sir, to hear the catalogue
Of such offenders as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not please me, sir, to hear of any,
That do offend. I would the world were innocent,
Yet, to express my mercy, you may read them.
Parum. First, here is one accused for cutting a purse.
Nihil. Accused? is that enough? If it be guilt
To be accused, who shall be innocent?
Discharge him, Parum.
Parum. Here's another brought
For the same fact, taken in the very action.
Nihil. Alas, it was for need; bid him take warning,
And so discharge him too; 'tis the first time.
Nimis. Plus, say, what hopes of gain brings this day's sin?
Plus. Anaiskyntia, sir, was at the door,
Brought by the constable.
Nimis. Set the constable by the heels;
She's at certain with us.
Plus. Then there's Intemperance, the bawd.
Nimis. A tenant too.
Plus. With the young lady, madam Incontinence.

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[47] *Of Turnbal.*—*Turnbal*, or, as it would be more properly called, *Turnmill-street*, is between Clerkenwell Green and Cow Cross. It had its name, says Stow, from a river or brook formerly here, whereon stood several mills. This receptacle of thieves and harlots is frequently mentioned by writers of the times.—See Mr Steevens's note on *Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

[48] *Pickt-hatch grange.*—Pickt-hatch was in Turnbal Street. See notes, by Mr Steevens and Mr Warton, to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.

[49] *Purley*—or *purlieu*; which, says *Manwood's Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. 20, "is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meered and bounded with unmoveable markes, meeres, and aboundaries; which territorie of ground was also once forest, and afterwards disafforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old."

Nimis. Search o'er my dooms-day book. Is not she, Plus,
One of my last compounders?
Plus. I remember it.
Then there is jumping Jude, heroic Doll,
With bouncing Nan, and Cis, your worship's sinner.
Nihil. All subsidy-women: go free 'em all.
Parum. Sir, here's a known offender, one that has
Been stock'd and whipp'd innumerable times:
Has suffer'd Bridewell often: not a jail
But he's familiar with; burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder; both his ears cut off,
With his nose slit; what shall I do with him?
Nihil. So often punish'd? nay, if no correction
Will serve his turn, e'en let him run his course.
Plus. Here's mistress Frailty too, the waiting-woman.
Nimis. For what offence?
Plus. A sin of weakness too.
Nimis. Let her be strongly whipp'd.
Plus. An't please your worship,
She has a nobleman's letter.
Nimis. Tell her, Plus, she must
Have the king's picture too.
Plus. Besides,
She has promised me, I should examine her
Above i' the garret.
Nimis. What's all that to me?
Plus. And she entreats your worship to accept—
Nimis. Nay, if she can entreat in English, Plus,
Say she is injured.
Parum. Sir, here's Snip the tailor,
Charged with a riot.
Nihil. Parum, let him go,
He is our neighbour.
Parum. Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.
Nihil. A stranger! O 'tis pity
To hurt a stranger; we may be all strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy, Parum.
Plus. Sir, here's a gentlewoman of St Joans, is
Charged with dishonesty.
Nimis. With dishonesty?
Severity will amend her: and yet, Plus,
Ask her a question, if she will be honest?
Plus. And here's a cobler's wife brought for a scold.
Nimis. Tell her of cucking-stools; tell her there be
Oyster-queans, with orange-women,
Carts and coaches store, to make a noise;
Yet, if she can speak English,
We may suppose her silent.
Parum. Here's a bachelor,
And a citizen's wife, for flat adultery;
What will you do with them?
Nihil. A citizen's wife!
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?
Parum. Yet, I hope, you'll bind o'er the bachelor.
Nihil. No; enquire
First if he have no wife; for if the bachelor
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty,
And justice counts it venial.
Plus. Here's one Adicus,
And Sophron, that do mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony.
Nimis. Of the two, which is the richer?
Plus. Adicus is the richer.
Nimis. Then Sophron is the thief.
Plus. Here is withal,
Panourgus come, with one call'd Prodetes,
Lay treason, sir, to one another's charge;
Panourgus is the richer.
Nimis. He's the traitor then.
Plus. How sir, the richer?
Nimis. Thou art ignorant, Plus;
We must do some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.
Plus. Eutrapeles complains, sir,
Bomolochus has abused him.
Nimis. Send Eutrapeles to the jail.
Plus. It is Eutrapeles that complains, sir.
Nimis. Tell him, we're pleased to think 'twas he offended.
Will must be law. Were't not for *Summum Jus*,
How could the land subsist?
Colax. Ay, or the justices
Maintain themselves—go on—The land wants such
As dare with rigour execute her laws;
Her festered members must be lanced and tented.
He's a bad surgeon, that for pity spares
The part corrupted, till the gangrene spread,
And all the body perish. He, that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
The pillory must cure the year's diseases;
The stocks the foot's offences; let the back
Bear her own sin, and rank blood purge forth,
By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post:
And yet the secret and purse-punishment,
Is held the wiser course; because at once
It helps the virtuous, and corrects the vicious:
Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust
Within her velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharp with cutting; use must whet her;
Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,
Till, Hydra-like, she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sin, squeeze out the serpent's brains,
All you can find——for some have lurking-holes
Where they lie hid. But there's within a glass,
Will shew you every close offender's face.
Nimis. Come, Plus, let's go in to find out these concealments;
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus——
I mean to be a baron of *Summis Jus*.
[*Exit* NIMIS, PLUS.
Parum. You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge
None for offenders: here's one apprehended

For murder.
Nihil. How!
Parum. He killed a man last night.
Nihil. How came't to pass?
Parum. Upon a falling out.
Nihil. They shall be friends; I'll reconcile 'em, Parum.
Parum. One of them is dead.
Nihil. Is he not buried yet?
Parum. No, sir.
Nihil. Why then, I say, they shall shake hands.
Colax. As you have done
With clemency, most reverend justice Nihil.
A gentle mildness thrones itself within you;
Your worship would have justice use her balance
More than her sword; nor can you endure to dye
The robe she wears, deep scarlet, in the blood
Of poor offenders. How many men hath rigour,
By her too hasty and severe proceeding,
Prevented from amendment, that perchance,
Might have turned honest, and have proved good Christians?
Should Jove not spare his thunder, but as often
Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himself want arms,
And yet tire Vulcan, and Pyracmon too.
You imitate the gods; and he sins less,
Strikes not at all, than he strikes once amiss.
I would not have justice too falcon-eyed:
Sometimes a wilful blindness much becomes her;
As when upon the bench she sleeps, and winks
At the transgressions of mortality:
In which most merciful posture I have seen
Your pitiful worship snorting out pardons
To the despairing sinner. There's within
A mirror, sir, like you! Go see your face,
How like Astrea's 'tis in her own glass.
Parum. And I'll petition justice Nimis' clerk,
To admit me for his under-officer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

AGROICUS.

Ros. This is Agroicus, a rustic, clownish fellow, whose discourse is all country; an extreme of Urbanity: whereby you may observe there is a virtue in jesting.

Agroi. They talk of witty discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deal of prittle prattle, would make a cat piss to hear 'em. Cannot they be content with their grandam's English? They think they talk learnedly; when I had rather hear our brindled cur howl, or sow grunt. They must be breaking of jests, with a murrain; when I had as leave hear 'em break wind, sir-reverence.—My zon Dick is a pretty bookish scholar of his age, God bless him; he can write and read, and makes bonds and bills, and hobligations, God save all. But, by'r lady, if I wotted it would make him such a Jack-sauce, as to have more wit than his vore-fathers, he should have learned nothing for old Agroicus, but to keep a talley. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what: they call 'em—boets: a new name for beggars I think, since the statute against gypsies. I would not have my zon Dick one of these boets, for the best pig in my stye, by the mackins. Boets! Heaven shield him, and zend him to be a good varmer. If he can cry, Hy, Ho, Gee, Hut, Gee, Ho, it is better, I trow, than being a boet. Boets! I had rather zee him remitted to the jail, and have his twelve godvathers,[50] good men and true, contemn him to the gallows, and there see him fairly prosecuted. There is Bomolochus, one of the boets; now a bots[51] take all the rednose tribe of 'em for Agroicus! He does so abuse his betters! Well, 'twas a good world when I virst held the plow!

Colax. They cared not then so much for speaking well,
As to mean honest; and in you still lives
The good simplicity of the former times,
When to do well was rhetoric, not to talk.
The tongue-disease of court spreads her infections
Through the whole kingdom. Flattery, that was wont
To be confined within the verge, is now
Grown epidemical; for all our thoughts
Are born between our lips: the heart is made

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[50] *Twelve godvathers.*—The same vein of humour is found in the *Merchant of Venice*, edit. 1778, vol. 3. p. 228.

"In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font." S.

[51] *A bots.*—*The bots* is a disease incident to horses. In *The Great Duke of Florence*, by *Massinger*, A. 4. S. 1. Calandrino says,

"*The bots* on these jolting jades, I am bruis'd to jelly."

Again, *Wily beguiled*, Will Cricket exclaims,

"*A bots* on you!"

It appears to be always the imprecation of a rustic.

A stranger to the tongue, as if it used
A language that she never understood.
What is it to be witty in these days,
But to be bawdy, or prophane? at least
Abusive? wit is grown a petulant wasp,
And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why;
Spews vinegar and gall on all she meets,
Without distinction: buys laughter with the loss
Of reputation, father, kinsman, friend;
Hunts ordinaries only to deliver
The idle timpanies of a windy brain,
That beats and throbs above the pain of childbed,
Till every care she meets be made a midwife
To her light bastard issue: how many times
Bomolochus' sides, and shoulders ache, and groan!
He's so witty—here he comes—away—
Agroi. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not stay. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

BOMOLOCHUS.

Ros. This is the other extreme of Urbanity; Bomolochus, a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dregs of scandal, and a lump of most vile and loathsome scurrility.

Bird. Ay, this is he we looked for all the while!
Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne,
Here lies her heathenish dominion,
In this most impious cell of corruption;
For 'tis a purgatory, a mere lymbo,
Where the black devil and his dam Scurrility
Do rule the roast, foul princes of the air!
Scurrility! That is he that throweth scandals;
Soweth, and throweth scandals, as 'twere dirt,
Even in the face of holiness, and devotion.
His presence is contagious; like a dragon
He belches poison forth, poison of the pit,
Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poison.
I will not stay, but fly as far as zeal
Can hurry me—the roof will fall and brain me,
If I endure to hear his blasphemies,
His graceless blasphemies.

Ros. He shall vent none here;
But stay, and see how justly we have used him.

Mrs Flower. Stay, brother, I do find the spirit grow strong.

Colax. Hail sacred wit!—Earth breeds not bays enough
To crown thy spacious merit.

Bomol Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,
Or whatsoever other wit did give
Old comedies the reins, and let her loose
To stigmatize what brow she pleased with slander
Of people, prince, nobility—all must yield
To this triumphant brain.

Bomol. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. They say you'll lose a friend before a jest;
'Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you,
That is the true Minerva of this brain,
But is of greater value than a world
Of friends, were every pair of men we meet
A Pylades and Orestes.

Bomol. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. Some say you will abuse your father too,
Rather than lose the opinion of your wit;
Who would not, that has such a wit as yours?
'Twere better twenty parents were exposed
To scorn and laughter, than the simplest thought,
Or least conceit of yours, should die abortive,
Or perish a brain-embryo.

Bomol. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. How's this? that tongue grown silent, that Syrens
Stood still to admire?

Bomol. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. 'Twere better that the spheres should lose their harmony,
And all the choristers of the wood grow hoarse:
What wolf hath spied you first?

Bomol. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. Sure Hermes, envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more than his, has struck you dumb!
Malicious deity!

Bomol. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. Go in, sir, there's a glass that will restore
That tongue, whose sweetness angels might adore.

Bomol. Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh— [*Exit.*

Ros. Thus, sir, you see how we have put a gag
In the licentious mouth of base Scurrility;
He shall not, Ibis like, purge upward here, [52]
T' infect the place with pestilential breath;
We'll keep him tongue-tied: you, and all, I promise
By Phœbus and his daughters, whose chaste zones
Were never yet by impure hands untied,
Our language shall flow chaste; nothing sounds here
That can give just offence to a strict ear.

Bird. This gag hath wrought my good opinion of you.

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[52] *He shall not, Ibis like, purge upward here.*—This bird is said to give himself a clyster with his beak, to live on serpents, and to void himself in the manner here alluded to. See Pliny's Natural History, B. 8. C. 27. S.

Mrs Flower. I begin to think 'em lawful recreations.
Colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practise,
I'll flatter my dear self---O that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
Kiss it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
Were I divided, I would hate all beauties,
And grow enamoured with my other half!
Self-love, Narcissus, had not been a fault,
Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine: I can gild vice,
And praise it into alchymy, till it go
For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone;
I can persuade a toad into an ox,
'Till, swelled too big with my hyperboles,
She burst asunder; and 'tis virtue's name
Lends me a mask to scandalize herself.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do:
That art is great makes virtue guilty too.
I have such strange varieties of colours,
Such shifts of shapes, blue Proteus sure begot me
On a cameleon; and I change so quick,
That I suspect my mother did conceive me,
As they say mares do,[53] on some wind or other.
I'll peep to see how many fools I made,
With a report of a miraculous glass.
---Heaven bless me, I'm ruined! O my brain
Witty to my undoing! I have jested
Myself to an eternal misery.
I see lean Hunger with her meagre face
Ride post to overtake me: I do prophesy
A Lent immortal; Phœbus, I could curse
Thee and thy brittle gifts; Pandora's box,
Compared with this, might be esteemed a blessing.
The glass, which I conceived a fabulous humour,
Is, to the height of wonder, proved a truth!
The two extremes of every virtue there,
Beholding how they either did exceed
Or want of just proportion, joined together,
And are reduced into a perfect mean:
As when the skilful and deep-learned physician
Does take different poisons, one that's cold,
The other in the same degree of heat,
And blends them both to make an antidote;
Or as the lutanist takes flats and sharps,
And out of those so dissonant notes does strike
A ravishing harmony. Now there is no vice.
'Tis a hard world for Colax: what shift now?
Dyscolus doth expect me---since this age
Is grown too wise to entertain a parasite,
I'll to the glass, and there turn virtuous too,
Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.
Bird. There is good use, indeed-la, to be made
From their conversion.
Mrs Flower. Very good, in sooth-la,
And edifying.
Ros. Give your eyes some respite.
You know already what your vices be,
In the next act you shall our virtues see.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, *Mrs* FLOWERDEW, BIRD.

Mrs Flower. Now verily, I find the devout bee
May suck the honey of good doctrine thence,
And bear it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious spider
Gathers her impious venom. I have picked
Out of the garden of this play, a good
And wholesome sallad of instruction,
What do you next present?
Ros. The several virtues.
Bird. I hope there be no cardinal-virtues there?
Ros. There be not:
Bird. Then I'll stay. I hate a virtue
That will be made a cardinal: cardinal-virtues,
Next to pope-virtues, are most impious.
Bishop-virtues are unwarrantable.
I hate a virtue in a morrice-dance.
I will allow of none but deacon-virtues,
Or elder-virtues.
Ros. These are moral-virtues.
Bird. Are they lay-virtues?

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[53] *As they say mares do*—

"Ore omnes versæ in Zephyros stant rupibus altis
Exceptantque leves auras; et sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles
Diffugiunt; non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus,
In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster
Nascitur, et pluvio contristat frigore cœlum."
Virgil's Georgicks.

Ros. Yes.
Bird. Then they are lawful;
Virtues in orders are unsanctified.
Ros. We do present them royal, as they are
In all their state, in a full dance.
Bird. What dance?
No wanton jig, I hope: no dance is lawful
But Prinkum-Prankum!
Mrs Flower. Will virtues dance?
O vile, absurd, maypole---maid-marian virtue!
Ros. Dancing is lawful, &c. [*Flourish.*

Enter MEDIOCRITY.

Mrs Flower. Who's this?
Ros. It is the mother of virtues.
Mrs Flower. Mother-of-pearl I think, she is so gaudy.
Ros. It is the golden Mediocrity.
Mrs Flower. She looketh like the idol of Cheapside.[54]
Med. I am that even course that must be kept
To shun two dangerous gulfs; the middle tract
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; the small isthmus
That suffers not the Ægean tide to meet
The violent rage of the Ionian wave.
I am a bridge o'er an impetuous sea;
Free and safe passage to the wary step:
But he whose wantonness or folly dares
Decline to either side, falls desperate
Into a certain ruin.—Dwell with me,
Whose mansion is not placed so near the sun,
As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
With his directer beams: nor so remote
From his bright rays as to be situate
Under the icy pole of the cold Bear;
But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am she,
I am the golden Mediocrity:
The labour of whose womb are all the virtues,
And every passion too, commendable.
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
All but one birth; no difference to distinguish them
But a respect they bear to several objects:
Else had their names been one as are their features.
So when eleven fair virgins of a blood,
All sisters, and alike grown ripe of years,
Match into several houses, from each family,
Each makes a name distinct, and all are different;
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,
As if both roses were confounded there.
Their stature neither dwarf nor giantish,
But in a comely well-disposed proportion;
And all so like their mother, that indeed,
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midst of dangers I stand up,
A wary confidence betwixt fear and daring,
Not so ungodly bold, as not to be
Fearful of heaven's just anger, when she speaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my religion, shake to see my country
Threat'ned with fire and sword, be a stark coward
To any thing may blast my reputation;
But I can scorn the worst of poverty,
Sickness, captivity, banishment, grim death,
If she dare meet me in the bed of honour;
Where, with my country's cause upon my sword,
Not edged with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civil blood, or customary danger,
Nor the fool's whetstone, inexperience;
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,
And then I am the Amazon Fortitude.
Give me the moderate cup of lawful pleasures,
And I am Temperance. Make me wealth's just steward,
And call me Liberality; with one hand
I'll gather riches home, and with the other,
Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe
The persons, quantity, quality, time, and place;
And if in great expences I be set
Chief arbitress, I can in glorious works,
As raising temples, statues, altars, shrines,
Vestures, and ornaments to religion, be
Neither too thrifty, nor too prodigal.
And to my country, the like mean observe,
In building ships, and bulwarks, castles, walls,
Conduits, theatres, and what else may serve her
For use or ornament; and at home be royal
In buildings, gardens, costly furniture,
In entertainments free and hospitable,
With a respect to my estate and means,
And then I may be named Magnificence;
As Magnanimity, when I wisely aim
At greatest honours, if I may deserve 'em,
Not for ambition, but for my country's good;
And in that virtue all the rest do dwell.
In lesser dignities I want a name;
And when I am not over-patient,
To put up such gross wrongs as call me coward,

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[54] *She looketh like the idol of Cheapside.*—This was the cross which stood there. It was erected by Edward the First, at one of the places where the body of his deceased Queen rested in its progress from Herdeby, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. This cross was afterwards frequently repaired, and was ornamented with a statue of the Virgin Mary; which being held in great reverence by the Papists, consequently very highly offended the Puritans of the times. When these last obtained the ascendency in the state, it cannot be wondered at, that what displeased them should be removed. One of their first acts of power was an order for destroying the several crosses, which was executed on the 2d of May, 1643, on that which is the subject of this note.

But can be angry, yet in that observe
What cause hath moved my anger, and with whom;
Look that it be not sudden, nor too thirsty
Of a revenge, nor violent nor greater
Than the offence; know my time, when, where
I must be angry, and how long remain so;
Then, then you may sirname me Mansuetude.
When in my carriage and discourse I keep
The mean that neither flatters nor offends;
I am that virtue the well nurtured court
Gives name, and should do, being—Courtesy.
'Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance,
I am the virtue Time calls daughter, Truth.
Give me my sword and balance rightly swayed,
And Justice is the title I deserve.
When on this stage I come with innocent wit,
And jests that have more of the salt than gall;
That move the laughter and delight of all,
Without the grief of one; free, chaste conceits,
Not scurril, base, obscene, illiberal,
Or contumelious slanders, I am then
The virtue they have termed Urbanity:
To whom, if your least countenance may appear,
She vows to make her constant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come.——

THE SONG.

SCENE II.

The Mask, wherein all the Virtues dance together.

Med. You have seen all my daughters, gentlemen.
Chuse your wives hence: you that are bachelors
Can find no better; and the married too
May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
Two may have the same wife, and the same man
May wed two virtues, yet no bigamy:
He that weds most is chastest. These are all
The daughters of my womb; I have five more,
The happy issue of my intellect,
And thence sirnamed the Intellectual Virtues:
They now attend not on their mother's train,
We hope they act in each spectator's brain.
I have a niece besides, a beauteous one,
My daughter's dear companion——lovely Friendship,
A royal nymph; her we present not too;
It is a virtue we expect from you.
[*Exit cum Choro cantantium.*

SCENE III.

Bird. O sister, what a glorious train they be!
Mrs Flower. They seem to me the family of Love;
But is there such a glass, good Roscius?
Ros. There is; sent hither by the great Apollo,
Who in the world's bright eye and every day
Set in this car of light, surveys the earth
From east to west; who finding every place
Fruitful in nothing but fantastic follies
And most ridiculous humours, as he is
The god of physic, thought it appertained
To him to find a cure to purge the earth
Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,
And now grown epidemical; many receipts
He thought upon, as to have planted hellebore
In every garden—but none pleased like this.
He takes out water from the muse's spring,
And sends it to the north, there to be freezed
Into a crystal——that being done, he makes
A mirror with it; and instils this virtue,
That it should by reflection shew each man
All his deformities, both of soul and body,
And cure 'em both——
Mrs Flower. Good brother, let's go see it!
Saints may want something of perfection.
Ros. The glass is but of one day's continuance;
For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,
His kingdom would grow empty (for 'tis sin
That peoples hell) went to the Fates, and bid 'em
Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing,
As well as man, is measured by their spindle.)
They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
No longer than the beasts of Hyppanis,
That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.
But Phœbus, to requite the black god's envy,
Will, when the glass is broke, transfuse her virtue
To live in comedy—if you mean to see it,
Make haste——
Mrs Flower. We will go post to reformation.
[*Exeunt.*
Ros. Nor is the glass of so short life, I fear,
As this poor labour—our distrustful author
Thinks the same sun that rose upon her cradle
Will hardly set before her funeral.
Your gracious and kind acceptance may
Keep her alive from death, or, when she's dead,
Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mrs FLOWERDEW *and* BIRD.

Mrs Flower. This ignorance even makes religion sin;
Sets zeal upon the rack, and stretches her
Beyond her length——most blessed looking-glass,
That didst instruct my blinded eyes to-day;
I might have gone to hell the narrow way!
Bird. Hereafter I will visit comedies,
And see them oft; they are good exercises!
I'll teach devotion now a milder temper;
Not that it shall lose any of her heat
Or purity, but henceforth shall be such
As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

ROSCIUS, *solus.*

You've seen The Muse's Looking-Glass, ladies fair,
And gentle youths; and others too, whoe'er
Have filled this orb: it is the end we meant
Yourselves unto yourselves still to present.
A soldier shall himself in Hector see;
Grave counsellors, Nestor, view themselves in thee.
When Lucreece' part shall on our stage appear,
Every chaste lady sees her shadow there.
Nay, come who will, for our indifferent glasses
Will shew both fools and knaves, and all their faces,
To vex and cure them: but we need not fear,
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a fair soul, and a beauteous face,
Will visit oft The Muse's Looking-Glass.

EDITION.

The Muses Looking-Glasse. By T. R. Oxford: printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis Bowman; 1638, 4to. Printed in a Quarto Volume, entitled, "Poems; with the Muses Looking Glasse, and Amyntas. By Thomas Randolph, Master of Arts, and late Fellow of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge. Oxford: printed by Leonard Lichfield, printer to the University, for Francis Bowman, 1638."

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

THOMAS HEYWOOD, *an author, who, from the number of his performances, must have contributed greatly to the support of the stage during his life-time, was, as Cartwright says,* [1] *Fellow of Peter House, in Cambridge. He afterwards became a player, and, besides a number of other works, wrote, either in part or the whole,* [2] *no less than two hundred and twenty dramatic pieces, of which only twenty-six* [3] *appear to have been published. The times of his birth and death are both unknown. A testimony of his industry is given by Kirkman, which may serve to confirm our author's own assertion of the number of his works: that writer says* [4]*, he had been informed, that "he (Heywood) was very laborious: for he not only acted almost every day, but also obliged himself to write a sheet every day for several years together; but many of his playes being composed loosely in taverns, occasions them to be so mean, that, except his Love's Mistress, and, next to that, his Ages, I have but small esteem for any others. I could say somewhat more of him, and of all the old poets having taken pleasure to converse with those that were acquainted with them." Mr Kirkman has not shewn much judgment in selecting his favourite pieces; but it is much to be lamented, that he did not communicate to the world that information which he boasts of being able to give concerning the old poets, whose memory, for want of such intelligence, is now almost wholly lost to the world.*

Thomas Heywood was the author of the following dramatic pieces:

1 *and* 2. "*The death of Robert Earle of Huntington, otherwise called Robin Hood, of Merrie Sherwodde: with the lamentable tragedie of chaste Matilda, his faire maid Marian, poysoned at Dunmowe, by King John. Acted by the Earl of Nottingham's servants. Two Parts.*" *B. L. 4to,* 1601.

3. *and* 4. "*The first and second Parts of King Edward the Fourth. Containing his merry pastime with the tanner of Tamworth; as also his love to fair Mistress Shore, her great promotion, fall, and misery; and lastly the lamentable death both of her and her husband. Likewise the besieging of London, by the bastard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of the same by the Lord Mayor and the citizens.*" *4to. B. L. N. D. 4to.* 1626. *4th impression.*

5. "*If you know not me you know nobody, or The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth.*" *4to,* 1606, *4to* 1608. *4to,* 1613. *4to,* 1632.

6. "*If you know not me you know nobody. The second Part, with the building of the Royall Exchange, and the famous victory of Queen Elizabeth, anno* 1588." *4to,* 1606. *4to,* 1623. *4to,* 1638. *The last editions of both these pieces are considerably enlarged.*

7. "*The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, with the Humours of the Cripple of Fanchurch; very delectable and full of mirth.*" *4to,* 1607. *4to,* 1635. *4to,* 1637.

8. "*The Golden Age, or The Lives of Jupiter and Saturne, with the defining of the Heathen Gods. Acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's servants.*" *4to.* 1611.

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[1] Dedication of The Actors Vindication, 4to. N. D. republished by W. C. *i. e.* William Cartwright, who was both a bookseller and actor, according to Oldys. He gave to Dulwich College a fine collection of old plays, none of which now remain there.

[2] Address to the reader, prefixed to The English Traveller.

[3] To account for this small number only being printed, he assigns these reasons: "That many of them, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it never was any great ambition in me, to bee, in this kind, voluminously read." And in the preface to The Rape of Lucrece, he gives another reason, which is, that he used to sell his copies to the players, and therefore supposed he had no right to print them without their consent.

[4] Advertisement to the reader, at the end of the 2d edition of his catalogue of plays.

9. "*The Silver Age: Including the Love of Jupiter to Alcmena; the Birth of Hercules; and the Rape of Proserpine: concluding with the Arraignment of the Moon.*" 4to, 1613.

10. "*The Brazen Age. The first act containing, The Death of the Centaur Nessus. The second, the Tragedy of Meleager. The third, The Tragedy of Jason and Medea. The fourth, Vulcan's Net. The fifth, The Labours and Death of Hercules.*" 4to. 1613.

11. "*The Four Prentises of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem: as it was acted at the Red Bull.*" 4to, 1615. 4to, 1632.

12. "*A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse: acted by the Queen's servants. 3d Edition.*" 4to, 1617. *This had been acted before the year* 1604, *being mentioned in The Black Book, printed in that year.*

13. "*The Rape of Lucrece: a true Roman Tragedy; with the several songs in their apt places, by Valerius the merry lord amongst the Roman peers. Acted by her Majesties servants, at the Red Bull. 4th impression.* 4to, 1630. 4to, 1638.

14. "*The Life of the Dutches of Suffolke, as it hath beene divers and sundry times acted with good applause.* 4to, 1631.

15. "*The Fair Maid of the West*[5], *or A Girl worth Gold. The first part. Acted before the King and Queen, by the Queen's comedians.* 4to. 1631.

16. "*The Fair Maid of the West, or a Girl worth Gold. The second part. Acted before the King and Queen, by the Queen's comedians.*" 4to, 1631.

17. "*The Iron Age: contayning the Rape of Hellen: The Siege of Troy: the Combate betwixt Hector and Ajax: Hector and Troilus slayne by Achilles: Achilles slaine by Paris: Ajax and Ulisses contend for the Armour of Achilles: The Death of Ajax,* &c." 4to, 1632.

18. "*The second Part of the Iron Age: which contayneth the death of Penthisilea, Paris, Priam, and Hecuba: The burning of Troy: The deaths of Agamemnon, Menelaus, Clitemnestra, Hellena, Orestes, Egistus, Pilludes, King Diomed, Pyrhus, Cethus, Synon, Thersites,* &c." 4to. 1632.

19. "*The English Traveller, as it hath been publickly acted at the Cock-pit, Drury Lane.*" 4to, 1633.

20. "*A pleasant comedy, called A Mayden-head well lost: acted at the Cock-pit, Drury-Lane, by her Majesties servants.*" 4to, 1634.

21. "*The late Lancashire Witches, a well received comedy: acted at the Globe, on the Bankside, by the King's servants.*" 4to, 1634. *Richard Broome joined in this play.*

22. *Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Masque; as it was three times presented before their Majesties, within the space of eight days, in the presence of sundry foreign ambassadors, by the Queen's comedians, at the Phœnix, Drury Lane.*" 4to, 1636. 4to, 1640.

23. "*A Challenge for Beauty: acted at Black Fryers, and at the Globe, on the Bankside.*" 4to. 1636.

24. *The Royall King, and the Loyall Subject: acted by the Queen's servants.*" 4to, 1637.

25. *The wise woman of Hogsdon, C.: acted with applause.*" 4to, 1638.

26. "*Fortune by Land and Sea. T. C.: acted by the Queen's servants.*" 4to, 1655. *William Rowley joined in this play.*

He also published "*Pleasant Dialogues and Dramma's selected out of Lucian, Erasmus, Textor, Ovid,* &c." 12mo, 1637.

He was also the author or translator of many other works, and amongst the rest the following:

"*The Pageants on the Elections of Lord Mayors, in the year* 1632, 1633, 1637, 1638, *and* 1639."

"*A Translation of Salust.*" *Folio,* 1608.

"*Great Britain's Troy, a Poem.*" *Folio,* 1609.

"*An Apology for Actors: containing three briefe Treatises.* 1. *Their Antiquity.* 2. *Their ancient Dignity.* 3. *The true use of their quality.*" 4to, 1612.

"*A Funerall Elegie, upon the Death of the late most hopefull and illustrious Prince Henry, Prince of Wales.*" 4to. 1613.

"*England's Elizabeth.*" 8vo, 1631.

"*Eromena, or Love and Revenge.*" *Folio.* 1632.

"*The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, with Notes.*" *Folio,* 1635.

"*A true Description of his Majesty's Royal Ship, built this Year,* 1637, *at Woolwich in Kent, to the great Glory of the English Nation, and not parellelled in the whole Christian world. Published by authority.*" 4to, 1637. *See Gough's Anecdotes of British Topography, vol.* 1. *p.* 471.

"*The Exemplary Lives and Acts of Nine Women Worthies; three Jews, three Gentles, and three Christians.*" 4to, 1640.

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[5] Her name Bess Bridges; she lived at an inn in Plymouth, when the Earl of Essex went the island voyage in 1597. Oldys's MSS.

"*The Life of Merlin.*" 4to. 1641.

"*The General History of Women; of the most Holy and Profane, the most Famous and Infamous, in all Ages.*" 8vo. 1657.

In the address to the reader, prefixed to The Brazen Age, he says: "What imperfection soever it have, having a brazen face, it cannot blush; much like a pedant about this towne, who, when all trades fail'd, turn'd pedagogue, and once insinuating with me, borrowed from me certain Translations of Ovid, as his three books De Arte Amandi, *and two* De Remedio Amoris, *which since, his most brazen face hath most impudently challenged as his own; wherefore, I must needs proclaim it as far as Ham, where he now keeps school,* Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores; *they were things, which, out of my juniority and want of judgment, I committed to the view of some private friends, but with no purpose of publishing or further communicating them. Therefore I would entreate that Austin, for so his name is, to acknowledge his wrong to me, in shewing them, and his owne impudence and ignorance in challenging them.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR FRANCIS ACTON.
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD.
Mr FRANKFORD.
Mr MALBY.
Mr WENDOLL.
Mr CRANWELL.
ROGER BRICKBAT.
JACK SLIME.
NICHOLAS.
JENKIN.
Sheriff, with Officers.
A Butler.
ROGER.

TYDY.
SANDY.
RODER.
Old MOUNTFORD.
SHAFTON.
SPIGOT, *Musicians, Falconer, Huntsman, Serjeant, Keeper, Coachman, Carters, Servants,* &c.

Mrs ANNE.
SUSAN.
SISLY.

THE PROLOGUE.

I come but as a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean:
Look for no glorious state; our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water wine;
Our brook, a sea; our batts eyes, eagles sight;
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crows black feathers, white:
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

A

WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS.*

Enter Mr JOHN FRANKFORD, *Mistress* ANNE, *Sir* FRANCIS ACTON, *Sir* CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *Master* MALBY, *Master* WENDOLL, *and Mr* CRANWELL.

Sir Fran. Some music there: none lead the bride a dance?
Sir Cha. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets:[1]
But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.
Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance,
According to the ballad.
Sir Fran. Music, ho!
By your leave, sister; by your husband's leave,
I should have said: the hand that but this day
Was given you in the church, I'll borrow: sound!
This marriage-music hoists me from the ground.
Frank. Aye, you may caper, you are light and free:
Marriage hath yoked my heels, pray pardon me.
Sir Fran. I'll have you dance too, brother.
Sir Cha. Master Frankford,
You are a happy man, sir; and much joy
Succeed your marriage-mirth; you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince:
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
From the shrillest treble to the hoarsest bass.
To end her many praises in one word,
She's beauty and perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by your's, though many a heart hath sought her.
Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste thoughts,
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.
Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.
Malby. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.
Mrs Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauties to speak on:
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married:
His sweet content is like a flatt'ring glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye;
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.
Sir Fran. A perfect wife already, meek and patient:
How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours since! Sister, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus, must needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.—
Gramercies, brother, wrought her to't already:
Sweet husband, and a curt'sy, the first day!—
Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,
And never took the grace of honest man;
Mark this, against you marry, this one phrase;

* Of this play no earlier edition is extant than that of 1617, although it certainly appeared before the year 1604, being mentioned in *The Black Book*. Soon after the republication of it, in the first edition of Dodsley's collection, Mr Victor being, as he says, struck with the beauties of it, made it the subject of a play called *The Fatal Error*, which was published in the second volume of his *Miscellanies*, printed in 8vo, 1776.

[1] *The shaking of the sheets.*—This was the name of a dance, frequently mentioned in ancient plays, and generally, as here, with a *double entendre*.

In a good time[2] that man both wins and wooes,
That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.
Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir Francis;
All his wild blood your father spent on you:
He got her in his age, when he grew civil;
All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,
And you are heir to all: your sister, she
Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.
Sir Cha. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you!
This morning, which (to many) seems a burden, too
Heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
This lady is no clog, as many are;
She doth become you like a well-made suit,
In which the tailor hath used all his art;
Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frize,
Forced on your back in summer. She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands,
Methinks, are matches; there's equality
In this fair combination: you are both
Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.
There's music in this sympathy; it carries
Consort, and expectation of much joy,
Which God bestow on you, from this first day
Until your dissolution; that's for aye.
Sir Fran. We keep you here too long, good brother Frankford.
Into the hall; away! go, cheer your guests.
What, bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?
If you be miss'd, the guests will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with unkindness.
Frank. To prevent it,
I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.
Mrs Anne. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*
Sir Fran. To part you, it were sin.—
Now, gallants, while the town-musicians
Finger their frets within; and the mad lads
And country lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bridelaces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark, they're all on the hoigh!
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,
Marry, not on the toe. Aye, and they caper,
But not without cutting; you shall see, to-morrow,
The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,
Made with their high shoes: though their skill be small,
Yet they tread heavy, where their hob-nails fall.
Sir Cha. Well, leave them to their sports; Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you; meet to-morrow,
At Chevy-chase, I'll fly my hawk with yours.
Sir Fran. For what? for what?
Sir Cha. Why, for a hundred pound.
Sir Fran. Pawn me some gold of that.
Sir Cha. Here are ten angels;
I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.
Sir Fran. 'Tis a match, 'tis done;
Another hundred pound upon your dogs;
Dare ye, Sir Charles?
Sir Cha. I dare: were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that: here's my hand,
The first course, for a hundred pound.
Sir Fran. A match.
Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs.
Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford: I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What, clap ye hands?
Or is't no bargain?
Wen. Yes, and stake them down:
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.
Sir Fran. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow;
I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.
Sir Cha. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman: I'll *hold my day.*
Sir Fran. It holds on all sides; come, to-night let's dance;
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride;
We had need be three hours up before the bride.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN, JACK SLIME, ROGER BRICKBAT, *with Country Wenches, and two or three Musicians.*

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver to trace withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with Sisly Milk-pail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley; and now that they are busy in the parlour, come, strike up; we'll have a crash here in the yard.[3]

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[2] *In a good time*, &c.—This is still a proverb in common use.

[3] *We'll have a* crash *here in the yard.*—Sir Thomas Hanmer says, that *a crash*, in some counties, is used for a merry bout. So in *Erasmus's Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. N. 2. speaking of Fryers, he says, "Thei are maisters of mens secrettes, by vèrtue of that thei call confession; whiche secrets thei compt it great sinne to discover, unlesse at some tymes, having tasted a little of the ale, thei *thinke* good to recreate theimselves with sportyng tales *a crashe* onely by conjectures and lykelihoods, to pincte you to the thyng, suppressing yet mens names *of their* modeste."

Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599:

"These rubs removed, on with our game as fast as we may, and, to the gain of the Red Herring again, another *crash*."

Nich. My humour is not compendious; dancing I profess not, though I can foot it; yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Sisly Milk-pail, I consent.

Jack Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures, aye, and God's creatures too; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like; and though we be but country fellows, it may be, in the way of dancing, we can do the horse-trick as well as the serving-men.

R. Brick. Aye, and the cross-point too.

Jen. O Slime, O Brickbat, do not you know that comparisons are odious? now we are odious ourselves too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

Nich. I am sudden, and not superfluous;
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

Jack Slime. Foot it quickly; if the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if they do not suddenly strike up, I shall presently strike them down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake: truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

Jack Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel; come, what shall it be? Rogero?[4]

Jen. Rogero! no; we will dance "The Beginning of the World."

Sisly. I love no dance so well, as "John, come kiss me now."

Nich. I have ere now deserved a cushion; call for the Cushion-dance.

R. Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as "Tom Tyler."

Jen. No; we'll have "The hunting of the Fox."

Jack Slime. "The Hay! the Hay!" there's nothing like "The Hay."

Nich. I have said, do say, and will say again.

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says.

All. Content.

Nich. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be.

Sisly. What? Mr Nicholas? What?

Nich. "Put on your smock a Monday."

Jen. So, the dance will come cleanly off: come, for God's sake, agree of something; if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have "Sellenger's Round."[5]

All. That, that, that!

Nich. No, I am resolved, thus it shall be.
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would you have us run away?

Nich. No; but I would have you shake your heels.

Music, strike up.

They dance. NICK *dancing, speaks stately and scurvily; the rest after the country fashion.*

Jen. Hey; lively, my lasses; here's a turn for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *Sir* FRANCIS ACTON, MALBY, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, *Falconer, and Huntsmen.*

Sir Cha. So; well cast off: aloft, aloft; well flown.
O, now she takes her at the sowse,[6] and strikes her down
To th'earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

Sir Fran. A hundred pound from me.

Sir Cha. What, falc'ner?

Falc. At hand, sir.

Sir Cha. Now she hath seized the fowl, and 'gins to plume her,
Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.
So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells;
Away.

Sir Fran. My hawk kill'd too!

Sir Cha. Aye, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Sir Fran. Judgment, my masters.

Cran. Your's miss'd her at the ferre.

Wen. Aye, but our Merlin first had plumed the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too;
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other:
Methinks these Milain bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

Sir Cha. 'Tis lost!

Sir Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewise seized a fowl
Within her talons; and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles,
And her long singles griped her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood;
Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit
Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
Come, come, your hawk is but a rifler.

Sir Cha. How!

Sir Fran. Aye, and your dogs are trindle-tails and curs.

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[4] *Rogero?*—Nash mentions this among several other ballads. See note on *Twelfth Night*, vol. 4. p. 195. edition 1778. S.

[5] *Sellenger's round.*—See note 66 *to Lingua, Vol. 1. p. 219.*

[6] *O, now she takes her at the sowse.*—The phrases here, and in the following part of this scene, are wholly taken from falconry.

Sir Cha. You stir my blood:
You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.
Sir Fran. How! knight?
Sir Cha. So, knight; you will not swagger, sir.
Sir Fran. Why, say I did?
Sir Cha. Why, sir,
I say you would gain as much by swagg'ring
As you have got by wagers on your dogs;
You will come short in all things.
Sir Fran. Not in this; now I'll strike home.
Sir Cha. Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.
Sir Fran. All they that love Sir Francis, follow me.
Sir Cha. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my part.
Cran. On this side heaves my hand.
Wen. Here goes my heart.
[*They divide themselves.*

Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, FALCONER, *and Huntsman, fight against Sir* FRANCIS ACTON, WENDOLL, *his Falconer, and Huntsman; and Sir* CHARLES *hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of Sir* FRANCIS's *men.*

Sir Cha. My God! what have I done? what have I done?
My rage hath plunged into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!
Forgive, me, God! 'twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite removes me from myself:
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer for it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field;
With him, all those that did partake his quarrel,
And I am left alone, with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Oh God! my brother wounded 'mong the dead!
Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends:
The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.
Sir Cha. Oh! sister, sister, wounded at the heart!
Susan. My God forbid!
Sir Cha. In doing that thing which he forbade,
I am wounded, sister.
Susan. I hope not at the heart.
Sir Cha. Yes, at the heart.
Susan. O God! a surgeon there!
Sir Cha. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul;
The sin of murder it hath pierced my heart,
And made a wide wound there: but for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.
Susan. Charles, what have you done?
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Unto the utmost danger of the law.
Sir Cha. My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.
Susan. O fly, sweet brother!
Sir Cha. Shall I fly from thee?
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
Susan. Fly from your foe.
Sir Cha. You, sister, are my friend,
And, flying you, I shall pursue my end.
Susan. Your company is as my eye-ball dear;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near;
Yet fly to save your life: what would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? and yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through either cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,
Till they would set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.
Sir Cha. Thou shalt not weep so much, for I will stay
In spite of danger's teeth: I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with Officers.

Sheriff. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument
Of your attach and apprehension:
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted.[7] It was told me,
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore came thus arm'd.
Sir Cha. O, Master Sheriff,
I came into the field with many friends,
But see, they all have left me; only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman,
I yield my weapons, and submit to you;
Convey me where you please.
Sheriff. To prison then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.
Susan. Oh God! Oh God!
Sir Cha. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief abounds, and hits against my breast.
Sheriff. Sir, will you go?
Sir Cha. Even where it likes you best. [*Exeunt.*

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[7] *Exacted.*—The quarto reads *enacted.*

Enter Mr FRANKFORD *in a study.*

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content!
I am a gentleman, and by my birth,
Companion with a king; a king's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient: but the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament;
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possest, sure I am he!

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without
To speak with you.
Frank. On horse-back?
Nich. Yes, on horse-back.
Frank. Intreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.
Know'st thou him, Nick?
Nich. Know him! yes, his name's Wendoll:
It seems he comes in haste; his horse is booted
Up to the flank in mire; himself all spotted
And stain'd with plashing: sure he rid in fear,
Or for a wager; horse and man both sweat,
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.
Frank. Entreat him in; about it instantly!
[*Exit* NICHOLAS.
This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleased me much; by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him;
He's affable, and seen in many things,[8]
Discourses well, a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman
Of a good house, somewhat press'd by want:
I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion, and my best regard.

Enter WENDOLL, *Mrs* FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Mrs Anne. O, Mr Frankford, Mr Wendoll here
Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard!
Frank. What news, sweet wife? What news, good Mr Wendoll?
Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford.
Frank. True; with their hounds and hawks.
Wen. The matches were both play'd.
Frank. Ha! and who won?
Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,
And lost the wager.
Frank. Why, the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.
Mrs Anne. Oh, but you hear not all!
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield:
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
Where valorous Sir Charles slew in his spleen
Two of your brother's men; his falc'ner,
And his good huntsman, whom he loved so well:
More men were wounded; no more slain outright.
Frank. Now trust me, I am sorry for the knight;
But is my brother safe?
Wen. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound:
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.
Frank. I thank your pains, sir; had the news been better,
Your will was to have brought it, Mr Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends: his case is heinous,
And will be most severely censured on;[9]
I'm sorry for him! Sir, a word with you:
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility but mean:
Please you to use my table, and my purse,
They are yours.
Wen. O lord, sir, I shall never deserve it.
Frank. O, sir, disparage not your worth too much;
You are full of quality and fair desert:
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is your's. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table,
All at my own charge: be my companion.
Wen. Mr Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favours; this exceeds them all,
That I shall never merit your least favour.
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt.

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[8] *Seen in many things.*—*i. e.* instructed. In ancient language, to be *well seen* in any thing, is to understand it perfectly.

[9] *Censured on.*—*To censure,* in ancient language, signifies to pass a legal sentence. So in Othello, A. 5. S. 2:

" —— to you, Lord Governor,
Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain."

See note on this passage, vol. 10. p. 628. edition 1778. S.

Frank. There needs no protestation; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful. Pry'thee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy.
Mrs Anne. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.
Frank. To dinner: come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever; come away.

[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD, *Mrs* FRANKFORD, *and* WENDOLL.

Nich. I do not like this fellow by no means;
I never see him but my heart still yearns:
Zounds, I could fight with him, yet know not why.
The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. O, Nick, what gentleman is that that comes to lie at our house? my master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.
Nich. I love my master; by these hilts I do:
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter SISLY.

Sisly. Nich'las, where are you, Nich'las? you must come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots.
Nich. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burs.
Sisly. Then, Jenkin, come you.
Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a-day, with a holly-wand.
Sisly. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner.
Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis but early days with us, for we have not dined yet; stay a little, I'll but go in, and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MALBY *and* CRANWELL.

Malby. This is the sessions'-day; pray can you tell me
How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit,
Or must he try the law's strict penalty?
Cran. He's clear'd of all, spite of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life;
But in this suit of pardon he hath spent
All the revenues that his father left him,
And he is now turn'd a plain countryman,
Reform'd in all things: see, sir, here he comes.

Enter Sir CHARLES *and his Keeper.*

Keeper. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.
Sir Cha. Here, Mr Keeper, take the poor remainder
Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.
Malby. God give you joy of your delivery;
I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.
Sir Cha. The poorest knight in England, Mr Malby:
My life hath cost me all my patrimony
My father left his son: well, God forgive them
That are the authors of my penury.

Enter SHAFTON.

Shaf. Sir Charles, a hand, a hand! at liberty?
Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? wherein may I pleasure you?
Sir Cha. O me! O most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birth-right which my Saviour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?
Shaf. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay five for fail: come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush, let Frank Acton
Wage his knighthood-like expence with me,
And a' will sink, he will; nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune, and your fair escape
From all these perils.
Sir Cha. O, sir, they have undone me;
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father, at his death, possest me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend:
And, notwithstanding all this large expence,
I had much ado to gain my liberty;
And I have only now a house of pleasure,
With some five hundred pounds, reserved
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.
Shaf. That must I have, it lies convenient for me:
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure. [*Aside.*—Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money; take my offer.
Sir Cha. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the best of my unable power.
Come, gentlemen, and see it tender'd down.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter WENDOLL *melancholy.*

Wen. I am a villain if I apprehend
But such a thought; then to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.
I'll drive away this passion with a song.—
A song! ha, ha; a song! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drench'd and drown'd in red tears of blood.
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart

Plant better thoughts: why, prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate, (O God, forgive me!)
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t' entertain a thought of love to her:
And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

Enter over the Stage, FRANKFORD, *his Wife, and* NICHOLAS.

O God! O God! with what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction.
There goest thou, the most perfect man
That ever England bred a gentleman;
And shall I wrong his bed? Thou God of thunder,
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all judging hand
From speedy execution on a villain;
A villain, and a traiter to his friend.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintain me, he allows me largely
Money to spend——

Jen. By my faith
So do not you me; I cannot get
A cross of you.

Wen. My gelding, and my man.——

Jen. That's Sorrell and I.

Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us——

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert:
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman;
A man by whom in no kind he could gain;
And he hath placed me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me; I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick;
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! ingrate!
Hast thou the power straight with thy gory hands
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart?
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? or rend his heart,
To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together?
And yet I must; Then, Wendoll, be content;
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in! pray God he be not mad; if he should be so, I should never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for missing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin, where's your mistress?

Jen. Is your worship married?

Wen. Why dost thou ask?

Jen. Because you are my master; and if I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.

Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse.[10] Do you see, sir? here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish. [*Exit* JENKIN.

Enter Mrs ANNE.

Mrs Anne. You're well met, sir; now in troth my husband,
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you; we sought about the house,
Hollow'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you; therefore he enjoin'd me
To do unto you his most kind commends.
Nay more; he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house;
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.

Wen. I thank him for his love.—
Give me a name, you whose infectious tongues
Are tipp'd with gall and poison; as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain,
Murdered your children, made your wives base strumpets,
So call me, call me so: print in my face
The most stigmatic title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend. [*Aside.*

Mrs Anne. Sir, you are much beholden to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.

Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.—
I will not speak to wrong a gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kind friend;
I will not; zounds, I will not. I may chuse,
And I will chuse. Shall I be so misled?
Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts!
I will not.—Ha! some fury pricks me on,
The swift fates drag me at their chariot-wheel,
And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must;
Injure myself! wrong her! deceive his trust! [*Aside.*

Mrs Anne. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus troubled?
There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise,
I love you;—start not, speak not, answer not.

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[10] *Bring him on his way to horse.*— *i. e.* accompany him. A phrase very common in our ancient writers.

I love you; nay, let me speak the rest;
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of heaven.
Mrs Anne. The host of heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought.
Wen. Such is my fate; to this suit I was born,
To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.
Mrs Anne. My husband loves you.
Wen. I know it.
Mrs Anne. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.
Wen. I have tried it.
Mrs Anne. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.
Wen. So I have found it.
Mrs Anne. O! with what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face
Of the espoused wife of so dear a friend?
It is my husband that maintains your state,
Will you dishonour him? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his whole affairs;
It is to me you speak.
Wen. O speak no more!
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leaved table of my heart.
Fair, and of all beloved, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand;
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone: I care not, I,
'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage he'll kill me:
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I,
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,
For you I'll hazard all: why, what care I?
For you I love, and in your love I'll die.
Mrs Anne. You move me, sir, to passion and to pity:
The love I bear my husband, is as precious
As my soul's health.
Wen. I love your husband too,
And for his love I will engage my life;
Mistake me not, the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him:
I will be secret, lady, close as night;
And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.
Mrs Anne. What shall I say?
My soul is wand'ring, and hath lost her way.
Oh, Master Wendoll! Oh!
Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe, draws from my heart
A drop of blood.
Mrs Anne. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face;
I blush and am ashamed. Oh, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me. This maze I am in,
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Wen. The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss;
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.
Nich. I'll kill the rogue.
Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab,—
Nay look not down and blush.
[*Exeunt* WENDOLL *and Mrs* ANNE.
Nich. Zounds, I'll stab.
Aye, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick?
I love my master, and I hate that slave;
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-strings
That thou must hough? [11] Nay, metal, thou shall stand
To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.
I never look'd for better of that rascal,
Since he came miching first into our house:
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste; I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them,
(If they proceed as they have done before)
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a—— [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *and* SUSAN.

Sir Cha. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold;
I am now inforced to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.
Susan. O brother, here's a change
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house!
Sir Cha. All things on earth thus change, some up, some down;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter SHAFTON *with a Serjeant.*

Shaf. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles; what, with your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Serjeant, stand off—
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,

[11] *That thou must hough.*—*To hough* is the term for cutting the ham-strings. S.

And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——
Sir Cha. O, pardon me: this house successively
Hath 'long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great-great-grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle style began,
Dwelt here; and in this ground, increased this mole-hill
Unto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house begun,
I now the last will end, and keep this house:
This virgin title, never yet deflower'd
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.
Shaf. Ha, ha; a proud mind and a beggar's purse!
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the use?
I have brought it to execution
By course of law: what, is my monies ready?
Sir Cha. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit! you deal extremely.
Shaf. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.
Sir Cha. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poor sister's life,
If this were sold, our names should then be quite
Razed from the bed-roll [12] of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
Allied still to our own name: this palm, you see,
Labour hath glow'd within; her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.
Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard,
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small plot of ground.
Sir Cha. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or sattin
Feels in my hand: why pride is grown to us
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all music
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place I have changed myself away.
Shaf. Arrest him at my suit; actions and actions
Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast.
Nay more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question.
The keeper is my friend, thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs; Away with him.
Sir Cha. Ye are too timorous; but trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no force to mollify
This flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen and allies; intreat them for me
To ransom me from this injurious man,
That seeks my ruin.
Shaf. Come, irons, irons; come away,
I'll see thee lodged far from the sight of day.
[*Exeunt.*
Susan. My heart's so hardened with the frost of grief,
Death cannot pierce it through: Tyrant too fell,
So lead the fiends condemned souls to hell.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Sir Fran. Again to prison? Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better tortured? Shall we hear
The music of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat for the Lord's sake? No, no, yet I am not
Thoroughly revenged. They say he hath a pretty wench
To his sister: Shall I, in my mercy-sake
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but, the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.
Malby. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full revenged
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands.
Sir Fran. Ha, ha; now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates.
But stay, my heart; oh what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
I am enchanted, all my spirits are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.
Susan. Acton! that seeks our blood. [*Runs away.*
Sir Fran. O chaste and fair!
Malby. Sir Francis!—why, Sir Francis!—in a trance?
Sir Francis, what chear, man? Come, come, how is't?
Sir Fran. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.
Malby. She was fair.
Sir Fran. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary

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[12] *The bed-roll.*—See note 12 to *Cornelia.*

Sister; whose very souls denounce stern war
Each against other. How now, Frank, turned fool
Or madman, whether? But no; master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love? and with a person
So different every way, and so opposed
In all constructions, and still-warring actions?
Fie, fie; how I dispute against my soul!
Come, come, I'll gain her; or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four Serving-men, one with a voider and a wooden knife, to take away [13]; *another the salt and bread; another the table-cloth and napkins; another the carpet; Jenkin with two lights after them.*

Jen. So, march in order, and retire in battle array. My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's taken away: here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall. Butler, it belongs to your office.

Butler. I know it, Jenkin.
What d'ye call the gentleman that supt here to-night?

Jen. Who, my master?

Butler. No, no, Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest; I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

Jen. His name's Mr Cranwell.—God's light, hark, within there, my master calls to lay more billets upon the fire. Come, come: Lord, how we that are in office here in the house are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights; the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs. More lights in the hall there. Come, Nic'las.

[*Exeunt all but* NICHOLAS.

Nich. I cannot eat, but had I Wendoll's heart
I would eat that; the rogue grows impudent.
Oh, I have seen such vile notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master, by this air I will;
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Master FRANKFORD, *as it were brushing the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from Supper.*

Frank. Nic'las, what makes you here? why are not you
At supper in the hall among your fellows?

Nich. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board,
To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nic'las,
My wife and guests attend me in the parlour:
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nic'las, you want money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
Ere you have earn'd it; here, sir, is half a crown;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nich. By this hand, an honourable gentleman! I will not see him wronged.—Sir, I have served you long; you entertained me seven years before your beard. You knew me, sir, before you knew my mistress.

Frank. What of this, good Nic'las?

Nich. I never was a make-bate, [14] or a knave; I have no fault but one; I'm given to quarrel, But not with women. I will tell you, master, That which will make your heart leap from your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news?

Nich. 'Sblood, sir, I love you better than your wife;
I'll make it good.

Frank. You are a knave, and I have much ado,
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knave;
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

Nich. Do, do.
There is not room for Wendoll and me too
Both in one house. Oh master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain.

Frank. Aye, saucy!

Nich. Strike, strike, do strike; yet hear me, I am no fool,
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain: master, master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose sharp point
Hath prick'd quite through and through my shiv'ring heart.
Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plunged into strange agonies.
What didst thou say? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nich. I can gain nothing; they are two
That never wrong'd me. I knew before

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[13] *A voider and a wooden knife, to take away.*—The *wooden knife* was anciently used to sweep the broken meat from the table into the voider. S.

[14] *Make-bate.*—One who promotes quarrels. See Mr Steevens's note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 4.

'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life is worth.
All this I know; but this and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you;
I saw, and I have said.

Frank. 'Tis probable; though blunt, yet he is honest;
Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul;
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? O, may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?—
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nich. Eyes, master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceived, I tell thee:
For, should an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief,
In both their loves I am so confident.

Nich. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

Frank. No more: to supper, and command your fellows
To attend us and the strangers. Not a word,
I charge thee on thy life; be secret then,
For I know nothing.

Nich. I am dumb; and, now that I have eased my stomach,
I will go fill my stomach. [*Exit.*

Frank. Away; be gone.—
She is well born, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education, her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanour,
In all her actions that concern the love
To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
Hath sold me for a sin. Oh God, Oh God,
Shall I put up these wrongs? No. Shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groom,
Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts:
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent,
Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow;
Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.
Lights and a table there.—Wife, Mr Wendoll, and gentle
Master Cranwell?

Enter Mistress FRANKFORD, *Master* WENDOLL, *Master* CRANWELL, NICHOLAS, *and* JENKIN, *with cards, carpets, stools, and other necessaries.*

Frank. O Master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
And often baulk my house; faith, you're a churl;
Now we have supp'd, a table, and to cards.

Jenk. A pair of cards,[15] Nic'las, and a carpet to cover the table. Where's Sisly with her counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks there. Fie, we have such a household of serving creatures! unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all can say bo to a goose. Well said, Nick.

[*They spread a carpet, set down lights and cards.*

Mrs Anne. Come, Mr Frankford, who shall take my part?

Frank. Marry that will I, sweet wife.

Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together I sit out; it must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nich. You have no reason, marry, knowing all. [*Aside.*

Frank. 'Tis no great matter neither. Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Frank. I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false; nay, so will my wife too.

Nich. I will be sworn she will. [*Aside.*

Mrs Anne. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set.

Frank. Content; it shall go hard but I'll take you.

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wen. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.[16]

Frank. You shall not find it so; indeed you shall not.

Mrs Anne. I can play at nothing so well as double ruff.[17]

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my wife be

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[15] *A pair of cards.*—The old term for *a pack of cards.*

[16] *Noddy.*—This I believe to have been the same game we now call *cribbage.* It appears from *The Compleat Gamester,* 1680, 2d edition, p. 76. that *knave noddy,* were words used to denote the knave in playing that game.

[17] *Double ruff.*—From *The Compleat Gamester,* p. 81, we learn that in the last century there were two games much played at, one called *English Ruff and Honours,* the other *French Ruff.* They differed very little from *Whist,* and are probably the games here mentioned by the names of *double ruff,* and *wide ruff with honours.*

together, there's no playing against them at double hand.

Nich. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wen. What game is that, Nick?

Nich. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam.[18]

Mrs Anne. Husband, shall we play at saint?[19]

Frank. My saint's turn'd devil.—No, we'll none of saint;
You are best at new-cut, wife; you'll play at that.

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

Frank. 'Tis me they play on.—Well, you may draw out,
For all your cunning; 'twill be to your shame;
I'll teach you at your new-cut, a new game.
Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair.[20]

Wen. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,
When he comes late, he must kiss the post.

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be wide-ruff, and let's make honours.

Frank. If you make honours, one thing let me crave,
Honour the king and queen; except the knave.

Wen. Well, as you please for that. Lift who shall deal.

Mrs Anne. The least in sight: what are you, Master Wendoll?

Wen. I am a knave.

Nich. I'll swear it.

Mrs Anne. I am a queen.

Frank. A quean thou shoulds't say: well, the cards are mine;
They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

Mrs Anne. Shuffle, I'll cut; would I had never dealt!

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir, the fault's in me;
This queen I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock.

Frank. My mind's not on my game;
Many a deal I have lost; the more's your shame.
You have served me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.

Wen. Sir, you must take your lot to end this strife,
I know I have dealt better with your wife.

Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely then.

Mrs Anne. What's trumps?

Wen. Hearts; partner, I rub.

Frank. Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love;
In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart.
Booty you play, I like a loser stand,
Having no heart, or here, or in my hand.—
I will give o'er the set, I am not well;
Come, who will hold my cards?

Mrs Anne. Not well, sweet Mr Frankford!
Alas, what ail you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.

Wen. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?

Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,
But I grew ill when you began to deal.
Take hence this table. Gentle Master Cranwell,
You're welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure.
I'm sorry that this megrim takes me so;
I cannot sit and bear you company.
Jenkin, some lights, and shew him to his chamber.

Mrs Anne. A night-gown for my husband; quickly there:
It is some rheum or cold.

Wen. Now, in good faith, this illness you have got
By sitting late without your gown.

Frank. I know it, Mr Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me.
Wife, pr'ythee wife, into my bed-chamber,
The night is cold and raw, and rheumatick;
Leave me my gown and light; I'll walk away my fit.

Wen. Sweet sir, good night.

Frank. Myself, good night. [*Exit* WENDOLL.

Mrs Anne. Shall I attend you, husband?

Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head;
Pr'ythee be gone, sweet, I'll make haste to bed.

Mrs Anne. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come. [*Exit.*

Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee go.—
I have bethought me: get me, by degrees,
The keys of all my doors; which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impression,
To have by them new keys. This being compast,
At a set hour a letter shall be brought me:
And when they think they may securely play,
They nearest are to danger. Nick, I must rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy

Nich. Build on my faith.

Frank. To bed then, not to rest;

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[18] *Lodam*,—a game not yet entirely disused.

[19] *Saint*.—See note 12 to *The Wits*, Vol. I. p. 288.

[20] *Post and pair*,—"a game on the cards, very much play'd in the west of England, as All Fours is play'd in Kent, and Fives in Ireland," *Compleate Gamester*, p. 106. It appears in a great measure to resemble *Brag*.

Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES *his Sister, Old* MOUNTFORD, SANDY, RODER, *and* TYDY.

Old Mount. You say my nephew is in great distress:
Who brought it to him but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess
He was my brother's son: why, niece, what then?
This is no world in which to pity men.

Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me: I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for christianity,
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress:
He is denied the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Old Mount. Money I cannot spare: men should take heed;
He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [*Exit.*

Susan. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough shalt have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.

Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man lived,
I knew you ere your brother sold his land;
Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels:
Then you sung well, play'd sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit. [*Exit.*

Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant,
Rent-free he placed you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possest.

Roder. True he did;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now; but, without doubt,
They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out.
[*Exit.*

Susan. Cold comfort still: what say you, cousin Tydy?

Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering.
Call me not cousin: each man for himself;
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow;
I am no cousin unto them that borrow. [*Exit.*

Susan. Oh charity! why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things upon this earth uneven?
Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return;
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter SIR FRANCIS *and* MALBY.

Sir Fran. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.
Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.

Malby. Fair mistress, as I understand, your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Susan. I thank you, Heavens; I thank you, gentle sir:
God make me able to requite this favour.

Malby. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you ——

Susan. Acton! O God! that name I'm born to curse:
Hence, bawd; hence, broker; see, I spurn his gold.
My honour never shall for gain be sold.

Sir Fran. Stay, lady, stay.

Susan. From you I'll posting hie,
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly.
[*Exit.*

Sir Fran. She hates my name, my face, how should I wooe?
I am disgraced in every thing I do.
The more she hates me, and disdains my love,
The more I am wrapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaste perfections.
Wooe her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts
Sent in my name she spurns; with looks I cannot,
For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive. How then, how then?
Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,
As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution
For a great sum of money: and, besides,
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse:
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.
Go seek the keeper, Malby, bring him to me;
To save his body, I his debts will pay;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD *in Prison, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torn.*

Sir Cha. Of all on the earth's face most miserable,
Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments:
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,
That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
Oh unkind uncle! Oh my friends ingrate!
Unthankful kinsmen! Mountfords all too base,
To let the name be fetter'd in disgrace.
A thousand deaths here in this grave I die:
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath.
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer: therefore I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves;
Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves.

Enter KEEPER.

Keeper. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.
Sir Cha. Then I am doom'd to die;
Death is the end of all calamity.
Keeper. Live: your appeal is staid; the execution
Of all your debts discharged; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof, your shackles I knock off;
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees; all is discharged, all paid:
Go freely to your house, or where you please;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.
Sir Cha. Thou grumblest out the sweetest music to me
That ever organ play'd. Is this a dream?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausive news?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends;
My loving kinsman, and my near allies!
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath
Against such faithful kinsmen: they are all
Composed of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity, and of moving ruth.
That which I spake before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age:
Bounteous and free. The noble Montford's race,
Ne'er bred a coveteous thought, or humour base.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. I cannot longer stay from visiting
My woeful brother; while I could, I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.
Sir Cha. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee,
And to thy travel?
Susan. What! at liberty!
Sir Cha. Thou see'st I am; thanks to thy industry:
Oh! unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he
Even from an infant loved me; was it he?
So did my cousin Tydy; was it he?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy too:
Which of all these did this high kindness do?
Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery?
Now I protest I stand so much amazed
To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,
That I am wrapp'd into a maze of wonder:
The rather, for I know not by what means
This happiness hath chanced.
Sir Cha. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins, and my friends; who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?
Susan. O brother, they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chased bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries;
Which they derided. More than that, denied us
A part in their alliance; but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.
Sir Cha. Drudges! too much; what did they? oh known evil!
Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil;
Whence should my freedom come? of whom alive,
Saving of those, have I deserved so well?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me;
These I have raised, they follow the world's guise;
Whom rich in honour, they in woe despise.
Susan. My wits have lost themselves, let's ask the keeper.
Sir Cha. Jailor!
Keeper. At hand, sir.
Sir Cha. Of courtesy resolve me one demand.
What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, staid my appeal to death,
Discharged my fees, and brought me liberty?
Keeper. A courteous knight, and call'd Sir Francis Acton.
Sir Cha. Ha! Acton! Oh me, more distrest in this
Than all my troubles! hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless.
By Acton freed! not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony jail.
I am not free, I go but under bail.
Keeper. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees;
As we get little, we will nothing loose.
Sir Cha. By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite!
Why, to what end? or what occasion? ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference balance this high favour; ha!
Susan. His love to me; upon my soul 'tis so;
That is the root from whence these strange things grow. [*Aside.*
Sir Cha. Had this proceeded from my father, he
That by the law of nature is most bound
In offices of love, it had deserved
My best employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends or allies,
From them this action had deserved my life;
And from a stranger more; because from such
There is less expectation of good deeds.
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart opposed my enemy;
That this high bounty should proceed from him,
O there I lose myself! What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?

Susan. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange kindness
Proceeds in Acton. I will tell you, brother:
He doats on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters and tokens; I refused them all,
Sir Cha. I have enough, though poor; my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS *with keys and a letter in his hand.*

Frank. This is the night that I must play my part
To try two seeming angels. Where's my keys?
Nich. They are made according to your mould in wax;
I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir.
Frank. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.
Nich. I'll do't, make no more question but I'll do't. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs FRANKFORD, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, *and* JENKIN.

Mrs Anne. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck;
Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in supper.
Jen. It shall be done, forsooth. Mistress, where's
Spiggot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers?
Wen. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs: Mr Frankford,
We wished you at our sport.
Frank. My heart was with you, and my mind was on you.
Fie, Mr Cranwell, you are still thus sad.
A stool, a stool. Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?
'Tis supper-time at least an hour ago.
What's the best news abroad?
Wen. I know none good.
Frank. But I know too much bad. [*Aside.*

Enter Butler and JENKIN *with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers, and salt.*

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York castle, needy,
And in great want.
Frank. Did not more weighty business of mine own
Hold me away, I would have laboured peace
Betwixt them, with all care; indeed I would, sir.
Mrs Anne. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.
Wen. A charitable deed;
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, Mrs Frankford.
Frank. That's you for one; I know you love Sir Charles,
And my wife, too well.
Wen. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge.
Frank. But supper, ho. Now as thou lovest me, Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou doest, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to-night: sweet Mr Cranwell,
Do you the like. Wife, I protest my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Here's a letter, sir.
Frank. Whence comes it? and who brought it?
Nich. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.
Frank. Have him into the cellar, let him taste
A cup of our March beer: go, make him drink.
Nich. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.
Frank. My boots and spurs: where's Jenkin? God forgive me,
How I neglect my business! Wife, look here;
I have a matter to be tried to-morrow
By eight o'clock; and my attorney writes me
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

Enter JENKIN *with boots and spurs.*

Mrs Anne. I hope your business craves no such dispatch,
That you must ride to-night.
Wen. I hope it doth. [*Aside.*
Frank. Gods me! no such dispatch!
Jenkin, my boots: where's Nick? Saddle my Roan,
And the grey dapple for himself: content ye,
It much concerns me. Gentle Mr Cranwell,
And Mr Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.
Wen. Lord, Master Frankford, will you ride to-night?
The ways are dangerous.
Frank. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well: and so shall Nick my man.
Mrs Anne. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.
Frank. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that;
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly: no, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain: you have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.
Mrs Anne. Then, if you needs will go
This dangerous evening, Mr Wendoll,
Let me intreat you bear him company.
Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress: my boots there.

Frank. Fie, fie, that for my private business
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house!—Nick!
Nich. Anon, sir.
Frank. Bring forth my gelding—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good Mr Cranwell.
Cran. Sir, God be your good speed.
Frank. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss and part.—
Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.
[*Aside. Exit.*
Wen. How business, time, and hours, all gracious prove,
And are the furtherers to my new-born love!—
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publicly,
But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.
Mrs Anne. O, sir, you are too public in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife.
Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber;
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spared from supper.
Wen. Light there, ho!—
See you want nothing, sir; for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.
Cran. I will make bold: good-night. [*Exit.*
Wen. How all conspire
To make our bosoms sweet, and full entire!
Come, Nan, I prithee let us sup within.
Mrs Anne. O! what a clog unto the soul is sin!
We pale offenders are still full of fear;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near:
When they, whose clear hearts from offence are free,
Despise report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.
Wen. Fie, fie; you talk too like a puritan.
Mrs Anne. You have tempted me to mischief, Mr Wendoll;
I have done, I know not what. Well, you plead custom;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in;
Once o'er shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.
Wen. My jocund soul is joyful above measure!
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SISLY, JENKIN, *and* BUTLER.

Jen. My mistress, and Mr Wendoll, my master, sup in her chamber to-night: Sisly, you are preferr'd from being the cook, to be chambermaid: of all the loves [21] betwixt thee and me, tell me, what thou think'st of this?
Sisly. Mum; there's an old proverb, When the cat's away, the mouse may play.
Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Sisly, I smell a rat.
Sisly. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be call'd to answer them.
Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman! are not these good words? Pray God my new master play not the knave with my old master: is there any hurt in this? God send no villainy intended: and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together. God make my mistress chaste, and make us all his servants: what harm is there in all this? Nay more; here is my hand, thou shalt have my heart unless thou say never Amen.
Sisly. Amen, I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-men.

Serving-man. My mistress sends that you shou'd make less noise, to lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed; you, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter to see the gates shut in.
Jen. Thus, by little and little, I creep into office. Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel; 'tis eleven o'clock already.
Serving-man. When you have lock'd the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.
Sisly. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin, for I must carry them: I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than them both.
Jen. To bed, good Spiggot, to bed, good honest serving creatures; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in pease-straw. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS.

Frank. Soft, soft; we have tied your geldings to a tree, two flight shot off, [22] lest by their thundering hoofs they blab our coming. Hear'st thou no noise?

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[21] *Of all the loves.*—See note to *Gammer Gurton's Needle.*
[22] *Two flight shot off.*—*i. e.* the distance of two shots with *a flight* arrow. Mr Malone says, "The *flight*, which, in the Latin of the middle ages, was called *flecta*, was a fleet arrow, with narrow feathers, usually employed against rovers." See *Blount's Ancient Tenures*, 1679. This species of arrow is mentioned in *Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 10. "O yes, here be of all sorts, *flights*, rovers, and but shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and never draw bow for the matter." See also Dr Farmer's note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, A. 1. S. 1.

Nich. I hear nothing but the owl and you.
Frank. So: now my watch's hand points upon twelve,
And it is just midnight: where are my keys?
Nich. Here, sir.
Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate;
This is the hall-door; this the withdrawing chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame;
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallowed order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profaned;
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell;
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.
But I forget myself; now to my gate.
Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripple-gate,
Or your plot's dash'd.
Frank. So, reach me my dark lanthorn to the rest;
Tread softly, softly.
Nich. I will walk on eggs this pace.
Frank. A general silence hath surprized the house,
And this is the last door. Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement, beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.
O keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soul;
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
That I may keep this white and virgin hand
From any violent outrage, or red murder!
And with that prayer I enter. [*Exit.*
Nich. Here's a circumstance indeed! a man may be made a cuckold in the time he's about it. And the case were mine, as 'tis my master's, ('sblood, that he makes me swear,) I would have placed his action, enter'd there; I would,—I would.

Re-enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Oh! Oh!
Nich. Master, 'sblood! master! master!
Frank. Oh me unhappy! I have found them lying
Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.
Nich. Master, what, have ye left them sleeping still?
Let me go wake 'em.
Frank. Stay, let me pause a while.
O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back *yesterday!*
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the west, draw his coach backward;
Take from the account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms!
But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon.[23] God give me patience,
For I will in and wake them. [*Exit.*
Nich. Here's patience per force![24]
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

Enter WENDOLL *running over the Stage in a night-gown,* FRANKFORD *after him with a Sword drawn, the Maid in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He pauses for a while.*

Frank. I thank thee, maid; thou, like an angel's hand,
Hast stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.—
Go, villain, and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine.
When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend,
A Judas; pray, pray, lest I live to see
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree.

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[23] *But, oh! I talk of things impossible,*
And cast beyond the moon.—"To *cast beyond the moon,* is an expression used in *Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso,* 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie,* 1594. "Risio hath gone beyond himself, *in casting beyond the moon.*" Mr Steevens's note to *Titus Andronicus,* A. 4. S. 3.

[24] *Here's patience per force.*—This expression seems to have been proverbial. "*Patience per force* is a medicine for a mad dog." *Ray's Proverbs,* p. 145.
Again, in *Gascoigne's Fable of Jeronimi,* p. 277.
" —— to determine that if he might espie evident proofe of his mistres frailtie, hee would stand content with *patience perforce,* and geve his mistresse the *Bezulas manes.*"

Enter Mrs FRANKFORD *in her Smock, Night-gown, and Night-attire.*

Mrs Anne. O by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband!
(O me, most wretched!) I have lost that name,
I am no more your wife.
Nich. 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.
Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee:
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brow:
What would'st thou speak?
Mrs Anne. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve, a thousand thousand fold,
More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament; even for his sake
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword: but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence;
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.
Frank. My God, with patience arm me!—Rise, nay rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Was't thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay even beyond my calling?
Mrs Anne. I was.
Frank. Was it then disability in me?
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?
Mrs Anne. O no.
Frank. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?
Mrs Anne. You did.
Frank. I did indeed, witness my tears I did.—
Go bring my infants hither.—O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have with-held thee from so lewd a fact;
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears!—
Away with them; lest, as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.
Mrs Anne. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.
Frank. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly;
I will retire a while into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*
Mrs Anne. 'Tis welcome, be it death. O me, base strumpet;
That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
Must enjoy neither! oh to redeem mine honour,
I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts sear'd,
Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment;
Nay, to wipe but this scandal out, I would hazard
The rich and dear redemption of my soul.
He cannot be so base as to forgive me;
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
O women, women, you that yet have kept
Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
Make me your instance; when you tread awry,
Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Enter SISLY, SPIGGOT, *all the Serving-men, and* JENKIN, *as newly come out of bed.*

All. O mistress, mistress, what have you done, mistress?
Nich. What a caterwauling keep you here?
Jen. O lord, mistress, how comes this to pass? my master is run away in his shirt, and never so much as called me to bring his clothes after him.
Mrs Anne. See what guilt is! here stand I in this place,
Ashamed to look my servants in the face.

Enter Mr FRANKFORD *and* CRANWELL; *whom seeing, she falls on her knees.*

Frank. My words are register'd in heaven already.—
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.
Cran. Mr Frankford.
Frank. Good Mr Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment.
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Chuse thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off:
Where live, 'tis thine, I freely give it thee.

My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains[25]
To carry all thy stuff, within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Chuse which of all my servants thou likest best,
And they are thine to attend thee.
Mrs Anne. A mild sentence.
Frank. But as thou hopest for heaven, as thou believest
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee, never, after this sad day,
To see me, or to meet me; or to send
By word or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thy self, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So, farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.
Mrs Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.
Frank. Come, take your coach, your stuff, all must along:
Servants and all make ready, all be gone;
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *gentleman-like, and his Sister, gentlewoman-like.*

Susan. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride,
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our poverty?
Sir Char. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous out-law, or uncivil kern:
For if thou shutt'st thy eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
O sister!—
Susan. O brother, what doth this strange language mean?
Sir Char. Dost love me, sister? would'st thou see me live
A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Would'st thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may out-strip by thee.
Susan. By me? why I have nothing, nothing left,
I owe even for the clothes upon my back;
I am not worth———
Sir Char. O sister, say not so;
It lies in you my downcast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world.
Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are:
And in your power you have, without delay,
Acton's five hundred pound back to repay.
Susan. 'Till now I had thought y' had lov'd me.
By my honour,
Which I have kept as spotless as the moon,
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants;
And d'ye think that I would hoard *from you?*
Now, by my hopes in heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts,
Especially from Acton, whom I hate,
I would redeem it with my life or blood.
Sir Char. I challenge it; and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?
Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds;
Towards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.
Sir Char. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve me,
What do you think, and speak your conscience,
Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?
Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand *pound,*
To give the Mountfords' name *so deep a wound.*
Sir Char. A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe;
Grant him your bed, he's payed with interest so.
Susan. O, brother!
Sir Char. O, sister, only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay:
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame,
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear!
Susan. My honour I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.
Sir Char. I esteem you, sister, as dear,
For so dear prizing it.
Susan. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton,
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him, as a token?
Sir Char. Neither, sister;
But hear me in my strange assertion.
Thy honour and my soul are equal in my regard:

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[25] *Wains*—*i. e.* waggons. See *Skinner* and *Minshieu.* So in *The Second Part of King Edward the Fourth*, by *Heywood*, 1626, Sign. M. 4.

"—— then shall you returne,
And of your best provision send to us
Thirty waine loade, besides twelve tunne of wine."

Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness, like a burden, hath surcharged me,
And under his good deeds, I stooping go,
Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtless I had died;
Then unto him that freed me from that prison
Still do I owe this life. What moved my foe
To infranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love.
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love,
And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my release; will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
Shall I be only charged?

Susan. But that I know
These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
As, in your most extremity of need,
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate;
Nay, rather would engage your unstain'd honour
Than to be held ingrate, I should condemn you.
I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.

Sir Char. For this I trick'd you up.

Susan. But here's a knife,
To save mine honour, shall slice out my life.

Sir Char. Aye, now thou pleasest me a thousand times
More in thy resolution than thy grant.
Observe her love; to sooth it to my suit,
Her honour she will hazard, though not lose;
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh, wonder! that will chuse,
Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
Come, you sad sister to a woeful brother,
This is the gate: I'll bear him such a present,
Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,
As will amaze his senses, and surprise
With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me,
'Tis here, shall my imprison'd soul set free.

Sir Fran. How! Mountford with his sister hand in hand!
What miracle's a-foot?

Malby. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiration.

Sir Char. Stand not amazed to see me thus attended.
Acton, I owe thee money, and being unable
To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn:
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour
I prize above a million. Here, nay, take her;
She's worth your money, man, do not forsake her.

Sir Fran. I would he were in earnest.

Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.
My brother, being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me,
According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom, howsoe'er you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.

Sir Fran. Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever known, in any former age,
Such honourable wrested courtesy?
Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engaged to such a foe.

Sir Char. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much opposed to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;
To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd;
To murder her, that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now, whom once thou saved'st from death,
Do then, at once on her. All these rely,
And perish with her spotted chastity.

Sir Fran. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles;
I cannot be so cruel to a lady
I love so dearly. Since you have not spared
To engage your reputation to the world,
Your sister's honour, which you prize so dear,
Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe:
Your honour'd thoughts, lo! thus I recompence.
Your metamorphosed foe receives your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart;
And where before I thought her for her wants
Too base to be my bride; to end all strife,
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.

Susan. You still exceed us; I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

Sir Char. With that enchantment you have charm'd my soul,
And made me rich even in those very words.
I pay no debt, but am indebted more;
Rich in your love, I never can be poor.

Sir Fran. All's mine is yours; we are alike in state,
Let's knit in love what was opposed in hate.
Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
Blest only in our brother and fair bride. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away?

Frank. O, sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I loved her dearly;
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,

A bracelet, necklace, or rebato[26] wire;
Nor any thing that ever was call'd her's,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nich. 'Sblood, master, here's her lute flung in a corner.

Frank. Her lute? Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O, Master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood,
Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance,
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice; which, being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung?
Post with it after her. Now, nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nich. I'll ride and overtake her, do my message,
And come back again. [*Exit.*

Cran. Mean time, sir, if you please,
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath past betwixt you and his sister.

Frank. Do as you please.—How ill am I bested,
To be a widower ere my wife be dead! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs FRANKFORD, *with* JENKIN, *her Maid* SISLY, *her Coachman, and three Carters.*

Mrs Anne. Bid my coach stay: why should I ride in state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have;
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave.

Jen. Comfort, good mistress, you have watered your coach with tears already! you have but two miles now to go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old master Frankford as he may say by me, that he wants manors, for he hath three or four; of which this is one that we are going to now.

Sisly. Good mistress, be of good chear; sorrow you see hurts you, but helps you not. We all mourn to see you so sad.

Carter. Mistress, I see some of my landlord's men
Come riding post; 'tis like he brings some news.

Mrs. Anne. Comes he from Mr Frankford, he is welcome;
So is his news, because they come from him.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. There.

Mrs Anne. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee.
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nich. Would that had been the worst instrument that ever you play'd on. My master commends him unto ye; there's all he can find that was ever yours. He hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart, and he could not afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this: he prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.

Mrs Anne. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was.—
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins. My lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

Enter WENDOLL.

Wen. Pursued with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,
I fly from mine own shadow. O, my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserved,
That you should lay this penance on their son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Ashamed of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murmuring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her.—Oh, my sad fate,
Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
Oh, God! I have divorced the truest turtles
That ever lived together; and, being divided
In several places, make their several moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So poets write, that Orpheus made the trees
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
That had no undestanding part in them.
So she from these rude carters tears extracts,

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[26] *Rebato.*—Or *rabato*, "an ornament for the neck, a collar-band, or kind of ruff. Fr. *rabat. Menage* saith, it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift, turn'd back towards the shoulders." Mr Hawkins's note to *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 3. S. 4.

This article of dress is often mentioned in our ancient writers; as in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 4. S. 1. "Pray thee sit down, Philantia, that *rebato* becomes thee singularly."

Dekker's *Satyromastrix.*

"Fie upon't! what a miserable thing 'tis to be a noble bride! there's such delays in rising, in fitting gowns, in tiring, in pinning *rebatoes*, in poking, in dinner, in supper, in revels, &c."

Ibid. "—— his reason was, that a *rebato* was worn out with pinning too often."

See also Mr Steevens's note on *Much ado about Nothing.*

Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.
Mrs Anne. If you return unto my master, say
(Though not from me; for I am all unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead.
Nay, you may say too (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.
Nich. I'll say you wept; I'll swear you made me sad.
Why, how now, eyes? what now? what's here to do?
I'm gone, or I shall strait turn baby too.
Wen. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire;
Curst be the fruits of my unchaste desire!
Mrs Anne. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.
Nich. If I can for crying.
Wen. Grief, have done,
Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.
Mrs Anne. You have beheld the woefull'st wretch on earth,
A woman made of tears; would you had words
To express but what you see. My inward grief
No tongue can utter; yet, unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.
Nich. I'll do your commendations.
Mrs Anne. O, no,
I dare not so presume; nor to my children;
I am disclaim'd in both; alas, I am.
O, never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother; chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught; for when that word they name,
Poor pretty souls, they harp on their own shame.
Wen. To recompense her wrongs, what can'st thou do?
Thou hast made her husbandless and childless too.
Mrs Anne. I have no more to say. Speak not for me;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.
Nich. I'll do't. [*Exit.*
Wen. I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.
Oh! but her wound cannot be cured with words.
No matter though, I'll do my best good-will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.
Mrs Anne. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for, from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life:
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest:
But, when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Wen. O, Mrs Frankford——
Mrs Anne. O, for God's sake fly!
The devil doth come to tempt me ere I die.
My coach.—This fiend, that with an angel's face
Conjured mine honour, 'till he sought my wrack,
In my repentant eye seems ugly black.
[*Exeunt all, except* WENDOLL *and* JENKIN; *the Carters whistling.*
Jen. What, my young master that fled in his shirt! how come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think you? What, shall I serve you still, or cleave to the old house?
Wen. Hence, slave, away with thy unseason'd mirth.
Unless thou can'st shed tears, and sigh, and howl,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
Thou art not for my turn.
Jen. Marry, and you will not, another will. Farewell, and be hang'd; would you had never come to have kept this quoil within our doors; we shall ha' you run away like a sprite again.
[*Exit.*
Wen. She's gone to death, I live to want and woe;
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
In foreign countries, and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,
And so to Germany and Italy;
Where, when I have recover'd, and by travel
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumours
May in their heighth abate, I will return:
And I divine, however now dejected,
My worth and parts being by some great man praised,
At my return I may in court be raised. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON, *Sir* CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, MALBY, *and* SUSAN.

Sir Fran. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles
Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
For being so strict to you in your extremities:
But we are now atoned. I would my sister
Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs,
As we have ours.
Susan. You tell us, Mr Cranwell, wond'rous things,
Touching the patience of that gentleman,
With what strange virtue he demeans his grief.
Mr Cran. I told you what I was a witness of;
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.
Sir Fran. O that same villain, Wendoll! 'twas his tongue
That did corrupt her: she was of herself
Chaste, and devoted well. Is this the house?
Cran. Yes, sir, I take it here your sister lies.
Sir Fran. My brother Frankford shew'd too mild a spirit
In the revenge of such a loathed crime;

Less than he did no man of spirit could do.
I am so far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my case,
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed;
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter JENKIN *and* SISLY.

Jen. O my mistress, mistress, my poor mistress!

Sisly. Alas! that ever I was born. What shall I do for my poor mistress!

Sir Char. Why, what of her?

Jen. O, Lord, sir, she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Susan. Alas! that she should bear so hard a fate.
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Sir Fran. Is she so weak in body?

Jen. O, sir, I can assure you there's no hope of life in her, for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starved herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

Enter Mrs FRANKFORD *in her Bed.*

Malby. How fare you, Mrs Frankford?

Mrs Anne. Sick, sick, oh sick: Give me some air. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where is Mr Frankford;
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?

Malby. Yes, Mrs Frankford. Divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have moved, and told him of your weak estate;
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And bearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs Anne. You have half revived me with the pleasing news;
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.

Sir Char. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs Anne. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrive, then I am fit for heaven.

Sir Fran. I came to chide you; but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr Frankford now.

Enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might, had he pleased, have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground;
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

Mrs Anne. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Frank. How do you, woman?

Mrs Anne. Well, Mr Frankford, well; but shall be better,
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe,
Out of your grace and your humanity,
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Frank. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis griped by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot; but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me!

Frank. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nich. So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.

Sir Fran. O, Mr Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee.
You are my brother by the nearest way;
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but your's doth stay.

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Sir Char. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford,
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall,
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you?

Sir Fran. How d'ye feel yourself?

Mrs Anne. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,

And with this kiss I wed thee once again.
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
Mrs Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
Once more; thy wife dies thus embracing thee.
[*Dies.*
Frank. New married, and new widow'd; oh! she's dead,
And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.
Sir Char. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us; storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.
Cran. Do, Master Frankford; he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.
Sir Fran. Peace with thee, Nan.—Brothers, and gentlemen,
All we that can plead interest in her grief,
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.
Frank. I see it had not: therefore on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engraved.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd,
'Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.'

EPILOGUE.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine;
The drawer brought it, smiling like a cherry,
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
Taste it, quoth one. He did; O fie, quoth he,
This wine was good; now't runs too near the lee.
Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drunk too flat;
The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see, how in one hour,
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.
Unto this wine we do allude our play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave;
You as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us then; good wine may be disgraced,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

EDITION.

"A Woman kilde with Kindnesse; as it hath beene oftentimes acted by the Queenes Majesties servants." Written by Thomas Heywood. The third edition. London, printed by Isaac Jaggard, 1617, 4to.

A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.

WILLIAM ROWLEY *flourished about the middle of James the First's Reign, though he was an author of a much earlier date, supposing him to be the same, "Maister Rowley, once a rare scholar of Pembroke hall in Cambridge," mentioned by Meres,* as one of the best writers of comedy in those days. He appears, by the extracts which Mr Vertue transcribed† from some accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chambers to the before-mentioned monarch, to have been one of the company of players belonging to the Prince of Wales, several payments being set down as made to him and his fellows, for the performance of plays at court upon public occasions. We also find, that as an actor he excelled more in comedy than in tragedy. He joined with other writers in the composition of several plays, and was the author of a pamphlet, intitled, "A Search for Money; or, The lamentable Complaint for the Losse of the wandring Knight, Mounsieur l'Argent; or, Come along with Me, I know thou lovest Money. Dedicated to all those that lack money." 4to, 1609, and addressed,* To his entire and deare esteemed friend, Maister THOMAS HOBBS.

In the Dramatis Personæ, prefixed to his own play of All's lost by Lust, *the part of Jaques, a simple clownish gentleman, is said to have been personated by the poet; and in Middleton's* Inner Temple Masque, 1619, *he performed the part of Plumb-porridge.*

He was the author of the following dramatick pieces: 1. "*A New Wonder, a Woman never vext. A pleasant conceited Comedy: sundry times acted: never before printed.*" 4to. 1632.

2. "*A Tragedy, called All's lost by Lust. Written by William Rowley; divers times acted by the Lady Elizabeth's servants, and now lately by her Majesty's servants with great applause, at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.*" 4to. 1633.

3. "*A Match at Midnight. A pleasant Comedy: as it hath beene acted by the children of the Revells. Written by W. R.*" 4to. 1633.

4. "*A Merrie and Pleasant Comedy: never before printed, called a Shoo-maker a Gentleman; as it hath beene sundry times acted at the Red Bull and other Theatres, with a generall and good applause. Written by W. R. Gentleman.*" 4to. 1638.

5. "*The Witch of Edmonton, A known true Story. Composed into a Tragi-Comedy by divers well-esteemed Poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c. Acted by the Prince's Servants often, at the Cock-pit, in Drury Lane, once at Court, with singular applause; never printed till now.*" 4to. 1658.

6. "*The Birth of Merlin; or, The Childe hath found his Father; as it hath been several times acted with great applause. Written by William Shakespeare and William Rowley.*" 4to. 1662.

Shakespeare's having any concern in this piece, is very doubtful.

William Rowley wrote other plays, which were never printed. Mr Malone‡ mentions the following:

1. "*The honoured Loves.*"
2. "*The Parliament of Love.*"
3. "*Nonsuch, A Comedy.*"

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* Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth, 1598, p. 283.

† Oldys's MS. Notes on Langbaine.

‡ Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written, p. 331.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR MARMADUKE MANY-MINDS.
SIR JANUS AMBODEXTER.
Captain CARVEGUT.
Lieutenant BOTTOM.
Ancient YOUNG.
BLOODHOUND, *a Usurer.*
ALEXANDER BLOODHOUND, } *his two Sons.*
TIM. BLOODHOUND, }
RANDALL, *a Welchman.*
EAR-LACK, *a Scrivener.*
SIM, *the Clown.*
JOHN, *Servant to the Widow.*

JARVIS, *the Widow's Husband, disguised like her Servant.*
A Smith.
BUSSIE, *a Constable.*
Watch.

Widow WAGGE.
Mrs MARY, BLOODHOUND's *Daughter.*
Widow's Maid.
Mrs COOTE, *a Bawd.*
SUE SHORTHEELS, *a Whore.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter, as making themselves ready, TIM. BLOODHOUND, *and* SIM *the Man.*

Sim. Good-morrow, Master Tim.

Tim. Morrow, Sim; my father stirring, Sim?

Sim. Not yet, I think; he heard some ill news of your brother Alexander last night, that will make him lie an hour extraordinary.

Tim. Hum: I'm sorry the old man should lie by the hour; but oh, these wicked elder brothers, that swear refuse them,[1] and drink nothing but wicked sack! when we swear nothing but niggers noggers, make a meal of a bloat herring, water it with four shillings beer, and then swear we have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Sim. Here was goody Finny, the fish woman, fetch'd home her ring last night.

Tim. You should have put her money by itself, for fear of wronging the whole heap.

Sim. So I did, sir, and wash'd it first in two waters.

Tim. All these petty pawns, sirrah, my father commits to my managing, to instruct me in this craft, that, when he dies, the commonwealth may not want a good member.

Enter Mrs MARY.

Sim. Nay, you are curst as much as he already.

Mrs Mary. Oh, brother, 'tis well you are up.

Tim. Why, why?

Mrs Mary. Now you shall see the dainty widow, the sweet widow, the delicate widow, that to-morrow morning must be our mother-in-law.

Tim. What, the widow Wagge?

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[1] *Refuse them.—Refuse me,* or *God refuse me,* appears to have been among the fashionable modes of swearing in our author's time. So in *The White Devil,* A. 1. S. 1. Flamineo says, *God refuse me.* Again, in *A Dogge of Warre,* by Taylor the water poet, folio edition, 1630, p. 229:

"Some like Dominicall Letters goe,
In scarlet from the top to toe,
Whose valours talke and smoake all;
Who make (God sink 'em) their discourse
Refuse, Renounce, or Dam that's worse:
I wish a halter choake all."

Again in *The Gamester,* Wilding says, "*Refuse me,* if I did."

Sim. Yes, yes, she that dwells in Black-fryars, next to the sign of the fool laughing at a feather.[2]

Mrs Mary. She, she; good brother, make yourself handsome, for my father will bring her hither presently.

Tim. Niggers noggers, I thought he had been sick, and had not been up, Sim.

Sim. Why so did I too; but it seems the widow took him at a better hand, and raised him so much the sooner.

Tim. While I tie my band, pr'ythee stroke up my foretop a little: niggers, an' I had but dreamed of this an hour before I waked, I would have put on my Sunday clothes: 'snails, my shoes are as pale as the cheek of a stewed pander; a clout, a clout, Sim.

Sim. More haste the worse speed; here's ne'er a clout now.

Tim. What's that lies by the books?

Sim. This? 'tis a sumner's coat.[3]

Tim. Pr'ythee lend's a sleeve of that; he had a noble on't last night, and never paid me my bill-money.

Enter Old BLOODHOUND, *the Widow, her Maid, and Man.*

Blood. Look, look, up and ready! all is ready, widow. He is in some deep discourse with Sim, concerning monies out to one or another.

Wid. Has he said his prayers, sir?

Blood. Prayer before providence? When did ye know any thrive and swell that uses it? He's a chip o' the old block; I exercise him in the trade of thrift, by turning him to all the petty pawns. If they come to me, I tell them I have given over brokering, moyling for muck and trash, and that I mean to live a life monastic, a praying life; pull out the tale of Crœsus from my pocket, and swear 'tis call'd Charity's Looking-glass, or an Exhortation to forsake the world.

Maid. Dainty hypocrite! [*Aside.*

Wid. Peace.

Blood. But let a fine fool that's well feather'd come, and withal good meat, I have a friend, it may be, that may compassionate his wants. I'll tell you an old saw[4] for't, over my chimney yonder.

A poor man seem to him that's poor,
And prays thee for to lend;
But tell the prodigal, not quite spent,
Thou wilt procure a friend.

Wid. Trust me, a thrifty saw.

Blood. Many will have virtuous admonitions on their walls, but not a piece in their coffers; give me these witty politic saws, and indeed my house is furnish'd with no other.

Wid. How happy shall I be to wed such wisdom!

Blood. Shalt bed it, shalt bed it, wench; shall ha't by infusion. Look, look!

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Save ye, master Tim!

Tim. Who's this? goodman File the blacksmith! I thought it had been our old collier. Did you go to bed with that dirty face, goodman File?

Smith. And rise with it too, sir.

Tim. What have you bumming out there, goodman File?

Smith. A vice, sir, that I would fain be furnish'd with a little money upon.

Tim. Why, how will you do to work then, goodman File?

Smith. This is my spare vice, not that I live by.

Tim. Hum! you did not buy this spare vice of a lean courtier, did ye?

Smith. No, sir, of a fat cook, that 'strain'd[5] of a smith for's rent.

Sim. Oh, hard-hearted man of grease!

Tim. Nay, nay, Sim, we must do't sometimes.

Blood. Ha, thrifty whoreson!

Tim. And what would serve your turn, goodman File?

Smith. A noble, sir.

Tim. What, upon a spare vice to lend a noble?

Sim. Why, sir, for ten groats you may make yourself drunk; and so buy a vice outright for half the money.

Tim. That is no noble vice, I assure you.

Sim. How long would you have it?

Smith. But a fortnight; 'tis to buy stuff, I protest, sir.

Tim. Look you, being a neighbour, and born one for another.

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[2] *The sign of a fool laughing at a feather.*—See note 1. to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*, p. 400.

[3] *Sumner's coat.*—See note 5. to *The Heir*, Vol. I. p. 203.

[4] *An old saw.*—A proverb or wise saying. So in *The Wife of Bath's Prol.* l. 6240.

"But all for nought, I sette not an hawe
Of his Proverbes, ne of his *olde sawe*."

[5] *Strain'd.*—*i. e.* distrain'd. So in *Thomas Lord Cromwell*:

"His furniture fully worth half so much,
Which being all *strain'd* for the king,
He frankly gave it to the Antwerp merchants."

Blood. Ha, villain, shalt have all.

Tim. There is five shillings upon't, which, at the fortnight's end, goodman File, you must make five shillings and sixpence.

Smith. How, sir?

Tim. Nay, an' it were not to do you a courtesy—

Blood. Ha, boy!

Tim. And then I had forgot three-pence for my bill; so there is four shillings and nine pence,[6] which you are to tender back five shillings and six-pence, goodman File, at the end of the fortnight.

Smith. Well, an' it were not for earnest necessity——Ha, boys, I come, I come, you black rascals, let the cans go round. [*Exit Smith.*

Tim. Sim, because the man's an honest man, I pray lay up his vice as safe as it were our own.

Sim. And if he miss his day, and forfeit, it shall be your's and your heirs for ever.

Blood. What, disbursing money, boy? Here is thy mother-in-law.

Sim. Your nose drops, 'twill spoil her ruff.

Tim. Pray, forsooth—what's a clock?

Maid. Oh, fie upon him, mistress, I thought he had begun to ask you blessing. [*Aside.*

Wid. Peace, we'll have more on't.

[*Aside. Walks towards him.*

Tim. I wonnot kiss, indeed.

Sim. An' he wonnot, here are those that will, forsooth.

Blood. Get you in, you rogue! [*Exit Sim.*

Wid. I hope you will, sir: I was bred in Ireland, where the women begin the salutation.

Tim. I wonnot kiss, truly.

Wid. Indeed you must.

Tim. Would my girdle may break if I do.[7]

Wid. I have a mind.

Tim. Niggers noggers, I wonnot!

Blood. Nay, nay, now his great oath's past, there's no talk on't; I like him ne'er the worse; there's an old saw for't.

A kiss first, next the feeling sense,
Crack say the purse-strings, out fly the pence.

But he can talk though: whose boy are you, Tim?

Tim. Your boy, forsooth, father.

Blood. Can you turn and wind a penny, Tim?

Tim. Better than yourself, forsooth, father.

Blood. You have look'd in the church book of late? how old are you, Tim?

Tim. Two-and-twenty years, three months, three days, and three quarters of an hour, forsooth, father.

Wid. He has arithmetic.

Blood. And grammar too: what's Latin for your head, Tim?

Tim. Caput.

Wid. But what for the head of a block?

Tim. Caput blockhead.

Blood. Do you hear; your ear?

Tim. Aura.

Blood. Your eye?

Tim. Oculus.

Blood. That's for one eye; what's Latin for two?

Tim. Oculus, oculus.

Wid. An admirable accidental grammarian, I protest, sir.

Blood. This boy shall have all: I have an elder rogue, that sucks and draws me; a tavern academian; one that protests to whores, and shares with highway lawyers; an arrant unclarified rogue, that drinks nothing but wicked sack.

Enter SIM *and* ALEXANDER, *drunk.*

Sim. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Blood. Look, look! now he's come for more money.

Wid. A very hopeful house to match into, wench; the father a knave, one son a drunkard, and t'other a fool! [*Aside.*

Tim. O monster!—Father, look, if he be not drunk! the very sight of him makes me long for a cup of six.[8]

Alex. Pray father, pray to God to bless me!

[*To Tim.*

Blood. Look, look; takes his brother for his father.

Sim. Alas, sir, when the drink's in, the wit's out; and none but wise children know their own fathers.

Tim. Why, I am none of your father, brother; I am Tim; do you know Tim?

Alex. Yes, umph—for a coxcomb.

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[6] *Four shillings and nine pence.*—The quarto reads four *pence* and nine pence. This play, in the former editions, is very incorrectly printed.

[7] *Would my girdle may break if I do.*—So in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 4. S. 5. Sylli says, "The King—*break girdle, break!*" Again Falstaffe says, *First Part of King Henry IV.*

"Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?
Nay, an if I do, let *my girdle break.*"

[8] *A cup of six.*—I suppose he means small beer, which, among the vulgar, still goes by the cant name *of sixes.* S.

Wid. How wild he looks! Good sir, we'll take our leaves.

Blood. Shalt not go, 'faith, widow. You cheater, rogue! must I have my friends frighted out of my house by you? Look he steal nothing to feast his bawds. Get you out, sirrah! there are constables, beadles, whips, and the college of extravagants, eclipt Bridewell, you rogue; you rogue, there is, there is—mark that.

Alex. Can you lend me a mark upon this ring, sir? and there set it down in your book, and, umph—mark that.

Blood. I'll have no stolen rings pick'd out of pockets, or taken upon the way,[9] not I.

Alex. I'll give you an old saw for't.

Blood. There's a rogue, mocks his father; sirrah, get you gone. Sim, go let loose the mastiff.

Sim. Alas, sir, he'll tear and pull out your son's throat.

Blood. Better pull't out, than a halter stretch it: away, out of my doors; rogue, I defy thee.

Alex. Must you be my mother-in-law?

Wid. So your father says, sir.

Alex. You see the worst of your eldest son; I abuse nobody.

Blood. The rogue will fall upon her.

Alex. I will tell you an old saw.

Wid. Pray, let's hear it.

Alex. *An old man is a bedful of bones,*
And who can it deny?
By whom (umph) a young wench lies and groans,
For better company.

Blood. Did you ever hear such a rascal? Come, come, let's leave him: I'll go buy thy wedding-ring presently. You're best be gone, sirrah; I am going for the constable, aye, and one of the church-wardens; and, now I think on't, he shall pay five shillings to the poor for being drunk, twelve pence shall go into the box, and t'other four my partner and I will share betwixt us. There's a new path to thrift, wench; we must live, we must live, girl.

Wid. And at last die for all together.

[*Exeunt* BLOODHOUND, *Widow, and Maid.*

Sim. 'Tis a diamond.

Tim. You'll be at the Fountain after dinner?

Alex. While 'twill run, boy.

Tim. Here's a noble now, and I'll bring you t'other as I come by to the tavern; but I'll make you swear I shall drink nothing but small beer.

Alex. Niggers naggers, thou shalt not; there's thine own oath for thee. Thou shalt eat nothing, an' thou wilt, but a poach'd spider, and drive it down with syrup of toads. [*Exit.*

Tim. Ah! pray thee, Sim, bid the maid eat my breakfast herself. [*Exit.*

Sim. H'as turn'd his stomach, for all the world like a puritan's at the sight of a surplice.[10] But your breakfast shall be devour'd by a stomach of a stronger constitution, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain CARVEGUT *and Lieutenant* BOTTOM.

Capt. No game abroad this morning? This Coxcomb park,[11] I think he past the best. I have known the time the bottom 'twixt those hills has been better fledged.

Lieut. Look out, Captain, there's matter of employment at foot o' the hill.

Capt. A business?

Lieut. Yes, and hopeful; there's a morning bird; his flight seems for London, he hallooes and sings sweetly; pr'ythee let's go and put him out of tune.

Capt. Thee and I have crotchets in our pates; and thou knowest two crotchets make one quaver;[12] he shall shake for't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Ran. *Did hur not see hur true loves,*
As hur came from London?
Oh, if hur saw not hur fine prave loves,
Randall is quite undone.

Well, was never mortal man in Wales could have waged praver, finers, and nimblers, than Randals have done, to get service in Londons: whoope, where was hur now? just upon a pridge of stone, between the legs of a couple of pretty hills, but no more near mountains in Wales, than Clim of the Clough's bowe, to her cozen David's harp. And now hur prattle of Davie, I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingston, a couple of hur t'other cozens, Saint Nicholas' clerks.[13] The morning was so red as an egg, and the place ferry full of dangers, perils, and bloody

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[9] *Way.*—Highway.

[10] *Like a puritan's at the sight of a surplice.*—The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice*, is alluded to in many of the old comedies. See several instances in Mr Steevens's note to *All's well that ends well*, A. 1. S. 3.

[11] *Coxcomb park.*—The park belonging to Coomb house.

[12] *Two crotchets make one quaver.*—But two quavers making one crotchet, this seems to be false wit, having no foundation in truth. S. P.

[13] *Saint Nicholas' clerks.*—Highwaymen, or robbers, were formerly called *Saint Nicholas' clerks.* See notes by Bishop Warburton and Mr Steevens, on the *First Part of King Henry 4th*, A. 2. S. 1.
Again in Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1616:

businesses by reports; augh, her swords was trawn. Cod pless us and hur cozen Hercules was not stand against two; which shall hur take? If they take Randalls, will rip Randalls cuts out, and then Randalls shall see Paul's steeples no more; therefore hur will go directly under the pridge, here was but standing to knees in little fine cool fair waters; and by cat, if hur have Randalls out, her shall come and fetch Randalls and her will, were hur nineteen Nicholas' clerks. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Lieut. Which way took he?

Capt. On straight, I think.

Lieut. Then we should see him, man; he was just in mine eye when we were at foot o' the hill, and, to my thinking, stood here looking towards us upon the bridge.

Capt. So thought I; but with the cloud of dust we raised about us, with the speed our horses made, it seems we lost him; now I could stamp, and bite my horse's ears off.

Lieut. Let's spur towards Coomb house,[14] he struck that way; sure he's not upon the road.

Capt. 'Sfoot, if we miss him, how shall we keep our word with Saunder Bloodhound in Fleetstreet, after dinner, at the Fountain? He's out of cash; and 'thou know'st, by Cutter's law,[15] we are bound to relieve one another.

Lieut. Let's scour towards Coomb house; but if we miss him?

Capt. No matter; do'st see yonder barn o' the left hand?

Lieut. What of that?

Capt. At the west end, I tore a piece of board out,
And stuft in close amongst the straw, a bag
Of a hundred pound at least, all in round shillings,
Which I made my last night's purchase from a lawyer.

Lieut. Dost know the place, to fetch it again?

Capt. The torn board is my land-mark. If we miss this,
We make for that; and, whilst that lasts—oh London,
Thou labyrinth that puzzlest strictest search,
Convenient inns of court, for highway lawyers,
How with rich wine, tobacco, and sweet wenches,
We'll canvass thy dark case!

Lieut. Away, let's spur. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Ran. Spur, did hur call hur? Have made Randalls stand without poots, in fery pittiful pickles; but hur will run as nimbles to Londons, as creyhound after rabbits. And yet, now hur remember what her cousins talkt, was some wiser and some too. Randals heard talk of parn upon left hand, and a prave pag with hundred pounds in round shillings, Cod pless us; and yonder was parns, and upon left hands too. Now, here was questions and demands to be made, why Randalls should not rob them would rob Randalls? Hur will go to parns, pluck away pords, pull out pags, and shew her cozen a round pair of heels, with all hur round shillings; mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Lieut. The rogue rise right, and has outstript us. This was staying in Kingston with our unlucky hostess, that must be dandled, and made drunk next her heart. She made us slip the very cream o' the morning; if any thing stand awkward, a woman's at one end on't.

Capt. Come, we've a hundred pieces good yet in the barn; they shall last us and Saunder[16] a month's mirth at least.

Lieut. Oh these sweet hundred pieces! how I will kiss you, and hug you! with the zeal a usurer does his bastard money, when he comes from church. Wer't not for them, where were our bones? But come, they shall be sure to thunder in the taverns. I but now, just now, see pottle

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"The theefe that commits the robery, and is chiefe *clarke to Saint Nicholas*, is called the high lawyer."

Looke on me London, 1613, Sign. C:

"Here closely lie *Saint Nicholas Clearkes*, that, with a good northerne gelding, will gaine more by a halter, than an honest yeoman will with a teame of good horses."

[14] *Coomb-house.*—This ancient fabric, which is now destroyed, was the seat of the *Nevils*, Earls of Warwick. It stood about a mile from Kingston-upon-Thames, near Wolsey's Aqueducts, which convey water to Hampton Court. S.

[15] *Cutter's law.*—A cutter was, about the beginning of the last century, a cant-word for a swaggering fellow. This appears in the old black letter play, intitled *The Faire Maid of Bristow*, Sign. iij. where Sir Godfrey says of Challener:

"He was *a cutter* and a swaggerer."

He is elsewhere called a swaggering fellow. Sign. A. 4. MS. note in Oldys's Langbaine.

[16] *Saunder.*—*i. e.* Alexander Bloodhound. S. P.

pots thrown down the stairs, just like serjeants and yeomen, one i' the neck of another.

Capt. Delicate vision! [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Ran. Hur have got hur pag and all by the hand, and hur had ferily thought in conscience, had not been so many round sillings in whole worlds, but in Wales. 'Twas time to supply hur store: hur had but thirteen pence halfpenny in all the worlds, and that hur have left in hur little white purse, with a rope her found py the parn, just in the place hur had this. Randalls will be no servingmans now; hur will buy hur prave parrels, prave swords, prave taggers, and prave feathers, and go a-wooing to prave comely pretty maid. Rob Randals! becat, and hur were ten dozen of cozens, Randals rob hur; mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Lieutenant.

Lieut. A plague of Friday mornings! the most unfortunate day in the whole week.

Capt. Was ever the like fate? 'Sfoot, when I put it in, I was so wary, though it were midnight, that I watch'd till a cloud had mask'd the moon, for fear she should have seen't.

Lieut. O luck!

Capt. A gale of wind did but creep o'er the bottom, and, because I heard things stir, I stayed: 'twas twelve score past me.

Lieut. The pottle pots will sleep in peace to-night.

Capt. And the sweet clinks.

Lieut. The clattering of pipes.

Capt. The Spanish fumes.

Lieut. The more wine, boy, the nimble Anon, anon, sir.[17]

Capt. All to-night will be nothing; come, we must shift. 'Sfoot, what a witty rogue 'twas, to leave this fair thirteen pence halfpenny, and this old halter; intimating aptly,

Had the hangman met us there, by these presages,
Here had been his work, and here his wages.

Lieut. Come, come, we must make friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BLOODHOUND, TIM, *and* SIM.

Blood. There, sirrah, there's his bond; run into the Strand, 'tis six weeks since the tallow-chandler fetch'd my hundred marks I lent him to set him up, and to buy grease. This is his day, I'll have his bones for't else; so pray tell him.

Tim. But are a chandler's bones worth so much, father?

Blood Out, coxcomb!

Sim. Worth so much! I know my master will make dice of them; then 'tis but letting Master Alexander carry them next Christmas to the Temple,[18] he'll make a hundred marks a night of them.

Tim. 'Mass, that's true.

Blood. And run to Master Earlack's the informer, in Thieving-lane, and ask him what he has done in my business. He gets abundance, and if he carry my cause with one false oath, he shall have Moll; he will take her with a little. Are you gone, sir?

Tim. No, forsooth.

Blood. As you come by Temple-bar, make a step to the Devil.

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[17] *The nimble Anon, anon, sir.—i. e.* The reply of drawers, when they are called.

[18] *Carry them next Christmas to the Temple.*—It was formerly usual to celebrate Christmas, at the several inns of court, with extraordinary festivity. Sometimes plays or masques were performed; and, when these were omitted, a greater degree of licence appears to have been allowed to the students than at other times. In societies, where so many young men, possessed of high spirits, and abounding with superfluous sums of money, were assembled, it will not seem wonderful to find the liberty granted at this season should be productive of many irregularities. Among others, gaming, in the reign of James I. when this play was probably written, had been carried to such an extravagant height, as to demand the interposition of the heads of some of the societies, to prevent the evil consequences attending it. In the 12th of James I. orders for reformation and better government of the inns of Court and Chancery were made, by the readers and benchers of the four houses of court; among which is the following. "For that disorders in the *Christmas*-time, may both infect the minds, and prejudice the estates and fortunes, of the young gentlemen in the same societies: it is therefore ordered, that there shall be commons of the house kept, in every house of court, during the *Christmas*; and that none shall play in their several halls at the dice, except he be a gentleman of the same society, and in commons; and the benefits of the boxes to go to the butlers of every house respectively." Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.* p. 318. In the 4th of *Car. I.* (Nov. 17.) the society of Gray's Inn direct, "that all playing at dice, cards, or otherwise, in the hall, buttry, or butler's chamber, should be thenceforth barred and forbidden, at all times of the year, the twenty days in *Christmas* only excepted." Ibid. p 286. And in the 7th of Car. I. (7 Nov.) the society of the *Inner Temple* made several regulations for keeping good rule in *Christmas-time*, two of which will shew how much gaming had been practised there before that time. "8. That there shall not be any knocking with boxes, or calling aloud for gamesters. 9. That no play be continued within the house upon any Saturday night, or upon Christmas-eve at night, after twelve of the clock."

Tim. To the Devil, father?

Sim. My master means the sign of the Devil.[19] And he cannot hurt you, fool; there's a saint holds him by the nose.

Tim. Sniggers, what does the devil and a saint both in a sign?

Sim. What a question's that? What does my master and his prayer-book, o' Sunday, both in a pew?

Blood. Well, well, ye gipsey, what do we both in a pew?

Sim. Why, make a fair shew; and the devil and the saint does no more.

Blood. You're witty, you're witty: call to the man o' the house, bid him send in the bottles of wine to-night, they will be at hand i'the morning.—Will you run, sir?

Tim. To the Devil as fast as I can, sir. The world shall know whose son I am. [*Exit.*

Blood. Let me see now, for a poesy for the ring: Never an end of an old saw? 'Tis a quick widow, Sim,
And would have a witty poesy.

Sim. If she be quick, she's with child; whoever got it, you must father it; so that
You come o' the nick,
For the widow's quick.
There's a witty poesy for your quick widow.

Blood. No, no, I'll have one shall savour of a saw.

Sim. Why then, 'twill smell of the painted cloth.[20]

Blood. Let me see, A widow witty—

Sim. Is pastime pretty.—Put in that for the sport's sake.

Blood. No, no, I can make the sport. Then an old man.

Sim. Then will she answer, If you cannot, a younger can.
And look, look, sir, now I talk of the younger, Yonder's Ancient Young come over again, that Mortgaged sixty pound *per annum* before he went; I'm deceived if he come not a day after the fair.

Blood. Mine almanack.

Sim. A prayer-book, sir?

Blood. A prayer-book; for devout beggars I hate; look I beseech thee. Fortune now befriend me, and I will call the plaguy whore in. Let me see, six months.

Enter Ancient YOUNG.

Anc. Yes, 'tis he certain; this is a business must not be slackened, sir.

Sim. Look, I beseech thee; we shall have oatmeal in our pottage six weeks after.

Blood. Four days too late, Sim; four days too late, Sim.

Sim. Plumbs in our pudding a Sunday, plumbs in our pudding.

Anc. Master Bloodhound, as I take it.

Blood. You're a stranger, sir, you shall be witness, I shall be rail'd at else, they will call me devil; I pray you how many months from the first of May to the sixth of November following?

Anc. Six months and four days, just.

Blood. I ask, because the first of May last, a noble gentleman, one Ancient Young——

Anc. I am the man, sir.

Blood. My spectacles, Sim: look Sim, is this Ancient Young?

Sim. 'Twas Ancient Young, sir.

Blood. And is't not Ancient Young?

Sim. No, sir, you have made him a young ancient. [*Aside.*

Blood. Oh Sim, a chair; I know him now, but I shall not live to tell him.

Anc. How fare you, sir?

Sim. The better for you; he thanks you, sir. [*Aside.*

Blood. Sick sick, exceeding sick.

Anc. O' the sudden? strange!

Sim. A qualm of threescore pounds a year come over his stomach, nothing else. [*Aside.*

Blood. That you, beloved! you, who, of all men i' the world, my poor heart doated on! whom I loved better than father, mother, brother, sister, uncles, aunts; what would you have? that you should stay four days too late!

Anc. I have your money ready;

Sir Simon Dewes also, in the MS. Life of himself, in the British Museum, takes notice of the Christmas irregularities about this period. P. 52, Dec. 1620. "At the saied Temple was a lieutenant chosen, and much gaming, and other excesses during these festivall dayes, by his residing and keeping a standing table ther; and, when sometimes I turned in thither to behold ther sportes, and saw the many oaths, execrations, and quarrels, that accompanied ther dicing, I began seriously to loath it, though at that time I conceived the sporte of itselfe to bee lawfull." P. 67. "The first day of Januarie [*i. e.* 1622-23] at night, I came into commons at the Temple, where ther was a leiftenant choosen, and all manner of gaming and vanitie practiced, as if the church had not at all groaned under those heavie desolations which it did. Wherefore I was verie gladd, when, on the Tuesday following, being the seventh day of the same moneth, the howse broake upp ther Christmas, and added an end to those excesses."

[19] *The sign of the Devil.*—This tavern, with the same sign as above described, still remains.

[20] *Painted cloth.*—See note 67 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 550.

And, sir, I hope your old love to my father———

Blood. Nay, nay, I am noble, fellow, very noble, a very rock of friendship; but, but, I had a house and barn burnt down to the ground, since you were here.

Anc. How?

Blood. How, burn'd! ask Sim.

Sim. By fire, sir; by fire.

Blood. To build up which, for I am a poor man, a poor man, I was forced by course of law to enter upon your land, and so, for less money than you had of me I was fain to sell it to another. That by four days stay, a man should lose his blood! our livings! our blood! O my heart! O my head!

Anc. Pray take it not so heinous, we'll go to him: I'll buy it again of him, he won't be too cruel.

Blood. A dog, a very dog; there's more mercy in a pair of unbribed bailiffs. To shun all such solicitings, he's rid to York; a very cut-throat rogue! But I'll send to him.

Anc. An honest old man, how it moves him! This was my negligence. Good Sim, convey him into some warmer room; and I pray, however Fortune (she that gives ever with the dexterity she takes) shall please to fashion out my sufferings, yet for his sake, my deceased father, the long friend of your heart, in your health keep me happy.

Blood. Oh right honest young man!—Sim.

Sim. Sir.

Blood. Have I done't well?

Sim. The devil himself could not have done't better.

Blood. I tell thee an old saw, sirrah;

He that dissembles in wealth shall not want;
They say dooms-day is coming, but think you not on't.

This will make the pot seethe, Sim.

Anc. Good, sir, talk no more, my mouth runs over. [*Exeunt* BLOODHOUND *and* SIM.] Sleep, awake, worthy beggar, worthy indeed to be one, and am one worthily—How fine it is to wanton, without affliction! I must look out for fortunes, over again; no, I have money here, and 'tis the curse of merit, not to work when she has money. There was a handsome widow, whose wild, mad, jealous husband died at sea; let me see, I am near Black-friars, I'll have one start at her, or else—

Enter BLOODHOUND'S *Daughter* MOLL, *with a bowl of beer.*

Moll. By my troth 'tis he! Captain Young's son. I have loved him even with *languishings* ever since I was a girl: but should he know *it*, I should run mad, sure.—What handsome gentlemen travel and manners make! my father begun to you, sir, in a cup of small-beer.

Anc. How does he, pray?

Moll. Pretty well now, sir.

Anc. 'Mass, 'tis small indeed—you'll pledge me?

Moll. Yes, sir.

Anc. Pray will you tell me one thing?

Moll. What is't?

Anc. Which is smaller, this beer or your maidenhead?

Moll. The beer a great deal, sir.

Anc. Aye, in quality.

Moll. But not in quantity?

Anc. No.

Moll. Why?

Anc. Let me try, and I'll tell you.

Moll. Will you tell me *one thing before you* try?

Anc. Yes.

Moll. Which is smaller, this beer or your *wit*?

Anc. O, the beer, the beer.

Moll. In quality?

Anc. Yes, and in quantity.

Moll. Why then, I pray keep the quantity of your wit, from the quality of my maidenhead, and you shall find my maidenhead more than your wit.

Anc. A witty maidenhead, by this hand.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Table set out. Enter two Servants, JARVIS *and* JOHN, *as to cover it for Dinner.*

John. Is my mistress ready for dinner?

Jarvis. Yes, if dinner be ready for my mistress.

John. Half an hour ago, man.

Jarvis. But pr'ythee, sir, is't for certain, for yet it cannot sink into my head, that she is to be married to-morrow?

John. Troth, she makes little preparation; but it may be, she would be wedded, as she would be bedded, privately.

Jarvis. Bedded, call you it? and she be bedded no better than he'll bed her, she may lie tantalized, and eat wishes.

John. Pox on him, they say he's the arrantest miser; we shall never live a good day with him.

Jarvis. Well, and she be snipt by threescore and ten, may she live sixscore and eleven, and repent twelve times a day, that's once an hour.

[Exit.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Set meat o' the board.

John. Yes.

Wid. Why does your fellow grumble so?

John. I do not know.
They say you're to marry one that will feed us
With horse-plumbs, instead of beef and cabbage.

Wid. And are you grieved at that?

John. No, but my friends are.

Wid. What friends are grieved?

John. My guts.

Wid. So it seems, you begun clown—

John. Yes, and shall conclude, coxcomb, and I be fed with herring-bones. 'Sfoot I say no more, but if we do want as much bread of our daily allowance, as would dine a sparrow, or as much drink as would fox a fly, [21] I know what I know.

Wid. And what do you know, sir?

John. Why, that there goes but a pair of sheers [22] between a promoter and a knave; if you know more, take your choice of either.

Wid. 'Tis well; set on dinner.

Enter JARVIS *with a Rabbit in one hand, and a dish of Eggs in the other, and the Maid.*

Jarvis. O mistress, yonder's the mad gallant, Master Alexander Bloodhound, entered into the hall.

Wid. You should have kept him out.

Maid. Alas, ne'er a wench in town could do't, he's so nimble; I had no sooner opened the door, but he thrust in ere I was aware.

Enter ALEXANDER.

A. Blood. And how does my little, handsome, dainty, delicate, well-favoured, straight, and comely, delicious, bewitching widow?

Jarvis. 'Sfoot, here's one runs division before the fiddlers.

Wid. Sir, this is no seasonable time of visit.

A. Blood. 'Tis pudding-time, wench, pudding-time; and a dainty-time, dinner-time, my nimble-eyed witty one. Woot be married to-morrow, sirrah? [*Sits to Table.*

Jarvis. She'll be mad to-morrow, sirrah.

A. Blood. What, art thou a fortune-teller?

Jarvis. A chip of the same block, a fool, sir.

A. Blood. Good fool, give me a cup of cool beer.

Jarvis. Fill your master a cup of cool beer.

A. Blood. Pish, I spoke to the fool.

Jarvis. I thought you'd brought the fool with you, sir.

A. Blood. Fool, 'tis my man: shalt sit i'faith, wench.

Wid. For once, I'll be as merry as you are mad, and learn fashions. I am set, you see, sir, but you must pardon, sir, our rudeness; Friday's fare for myself, a dish of eggs and a rabbit, I look'd for no strange faces.

A. Blood. Strange! mine's a good face, i'faith; pr'ythee buss.

Jarvis. Why, here's one comes to the business now.

A. Blood. Sirrah, woot have the old fellow?

Wid. Your father? Yes.

A. Blood. I tell thee thou shalt not; no, no, I have such—*this rabbit's raw too.*

Jarvis. There's but one raw bit, sir.

A. Blood. Thy jester sure shall have a coat. [23]

Wid. Let it be of your own cut, sir.

A. Blood. Nay, nay, nay; two to one is extremity—but, as I was telling thee, I have such a husband for thee; so knowing, so discreet, so sprightly,—fill a cup of claret,—so admirable in desires, so excellently deserving, that an old man;—fie, fie, pr'ythee.—Here's to thee.

Wid. The man's mad, sure.

Jarvis. Mad! by this hand, a witty gallant.

John. Pr'ythee peace, shalt hear a song.

Enter Ancient YOUNG.

Wid. What cope's-mate's [24] this, trow? who let him in?

Jarvis. By this light, a fellow of an excellent breeding.
He came unbidden, and brought his stool with him.

John. Look, mistress, how they stare one at another?

Jarvis. Yes, and swell like a couple of gibb'd cats,[25] met both by chance i' the dark, in an old garret.

Wid. Look, look; now there's no fear of the

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[21] *Fox a fly.*—*i. e.* intoxicate a fly.

[22] *A pair of sheers.*—The 4to reads *a pair of sheets*, but evidently wrong. See *Mal-content*, A. 4. S. 5.

[23] *A coat*—*i. e.* a fool's coat, such as the jesters or fools anciently wore. See notes to *Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2. by Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens.

[24] *Cope's-mate.*—*Copesmate*, Dr Johnson conjectures to be the same as *cupsmate*, a companion in drinking, or one that dwells under the same *cope*, for house. I find the word used in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 31. but not according to either of the above explanations. "Hee that trusts a tradesman on his word, a usurer with his bond, a phisitian with his body, and the divell with his soule, needes not care who he trusts afterwards, nor what *copesmate* encounters him next."

[25] *Gibb'd cats.*—See note 10 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. and also the notes of Dr Percy, Mr Steevens, and Mr Tollet, to *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 4, S. 2.

wild beasts; they have forgot their spleens, and look prettily; they fall to their pasture; I thought they had been angry, and they are hungry.

Jarvis. Are they none of Duke Humphrey's[26] furies, do you think that they devised this plot in Paul's to get a dinner?

Wid. Time may produce as strange a truth. Let's note them.

Enter RANDALL.

Rand. Hur loved hur once, hur loved hur no more.
Saint Tavie! so well as hur loved hur then!

Wid. Another hur! this is the cook-maid's leaving open the door; and this is the daintiest dish she has sent in, a widgeon in Welsh sauce—pray let's make a merry day on't.

Rand. Augle Randals comes in very good times; you keep ordinaries hur think: What have you set a cat before gallants there?

Jarvis. They will eat him for the second course. [*Aside.*] These are suitors to my mistress sure; things that she slights; set your feet boldly in, widows are not caught as maids kiss, faintly; but as mastiffs fight, valiantly.

Rand. Is hur so? I pray bid hur mistress observe Randals for valours, and prave adventures.

Anc. Some beer.

Wid. Let them want nothing.

Anc. Here, widow.

Wid. I thank you, sir.

A. Blood. Some wine.

Jarvis. Here is wine for you, sir.

Rand. Randals will not be outprav'd, I warrant hur.

A. Blood. Here, widow.

Wid. I thank you too, sir.

Rand. Sounds, some metheglings here.

Wid. What does he call for?

Jarvis. Here are some eggs for you, sir.

Rand. Eggs, man! some metheglings, the wine of Wales.

Jarvis. Troth, sir, here's none i'the house; pray make a virtue of necessity, and drink to her in this glass of claret.

Rand. Well, because hur will make a great deals of necessities of virtues, mark with what a grace Randals will drink to hur mistress.

Maid. He makes at you, forsooth.

Wid. Let him come, I have ever an English virtue to put by a Welsh.

Rand. O noble widows, hur heart was full of woes.

A. Blood. No, noble Welchman, hur heart was in hur hose. [*Takes away his cup.*

Rand. 'Sounds, was that hur manners, to take away Randals cups?

Anc. No, it shewed scurvy.

A. Blood. Take't you at worst, then.

Anc. Whelp of the devil, thou shalt see thy sire for't.

John, Jarvis. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Rand. Let hur come, let hur *come; Randals* will redeem reputations, hur warrant hur.

Wid. Redeem your wit, sir. First for *you, sir,* you are a stranger;—but *you,* fie, *Master Blood*hound!—

Anc. Ha! Bloodhound! *good sir,* let me speak with you.

Rand. 'Sounds, what does Randals amongst plood-hounds? Good widows, lend hur an ear.

A. Blood. Ancient Young! how false our memories have play'd through long continuance! but, why met here, man? Is Mars so bad a pay master, that our ancients fight under Cupid's banner?

Anc. Faith, this was but a sudden start, begotten from distraction of some fortunes; I pursue this widow but for want of wiser work.

Jarvis. The Welchman labours at it.

Rand. A pair of a hundred of seeps, thirty prave cows, and twelve dozen of runts.

Wid. Twelve dozen of goose.

Rand. Give hur but another hark?

A. Blood. He has the mortgage still, and I have a handsome sister; do but meet at the Fountain in Fleet-street, after dinner; O, *I will read thee* history of happiness, and thou shalt *thank me.*

Anc. Aye, read all's well, or weapons.

A. Blood. A word, Jarvis.

Rand. Oh prave widows, hur will meet hur there, hur knows hur times and hur seasons, hur warrant hur; Randals will make these prave gallants hang hurselfs in those garters of willow garlands apout hur pates; mark hur now, and remember. [*Exit.*

Anc. Adieu, sweet widow; for my ordinary— [*Kisses her.*

Wid. 'Twas not so much worth, sir.

Anc. You mean, 'twas worth more then; and that's another handsomely begg'd.

Wid. You conclude women cunning beggars, then.

Anc. Yes, and men good benefactors. *My* best wishes wait on so sweet a mistress—Will you walk? [*Exit.*

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[26] *Duke Humphrey.*—In the ancient church of St Paul's, one of the aisles was called *Duke Humphrey's Walk,* in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter. See Mr Steevens's note on *King Richard III.* A. 4. S. 4.

A. Blood. I'll follow you. Woo't think on't soon at night, or not at all?

Jarvis. I would not have my wishes wrong'd; if I should bring it about handsomely, you can be honest?

A. Blood. Can! dost conclude me a sattin cheat?

Jarvis. No, a smooth gallant, sir. Do not you fail to be here soon at nine, still provided you will be honest; if I convey you not under her bed, throw me a top o' the tester, and lay me out o' the way like a rusty bilboe.

A. Blood. Enough; drink that.—Farewell, widow; Fate, the Destinies, and the three ill-favoured Sisters, have concluded the means, and when I am thy husband—

Wid. I shall be your wife.

A. Blood. Do but remember these cross capers then, you bitter sweet one.[27] [*Exit.*

Wid. Till then adieu, you bitter sweet one. [*Exit.*

Jarvis. This dinner would have shew'd better in Bed-lane; and she at the other side, holdeth her whole nest of suitors play. What art decks the dark labyrinth of a woman's heart! [*Exit.*

Enter MARY BLOODHOUND *and* SIM.

Moll. Marry old Ear-lack! is my father mad?

Sim. They 're both a concluding on't yonder; to-morrow's the day; one wedding-dinner must serve both marriages.

Moll. Oh Sim; the Ancient, the delicate Ancient! there's a man, and thou talk'st of a man; a good face, a sparkling eye, a straight body, a delicate hand, a clean leg and foot; ah, sweet Sim! there's a man worth a maidenhead.

Enter BLOODHOUND *and* EAR-LACK.

Sim. But I say, Master Ear-lack, the old man, a foot like a bear, a leg like a bed-staff, a hand like a hatchet, an eye like a pig, and a face like a winter pigmie; there's a man for a maidenhead.

Moll. Oh look, look! Oh alas, what shall I do with him?

Sim. What? why, what shall fifteen do with sixty and twelve? make a screen of him; stand next the fire, whilst you sit behind him, and keep a friend's lips warm. Many a wench would be glad of such a fortune.

Blood. Your oath struck it dead then, o' my side?

Ear-lack. Five hundred deep of your side, i'faith, father.

Blood. Moll, come hither, Moll; I hope Sim has discover'd the project.

Ear-lack. And to-morrow must be the day, Moll; both of a day, one dinner shall serve; we may have store of little ones; we must save for our family.

Moll. Good sir, what rashness was parent to this madness? marry an old man!—Ear-lack the informer!

Blood. Madness!—you're a whore.

Ear-lack. Is she a whore, Sim?

Sim. She must be your wife, I tell!—

Blood. An arrant whore, to refuse Master Innocent Ear-lack of Rogue-land!—that for his dwelling. Next, that he doth inform now and then against enormities, and hath been blanketed, it may be, pump'd in's time; yet the world knows he does it not out of need; he's of mighty means, but takes delight now and then to trot up and down, to avoid idleness, you whore.

Sim. Good, sir!

Ear-lack. Pray, father!

Moll. This wound wants oil. (*Aside.*) Good sir, in all my paths I will make you my guide; I was only startled
With the suddenness of the marriage,
In that I knew, that this deserving gentleman
And I had never so much conference,
Whereby this coal of Paphos, by the rhetoric
Of his love-stealing, heart-captivating language,
Might be blown into a flame.

Ear-lack. Does she take tobacco, father?

Blood. No, no, man; these are out of ballads; she has all the Garland of Good-will[28] by heart.

Ear-lack. 'Snails, she may sing me asleep o' nights then, Sim.

Sim. Why, right, sir; and then 'tis but tickling you o' the forehead with her heels, you are awake again, and ne'er the worse man.

Moll. Is he but five years older than yourself, sir?

Ear-lack. Nay, I want a week and three days of that too.

Blood. I'll tell thee an old saw for't, girl.
Old say he be, old blades are best,
Young hearts are never old.

Ear-lack. Ah, ha!

Blood. *Gold is great glee, gold begets rest,*
What fault is found in gold?

Sim. I will answer presently, sir, with another saw.

Blood. Let's ha't, let's ha't.

Ear-lack. Mark, Moll.

Sim. *Young? say she be young, young mutton's sweet,*
Content is above gold;
If, like an old cock, he with young mutton meet,
He feeds like a cuckold.

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[27] *Bitter sweet one.*—See note to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 3. vol. 10. edit. 1778. S.

[28] *Garland of Good-will.*—One of the miscellaneous collections of songs and poems, formerly published, called *Garlands*. The names of a great number of these, and, amongst the rest, *The Garland of Good-will*, by T. D. 1631, are enumerated in Dr Percy's Reliques, vol. 1. p. 77.

Blood. A very pretty pithy one, I protest; look, an' Moll do not laugh: 'shalt have a pair of gloves for that. What leather dost love?

Sim. Calf, sir; sheep's too simple for me.

Blood. Nay, 'tis a witty notable knave; he should never serve me else.

Enter JOHN *with a Letter.*

John. My mistress remembers her love, and requests you would insure her so much to your patience, as to read that.

Blood. Love-letters, love-lies: dost mark, Sim; these women are violent, Sim. Whilst I read the lie, do you rail to him upon the brewer; swear he has deceived us, and save a cup of beer by't.

Sim. I will not save you a cup at that rate, sir.

Ear. I can make thee a hundred a year jointure, wench. At the first, indeed, I began with petty businesses, wench; and here I pick'd, and there I pick'd: but now I run through nothing but things of value.

Moll. Sir, many thoughts trouble me; and your words carry such a weight, that I will chuse a time, when I have nothing else to do, to think on em.

Ear. By my troth, she talks the wittiest, an' I could understand her.

Blood. Oh, nimble, nimble widow; I am sorry we have no better friends; but, pray commend me, though in a blunt dry commendation, at the time and place appointed; I wonnot fail. I know she has a nest of suitors, and would carry it close, because she fears surprisal.

Ear. What news, father?

Blood. Shalt lie there all night, son.

Ear. Was that the first news I heard on't?

Blood. I must meet a friend i' the dark soon; let me see, we lovers are all a little mad; do you and Moll take a turn or two i'the garden, whilst Sim and I go up into the garret and devise, till the guests come. [*Exit.*

Sim. He's a little mad. I had best hang him upon the cross beam in the garret. [*Exit.*

Ear. Come, Moll, come Molkin; we'll even to the camomile bed, and talk of household stuff; and be sure thou rememberest a trade.

Moll. Please you go before, sir?

Ear. Nay, an old ape has an old eye; I shall go before, and thou woot shew me a love-trick, and lock me into the garden. I will come discreetly behind, Moll.

Moll. Out upon him, what a suitor have I got! I am sorry you're so bad an archer, sir.

Ear. Why bird, why bird?

Moll. Why, to shoot at buts, when you should use prick-shafts; short shooting will lose you the game, I assure you, sir.

Ear. Her mind runs sure upon a fletcher,[29] or a bowyer: howsoever I'll inform against both; the fletcher for taking whole money for pierced arrows, the bowyer for horning the headmen of his parish, and taking money for his pains. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in the Tavern, ALEXANDER, *the Captain, Lieutenant,* SUE SHORTHEELS, *and Mrs* COOTE.

Alex. Some rich Canary, boy.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir.

Alex. Possible! Thus cheated of an hundred pieces! a handsome halter, and the hangman's wages popt in the place: what an acute wit we have in wickedness!

Capt. 'Tis done, and handsomely.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's a pottle of rich Canary, and a quart of neat claret, gentlemen; and there's a gentleman below, he says he is your brother, Master Bloodhound: he appointed to meet you here.

Capt. The expected thing, that bought the Bristol stone.

Alex. Send him up, pr'ythee; remember how it must be carried.

Mrs Coote. I am her grandmother; forget not that by any means.

Alex. And pray remember that you do not mump as if you were chewing bacon, and spoil all.

Mrs Coote. I warrant you.

Enter Ancient YOUNG.

Alex. And hark.

Draw. Are these the company, sir?

Anc. Yes, but those I like not; these are not they;
I'll stay i' the next room till my company come.

Draw. Where you please, sir: pray, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Capt. I hear him coming up gingerly.

Alex. Oh he tramples upon the bosom of a tavern with that dexterity, as your lawyers' clerks do to Westminster-hall upon a dirty day, with a pair of white silk stockings. Brother Tim, why now you're a man of your word, I see.

Enter TIM.

Tim. Nay, I love to be as good as my say. See, brother, look, there's the rest of your money upon the ring. I cannot spend a penny, for I have ne'er a penny left. What are these, what are these?

Alex. Gallants of note and quality; he that

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[29] *Fletcher.—Fletchier,* Fr. a maker of arrows. We have still the *Fletchers* company in the city of London.

sits taking tobacco is a captain, Captain Carvegut.

Tim. He will not make a capon of me, will he?

Alex. Are you not my brother? He that pours out the sparkling sprightly claret, is a lieutenant under him, Lieutenant Bottom. He was a serjeant first.

Tim. Of the Poultry, or of Wood-street?

Alex. Of the Poultry? of a Woodcock; a serjeant of the field, a man of blood.

Tim. I'll take my leave, brother, I am in great haste.

Alex. That delicate sweet young gentlewoman—

Tim. Fough, this tobacco!

Alex. That bears the blush of morning upon her cheeks, whose eyes are like a pair of talking twins—

Tim. She looks just upon me.

Alex. I think you are in haste.

Tim. No, no, no, pray.

Alex. Whose lips are beds of roses, betwixt which there steals a breath sweeter than Indian spices.

Tim. Sweeter than ginger.

Alex. But then to touch those lips—You stay too long, sure.

Tim. Pish, I tell you I do not; I know my time: Pray, what's her name?

Alex. But 'tis descended from the ancient stem, the great Tributie, Lindabrides her name; that ancient matron is her reverend grannum.

Tim. Niggers, I have read of her in the Mirror of Knighthood. [30]

Alex. Come, they shall know you.

Tim. Nay, brother.

Alex. I say they shall.

Tim. Let me go down and wash my face first.

Alex. Your face is a fine face.—My brother, gentlemen.

Capt. Sir, you're victoriously welcome.

Tim. That word has e'en conquer'd me.

Lieut. I desire to kiss your hand, sir.

Tim. Indeed but you shall not, sir; I went out early, and forgot to wash them.

Mrs Coote. Precious dotterill!

Capt. Sir, I shall call it a courtesy, if you shall please to vouchsafe to pledge me.

Tim. Four or six?

Capt. 'Tis rich Canary, it came from beyond the seas.

Tim. I will do no courtesy at this time, sir; yet, for one cup I care not, because it comes from beyond the seas. I think 'tis outlandish wine.

Suc. Look, how it glides!

Mrs Coote. Now, truly, the gentleman drinks a slike one Master Widgin, a kinsman of mine——

Lieut. Pox on you, heilding.

Tim. I ha' heard of that Widgin, I ha' been taken for him; and, now I think on't, a cup of this is better than our four shilling beer at home.

Lieut. You must drink another, sir; you drank to nobody.

Tim. Is it the law, that if a man drinks to nobody, he must drink again?

Omnes. Aye, aye, aye: fill his glass.

Tim. Why then, I will drink to nobody once more, because I will drink again.

Alex. Did not I tell you! More wine there, drawer.

Sue. This pageant's worth the seeing, by this hand.

Tim. Methinks this glass was better than t'other, gentlemen.

Capt. Oh, sir, the deeper the sweeter ever.

Tim. Do you think so, sir?

Lieut. Ever that when you drink to nobody.

Tim. Why then, I pray give me t'other cup, that I may drink to somebody.

Mrs Coote. I have not drank yet, sir.

Alex. Again, ye witch! Drink to the young gentlewoman.

Tim. Mistress Lindabrides.

Sue. Thanks, most ingenious sir.

Tim. She's a little shame-faced; the deeper the sweeter, forsooth.

Alex. Pox on you for a coxcomb.

Enter Ancient YOUNG.

Anc. I'the next room I have seen and heard all. Oh noble soldiers!

Tim. Here boys, give us some more wine. There's a hundred marks, gallants; 'tis your own, an' do but let me bear an office amongst you. I know as great a matter has been done for as small a sum. Pray let me follow the fashion.

Capt. Well, for once take up the money. Give me a cup of sack, and give me your hand, sir: and, because our Flemish corporal was lately

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[30] *Mirror of Knighthood.*—A romance translated out of Spanish, by Margaret Tyler, who dedicates the first part to Lord Thomas Howard. 1st part—no date.——2d part—1599.——3d—no date.——4th, 5th—1598.——6th—1598.——7th—1598.——8th—1599.——9th—1602.

It appears that Thomas Este, the printer, undertook the publication of this work, which is executed by different translators, and dedicated to different patrons. *Margaret Tyler (thine to use,* as she says at the conclusion of her address to the reader) having no concern with any part but the first. It is rarely met with complete. S.

choked at Delph with a flap-dragon,[31] bear you his name and place, and be henceforth call'd Corporal Cod's-head. Let the health go round.

Tim. Round! An' this go not round! Some wine there, tapster. Is there ne'er a tapster in the house? [*Ancient shews himself.*

Alex. My worthy friend, thou'rt master of thy word. Gentlemen, 'tis Ancient Young; you 're soldiers, come, come, save cap, compliment in cup. Pr'ythee, sit down.

Anc. Are you a captain, sir?

Capt. Yes.

Anc. And you a lieutenant?

Lieut. Yes.

Anc. I pray where served you last?

Capt. Why, at the battle of Prague.[32]

Anc. Under what colonel? In what regiment?

Capt. Why, let me see:—but come, in company? Let's sit, sir: true soldiers scorn unnecessary discourse, especially in taverns.

Anc. 'Tis true, true soldiers do; but you are tavern-rats.

Capt. How?

Alex. Pr'ythee!

Anc. Foul food, that lies all day undigested,
Upon the queasy stomach of some tavern,
And are spew'd out at midnight.

Tim. Corporal Cod-head's health, sir.

Anc. In thy face, fool.

Alex. This is cruel, Ancient.

Anc. You are but the worms of worth,
The sons of shame and baseness,
That in a tavern dare out-sit the sun,
And rather than a whore shall pass unpledged,
You'll pawn your souls for a superfluous cup,
Though you cast it into the reckoning.
The true soldier is all over man,
Noble and valiant; wisdom is the mould,
In which he casts his actions. Such a discreet temperance
Doth daily deck his doings, that by his modesty
He's guess'd the son of merit, and by his mildness
Is believed valiant. Go and build no more
These airy castles of hatch'd fame, which fools
Only admire and fear you for; the wise man
Derides and jeers ye, as puffs really of
Virtue and valour (those fair twins
That are born, breathe, and die together!) then
You'll no more be call'd butterflies, but men:
Think on't, and pay your reckoning. [*Exit.*

Capt. Car. Shall we suffer this, Saunder?

Alex. I must go after him.

Sue Short. Kill him, an' there be no more men in Christendom.

Alex. I know my sister loves him, and he swears he loves her,—and, by this hand, it shall go hard if he have her not, smock and all. Brave, excellent man! With what a strength of zeal we admire that goodness in another, which we cannot call our own! [*Exit.*

Lieut. He's a dead man, I warrant him.

Capt. Car. But where's our corporal!—Corporal, corporal! [*Looks out.*

Tim. Well, here's your corporal, an' you can be quiet.

Sue Short. Look, an' he have not insconst[33] himself in a wooden castle.

Tim. Is he gone that call'd us butterflies?

Mrs Coote. Yes, yes, h'as taken wing; and your brother's gone after him, to fight with him.

Tim. That's well; he cannot in conscience but do us the courtesy to kill him for us.—Come, gallants, what shall we do? I'll never go home to go to bed with my guts full of four shillings beer, when I may replenish them with sack. Ha, now am I as lusty! methinks we two have blue beards. Is there ne'er a wench to be had? Drawer, bring us up impossibilities, an honest whore, and a conscionable reckoning.

Lieut. Why, here's all fire wit, where[34] he will or no.

Sue Short. A whore! O tempting handsome sir, think of a rich wife rather.

Tim. Tempting handsome sir!—she's not married, is she, gentlemen?

Capt. Car. A woodcock spring'd! let us but keep him in this bacchanalian mist till morning, and 'tis done.

Tim. Tempting handsome sir! I've known a woman of handsome tempting fortunes, throw herself away upon a handsome tempting sir.

Lieut. Hark you, sir; if she had, and could be tempted to't, have you a mind to marry: would you marry her?

Tim. Oh, and a man were so worthy, tempting sir.

Lieut. Give me but a piece from you.

Tim. And when will you give it me again?

Lieut. Pray give me but a piece from you. I'll pay this reckoning into the bargain; and if I have not a trick to make it your own, I'll give you ten for't—here's my witness.

Tim. There 'tis; send thee good luck with it, and go drunk to bed.

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[31] *Flap-dragon.*—See note 75 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 555.

[32] *At the battle of Prague.*—This battle was fought at Weisenberg, near Prague, 18th November, 1620, and was fatally decisive against the Elector Palatine, who, in consequence of it, not only lost his new kingdom of Bohemia, but also was deprived by the Emperor of his hereditary dominions.

[33] *Insconst.*—A *sconce* is a petty fortification. The verb *to insconse*, occurs more than once in Shakespeare. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2. S.

[34] *Where*, i. e. whether.—It is frequently so written in ancient writers. See *Ben Jonson's New Inn*, A. 5. S. 2. and Mr Whalley's note.

Lieut. Do not you be too rash, for she observes you, and is infinitely affected to good-breeding.

Tim. I wonnot speak, I tell you, till you hold up your finger, or fall a whistling.

Capt. Car. Come, we'll pay at bar, and to the Mitre in Bread-street:[34] we'll make a mad night on't. Please you, sweet ladies, but to walk into Bread-street, this gentleman has a foolish slight supper, and he most ingenuously professes, it would appear to him the meridian altitude of his desired happiness, but to have the table deck'd with a pair of perfections so exquisitely refulgent.

Tim. He talks all sack, and he will drink no small-beer.

Mrs Coote. Pray lead, and he shall follow.

Sue Short. Bless mine eyes, my heart is full of changes. [*Exit.*

Tim. Oh, is it so? I have heard there may be more changes in a woman's heart in an hour, than can be rung upon six bells in seven days. Well, go thy ways; little dost thou think how thou shalt be betrayed; within this four-and-twenty hours, thou shalt be mine own wife, flesh and blood, by father and mother; O tempting handsome sir! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter JOHN *and the Maid.*

John. But, sirrah, canst tell what my mistress means to do with her suitors?

Maid. Nay, nay, I know not; but there is one of them, I am sure, worth looking after.

John. Which is he, I pr'ythee?

Maid. Oh, John, Master Randall, John.

John. The Welchman?

Maid. The witty man, the pretty man, the singing man; he has the daintiest ditty, so full of pith, so full of spirit, as they say.

John. Ditties! they are the ends of old ballads.

Maid. Old ends! I am sure they are new beginnings with me.

John. Here comes my mistress.

Enter Widow and JARVIS.

Wid. Who was that knock'd at the gate?

Jar. Why, your Welch wooer.

Maid. Alas, the sight on's eyes is enough to singe my little maidenhead; I shall never be able to endure him. [*Exit Maid.*

Enter RANDALL.

Rand. *When high King Henry ruled this land,*[35]
the couple of hur name,
Besides hur Queen was teurly loved,
a fair and princely——widows.

Hark you, widows; Randals was disturb'd in cogitations, about lands, ploughs, and cheese-presses in Wales; and becat hur have forgot where hur and hur meet soon at pright dark evenings.

Wid. Why, on the Change, in the Dutch walks

Rand. Oh haw, have hur—but Randals was talk no Dutch; pray meet hur in the Welch walk, was no Welch walk there?

Wid. Fie, no; there are no Welch merchants there.

Rand. 'Mass, was fery true, was all shentlemen in Wales. Hur never saw hur shamber-maid; pray where was hur shambermaid?

Jar. Taken up i' the kitchen, sir.

Rand. Can hur make wedding-ped pravely for Randals, and widows?

Wid. Pray tell him, Jarvis, whether she can or no.

Jar. Sir, not to delay, but to debilitate the strength of your active apprehension of my mistress's favour——

Rand. Was fery good words.

Jar. Hark in your ear, she will have her nest feather'd with no British breed.

Rand. Sounds, was not Brittish so good as English?

Jar. Yes, where there's wisdom, wit, and valour; but as amongst our English, we may have one fool, a knave, a coxcomb, and a coward, she bid me tell you, she has seen such wonders come out of Wales. In one word, you're an ass, and she'll have none of you.

Rand. Augh, Saint Tavie, Owen Morgan, and all hur cousins, was widow herself say so?

Wid. Good sir, let every circumstance make up one answer, take it with you.

Jar. And the Roman answer is, the English goose, sir.[36]

Rand. Sounds! hur was kill now, Gog, and

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[34] *The Mitre in Bread-street.*—From this passage, compared with another in *Ram Alley*, p. 302. it appears there were two taverns at this time with the same sign.

[35] *When high King Henry* &c.—A stanza, with some alterations, of the old ballad of *Fair Rosamond*. See *Percy's Reliques*, vol. 2. p. 147.

[36] *And the Roman answer is, the English goose, sir.*—A pun on the Latin word *anser*, which signifies a goose.

Gogmagog, a whole dozen of shiants. Make fool of Randals! Randals was wisht to as prave match as widows; was know one Mary Bloodhound, was ha all when hur father kick up heels; and becat, though hur never saw hur, hur will send hur love-letters presently, get hur good wills, and go to shurch and marry, and hur were eight and thirty, two hundred and nine and fifty widows; mark hur now. [*Exit* RANDALL.

Jar. He pelts as he goes, pitifully.

Wid. Where's Mary?

John. Mary!

Enter Maid.

Wid. Pray go to Aldgate, to my sempstress, for my ruff; I must use it say, to-morrow. Did you bid her hollow it just in the French fashion cut?

Maid. Yes, forsooth.

Wid. 'Twas well; we have no other proof in use that we are English, if we do not zany them. Let John go with you.

Maid. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit.*

Jar. But pray, forsooth, how do you mean to dispose of your suitors?

Wid. Shall I tell thee? for this, thou hast given him his cure, and he is past care; for old Bloodhound, the sawmonger, I writ to him, to meet me soon at ten in the dark, upon the Change; and if I come not by ten, he should stay till twelve: intimating something mystically, that, to avoid surprizals of other rivals, I mean to go from thence with him to lie at his house all night, and go to church with him i' the morning; when my meaning is only knavery, to make myself merry, and let him cool himself there till morning.

Jar. And now have I a whimsey, newly jumpt into the coil of ingenious apprehension, to sawce him daintily; that for that. What think you of the gentleman that brought a stool with him out of the hall, and sat down at dinner with you in the parlour?

Wid. They say he's an Ancient, but I affect not his colours.

Jar. But what say you to the mad victorious Alexander?

Wid. A wild mad roarer, a trouble not worth minding.

Jar. He will mind you ere morning, troth, mistress. [*Aside.*] There waits a gentleman i' the next room, that hath a long time loved you, and has watch'd for such an hour, when all was out of doors, to tell you so; and none being within but you and I, he desires you would hear him speak, and there's an end on't.

Wid. What is he?

Jar. An honest man.

Wid. How know you?

Jar. Why, he told me so.

Wid. And why were you such a fool to take his own word?

Jar. Because all the wit I had could get nobody's else.

Wid. A knave will ever tell you he's an honest man.

Jar. But an honest man will never tell you he's a knave.

Wid. Well, sir, your mistress dares look upon the honest man.

Jar. And the honest man dares look upon my mistress. [*Exit.*

Wid. 'Tis the roughest, bluntest fellow.—— Yet, when I take young Bloodhound to a retired collection of scattered judgment, which often lies disjointed, with the confused distraction of so many; methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right ingenious [37] spirit, veil'd merely with the vanity of youth and wildness. He looks, methinks, like one that could retract himself from his mad starts, and when he pleased turn tame. His handsome wildness, methinks, becomes him, could he keep it bounded in thrift and temperance. But down these thoughts, my resolve rests here in private. But from a fool, a miser, and a man too jealous for a little sweetness, Love, Cupid defend me!

Enter JARVIS *like a gentleman, very brave, with his former clothes in's hand.*

Jar. And to a widow wife,
Nobly liberal, and discreetly credulous,
Cupid hath sent me.

Wid. Pray prove as you appear, a gentleman. Why, Jarvis!

Jar. Look you, here's Jarvis hangs by geometry; and here's the gentleman; for less I am not: that afar off, taken with the sainted praises of your wealthy beauty, your person, wisdom, modesty, and all that can make woman gracious, in this habit sought and obtained your service.

Wid. For Heaven's sake what's your intent?

Jar. I love you.

Wid. Pray keep off.

Jar. I would keep from you. Had my desires bodies,
How I could beat them into better fashion,
And teach them temperance. For I rid to find you;
And, at a meeting amongst many dames,
I saw you first: Oh how your talking eyes,
Those active, sparkling, sweet, discoursing twins,

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[37] *Ingenious.—Ingenious* and *ingennous*, were formerly used indiscriminately for each other.

In their strong captivating motion told me
The story of your heart! A thousand Cupids
Methought sat playing on that pair of chrystals, [38]
Carrying to the swiftness of covetous fancy,
The very letters we spell love with.

Wid. Fie, fie.

Jar. I have struck her to the heart, through my face
Apparelled with this field of gravity,
The neglected roughness of a soldier's dart. [*Aside.*
These diamond-pointed eyes but hither throw,
And you will see a young spring on't; but question
Time's fair ones, they'll confess, though with a blush,
They have often found good wine at an old bush.
My blood is young, and full of amorous heats,
Which but branch'd out into these lusty veins,
Would play, and dally, and in wanton turnings,
Would teach you strange constructions.
Let time and place then, with love's old friend,
Opportunity, instruct you to be wise.

Wid. Alas, sir, where learn'd you to catch occasions thus?

Jar. Of a lawyer's clerk, wench, that, with six such catches, leap'd in five years from his desk to his coach, drawn with four horses.

Wid. Do you mean marriage?

Jar. Marriage is a cloying meat; marry who thou woot, to make a shew to shroud thee from the storms, round-headed opinion, that sways all the world, may let fall on thee: Me, cousin thou shalt call. Once in a month, or so, I'll read false letters from a far distant uncle, insert his commendations to thee, hug thy believing husband into a pair of handsome horns; look upon him with one eye, and wink upon thee with the other. Would'st have any more?

Wid. The return of servants, or some friendly visit, will intercept us now; re-assume your habit, and be but Jarvis till to-morrow morning; and, by the potent truth of friendship, I will give you plenty of cause to confess I love you truly, and strongly.

Jar. You are in earnest?

Wid. On my life, serious; let this kiss seal it.

Jar. The softest wax ever seal'd bawdy business!

Now for old Bloodhound: I'll meet you upon the Change, sir, with a blind bargain, and then help your son to a good penny-worth: this night shall be all mirth, a mistress of delight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BLOODHOUND, [39] SIM, *and* MOLL.

Blood. Nay, nay, nay, mark what follows; I must bring her home i' the dark, turn her up to bed, and there she goes to church. My cloak, sirrah.

Sim. 'Tis a very dark night, sir; you'll not have a cloak for the rain.

Blood. I'm going to steal the widow from I know not how many.

Sim. Nay, then I'll let your cloak for the rain alone, and fetch you a cloak for your knavery.

Blood. To bed, to bed, good Sim.—What Moll, I say.

Moll. Sir.

Blood. I charge you, let not one be up i' the house, but yourself, after the clock strikes ten, nor a light be stirring; Moll, trick up the green bed-chamber very daintily.

Moll. I shall, sir.

Blood. And, well remember'd, Moll; the keys of my compting-house are in the left pocket of my coat, above i' the wicker chair; look to them, and have a care of the black box there, I have often told thee of; look to that as to thy maidenhead.

Moll. I shall, sir.

Blood. Pray for me all, pray for me all.

Sim. Have you left out any thing for supper?

Blood. Out, rogue; shall not I be at infinite expence to-morrow? fast to night, and pray for me.

Sim. An old devil in a greasy sattin doublet, keep you company!

Blood. Ha, what's that?

Sim. I say, the sattin doublet you will wear to-morrow, will be the best in the company, sir.

Blood. That's true, that's true; I come, widow, I come, wench. [*Exit* BLOODHOUND.

Moll. Oh, sweet Sim, what shall I do to-morrow? To-morrow must be the day, the doleful day, the dismal day; alas, Sim, what dost thou think in thy conscience I shall do with an old man?

Sim. Nay, you're well enough served; you know how your brother, not an hour ago, lay at you to have the Ancient, one that your teeth e'en water at: and yet you cry, I cannot love him, I wonnot have him.

Moll. I could willingly marry him, if I might do nothing but look on him all day, where he might not see me; but, to lie with him! alas, I shall be undone the first night.

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[38] *Pair of chrystals.*—A common expression to signify the eyes. See several instances in Mr Steevens's notes on *King Henry V.* A. 2. S. 3.

[39] *Enter Bloodhound, &c* —The 4to has, Enter Bloodhound, *Earlack with letters*, Sim, and Moll. But as there is no business nor speech for *Earlack* during the whole scene, his name is here expunged.

Sim. That's true, how will you go to bed else? But remember, he is a man of war, an Ancient, you are his colours; now when he has nimbly display'd you, and handsomely folded you up against the next fight, then we shall have you cry, oh sweet Sim, I had been undone, if I had not been undone.[40]

Moll. Nay, and then the old fellow would mumble me to bed.

Sim. A bed! a bawd with two teeth would not mumble bacon so: then he is so sparing, you shall wear nothing, but from the broker's, at second-hand; when, being an Ancient's wife, you shall be sure to flourish.

Moll. Pry'thee go in and busy the old man with a piece of Reynard the fox,[41] that he may not disturb us; for at this hour I expect Ancient Young, and my brother.

Sim. Well, I leave you to the managing of Ancient Young, while I go in and flap the old man i' the mouth with a fox tail. [*Exit.*

Enter ALEXANDER *and* ANCIENT.

Moll. Look, look, an' he have not brought him just upon the minute: O sweet, silken Ancient, my mind gives me, thee and I shall dance the shaking of the sheets[42] together.

Alex. Now, you Mistress Fig-tail, is the wind come about yet? I ha' brought the gentleman; do not you tell him now, you had rather have his room than his company, and so shew your breeding.

Moll. Now, fie upon you; by this light you're the wickedest fellow! My brother but abuses you; pray, sir, go over again, you've a handsome spying wit, you may send more truth over in one of your well-penn'd pamphlets, than all the weekly news we buy for our penny.

Anc. Pox on't, I'll stay no longer.

Alex. 'Sfoot, thou shalt stay longer; we'll stay her heart, her guts out.

Moll. Ha, ha; how will you do for a sister then?

Alex. Pr'ythee, Moll, do, do but look upon him.

Moll. Yes, when I ha' no better object.

Alex. What canst thou see in him, thou unhandsome hideous thing, that merits not above thee?

Moll. What would I give to kiss him! [*Aside.*

Alex. Is he not a handsome boy, straight legg'd, a good face?

Moll. Yes, but his lips look as if they were as hard as his heart.

Anc. 'Sfoot, shall try that presently.

Moll. You're basely, sir, condition'd.—Pagh!

Alex. Why do you spit?

Moll. You may go.—By this light he kisses sweetly. [*Aside.*

Alex. Do but stay a little, Moll; pr'ythee, Moll; thou knowest my father has wrong'd him; make him amends, and marry him.

Moll. Sweet Mr Spendall, spare your busy breath; I must have a wise man, or else none.

Alex. And is not he a wise man?

Moll. No.

Alex. Why?

Moll. Because he keeps a fool company.

Alex. Why, you are now in's company.

Moll. But birds of a feather will fly together; and you and he are seldom asunder.

Alex. Why, you young witch, call your elder brother fool! But, go thy ways, and keep thy maidenhead till it grow more deservedly despised, than are the old base boots of a half-stew'd pander; lead a Welch morris with the apes in hell, amongst the little devils,—or, when thou shalt lie sighing by the side of some rich fool,—remember, thou thing of thread and needles, not worth three-pence halfpenny.

Moll. Too late, I fear I ha' been too coy. You are to be married then, sir?

Anc. I am, indeed, sweet mistress, to a maid
Of excellent parentage, breeding, and beauty.

Alex. I ha' thought of such musicians for thee—

Anc. But let it not be any way distasteful unto you, that thus I tried you; for your brother persuaded me to pretend love to you, that he might perceive how your mind stood to marriage, in that, as I guess, he has a husband kept in store for you.

Alex. Aye, I have provided a husband for thee, Moll.

Moll. But I'll have no husband of your providing; for, alas! now I shall have the old man, whether I will or no.

Alex. I have such a stripling for thee! he wants one eye, and is crook'd legg'd; but that was broke at foot-ball.

Anc. Alas! we cannot mould men, you know.

Alex. He's rich, he's rich, Moll.

Moll. I hate him and his riches.—Good sir, are you to be married in earnest?

Alex. In earnest! why, do you think men marry as fencers sometimes fight, in jest? Shall I shew her Mistress Elizabeth's letter, I snatched from thee?

Anc. Not an' thou lovest me.

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[40] *I had been undone, if I had not been undone.*—A parody of that Latin saying, *periveram, si non periissem.* S. P.

[41] *Reynard the fox.*—*i. e.* the story-book with that name; one of the first printed books in England. S.

[42] *The shaking of the sheets.*—A dance. See note 1. on *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, p. 434.

Moll. Good brother, let me see it; sweet brother, dainty brother, honey brother.

Alex. No, indeed, you shall not see it; sweet sister, dainty sister, honey sister.

Moll. Oh, good sir, since so long time I have loved you, let me not die for your sake.

Alex. The tide turns.

Anc. Long time loved me!

Moll. Long ere you went to sea I did.
I have loved you very long with all my heart.

Alex. Think of Bess, think of Bess, 'tis the better match.

Moll. You wicked brother! Indeed I love you better than all the Besses in the world; and, if to-night I shift not into better fortunes, to-morrow I am made the miserablest wife, marriage and misery can produce.

Anc. Is't possible?

Moll. Alas, sir, I am to marry an old man, a very old man, trust me. I was strange [43] in the nice timorous temper of a maid; I know 'tis against our sex to say we love: but rather than match with sixty and ten, threescore and ten times I would tell you so, and tell them ten times over too. Truth loves not virtue with more of virtuous truth, than I do you; and wonnot you love me then? [*Weeps.*

Anc. And lie with thee too, by this hand, wench; come, let us have fair weather; thou art mine, and I am thine, there's an end o' the business. This was but a trick, there's the projector.

Moll. Oh, you're a sweet brother!

Alex. And now, thou'rt my sweet sister. I know the old man's gone to meet with an old wench that will meet with him, [44] or Jarvis has no juice in has brains; and while I, i' the mean time, set another wheel a-going at the widow's, do thou soon, about ten, for 'tis to be very conveniently dark, meet this gentleman at the Nag's Head corner, just against Leadenhall; we lie in Lime-street, thither he shall carry thee; accommodate thee daintily, all night, with Mrs Dorothy, and marry thee i' the morning, very methodically.

Moll. But I have the charge of my father's keys, where all his writings lie.

Anc. How all things jump in a just equivalency, to keep thee from the thing of threescore and ten! Didst thou not see my mortgage lately there?

Moll. Stay, stay.

Alex. A white devil with a red fox tail, in a black box.

Moll. But yesterday my father shewed it me, and swears, if I pleased him well, it should serve to eke out my portion.

Anc. Prove thine old dad a prophet; bring it with thee, wench.

Moll. But now at's parting, he charged me to have a care to that, as to my maidenhead.

Anc. Why, if he have thy maidenhead, and that into the bargain, thy charge is performed. Away, get thee in, forget not the hour; and you had better fight under Ancient Young's colours, than the old man's standard of sixty and ten.

Moll. Remember this, mad-brain! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter SUE, TIM, *Captain, and Mrs* COOTE.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, grandmother, I'll tell thee the best jest.

Sue. Pr'ythee, chick.

Mrs Coote. Jest, quotha'! Here will be jesting of all sides, I think, if Jarvis keeps his word.

Tim. Sirrah, whilst thou wert sent for into the next room, up came our second course; amongst others, in a dish of Blackbirds, there lay one, that I swore was a Woodcock; you were at table, captain.

Capt. That I was, and our brave mad crew, which for my sake you are pleased to make welcome.

Tim. Pish, we'll have as many more to-morrow night; but still I swore 'twas a Woodcock: she swore 'twas a Blackbird; now who shall we be tried by but Serjeant Sliceman, Captain Carvegut's cousin, here: a trifling wager, a matter of the reckoning was laid, the serjeant swore 'twas a Blackbird; I presently paid the reckoning, and she clipt off the breast presently, and swore 'twas a Woodcock, as if any other would pass after the reckoning was paid.

Mrs Coote. This was a pretty one, I protest.

Tim. Made sure, before such a mad crew of witnesses, sirrah. Grannum, all's agreed, Sue's——

Sue. Aye, you may see how you men can betray poor maids.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Do you hear, corporal, yonder's Serjeant Sliceman, and the brave crew that supped with us, have called for three or four gallons of wine, and are offering money.

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[43] *I was strange, i. e.* shy, coy. See note to *Cymbeline*, A. 1. S. 7. edit. 1778. S.

[44] *Meet with him, i. e.* be even with him. The phrase occurs in Shakespeare's *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 1. S. 1. See note thereon. S.

Tim. How! pr'ythee, grannum, look to Dab; do you two but hold them in talk, whilst I steal down and pay the reckoning.

Lieut. Do't daintily; they'll stay all night.

Tim. That's it I would have, man; we'll make make them all drunk; they'll never leave us else; and still as it comes to a crown, I'll steal down and pay it in spite of their teeth. Remember, therefore, that you make them all drunk; but be sure you keep me sober to pay the reckonings.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Mrs. Coote. Oh, Jarvis, Jarvis, how I long till I see thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter MOLL BLOODHOUND, *and* SIM *with a Letter.*

Moll. There we must meet soon, and be married to-morrow morning, Sim; is't not a mad brother?

Sim. Yes, and I can tell you news of a mad lover.

Moll. What is he, in the name of Cupid?

Sim. Why, one Master Randals, a Welchman; I have had such a fit with him! he says he was wished [45] to a very wealthy widow; but of you he has heard such histories, that he will marry you, though he never saw you; and that the parboyled Ætna of his bosom might be quenched by the consequent pastime in the British flames of his British blood, he salutes you with that love-letter.

Moll. This is a mad lover, indeed; pr'ythee read it.

Sim. 'Mass, h'as writ it in Welch-English; we had been spoiled else, for want of an interpreter. But this he begins. *Mistress Maries*—

Moll. He makes two Marics serve one mistress.

Sim. *Ever while you live, 'tis your first rule in Welch Grammars, that hur forsake widows, and take maids, was no great wonder, for sentlemen ever love the first cut.*

Moll. But not o' the coxcomb, he should have put in that.

Sim. The coxcomb follows by consequence, mark else. *I Randal Crack, of Carmarden, do love thee Mary Ploodhounds, of Houndsditch dwelling near Aldgate, and Pishop's-gate, just as between hawk and buzzard.*

Moll. He makes an indifferent wooing.

Sim. *And that hur loves Marys so monstrous, yet never saw her, was because hur hear hur in all societies so ferry fillanously commended, but 'specially before one Master Pussie, constables of hur parish, who made hurself half foxed by swearing by the wines, that Maries would be monstrous good marriages for Randals.*

Moll. Master Bussie, it seems, was not idle.

Sim. *If Marys can love a Pritain of the plood of Cadwallader, which Cadwallader was Prute's great grandfather, Randals was come in proper persons, pring round sillings in hur pockets, get father's good-will, and go to shurch a Sunday with a whole dozen of Welch harps before hur. So, hur rest hur constant lovers,*

Randal William ap Thomas, ap Tavy, ap Robert, ap Rice, ap Sheffery, Crack.

Moll. Fie, what shall I do with all them?

Sim. Why, he said these all rest your constant lovers, whereof, for manners-sake, he puts himself in the first place: he will call here presently; will you answer him by letter or word of mouth?

Moll. 'Troth, neither of either, so let him understand.

Sim. Will ye not answer the love-sick gentleman?

Moll. If he be sick with the love of me, pr'ythee tell him I cannot endure him; let him make a virtue of necessity, and apply my hate for's health. [*Exit.*

Sim. Aye, but I'll have more care of the gentleman, I warrant you; if I do not make myself merry, and startle your midnight meeting, say Sim has no more wit than his godfathers, and they were both head men of this parish.

Enter RANDAL.

Rand.

Farewell widows prave, her sall no Randals have,
Widows was very full of wiles;
Mary Ploodhounds now, Randals makes a vow,
Was run for Moll a couple of miles.

Honest Simkins, what said Marys to Randal's letters?

Sim. You're a madman.

Rand. Augh, hur was very glad hur was mad.

Sim. The old man has money enough for her, and if you marry her, as, if her project take, you may, she'll make you more than a man.

Rand. More than mans! what's that?

Sim. Troth, cannot you tell that? this is the truth on't; she would be married to-morrow to one Ancient Young, a fellow she cannot endure: now, she says, if you could meet her privately to-night, between ten and eleven, just at the great cross-way, by the Nag's-head tavern at Leadenhall—

Rand. Was high, high pump, there, as hur turn into Graces-street?

Sim. There's the very place. Now, because you come the welcomest man in the world to hinder the match against her mind with the Ancient, there she will meet you, go with you to your lodging, lie there all night, and be married

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45 *He was wished, i. e.* recommended. See note 47 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 538.

to you i' the morning at the Tower, as soon as you shall please.

Rand. Becat hur will go and prepare priests presently. Look you, Simkins, there is a great deal of round sillings for hur, hur was very lucky sillings, for came to Randals, shust for all the world as fortune was come to fool; tell Marys, hur will meet hur, hur warrant hur; make many puppy fools of Ancients, and love her very monstrously. [*Exit.*

Sim. Ha, ha, ha! so, so; this midnight match shall be mine; she told me she was to meet the Ancient there. I'll be sure the Ancient shall meet him there; so I shall lie a-bed and laugh, to think if he meet her there, how she will be startled; and if the Ancient meet him there, how he will be cudgelled. Beware your ribs, Master Randal. [*Exit.*

Enter Old BLOODHOUND.

Blood. I wonder where this young rogue spends the day. I hear he has received my hundred marks, and my advantage with it, and it may be, he went home since I went out. Jarvis was with me but even now, and bid me watch, and narrowly, for fear of some of my rival spies; for I know she has many wealthy suitors: all love money. This Jarvis is most neat in a love-business, and, when we are married, because many mouths much meat, I will requite his courtesy, and turn him away: the widow's all I look for.—Nay, let her fling to see I have her possessions; there's a saw for't.

There's thriving in wiving; for when we bury
Wives by half dozens, the money makes merry.
Oh money, money, money, I will build thee
An altar on my heart, and offer thee
My morning longings, and my evening wishes,
And, hadst thou life, kill thee with covetous kisses.

Enter JOHN *and* JARVIS.

John. But now and she speak she spoils all; or if he call her by my mistress's name; hast thou not tricks to enjoin them both to silence, till they come sure?

Jarvis. Phaw, that's a stale one: he shall speak to him in her own accent; he shall call her by her own name, leaving out the bawd, yet she shall violently believe he loves her, and he shall confidently believe the same which he requires, and she but presents. Fall off; she comes.

Enter Mrs COOTE.

Mrs Coote. Jarvis!

Jarvis. Here I have discovered him, 'tis he by his coughs. Remember your instructions; and use few words; say, though till night you knew it not, you will be married early in the morning, to prevent a vintner's widow, that lays claim to him.

Blood. Jarvis!

Jarvis. Good old man, I know him by his tongue.

Blood. Is she come? is she come, Jarvis?

Jarvis. Ask her if she would live, sir: she walks a-loof yonder.

Blood. We shall cozen all her wooers.

Jarvis. Nay, amongst all of you, we'll cozen one great one, that had laid a pernicious plot this night, with a cluster of his roaring friends, to surprize her, carry her down to the water-side, pop her in at Puddle-dock,[46] and carry her to Gravesend in a pair of oars.

Blood. What, what is his name, I pr'ythee?

Jarvis. He's a knight abounding in deeds of charity, his name Sir Nicholas Nemo.

Blood. And would he pop her in at Puddle-dock?

Jarvis. And he could but get her down there.

Blood. By my troth, we shall pop him fairly. Where is she? where is she?

Jarvis. Ha, do you not perceive a fellow walk up and down muffled, yonder?

Blood. There is something walks.

Jarvis. That fellow has dog'd us all the way, and I fear all is frustrate.

Blood. I hope not, man.

Mrs Coote. That it is to be in love; if I do not dwindle.

Jarvis. I know him now.

Blood. 'Tis none of Sir Nicholas's spies, is't?

Jarvis. He serves him.

Blood. He wonnot murder me, will he?

Jarvis. He shall not touch you; only, I remember this afternoon, this fellow, by what he had gathered by eaves-dropping, or by frequent observation, ask'd me privately if there were no meeting betwixt you and my mistress to-night in this place; for a widow he said he knew you were to meet.

Blood. Good.

Jarvis. Now I handsomely threw dust in's eyes, and yet kept the plot swift afoot too; I told him you were here to meet a widow too, whom you long loved, but would not let her know it till this afternoon, naming to him one of my aunts,[47] a widow by Fleet-ditch; her name is Mistress Gray, and keeps divers gentlewomen lodgers.

Blood. Good again.

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[46] *Puddle-dock.*—On the banks of the river Thames, formerly used for a laystall for the soil of the streets, and much frequented by barges and lighters for taking the same away; also for landing corn and other goods. *Stowe's Survey*, B. 3. p. 229. vol. i. edit. 1722.

[47] *Aunts.*—See note 11, to *The Honest Whore*, vol. i. p. 523.

Jarvis. To turn the scent then, and to cheat inquisition the more ingeniously——

Blood. And to bob Sir Nicholas most neatly.

Jarvis. Be sure, all this night, in the hearing of any that you shall but suspect to be within hearing, to call her nothing but Mistress Coote.

Blood. Or Widow Coote.

Jarvis. Yes, you may put her in so; but be sure you cohere in every particle, with the precedent fallacy, as that you have loved her long, though till this day,—and so as I did demonstrate.

Blood. But how an' she should say she is not Widow Coote, and that she knows no such woman, and so spoil all?

Jarvis. Trust that with her wit, and my instructions. We suspected a spy, and therefore she will change her voice.

Blood. Thou hast a delicate mistress of her.

Jarvis. One thing more, and you meet presently; mine aunt has had nine husbands; tell her you'll hazard a limb, and make the tenth.

Blood. Pr'ythee let me alone; and Sir Nicholas were here himself, he should swear 'twere thine aunt.

Jarvis. Go forwards towards him; be not too full of prattle, but make use of your instructions.

Blood. Who's there, Widow Coote?

Mrs Coote. Master Bloodhound, as I take it.

Blood. She changes her voice bravely. I must tell thee, true widow, I have loved thee a long time, (look how the rogue looks,) but had never the wit to let thee know it till to-day.

Mrs Coote. So I was given to understand, sir.

Jarvis. Is he not fool'd finely? [*Aside.*

John. Handsome, by this hand.

Blood. I like thy dwelling well, upon the Fleet-ditch.

Mrs Coote. A pretty wholesome air, sir, in the summer time.

Blood. Who would think 'twere she, Jarvis?

Jarvis. I told you she was tutor'd.

Blood. I'll home with her presently.

Jarvis. Faith, and he have any private discourse with her, they discover themselves one to another, and so spoil the plot.—No, by no means, sir, hazard your person with her: the bold rogue may come up close, so discover her to be my mistress, and recover her with much danger to you.

Blood. Has he got a dagger?

Jarvis. And a sword, six foot in length. I'll carry her home for you, therefore not a light be stirring; for I know your rivals will watch your house; Sim shall shew us the chamber, we'll conduct her up i' the dark, shut the door to her above, and presently come down and let you in below.

Blood. There was never such a Jarvis heard of. Bid Sim to be careful; by the same token, I told him he should feed to-morrow for all the week after.—Good night, Widow Coote, my man stayeth up, we will bob Sir Nicholas bravely. Good-night, sweet Widow Coote; I do but seem to part, we'll meet at home, wench. [*Exit.*

Mrs Coote. Adieu, my sweet dear heart.

Jarvis. Go you with me.—So, so, I'll cage this cuckow,
And then for my young madcap; if all hit right,
This morning's mirth shall crown the craft o' the night.——
Follow me warily.

Mrs Coote. I warrant thee, Jarvis, let me alone, to right myself into the garb of a lady: Oh strange! to see how dreams fall by contraries; I shall be coach'd to-morrow, and yet, last night dream'd I was carted. Pr'ythee keep a little state; go, Jarvis. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Rand. Was fery exceeding dark, but here is high pumps, sure here is two couple of cross ways, and there was the street where Grace dwells. One hundred pound in mornings in round shillings, and wife worth one thousand ere hur go to bed. Randals fortunes comes tumbling in, like lawyers fees, huddle upon huddle.

Enter MOLL.

Moll. Oh sweet Ancient, keep thy word, and win my heart. They say, a moon-shine night is good to run away with another man's wife; but I am sure a dark night is best to steal away my father's daughter.

Rand. Mary.

Moll. Oh, are you come, sir? there's a box of land and livings, I know not what you call it.

Rand. Lands and living?

Moll. Nay, nay, and we talk, we are undone. Do you not see the watch coming up Gracechurch-street, yonder? This cross way was the worst place we could have met at; but that is yours, and I am yours; but, good sir, do not blame me, that I so suddenly yielded to your love; alas, you know what a match on't I should have to-morrow else.

Rand. Hur means the scurvy Ancient. [*Aside.*

Moll. In the morning we shall be man and wife, and then!—Alas, I am undone, the watch are hard upon us; go you back through Cornhill, I'll run round about the Change, by the church corner, down Cateaton-street, and meet you at Bartholomew-lane end. [*Exit.*

Rand. Cat's-street was call hur? sure Randals was wrapt in mother's smock. [*Exit.*

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Keep straight towards Bishop's-gate, I'm deceived if I heard not somebody run that way.

Enter Maid with a band-box.

Watch. Stay, sir; here's somebody come from Aldgate-ward.

Maid. Alas, I shall be hang'd for staying so long for this cuff.

Watch. Come before the constable, here.

Maid. Let the constable come before me, and he please.

Const. How now! where ha' you been, pray, dame, ha?

Maid. For my mistress's ruff, at her sempstress, sir; she must needs use it to-morrow, and that made me stay till it was done.

Const. Pray, who's your mistress, where dwell you?

Maid. With one Mistress Wagge, in Blackfriars, next to the sign of the Feathers and the Fool, sir.

Const. Oh, I know her very well; make haste home, 'tis late. Come, come, let's back to Grace-church; all's well, all's well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter severally, ANCIENT *and* MOLL.

Anc. I escaped the watch at Bishopsgate with ease: there is somebody turning down the church corner towards the Exchange, it may be Mistress Mary.

Moll. Ancient!

Anc. Yes.

Moll. Are you here again? you have nimbly followed me; what said the watch to you?

Anc. I past them easily, the gates are but now shut in.

Moll. As we go, I'll tell you such a tale of a Welch wooer, and a lamentable love-letter.

Anc. Yes, Sim told me of such a rat, and where he lodges; I thought I should have met him here.

Moll. Here! out upon him:—But the watches walk their station, and in few words is safety. I hope you will play fair, and lodge me with the maid you told me of.

Anc. She stays up for us, wench: in the word of a gentleman, all shall be fair and civil.

Moll. I believe you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at several doors, RANDALL *and Maid.*

Rand. Sounes was another fire drake[48] walk in shange, we'll run pack; was Marys have saved hur labours, and was come after Randals. Marys was Randal that loves hur mightily Marys.

Maid. Master Randall.

Rand. How did watch let hur go to Graces-street?

Maid. They knew me, and let me pass.

Rand. Well now, hur understands Marys loves Randals so mighty deal.

Maid. If John have not told him, I'll be hang'd.

Rand. Marys shall go with Randals to lodgings, and, that hur father work no divorcements, he will lie with hur all to-night, and marry hur betimes next morning: meantime, hur will make lands and livings fast.

Maid. How! father? this is a mistake sure; and, to fashion it fit for mine own following, I will both question and answer in ambiguities, that if he snap me one way, I may make myself good in the other; and as he shall discover himself, I'll pursue the conceit accordingly. [*Aside.*] But will you not deceive me? many minds are many men's almanacks, the dates of your desires out, we serve for nothing but to light tobacco.

Rand. *If Randal false to Marys prove,*
Then let not Marys Randals love:
For Randals was so true as Jove,
And Marys was her joy.
If Randals was not Pritain born,
Let Marys Randals prow adorn,
And let her give a foul great horn
To Randals.

Hur will love hur creat deal of much, hur warrant hur.

Maid. And 'tis but venturing a maidenhead; if the worst come to the worst, it may come back with advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, in her Night-clothes, as going to bed, Widow and Maid.

Wid. Is not Mary come home yet?

Maid. No, forsooth.

Wid. 'Tis a fine time of night, I shall thank her for it: 'tis past eleven, I am sure. Fetch the prayer-book lies within upon my bed.

Maid. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit.*

Wid. I wonder what this gentleman should be that catch'd me so like Jarvis; he said he has fitted old Bloodhound according to his quality—but I must not let him daily too long upon my daily company; lust is a hand-wolf, who with daily feeding, one time or other, takes a sudden start upon his benefactor.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh mistress, mistress!

Wid. What's the matter, wench?

Maid. A man, a man, under your bed, mistress.

Wid. A man! what man?

Maid. A neat man, a proper man, a well-favoured man, a handsome man.

Wid. Call up John: where's Jarvis?

Maid. Alas, I had no power to speak; his very looks are able to make a woman stand as still as a miller's horse, when he's loading; oh, he comes, he comes! [*Exit.*

Enter ALEXANDER.

Wid. How came you hither, sir? how got you in?

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[48] *Fire drake,*—See note 52. to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage,* p. 192.

Alex. As citizens' wives do into masks, whether I would or no; nay, nay, do not doubt the discretion of my constitution: I have brought ne'er a groat in my bosom; and, by this hand, I lay under thy bed, with a heart as honest, and a blood as cold, as had my sister lain at top—Will you have me yet?

Wid. You're a very rude uncivil fellow.

Alex. Uncivil! and lay so tame while you set up your foot upon the bed, to untie your shoe! such another word, I will uncivilize that injured civility, which you so scurvily slander, and reward you with an undecency proportionable to your understandings. Will you have me, will you marry me?

Wid. You! why to-morrow morning I am to be married to your father.

Alex. What, to sixty, and I know not how many? that will lie by your side, and divide the hours with coughs, as cocks do the night, by instinct of nature.

Wid. And provide for his family all day.

Alex. And only wish well to a fair wife all night.

Wid. And keep's credit all day in all companies.

Alex. And discredit himself all night in your company.

Wid. Fie, fie; pray quit my house, sir.

Alex. Your's? 'tis my house.

Wid. Your house! since when?

Alex. Ever since I was begotten; I was born to't. I must have thee, and I will have thee; and this house is mine, and none of thine.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis. Oh mistress, the saddest accident i'the street yonder.

Wid. What accident, pr'ythee?

Jarvis. You must pardon my boldness, in coming into your bed-chamber; there is a gentleman slain in a fray at the door yonder, and the people won't be persuaded, but that he that did it took this house. There is the constable, churchwardens, and all the head men of the parish, be now searching; and they say they will come up hither to your bed-chamber, but they'll find him. I'll keep them down as long as I can, I can do no more than I can. [*Exit.*

Wid. Are not you the murderer, sir?

Alex. I ha' been under thy bed, by this hand, this three hours.

Wid. Pray get you down then; they will all come up, and find you here and all, and what will the parish think then? Pray get you down.

Alex. No, no, no; I will not go down, now I think on't. [*Makes himself unready.*[49]

Wid. Why, what do you mean? you will not be so uncivil to unbrace you here?

Alex. By these buckles I will, and what will they think on't—

Wid. Alas, you will undo me.

Alex. No, no, I will undo myself, look you.

Wid. Good sir.

Alex. I will off with my doublet to my very shirt.

Wid. Pray sir, have more care of a woman's reputation.

Alex. Have a care on't thyself, woman, and marry me, then.

Wid. Should they come up and see this, what could they think, but that some foul uncivil act of shame had this night stain'd my house? and as good marry him as my name lost for ever.

Alex. Will you have me, before the other sleeve goes off?

Wid. Do, hang yourself; I will not have you—look, look, if he have not pull'd it off quite: why you wonnot pull off your boots too, will you?

Alex. Breeches and all, by this flesh.

Wid. What, and stand naked in a widow's chamber?

Alex. As naked as Grantham steeple, or the Strand May-pole, by this spur; and what your grave parishioners will think on't?

Jarvis. Gentlemen, pray keep down.

Wid. Alas, they are at the stairs foot; for Heaven's sake, sir!

Alex. Will you have me?

Wid. What shall I do? no.

Alex. This is the last time of asking; they come up, and down go my breeches. Will you have me?

Wid. Aye, aye, aye, alas; and your breeches go down, I am undone for ever.

Alex. Why then kiss me upon't. And yet there's no cracking your credit. Jarvis, come in, Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis. I have kept my promise, sir; you've catch'd the old one.

Wid. How catcht? is there nobody below then?

Jarvis. Nobody but John, forsooth, recovering a tobacco snuff, that departed before supper.

Wid. And did you promise this, sir?

Jarvis. A woman cannot have a handsomer cloud, than a hairbrain'd husband: I will be your coz, he shall be my cuckold. [*Aside.*

Wid. I love you for your art. [*Aside.*

Jarvis. Come, come, put on, sir; I've acquainted you both with your father's intended marriage. I'the morning you shall certify him very early, by letter, the quality of your fortunes, and return to your obedience; and that you and your wife, still

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[49] *Unready.*—To make oneself *unready*, was the common term for undressing. See several instances in Mr Steevens's note on the *First Part of King Henry VI.* A. 2. S. 1.

concealing the parties, will attend him to church. John and I'll be there early, as commanded by my mistress, to discharge our attendance: about goes the plot, out comes the project, and there's a wedding dinner drest to your hands.

Alex. As pat as a fat heir to a lean shark; we shall hunger for't: honest Jarvis, I am thy bed-fellow to-night, and to-morrow thy master.

Wid. You're a fine man to use a woman thus.

Alex. Pish, come, come.

Fine men must use fine women thus, 'tis fit;
Plain truth takes maids, widows are won with wit.

Jarvis. You shall wear horns with wisdom, that is in your pocket. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter SIM *and* JOHN, *passing over with a bason of rosemary, and a great flaggon with wine.*[50]

Sim. Come, John, carry your hand steadily; the guests drop in apace, do not let your wine drop on't.

John. 'Tis as I told thee; Master Alexander, thy mistress' eldest son, will be here.

Sim. Rose, I pray burn some pitch i' the parlour, 'tis good against ill airs; Master Alexander will be here. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old BLOODHOUND, *and* JARVIS.

Blood. I am up before you, son Ear-lack. Will Ancient Young be here with a rich wife too? Thy mistress is not stirring yet, sirrah; I'll hold my life the baggage slipt to thy mistress, there they have e'en lock'd the door to them, and are tricking up one another: oh, these women! But this rogue Tim, he lay out to-night too: he received my hundred mark, and I fear is murdered. Truss, truss, good Jarvis.

Jarvis. He has been a wooing, sir, and has fetch'd over the delicatest young virgin! her father died but a week since, and left her to her marriage, five thousand pound in money, and a parcel of land, worth three hundred *per annum*.

Blood. Nay, nay, 'tis like; the boy had ever a captivating tongue to take a woman—O excellent money, excellent money, mistress of my devotions! My widow's estate is little less too; and then Saunder, he has got a monied woman too; there will be a bulk of money. Tim is puling, I may tell thee, one that by nature's course, cannot live long: t'other, a midnight surfeit cuts off: then have I a trick to cozen both their widows, and make all mine. O Jarvis, what a monied generation shall I then get upon thy mistress!

Jarvis. A very virtuous brood.

Blood. Hast done?

Jarvis. I have done, sir.

Blood. I'll in and get some music for thy mistress, to quicken her this morning; and then to church in earnest. When 'tis done, where is Sir Nicholas Nemo and his wards, that watch so for her? Ha, ha, ha; all's mixt with honey: I have mirth, a sweet young widow and her money. O that sweet saint, call'd Money. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALEXANDER, *Widow*, ANCIENT, MOLL, *and* SIM.

Anc. Joy! aye, and a hundred pound a year in a black box to the bargain, given away i' the dark last night, to we know not who, and to be heard of we know not when. 'Sfoot, an' this be joy,

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[50] *A bason of rosemary, and a great flaggon with wine*—"Rosemary," as Mr Steevens observes (note to *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5.) "was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory; and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings." See the several instances there quoted. Again, in *Dekkar's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603: "Heere is a strange alteration; for the *rosemary*, that was washt in sweet water to set out the bridall, is now wet in teares to furnish her buriall."

The Old Law, A. 4. S. 1:

"——Besides, there will be charges saved too; the same *rosemary* that serves for the funeral, will serve for the wedding."

The Fair Quarrel, A. 5. S. 1:

"*Phis.* ——your Maister is to bee married to-day."

"*Trim.* Else all this *Rosemarie's* lost."

It appears also to have been customary to drink wine at church, immediately after the marriage ceremony was performed. So in Dekkar's *Satiro-mastrix*: "——and, Peter, when we are at church, bring *wine* and cakes." Again, at the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, it is said: "In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the King and Queen, and seconded with congratulation of the Lords there present, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras*, out of a great golden bowle, as a health to the prosperitie of the marriage (began by the Prince Palatine, and answered by the Princess) after which were served up by six or seaven Barons, so many bowles filled with wafers, so much of that worke was consummate." *Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, Fo. 11.

would we had a handsome slice of sorrow to season it.

Alex. By this light, 'twas strange.

Moll. Believe me, sir, I thought I had given it you; he that took it call'd me by my name.

Sim. Did he speak Welch or English?

Moll. Alas, I know not; I enjoin'd him silence, seeing the watch coming, who parted us.

Sim. If this were not Master Randals of Randal-hall, that I told you of, I'll be flead.

Alex. Be mask'd, and withdraw, a while; here comes our dad. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bloodhound, *Sir* Marmaduke Manyminds, *Sir* Janus Ambodexter, *and Master* Bussy.

Blood. Why, Master Bussy, asleep as thou stand'st, man?

Sim. Some horse taught him that; 'tis worth god-a-mercy.

Con. I watch all night, I protest, sir; the compters pray for me: I send all in, cut and long tail.[51]

Sir Mar. What, what?

Con. I sent twelve gentlewomen, our own neighbours, last night, for being so late but at a woman's labour.

Blood. Alas, sir, a woman in that kind, you know, must have help.

Con. What's that to me? I am to take no notice of that; they might have let her alone till morning; or she might have cried out some other time.

Sir Mar. Nay, nay, Master Bussy knows his place, I warrant you.

Enter Alexander, *Ancient* Young, Widow, *and* Moll.

Blood. Son Alexander, welcome, and *Ancient* Young too; I have heard all.

Alex. You must pardon the rudeness of the gentlewomen, sir, in not unmasking; they intreated me to inform you, there are some i' the house to whom they would by no means be laid open.

Blood. They are witty, they are witty.

Alex. But, for myself, I am now your most obedient, virtuous Alexander.

Blood. Obedience! hang virtue, let her starve. Has she money? has she money?

Alex. Two chests of silver, and two Utopian trunks[52] full of gold and jewels.

Blood. They are all Alexander's women, do you mark?

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[51] *Cut and long tail*—This phrase occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 3. S. 4. and the explanation of it hath employed the attention of Sir John Hawkins and Mr Steevens. The former imagines it is an allusion to a fashion which prevailed, of wearing gowns, distinguished by being of the court *cut*, with a long *train* or *tail*; and that from thence the use of the phrase arose. The latter says, the origin of it was from Forest Laws, by which the dog of a man who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to be cut or lawed; and, amongst other modes of disabling him, one was by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a *cut* or *curtail*, and, by contraction, *cur*. *Cut and long tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. Neither of these explanations afford me complete satisfaction; and that of Mr Steevens, which is the most probable, is not furnished with any proof of the fact upon which it is grounded. It is true, Dr Johnson, in his note on A. 2. S. 1. of the same play, gives the same account of the manner of disabling dogs, according to the laws of the forest; but neither does he refer to any author, to justify his assertion. *Manhood*, who wrote on the Forest Laws, before they were become obsolete, is totally silent about this mode of *lawing*, or, as it was called, *expeditating* the dogs of unqualified persons. By the charter of the Forest, c. 6. it is declared, "that lawing shall be done by the assise *commonly used*, that is to say, *that three claws of the fore foot shall be cut off by the skin*. But from henceforth such lawing of dogs shall not be, but in places where it hath been accustomed." And *Manhood* says, that "King Henry the Second was the first that began to cut off the claws of the forefeet of mastives; and therefore he called that manner of torment lawing of dogs, *expeditatio mastivorum*, the expeditating of mastives, taking that name *expeditating*, of making them lame, and unable to run *ex pede*, of the hurt or mayhem that they have of the foot, by the cutting off of the three clawes of the forefoot." Edit. 1615. c. 16. I shall venture to propose a third explanation, which, however, I offer with great diffidence, and in doubt of its being the true one. *Cut and long tail*, I apprehend, referred originally to horses, when their tails were either docked, or left to grow their full length; and this distinction might formerly be made according to their qualities and values. A horse therefore used for drudgery, might have his tail cut, while the tails of those which served for pomp or shew, might be allowed their utmost growth. A *cut* appears to have been the term used for a bad horse in many contemporary writers, and from thence to call a person *cut*, became a common opprobrious word employed by the vulgar, when they abused each other. See note 62 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. I. p. 117. In confirmation of this idea, it may be added, that Sim says in the text, *Some horse* taught him that; which naturally introduces the phrase, *cut and long tail*, into the constable's answer. The words *cut and long tail* occur also in *The Return to Parnassus*, A. 4. S. 1. "—as long as it lasts, come *cut and long tail*, we'll spend it as liberally for his sake."

[52] *Two Utopian trunks*,—*i. e.* ideal ones, like the *Utopian* schemes of government. S.

Sim. Alexander was the conqueror, sir.

Blood. Come, come, we'll to church presently: Pr'ythee Jarvis, whilst the music plays just upon the delicious close, usher in the brides, the widow, and my Moll. [*Ex.* JARVIS.

Sim. I tell you true, gallants, I have seen neither of them to-day: Shall I give him the lie?

Blood. They are both lock'd up, i'faith, trimming of one another. Oh, these women, they are so secret in their business, they will make very coxcombs of us men, and do't at pleasure too. 'Tis well said, friends; play, play. Where's Sim?

Anc. How he bestirs him!

Alex. Yes, he will sweat by and by.

Sim. Here is the sign of Sim, sir.

Blood. Have the guests rosemary without?

Sim. They have Rose the cookmaid without; but they say, you have Mistress Mary within.

Alex. Well said, rascal.

Blood. Mary's above, goodman blockhead. Call my son Earlack, bid him for shame make haste.

Sim. He shall make haste for shame. [*Exit.*

Blood. I am so busied, you must bear with me, gentlemen; they leave it all to me, here.

Const. But I will go charge some of the inferior guests, in the king's name, to fill some wine.

Blood. No, no, good Master Bussy; we will first usher the brides.

Enter SIM.

Sim. Oh, gentlemen, where are you? Where are you? Where are you, gentlemen?

Omnes. What's the matter?

Blood. Where's Moll, Sim? the widow, Sim? the dainty widow?

Sim. There's no Moll; there is no dainty young widow; but a damnable bawd we found a-bed, with a face like an apple half roasted.

Omnes. How's this?

Blood. Why, gentlemen!

Anc. Now it works.

Blood. Jarvis, you're a rogue; a cut-purse, Jarvis. Run, Sim, call my son Ear-lack; he shall put her into the spiritual court for this.

Sim. Nay, he has put her in there already, for we found him a-bed with her.

Omnes. Possible!

Blood. Ha, boys; the informer and the bawd; the bawd and the informer have got a devil betwixt them, gentlemen.

Sim. Nay, sir, the jest was, that they should fall asleep together, and forget themselves; for very lovingly we found them together, like the Gemini, or the two winter mornings met together: Look, look, look, where they come, sir, and Jarvis between 'em; just like the picture of knavery betwixt fraud and letchery.

Enter JARVIS, EAR-LACK, and *Mrs* COOTE.

Jar. Tim is puling, sirrah, I may tell it thee, midnight surfeit too may cut of Saunder; I'll cozen their wives, make all mine own, and then, oh Jarvis, what a monied generation shall I get upon this Widow Coote that hath two teeth!

Blood. Did we bring you to music, with a mischief? Ear-lack, thou'rt a goat; thou hast abused the best bed in my house; I'll set a sumner [53] upon thee.

Ear. Bloodhound, thou art a usurer, and takest forty in the hundred; I'll inform against thee.

Blood. Are you a bawd, hussy, ha?

Mrs Coote. Alas, sir, I was merely envied, betrayed by Jarvis; but as I have been bawd to the flesh, you have been bawd to your money; so set the hare-pye against the goose-giblets, and you and I are as daintily match'd as can be, sir.

Blood. Sim, run to the Widow Wagge's, tell her we are both abused; this Jarvis is a juggler, say.

Anc. I can save Sim that labour, sir: I assure you the widow is married to your son Alexander; and, as a confirmation, she is come herself to witness it. [*Discovers.*

Alex. Your fair young daughter is wife to this Ancient, who is come likewise to witness it.

Widow. The plain truth is, Master Bloodhound, I would entreat you to keep the kennel; the younger dog being of the better scent, has borne the game before you.

Alex. We have clap'd hands on't, sir; and the priest that should have married you to her, is to marry her to me; so, sister, talk for yourself.

Blood. Ha, brave tricks and conceits! Can you dance, Master Ear-lack?

Ear-lack. Ha, ha: the old man's a little mad. But thou art not married, Moll?

Moll. Yes, indeed, sir; and will lie with this gentleman soon as night. Do you think I would chew ram mutton, when I might swallow venison? that's none of Venus' documents, Monsieur Dotterill.

Ear-lack. Pox of that Venus, she's a whore, I warrant her.

Blood. And were not you the other juggler with Jarvis in this, hey, pass and repass?

Alex. Good sir, be satisfied; the widow and my sister sung both one song; and what was't but *Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.* [54] Now we persuaded them, and they could not

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[53] *Sumner.*—See note 5. to *The Heir*, Vol. I. p. 203.

[54] *Crabbed age and youth*, &c.—This elegant song was the production of our great poet Shakespeare. It is printed in his collection of sonnets, entitled, The Passionate Pilgrim. The reader may likewise see it in Dr Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, Vol I. p. 259.

live together, they would never endure to lie together; this consequently descended, there was the antecedent; we clapt hands, sealed lips, and so fell unto the relative.

Sim. This was your bargain upon the Exchange, sir; and because you have ever been addicted to old proverbs, and pithy saws, pray let me seal up the mistake with one that will appear very seasonably.

Blood. And I pray let's hear it, sir.

Sim. You, a new fangled fowler, came to shew your art i' the dark; but take this truth, you catch'd in truth a cuckow for't.

Enter TIM *and* SUE.

Blood. Heyday, we are cheated by the rule, i' faith; now, sirrah, they say you are to be married too?

Tim. Yes, indeed, father, I am going to the business; and, gentlemen all, I am come, whether you will or no, to invite you all to my marriage to this gentlewoman; who, though a good face needs no mask, she's mask'd to make a man think she has a scurvy face, when I know she has a good face. This is sack to them, and out of their element.

Blood. But, sirrah, setting aside marriages, where's my hundred marks you went to receive?

Tim. Hum—upon such a match of mine, talk of a hundred marks! this is to drink ignoble four shillings beer. A hundred marks! why your lawyer there can clear such a trifle in a term, and his clients ne'er the better.

Blood. Such a match! I pray discover her, what is she?

Tim. What is she! here's my brother knows what she is well enough. Come hither, Dab, and be it known unto you, her name is Lindabrides, descended from the emperor Tribatio of Greece, and half niece, some six-and-fifty descents, to the most unvanquish'd Claridiana.

Alex. Who's this? pox on't, what makes that bawd yonder? [*Unmasks her.*

Const. I am very much deceived, if I did not send this gentlewoman very drunk the other night to the compter.

Tim. I tell thee, prattling constable, 'tis a lie; Lindabrides a drunkard!

Alex. Harkee, brother, where lies her living?

Tim. Where? why, in Greece.

Alex. In grease.

Sim. She looks as if she had sold kitchen-stuff.

Alex. This is a common whore, and you a cheated coxcomb. Come hither, you rotten hospital, hung round with greasy sattin, do not you know this vermin?

Mrs Coote. I wink'd at you, Sue, and you could have seen me; there's one Jarvis, a rope on him! h'as juggled me into the suds too.

Const. Now I know her name too: Do not you pass under the name of Sue Shortheels, minion?

Sue. Go look, Master Littlewit: Will not any woman thrust herself upon a good fortune, when it is offered her?

Blood. Sir Marmaduke, you are a *justice* of peace; I charge you in the king's name, you and Master Ambodexter, to assist me with the whore and the bawd to Bridewell.

Sir Mar. By my troth we will, and we shall have an excellent stomach by that time dinner's ready.

Ambo. Aye, aye, away with them, away with them.

Mrs Coote. Oh this rogue, Jarvis!

[*Exeunt* COOTE *and* SHORTHEELS.

Blood. Now, now, you look like a melancholy dog, that had lost his dinner; where's my hundred marks now, you coxcomb?

Tim. Truly, father, I have paid some sixteen reckonings since I saw you; I was never sober since you sent me to the Devil yesterday. And for the rest of your money, I sent it to one Captain Carvegut; he swore to me, his father was my Lord Mayor's cook, and that by Easter next you should have the principal, and eggs for the use, indeed, sir.

Blood. Oh rogue, rogue, I shall have eggs for my money:[55] I must hang myself.

Sim. Not before dinner, pray sir, the pies are almost baked.

Enter RANDALL.

Ran. And Marys now was won,
And all her pusiness done,
And Randals now was *run;*
Hur have made all sure, *I warrant hur.*

Alex. Look, look, yonder's the conceit the mistake happened upon last night.

Anc. And the very box at's girdle.

Ran. Cot pless hur father Ploodhounds, Ran-

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[55] *I shall have eggs for my money.*—The same phrase occurs in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, A 1. S. 2. where Leontes says to Mamillius,

"———mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?"

Dr Johnson says, that it seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance; and Mr Smith is of opinion, that it means *will you put up affronts?* In the present instance it seems intended to express the speaker's fears, that he shall receive nothing, or only trifles, in return for his money.

dals have robb'd Ancients, hur warrant hur.

Anc. Sir, 'tis known how you came by that box.

Ran. Augh was hur so?
Will you hear a noble Pritain,
How hur gull an English flag? [56]

Anc. And you ought to cry.

Ran. Oh noble Randals, as hur meet by Nag's-head, with Marys plood, prave.

Blood. Here's another madman.

Anc. Hearkee in your ear, you must deliver that box to me.

Ran. Hearkee in hur t'other ear, hur will not deliver hur, and hur were nine and forty Ancients, and five and fourscore Flags.

Anc. Let my foe write mine epitaph, if I tear not my birthright from thy bosom?

Sim. Gentlemen, there's Alegant [57] i' the house, pray set no more abroach.

Ran. Nay, let hur come with hur pack of needles, Randals can pox and bob, as well as hur, hur warrant hur.

Blood. What box is that? I should know that box.

Alex. I will resolve you, sir; keep them asunder.

Anc. You will restore that box?

Ran. Hur will not restore hur: 'twas Mary Ploodhounds gave hur the box; Randals have married Mary Ploodhounds, and gull'd Ancient, mark hur now.

Wid. Mark him, good sir: methinks he says he has married Mary Bloodhound.

Anc. Hang him, he's mad.

Ran. Souns, make tog of Randals? come out here, Marys. Look here was Mary Ploodhounds.

Enter Maid and HUGH.

Now I pray tumble down of hur marrow-pones, and ask hur father plessing.

Alex. This! why this is your maid, widow.

Ear. This is Mary the widow's maid, man.

Alex. And here is Mary Bloodhound, my choleric shred of Cadwallader, married to this gentleman, who has a hundred a year dangling at your girdle there.

Wid. I pray, mistress, are you married to this gentleman?

Maid. By six i' the morning, forsooth; he took me for Mary Bloodhound, having, it seems, never seen either of us before, and I being something amorously affected, as they say, to his Welch *dit*ties, answered to her name, lay with him all night, and married him this morning; so that as he took me for her, I took him as he was, forsooth.

Sim. She means for a fool; I'm fain to answer for you.

Blood. Ha, ha, ha! Cupid this twenty-four hours has done nothing but cut cross capers.

Alex. Do you hear, Sir Bartholomew Bayard, [58] that leap before you look; it will handsomely become you to restore the box to that gentleman, and the magnitude of your desires, upon this dainty, that is so amorously taken with your ditties.

Ran. Hur wail [59] in woe, hur plunge in pain. And yet becat her do not neither; Randals will prove hurself Pritains born, and because hur understands Ancients was prave fellows, and great travellers, there is hur box for hur.

Anc. I thank you.

Ran. And because was no remedies, before hur all, here will Randals embrace Marys, and take a puss. [*Kisses.*

Enter JARVIS *brave.*

Jarvis. Save you gallants, do you want any guest?
Call me thy coz, and carry it handsomely.
[*To the Widow.*

Blood. Who have we here, trow?

Alex. Dost thou know the gentleman that whispered to thee?

Wid. Oh wond'rous well: he bid me call him coz, and carry it handsomely.

Jarvis. Widow, would I were off again.

Wid. Know all, this gentleman has, to obtain his lust, and loose desires, served me this seven months, under the shape and name of Jarvis.

Omnes. Possible!

Wid. Look well, do you not know him?

Blood. The very face of Jarvis.

Tim. Aye, truly, father, and he were any *thing* like him, I would swear 'twere he.

Jarvis. I must cast my skin, and am catch't.
——Why, coz!

Wid. Come, you're cozen'd,
And with a noble craft. He tempted me
In *mine* own house, and I bid him keep's disguise
But *till this morning*, and he should perceive
I loved him truly; intending here before you

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[56] *Will you hear a noble Pritain,*
How hur gull an English Flag?—These lines seem intended as a parody on the beginning of the old song, called *The Spanish Lady's Love*. See Dr Percy's Reliques, Vol. II. p. 233. An English Flag means the *Ancient*; a name which was formerly used as synonymous to *Ensign*.

[57] *Alegant,—i. e.* wine of Alicant. See note 4 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 521.

[58] *Bayard.*—He calls him so from the celebrated *Bayardo*, who was blind; or from *Baiardo*, the horse of Rinaldo in Ariosto. S.

[59] *Hur wail*, &c.—This tune is mentioned in *Eastward Hoe*. In Gascoigne's works, 1587, p 278, is the following line:

"I wept for *woe*, I pined for deadly *paine*."

To let him know't, especially i'the presence
Of you, sir, that intend me for your wife.
Anc. What should this mean?
Alex. Some witty trick, I warrant thee: pr'ythee dispatch him presently: that we were at church!
Wid. First, then, know you for truth, sir, I mean never to marry.
Blood. How, woman?
Sim. She has dispatched you, sir.
Wid. And for a truth, sir, know you, I never mean to be your whore.
Alex. This is strange.
Wid. But true, as she whose chaste immaculate soul
Retains the noble stamp of her integrity,
With an undefaced perfection—perchance as these.
Nay, common fame hath scattered, you conceive me,
Because pale Jealousy, Cupid's angry fool,
Was frequent lodger at that sign of Folly,
My husband's soon suspicious heart, that I,
In a close clouded looseness, should expose him
To that desperate distraction of his fortunes,
That sent him to the sea, to nourish her
With your vain hope, that the fame of frequent suitors
Was but a mask of loose 'scapes; like men at lotteries,
You thought to put in for one, sir, but believe me,
You have drawn a blank.
Ran. Becat hur look fery blank indeed.
Wid. Oh my beloved husband,
However in thy life, thy jealousy
Sent thee so far to find death, I'll be
Married to nothing but thy memory!
Alex. But shall the pyes be spoiled then?
Jarvis. Let her alone, if her husband do not know this——
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Blood. Her husband! I told you he was a madman.
Anc. Why her husband's dead, sir.
Jarvis. He is not dead, sir, he had it spread a purpose: he is in England, and in your house: and look, do you not see him?
Wid. Where, where?
Jarvis. Here! here he is that hath found rash jealousy,
Love's joys, and a wife whose discreet carriage
Can intimate to all men a fair freedom,
And to one be faithful. Such a wife I prove
Her husband's glory, worth a wealthy love.
Wid. You're welcome to my soul, sir.
Blood. By my troth, Master Wagge, this was a wag's trick indeed; but I knew you, I remembered you a month ago, but that I had forgotten where I saw you.
Sim. I knew you were a crafty merchant,[60] you helped my master to such bargains upon the Exchange last night; here has been the merriest morning after it.
Alex. My pitcher's broke just at the well-head; but give me leave to tell you, sir, that you have a noble wife, and indeed such a one as would worthily feast the very discretion of a wise man's desire; her wit ingeniously waits upon her virtue, and her virtue advisedly gives freedom to her wit; but because my marriage shall seriously proceed, I wed myself, sir, to obedience, and filial regularity, and vow to redeem, in the duty of a son, the affection of a father.
Ran. Becat was as well spoke as Randal hurself could talk.
Blood. All's forgotten now, my best son Alexander; and that thy wedding want no good company, I invite you all.
Jarvis. Come, my deserving wife,
Wisdom this day re-marries us. And, gentlemen,
From all our errors we'll extract this truth—
Who vicious ends propose, they stand on wheels,
And the least turn of chance throws up their heels:
But virtuous lovers ever green do last,
Like laurel, which no lightening can blast.
[*Exeunt omnes*

[60] *Crafty merchant.*—See Mr Steevens's note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2, S. 4.

THE GAMESTER.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HAZARD, *the Gamester.*
WILDING, *a Rake.*
DELAMORE, *in love with Leonora.*
BEAUMONT, *in love with Violante.*
ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, SELLAWAY. } *Gamesters.*
BARNACLE, *an old Cit.*
His Nephew, a young Cit.
SIR RICHARD HURRY.

MRS WILDING, *Wilding's Wife.*
PENELOPE, *her Cousin.*
LEONORA, *(Sir Richard Hurry's Daughter) in love with Delamore.*
VIOLANTE, *in love with Beaumont.*

Page, DWINDLE, *Servants, Officers, Drawers, Fiddler, Surgeon, Lord, Knight, and Country Gentleman.*

ACT I.

Enter Master WILDING *and Mistress* PENELOPE.

Wild. What need you be so coy now?
Pene. Pray collect
Yourself; remember what you are, and whose.
You have a virtuous gentlewoman: think
Upon your faith to her.
Wild. Think of a fiddle-stick!
While you put me in the mind of what I am,
You quite forget yourself. My wife I allow
Your kinswoman far off: to whom, a widow,
Your father left you, with a handsome fortune;
Which, by her marriage, I have in possession,
And you too: therefore, as you hope to be
In due time worth a husband, think upon't.
I can deserve respect; then wisely use me,
As you would keep me.
Pene. This is but a trial
Of my strength; for I know you have more charity,
Should I consent, than shipwreck your own honour.
But take heed, sir, how you proceed to jest
With frailty, lest, too much disordering
Your good thoughts, you forget, and, by degrees,

* Langbaine observes, that "the intrigue between Wilding and his kinswoman, his wife and Hazard, is borrowed from *Ducento Novelle del Signor Celio Malespini, secunda parte*, Nov. 96. The same story is in *Q. Margaret's Novels*, Day 1, Novel 8, though managed to greater advantage by our poet."——In the year 1711, an alteration of this play was brought on the stage at Drury Lane, by Mr Charles Johnson, under the title of *The Wife's Relief; or the Husband's Cure.* This was favourably received, and used to be frequently represented. A better alteration, with the original title, was produced at the same theatre, by Mr Garrick, in the year 1758; and continues to be performed with applause.

Lose your own innocence.

Wild. I jest? you'd have me swear; and yet you should not think it such a wonder to love. Come, shake off this frost; it spoils thee: your nature should be soft and flexible. Perhaps thou think'st I do not love thee heartily. I know not how to give thee better testimony, than by offering myself to thee. If my wife die, as ten to one she's not immortal, we may couple t'other way.

Pene. What argument is this to assure the truth of your affection to me, that break your vows to her?

Wild. Oh! great argument, an' you observe. She was a widow when I married her: thou art a young maid, and handsome.

Pene. Can you be so ungrateful, to punish whom you should reward? Remember sir, she brought you that wealth you have; took you from nothing———

Wild. There's reason then for nothing I should love her. Hang her estate! I was held a proper man; and in that point deserved her, an' she had millions. An' I were free again, I would not draw i' the team of marriage for ten subsidies: not to command a province.

Pene. Yet you said, were your wife dead, you'd marry me.

Wild. Only thee, and no body else.

Pene. 'Twere dangerous to have many.

Wild. To have one, is little less than madness. Come, wo't promise?

Enter Mrs WILDING.

Pene. What?

Wild. A'course you know my meaning.

Mrs Wild. I do not like this whispering; why with her
So close in parly?

Wild. Wo't thou do this feat for me?
'Tis finish'd in a pair of minutes.

Pene. Yes, upon one condition.

Wild. What condition?

Pene. That your wife give consent; you shall then command me.

Wild. I'll undertake to go a pilgrimage
To Jerusalem, and return, sooner. Would
I did not love thee, love thee infinitely!
That's all: 'twon'not do—My wife! I hope
[*Exit* PENELOPE.
She has not eaves-dropp'd us. What pity 'tis
She cannot find the way to heaven! I should not
Trouble her in haste. These wives will have no conscience,
But stick to us everlastingly! Now, lady,
How did your monkey rest last night? you look
As you had not done your prayers yet; I won't disturb you.

Mrs Wild. Pray, sir, stay; let me but know
Some reason why you use me thus unkindly.
If I have been guilty of offence, I am not
Past hope, but with the knowledge of my error
'Tis possible I may amend and please you.

Wild. I do not like you.

Mrs Wild. You did marry me.

Wild. Yes, I did marry you; here's too much record for't.
I would there were a parson to unmarry us!
If any of our clergy had that faculty,
He might repair the old, and build as many
New abbeys through the kingdom, in a twelvemonth.
Shall I speak truth? I never much affected thee:
I married thee for thy soul's sake, not thy body,
And shall as soon get children on't: and yet
I do not hate thee. Witness, I dare kiss;
Hold thee by the hand, and sleep in the same house;
And in thy bed (sometimes) something has been done.

Mrs Wild. Within the memory of man; but—What, sir?

Wild. You have a scurvy quality, wife; I told you on't.

Mrs Wild. Once more; and I'll correct it.

Wild. You are given to be jealous. I cannot
Ramble abroad in gentlemen's company
Whole days, lie out a nights, but you suspect
I am wanton. 'Tis ill done; it becomes no modest
Woman that loves her husband, to be jealous,
Whate'er she sees or hears. Mend, mend this fault:
You do not know how it may work upon me.
Some wife will bid her husband's leverets welcome;
Keep house together, and provide clean sheets,
And cullises to fortify: you ne'er did it:
Know her own chamber, and not come forth
Till she be sent for; if her husband kiss her
Sometimes, allow her clothes and other trinkets,
Suffer her carve at table, she is satisfied;
And none o' the parish talk, she carries it
So handsomely. These morals I have read
Before now, but you put them not in practice:
Nor, for aught I perceive, have disposition to't
Therefore I'll take my course.

Mrs Wild. To shew I can
Be obedient to my griefs; from this time, sir,
I wo'not urge with one unwelcome syllable
How much I am neglected; I'll conceal it
Too from the world: your shame must needs be mine.
I see you do not love me; where your heart
Hath placed a worthier thought, let it dwell ever.
Freely pursue your pleasures; I will have
No passion that shall mutiny; you are,
And shall be lord of me still.

Wild. I like this, if it be no disguise.

Mrs Wild. Do not suspect me;
I would swear by a kiss, if you vouchsafe it:
You shall not keep a servant, that shall be more humble.

Wild. And obedient to my will?

Mrs Wild. In all things.

Wild. But if I bring home a mistress ——
Mrs Wild. I'll call her sister.
Wild. What if there be one
Already, that does please me? will you not
Repine, and look awry upon's, when we
Make much of one another?
Mrs Wild. So you will but sometimes smile on me too, I'll endeavour.
Wild. Well said; this may do good upon me: as I find you prompt in this, I may consider
Other matters: to tell you true, I love
Your kinswoman.
Mrs Wild. How!
Wild. I' the way you wot on; but
I find her cold and peevish. How she may
Be brought about, I know not. 'Twould shew well,
And be a precedent for other wives,
If you would put your help to't.
Mrs Wild. Goodness bless me!
Wild. One woman with another can do more,
In such a cause, than twenty men. I do not
Wander, you see, out of the blood; this will
Be a way to justify your obedience.
Mrs Wild. You shew a tyrant now; and, stead of framing
My soul to patience, murder both. [*Exit.*
Wild. I have gone too far a' conscience; this may
Spoil all: and, now I think upon't, I was
A coxcomb to discover any party.
I must deny't again; and carry things
More closely. —— How now, Will?

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. How now, Will? is that all?
Look up, and ask me a question like a man.
What, melancholy?
Wild. No, no; a toy, a trifle.
Haz. That should be, a woman; who is't thou art thinking on?
I have been of your counsel ——
Wild. I was thinking —— o' my wife!
Haz. I met her sad.
Wild. I cannot blame her;
We have had a dialogue: come, thou know'st my bosom.
Haz. When do'st mean to lie with her?
Wild. I know not; but I have offer'd fair conditions:
She is very confident, I do not doat
Upon her beauty; I have told her, sirrah,
I love her kinswoman.
Haz. You're not so mad?
Wild. The world's deceived in her; she'll give me leave
To amble where I list; and feed upon
What best delights my appetite.
Haz. He that has
An ambition to be strangled in his sleep,
May tell his wife he loves another woman.
Wild. But I was not content with this. Because
The other wench was somewhat obstinate,
I must needs urge my wife to mollify
And mould her for my purpose.
Haz. And she consented too?
Wild. No, 'twould not do:
This went against her stomach, and we parted.
Haz. Next time you see her, look to be presented
With your mistress' nose for this. Do'st think a woman
Can be so patient, to know her rival
I' the same roof, and leave her eyes to see thee
Again? I am sorry for thee.
Wild. I am confident
She dare not: but for all that, would I had
Been less particular.
Haz. Come, I love thee well;
But not thy wit, to carry things no handsomer:
You must unravel again, and make your wife
Believe you did but try her.
How now! what's the news here?

Enter Officers with DELAMORE *wounded.*

1st Offi. Quickly to a surgeon! bear him gently.
Haz. What's the business?
2d Offi. Nothing, sir, but a gentleman is kill'd: and we are
Carrying him to a surgeon.
Wild. 'Tis Jack Delamore; he is not dead. Ha, who hurt him?
2d Offi. Master Beaumont: we cannot stay, sir.
Wild. Why, they were friends.
2d Offi. But wine made them fall out; some say, about
Their mistresses. [*Exeunt.*
Wild. I did expect a woman at one end on't.
What miserable fools are men, to kill
One another for these cockatrices![1]
Haz. I am sorry for poor Beaumont.
Wild. It would be long ere any mistress would
Be so desperate for her servant; this is valour,
High and mighty valour.
Haz. Men must preserve
Their honours, man; thou dost not know their quarrel.
Wild. Thou art held a piece of a kill-cow *too*; look to't, before the sessions take an order w'ye. Is't not a great deal safer now, to skirmish with a petticoat, and touze a handsome wench in private, than be valiant in the streets, and kiss the gallows for't! Hang, hang this foolery! Let

[1] *Cockatrices.*—See note 41 to *The Antiquary*.

gentlemen rather live, and pay their tailors, than
let their clothes enrich the hangman's wardrobe.
Haz. But skirmishing, as you call it, with the petticoat,
Is by some held a way to this preferment:
Your wenches ha' been sticklers, [2] and some men
Dropt in their quarrel.
Wild. Let them be such coxcombs,
They cannot die too soon. Cannot I have
A lady of pleasure, but, to please her humour,
I must be engaged to fight and kill men for her,
Because her health's refused; another's nose,
Or teeth preferr'd? substantial grounds for murder!
We spend our blood too much another way:
Consumption take me, if I fight for one of 'em!
I will drink single beer [3] first; and live honest.
Gentlemen are come to a fine pass! Do not you
Think but 'tis possible, I may fight for all this?
Haz. There may be causes, that have women in 'em:
But I confess no polecats, or lewd strumpets,
Though I do use the trick o' the flesh, shall drive
Me to the surgeon: I had a mother ——
Wild. And I have a wife; would thou had'st her!
Haz. No, no: she is well as she is;
There may be honour to defend these.
Wild. Sometimes.
Haz. But there's a mischief greater than all these;
A base and sordid provocation
Used among gentlemen. They cannot quarrel
About a glass of wine, but out flies straight,
Son of a whore! Dead mothers must be torn
Out of their graves, or living have their names
Poison'd by a prodigious breath: it were
A brave and noble law, to make his tongue
Be cut for't; it would save much blood i' the year,
That might be spent more honourably.
Wild. The lie grew a dull provocation; this has quicken'd us. But leave this common-place, thou can'st not help it; let's talk of something else. Stay, is not this Beaumont?

Enter BEAUMONT *and Officers.*

Haz. Apprehended! alas, poor gentleman! How now, Ned?
Beau. As you see, gentlemen; call'd to my account.
Wild. We heard a piece of the misfortune; but
Be not dejected, he may live.
Beau. I fear it.
Pray lead me where you please. Alas, Violante!
This news will wound thee too! [*Exit.*
Wild. I'll with him, and know the story. [*Exit.*
Haz. 'Twill but trouble me;
I can do him no service, beside that
I am engaged to meet old master Barnacle.

Enter ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, *and* SELLAWAY.

Whither, whither, gentlemen, with your swords drawn?
Acre. Doest not see a gentleman led to prison?
We'll rescue him from the officers: come join with us;
We shall draw more to the cause.
Haz. You do not mean
This rashness; hide your swords, be advised better;
D'ye know his fact?
Lit. He has slain a gentleman.
Sel. They say he is not dead; the wound's not mortal.
Haz. And will you make one past cure?
Acre. How do'st mean?
Haz. Upon yourselves: cool your hot bloods a little.
No mutiny, my countrymen! remember,
If he recover that is hurt, the other
Will come off well enough without your valour.
Breathe, breathe a while! you may, if you have a mind to't,
Instead of rescuing, betray a gentleman
And yourselves too, to a danger.
Lit. He says right.
Haz. 'Tis scurvy wearing hemp, if you 'scape killing.
There be more butchers, than sell flesh; and citizens
Have no mercy in their clubs, especially
When gentlemen have so little wit, to bring
Their heads to th' knocking down. 'Tis a revenge
They owe you for their wives. Oh, take heed mainly
Of these left-handed halberdiers!
Acre. Confound 'em!
Haz. How many will you kill, with your bird spit?
You have more legs and arms at home, what makes
You valiant. I'll not pare my nails to-day;
And yet I love my friend, as the best on you
You know I dare fight too; but in this cause
You must needs pardon me. I believe the stoutest
That now would seem all fire and sword, will go
With as ill will to hanging, as another;
And will become it as scurvily: take your course.

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[2] *Sticklers.*—*A stickler* was a sidesman to a fencer; so called because he carried a *stick*, wherewith to part the combatants.
[3] *Single beer.*—*i. e.* small beer.

Sel. I think, 'tis better ——
Haz. O' the two, to go to the tavern, and be drunk
In your own defence: a wench is not so dangerous;
Nor the disease that waits upon her.
Acre. What if the gentleman that's hurt should die?
Then there's no hope for t'other.
Haz. Less for you;
You would be guilty of his murder too,
And snatch him from the law. Why, you may do't;
'Tis pity but the government should thank you;
And, if you 'scape the halter for't, it may be
Another man, in time, may cut your throat:
And there's one for another, paid in the blood.
Come, be yourselves: these are not acts of gentlemen;
Where shame, not honour, must reward your daring.
Though we be wild, it follows not we should
Be mad out-right.
Lit. I was ever of his mind.
Acre. Come, let's to the tavern.
Haz. I am for that coast; now I think upon't,
I'll meet you at the new rendezvous within
This half hour. I expect a gentleman
That has engaged my promise; I'll come to ye
Ere you be half drunk.
Sel. Do not fail.
[*Exeunt* SELLAWAY, LITTLESTOCK, and ACRELESS.
Haz. Drink sack; and think not on't. — What should be
The business, that old Barnacle has desired
My conference? 'tis not to lend me money sure.
He's here.

Enter Master BARNACLE.

Bar. Master Hazard!
Haz. I was coming to you, sir.
Bar. I am fortunate to prevent so great a trouble.
There is a business, sir, wherein I must desire your favour.
Haz. Mine? command it, sir.
Bar. Nay, I'll be thankful too; I know you are
A gentleman.
Haz. That should incline you to think
I am not mercenary.
Bar. I beseech you, sir,
Mistake me not; rewards are due to virtues,
And honour must be cherish'd.
Haz. What's your purpose?
Pray clear my understanding.
Bar. To be plain, sir,
You have a name i'the town for a brave fellow.
Haz. How, sir, you do not come to jeer me?
Bar. Patience, I mean you have the opinion[*]
Of a valiant gentleman; one that dares
Fight, and maintain your honour against odds.
The sword-men do acknowledge you; the bailiffs
Observe their distance; all the swaggering puffs
Strike their top-sails. I have heard 'em in the streets
Say, There goes daring Hazard; a man careless
Of wounds; and, though he have not had the luck
To kill so many as another, dares
Fight with all them that have.
Haz. You have heard this?
Bar. And more, and more; mistake not,
I do not all this while account you in
The list of those are called the blades, that roar
In brothels, and break windows; fright the streets
At midnight, worse than constables; and sometimes
Set upon innocent bell-men, to beget
Discourse for a week's diet; that swear, damme's,
To pay their debts; and march like walking armories,
With poinard, pistol, rapier, and batoon,
As they would murder all the king's liege people,
And blow down streets: no, I repute you valiant
Indeed, and honour'd; and come now, without
More ceremony, to desire your favour;

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[*] *Opinion.—i. e. the reputation.* So again,

" ——— my nephew
Is raw, and wants *opinion*, &c."

And in Beaumont and Flétcher's *Thierry and Theodoret*, vol. 10. p. 169. edit. 1778,

" What *opinion* will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention
Tickles with apprehension o't!"

The Two noble Kinsmen, vol. 10. p. 74.

" Might breed the ruin of my name, *opinion*!"

Macbeth, A. 1. S. 7.

" He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

Which, as you are a gentleman, I hope
You'll not deny me.
Haz. Though your language
Be something strange, yet because I think you dare not
Intend me an abuse, I not question it.
Pray to the point; I do not think you're come
To have me be your second?
Bar. I am no fighter;
Though I have seen a fence-school in my days,
And crack'd a cudgel; yet I come about
A fighting business.
Haz. You would have me beat somebody for you.
Bar. Not so, noble Hazard: yet
I come to entreat a valiant courtesy,
Which I am willing to requite in money;
I have brought gold to give you payment, sir;
'Tis a thing you may easily consent to,
And 'twill oblige me ever.
Haz. Be particular.
Bar. Then thus; you are not ignorant I have a nephew, sir.
Haz. You have so.
Bar. One that's like
To be my heir; the only of my name
That's left: and one that may in time be made
A pretty fellow.
Haz. Very well; proceed.
Bar. You know, or you imagine, that I have
A pretty estate too.
Haz. You're held a main rich man, sir;
In money able to weigh down an alderman.
Bar. I have more than I shall spend: now I come close;
I would have this nephew of mine converse with gentlemen.
Haz. And he does so.
Bar. I'll not pinch him in's allowance;
The university had almost spoil'd him.
Haz. With what?
Bar. With modesty; a thing, you know,
Not here in fashion: but that's almost cured.
I would allow him to be drunk.
Haz. You may, sir.
Bar. Or any thing to speak him a fine gentleman.
Haz. With your favour, sir, let me be bold a little
To interrupt you; Were not you a citizen?
Bar. 'Tis confess'd, sir.
Haz. It being a thriving way,
A walk wherein you might direct your nephew,
Why d' ye not breed him so?
Bar. I apprehend;
And thus I satisfy you: We that had
Our breeding from a trade; cits as you call us;
Though we hate gentlemen ourselves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen:
In three generations they return again;
We for our children purchase land; they brave it
I' the country; beget children, and they sell,
Grow poor, and send their sons up to be 'prentices.
There is a whirl in fate. The courtiers make
Us cuckolds; mark, we wriggle into their
Estates; poverty makes their children citizens;
Our sons cuckold them. A circular justice!
The world turns round. But, once more, to the purpose.
Haz. To your nephew.
Bar. This nephew of mine I do love dearly;
He is all my care: I would be loath to lose him;
And to preserve him both in life and honour,
I come to you.
Haz. Now you come to me, indeed, sir.
Bar. What shall I give you, sir, to let him —
Haz. What?
Bar. Pray, be not angry!
Haz. By no means.
Bar. There is no such security i' the world;
I'll pay for't heartily.
Haz. For what?
Bar. What shall I give you troth, and let him —
Haz. What?
Bar. Beat you, sir.
Haz. How!
Bar. Nay do not, sir, mistake me; for although
I name it coarsely, I desire it should be
With your consent, no otherwise. My nephew
Is raw, and wants opinion; and the talk
Of such a thing, to beat a gentleman
That all the town's afraid of, would be worth,
In's credit, heaven knows what! Alas, you cannot
Blame a kind uncle, to desire all means
To get his nephew fame, and keep him safe;
And this were such a way! ——
Haz. To have me beaten?
Bar. You're i' the right; but do not misconceive me.
Under your favour, my intention is not
He should much hurt you: if you please to let him
Quarrel, or so, at tavern, or where else
You shall think fit; and throw a pottle-pot ——
Haz. At my head?
Bar. Yes; or say it be a quart, still under correction;
Only that some of your acquaintance and
Gentlemen may take notice, that he dares
Affront you, and come off with honour somely.
Look, here's a hundred pieces! tell 'em i' the dinary;
Th' are weight upon my credit: play 'em
Against light gold. This is the prologue
My thanks, beside my nephew shall in
Acknowledge himself beholden.
Haz. A hundred pieces! I want mo
Bar. Right.
Haz. You give me this to let your ne
me!
Bar. Pray, take me with ye: I do
he should,
By beating, hurt you dangerously. You

Contrive the quarrel, so that he may draw
Some blood; or knock you o'er the pate, and so forth;
And come off bravely: this is all.
Haz. Well, sir;
You do not mean, you say, he should endanger
My life or limbs; all you desire, if I
Mistake not, is to get your nephew credit;
That, being flesh'd, he may walk securely; and be held
Valiant by gaining honour upon me?
Bar. You understand me right.
Haz. I'll put it up.
Pray send your nephew to me: we'll agree.
Bar. Agree, sir? you must quarrel, and he must beat you;
Else, 'tis no bargain.
Haz. Not before
We have concluded how things shall be carried.
Bar. I must desire your secresy, and ——
Haz. Here's my hand.
Bar. And there's my money.
Haz. Your nephew shall be a blade.
Bar. Why there's ten pieces more, 'cause you come off
So freely. I'll send him to you.
Haz. Do so. Why this, if the dice favour me, may bring all
My lands again. Be sure you send him; but
No words! for your nephew's credit.
Bar. Mum—I thank you heartily. [*Exit.*
Haz. Be there such things i' the world?—I'll first to the tavern:
There I am staid for: gentlemen, I come.
I'll be beat every day for such a sum. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Mistress WILDING *and the Page.*

Mrs Wild. Where is your master, boy?
Page. I know not, mistress.
Mrs Wild. Come nearer, sirrah. You are of your master's
Counsel sometimes: come, be true in what
I shall desire, and I shall find a time
For your reward.
Page. How d' ye mean, mistress?
We pages meet rewards of several natures.
This great man gives us gold; that lady, gloves;
T'other, silk stockings, roses, garters: but
The lady and mistress whom we serve in ordinary,
Reserves another bounty for our closeness.
Mrs Wild. I see you can be a wag; but be just to me, and secret.
Page. As your physician or your looking-glass;
That in your absence cannot be corrupted
To betray your complexion.
Mrs Wild. What private mistresses does master Wilding visit?
Page. Who, my master?
Alas, forsooth, d' ye think he lets me know?
Mrs Wild. Nay, nay, dissemble not.
Page. I hire a coach
Sometimes, or so; but ride always i' the boot:
I look at no body but the passengers.
I do not sit i' the same box at plays with him.
I wait at tavern, I confess, and so forth;
And when he has supp'd, we must have time to eat too:
And what should I trouble my conscience
With being too officious till I am call'd for?
'Tis true, he waits upon the ladies home;
But 'tis so dark, I know not where they dwell:
And the next day we have new ones; 'las, mere strangers
To me; and I should be unmannerly
To catechize 'em. If now and then there be
Any superfluous cast waiting-woman,
There be so many serving men about her,
I cannot come to ask a question;
And how should I know any thing?
Mrs Wild. I see you are old enough for vice.
Page. Alas, forsooth,
You know 'tis ill to do a thing that's wicked;
But 'twere a double sin to talk on't too,
If I were guilty: beside, forsooth, I know
You would ne'er trust me again, if I should tell you.
Mrs Wild. Thou art deceived; it shall endear thee more.
Page. I must beseech you
To be excused. My master is my master:
My feet are at your service, not my tongue.
I would not forfeit my recognizance,
And shame the tribe. Pages and midwives are
Sworn to be close.
Mrs Wild. Hence, thou old in villainy!
But 'tis in vain to chide. Leave me, and bid
Mitress Penelope come hither.
Page. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit.*
Mrs Wild. I know not which way to begin: to me
He has betray'd he loves her. She is present.

Enter PENELOPE.

Pen. Will you be sad still, cousin? Why d' ye grieve?
Be kinder to yourself. Trust me, I weep,
When I am alone, for you.
Mrs Wild. Sorrow and I
Are taking leave, I hope; and these are only
Some drops after the cloud has wept his violence.
Were one thing finish'd, I should ne'er be sad more;
And I cannot despair to know it done,
Since the effect depends upon your love.
Pen. My love! 'tis justice you command my service:
I would I were so happy.

Mrs Wild. Make me so,
By your consent to my desire.
Pen. Pray name it.
Mrs Wild. I only ask your love; pray give it me.
Pen. My love! why do you mock my poor heart, which
Pours all it has upon you? You're possess'd of that already.
Mrs Wild. You examine not
The extent of my request; for when you have
Given what I ask, your love, you must no more
Direct it as you please: the power's in me
How to dispose it.
Pen. And you shall for ever:
I have no passion that shall not know
Obedience to you.
Mrs Wild. Your love, by gift
Made mine, I give my husband. Do you love him?
Pen. I always did.
Mrs Wild. But in a nearer way:
Love him as I do, with a resolution
To give yourself to him, if he desire it.
Pen. I understand you not; or if you do
Suspect I cherish any lawless flame———
Mrs Wild. Thou art too innocent: be less, and do
An act to endear us both. I know he loves thee;
Meet it, dear cuz: 'tis all I beg of thee.
I know you think it a most strange request;
But it will make me fortunate.
Pen. Grief, I fear,
Hath made her wild.—D' ye know what you desire?
Mrs Wild. Yes, that you love my husband. Modesty
Will not allow me to discourse my wish
In every circumstance: but think how desperate
My wound is, that would have so strange a cure.
He'll love me then; and, trust me, I'll not study
Revenge, as other wives perhaps would do,
But thank thee: and indeed, an act like this,
So full of love, with so much loss and shame too,
For mine and his sake, will deserve all duty.
Pen. I have no patience to hear more; and could I
Let in a thought that you meant this in earnest,
I should forget I knew you: but you cannot
Be fall'n from so much goodness. I confess
I have no confidence in your husband's virtue:
He has attempted me; but shall hope sooner
To leave a stain upon the sun, than bribe
Me to so foul a guilt. I have no life
Without my innocence; and you cannot make
Yourself more miserable than to wish it from me.
Oh, do not lose the merit of your faith
And truth to him, though he forget himself,
By thinking to relieve yourself thus sinfully!
But sure you do but try me all this while.
Mrs Wild. And I have found thee pure: be still preserved so.
But he will straggle farther———
Pen. Cherish hope;
He rather will come back: your tears and prayers
Cannot be lost.
Mrs Wild. I charge thee by thy love,
Yet be ruled by me. I'll not be so wicked
To tempt thee in a thought shall blemish thee;
But, as thou would'st desire my peace, and his
Conversion, if his wantonness last with him,
Appear more tractable; allow him so much
Favour in smile or language, that he may not
Think it impossible to prevail at last.
Pen. This may engage him farther, and myself
To a dishonour.
Mrs Wild. It shall work our happiness,
As I will manage things; 'tis but to seem.
A look will cost thee nothing, nor a syllable,
To make his hopes more pleasing. On my life,
Thou shalt be safe both in thy fame and person.
Will you do this for my sake?
Pen. I'll refuse no danger, if I suffer not in honour,
To do you any service.
Mrs Wild. I have cast it
Already in my brain; but do not yet
Enquire my purpose. As his folly leads
Him to pursue you, let me know; and I'll
By fair degrees acquaint you with my plot;
Which, built on no foul ends, is like to prosper.
And see how aptly he presents himself!
Pr'ythee seem kind, and leave the rest to me.
He shall not see me. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr WILDING.

Wild. How now, cuz. Was that
My wife went off?
Pen. Yes, sir.
Wild. Let her go. What said she to thee?
Pen. Nothing.
Wild. Thou art troubled!
Pen. Pray, to your knowledge, sir, wherein have I
Done injury to you or her?
Wild. Has she abused thee?
I'll go kick her.
Pen. By no means, sir. I steal away your heart
And meet at stolen embraces!
Wild. Does she twit thee? I'll kick her like a football,
Say but the word.
Pen. By no means think upon't; I have forgiven her.
You sha'not, sir, so much as frown upon her.
Pray do not, as you love me; we may study
A more convenient revenge.
Wild. How's this?
I pr'ythee, if she has been peremptory,
Which was none of our articles, let me in to thee
How we shall be revenged.
Pen. Sir, I acknowledge
The growth and expectation of my fortune
Is in your love; and, though I would not wrong her—
And yet, to have my innocence accused,

Is able to pervert it. Sir, your pardon:
I have been passionate. Pray, love your wife.
Wild. No, no, I'll love thee; indeed, indeed, I will.
Is she jealous?
Pen. You know she has no cause.
Wild. Let us be wise, and give her cause. Shall's, cuz?
Pen. Sir, if I be a trouble to your house,
Your breath shall soon discharge me. I had thought
The tie of blood might have gain'd some respect.
Wild. Discharge thee the house! I'll discharge her,
And all her generation, thee excepted;
And thou shalt do't thyself: by this, thou shalt.
Ha, she kisses with more freedom! This is better [*Aside.*
Than if my wife had pleaded for me. Pen,
Thou shalt be mistress. Woo't? Come, thou shalt.
She's fit for drudgery.
Pen. Oh, do not say so.
Wild. Then I wo'not; but I love thee for thy spirit,
'Cause thou woo't be revenged. Punish her jealousy
The right way: when 'tis done, I do not care
To tell her: it may kick up her heels too,
Another way.
Pen. Tell her what? You make me blush.
Wild. No, no, I'll tell nobody, by this hand.
Stay, I have a diamond will become this finger;
Wear it, and let my wife stare out her eyes upon't.
Pen. I wo'not take't on such conditions.
Wild. Take it on any. She is come about. [*Aside.*

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, master Hazard desires your company at tavern. He says there are none but gentlemen of your acquaintance; Mr Acreless, Mr Littlestock, and Mr Sellaway, the three gamesters.
Wild. He must excuse me.
Pen. As you love me, go, sir.
Have no suspicion that I wish your absence:
I'll wear your gift, and study to be thankful. [*Exit.*
Wild. Well, there's no great hurt in all this yet:
The tide's not strong against me. No talk now
Of wife's consent: I'll not remove my siege.
She'll study to be thankful. She's mine own,
As sure as I were in her maidenhead.
Now to the tavern, boy, and drink to the purpose. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HAZARD, ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, SELLAWAY, *as in a Tavern. Drawers.*

Haz. More wine! Is not this better, gentlemen,
Than spiting constables? You would have fought now
And had your brain-pans open'd.
Acre. Right noble Hazard,
Here's to thee.
Haz. Let it come, boy; fill it me steeple high:
I am in a vein of mirth, and I ha' cause,
As you shall see in due time, gentlemen.
Mr Littlestock, thou art dreaming o' the dice:
Sel. He is melancholy.
Lit. Who, I?
Haz. I'll play the farrier, then, and drench thee for the sullens. A health to all our mistresses: we have had 'em single; let's shuffle 'em now together. Mr Acreless——

Enter Fiddler.

Fid. Will you please, gentlemen, to have a song?
Haz. You have not wash'd to-day. Go, get clean manners. [*Flinging a glass of wine in his face.*
You rascal, we have no wenches.
Fid. I see nobody, sir; you have washed my eyes out.
Haz. It is not necessary thou should'st have any. Fill me again.
Acre. This fellow would ha' t'other cup.
Fid. I have had a cup too much already, gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Haz. Let it go round; and then, in hope you may
Look double, I'll shew you a sight. I wonder Jack Wilding stays.

Enter Mr WILDING *and Page.*

He's come i'the nick.
Wild. Save, save you, gallants. May a man come i'the rear?
Haz. Give him his garnish.
Wild. You're not prisoners for the reckoning, I hope.
Haz. For the reck'ning! Now you're all together, gentlemen,
I'll shew you a wonder; but come not too near;
Keep out o' the circle, whatsoever you think on't.
This is a hundred pound! Nay, not so close:
These pictures do shew best at distance, gentlemen.
You see it. Presto—— [*Putting it up again.*
Wild. Nay, let's see't again.
Haz. Like to your cunning juggler, I ne'er shew
My trick but once: You may hear more hereafter.
What think you of this, Mr Acreless, Mr Littlestock,
And Mr Sellaway?
Acre. We do not believe 'tis gold.
Haz. Perish then
In your infidelity.
Wild. Let me but touch it.
Haz. It will endure, take my word for't. Why, look you,
For your satisfactions; no gloves off:

You have devices to defalk;——preserve
Your talons, and your talents, till you meet
With more convenient gamesters.
Lit. How cam'st by it?
Wild. Thou'dst little or none this morning.
Haz. I have bought it, gentlemen; and you in a mist
Shall see what I paid for it. Thou hast not drank yet:
Ne'er fear the reck'ning, man.—More wine, you varlets!
And call your mistress, your scolopendra:[5]
If we like her complexion, we may dine here.
Wild. But hark thee, hark thee, Will; did'st win it?
Haz. No; but I may lose it ere I go to bed.
Dost think't shall musty? What's a hundred pound?
Sel. A miracle! But they are ceased with me.
Acre. And me too. Come, let's drink.
Wild. No matter how it came, Will: I congratulate
Thy fortune, and will quit thee now
With good news of myself. My cuz, I told thee on,
Is wheel'd about: she has took a ring o' me.
We kiss'd and talk'd, time out o' mind.
Haz. I know it:
My almanack says 'tis a good day to woo in;
Confirm'd by Erra Pater, that honest Jew too.
I'll pledge thee.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr Hazard, there are two gentlemen below
Enquire for you.
Haz. For me?
Draw. One's somewhat ancient: I heard him call
The t'other nephew.
Haz. Say I come to 'em presently.
Gentlemen, I do caution you before,
To be fair condition'd. One of them, the nephew,
Is of a fiery constitution,
And sensible of any affront. Let this
Character prepare him for you.
Wild. Bring him not hither.
Haz. There is a necessity in't. I would not for
A hundred pound but entertain him, now
He knows I am here. [*Exit.*

Enter Master HAZARD *again with* BARNACLE, *his Nephew, and* DWINDLE.

Wild. This is old Barnacle.
Acre. One that is to fine for alderman.
Lit. And that's his nephew: I have been in's company.
Sel. Is this the youth Hazard prepared us for?
How busy they are!
Haz. You could not wish better opportunity:
These are all gentlemen of quality.
I'll call him cousin, if it please you,
To endear him to their acquaintance.
Bar. I'll not be a witness of your passages myself; these will report as much as I desire.
Sir, if you be beaten, I am satisfied.
Neph. But d' ye hear, uncle; are you sure you have made
Your bargain wisely? They may cut my throat
When you are gone; and what are you the wiser?
Dwindle, be you close to me.
Haz. I warrant you, we shall do things with discretion,
If he has but grace to look and talk courageously.
Bar. He may be valiant for aught I know:
Howsoever, this will be a secure way
To have him thought so, if he beat you soundly.
Neph. I do not like the company;
But I have drank wine too, and that's the best on't:
We may quarrel on even terms. Look to
Thy basket-hilt, Dwindle, and have a stool ready.
Dwin. I will give your worship a stool.
Haz. As I am a gentleman, be confident;
I'll wait on you down, sir.
Bar. By no means; let him beat you to purpose, sir.
Neph. 'Bye, uncle. [*Exit* BARNACLE.
Haz. Come, sir. Pray, gentlemen, bid my kinsman welcome;
A spark that will deserve your knowledge.
Wild. His kinsman! you are welcome.
Acre. He has power to command your welcome.
Lit. If I mistake not, I have had the happiness
To ha' been in your company afore now.
Neph. Mine, sir?—D' you hear, what if I quarrell'd [*Aside to* HAZARD.
With him first? 'twill prepare me the better.
Haz. Do as you please; that's without my conditions.
Neph. I'll but give him now and then a touch: I'll close
Well enough, I warrant you.—You been in
Company, sir?
Lit. Yes, and at the tavern.
Neph. I paid the reck'ning then.
Lit. You came into our room——
Neph. Tell me of coming into your room
I'll come again. You are a superfluous [illegible] man.
Wild. How's this?
Haz. Let him alone.
Lit. Sir, remember yourself.
Neph. I'll remember what I please: I [illegible] get what I remember. Tell me of a [illegible]

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[5] *Scolopendra.*—The *scolopendra* is a venomous serpent. It was common formerly to call mist[illegible] *cockatrices*, &c. S.
Figures of the *Scolopendra Agnatica Scutata*, are in *Halsted's History of Kent*, Vol. I. p. 166.

what is't? I'll pay't: no man shall make an ass of me, farther than I list myself. I care not a fiddlestick for any man's thundering. He that affronts me is the son of a worm, and his father a whore. I care not a straw, nor a broken point, for you. If any man dare drink to me, I wo'not go behind the door to pledge him.

Acre. Why, here's to you, sir.

Neph. Why there's to you, sir.

Twit me with coming into a room! I could find in my heart to throw a pottle-pot,———I name nobody. I will kick any man down stairs, that cannot behave himself like a gentleman. None but a slave would offer to pay a reck'ning before me. Where's the drawer? There's a piece at all adventures. He that is my friend, I care not a rush: if any man be my enemy, he is an idle companion, and I honour him with all my heart.

Wild. This is a precious humour. Is he used to these mistakes?

Lit. Your kinsman gives him privilege.

Neph. I desire no man's privilege. It skills not[6] whether I be kin to any man living.

Haz. Nay, nay cousin; pray let me persuade you.

Neph. You persuade me! for what acquaintance? Mind your business, and speak with your tailor.

Haz. An' you be thus rude—

Neph. Rude, sir! what then, sir?———Hold me, Dwindle.

Dwin. Are you ready to have a stool, sir?

Wild. Nay, nay, Will, we bear with him for your sake;
He is your kinsman.

Haz. I am calm again.
Cousin, I am sorry any person here
Hath given you offence.

Neph. Perhaps, sir, you
Have given me offence. I do not fear you.
I have knock'd as round a fellow in my days.

Haz. And may again—

Wild. Be knock'd! A pox upon him; I know not what to make of him.

Haz. Let me speak a word in private, sir.

Neph. I can be as private as you, sir.

Haz. Strike me a box o'the ear presently.

Neph. There's my hand on't.

Wild. Nay, nay, gentlemen—

Acre. Mr Wilding—

Neph. Let him call me to account: the reckoning's paid.
Come, Dwindle. [*Exit.*

Sel. I did not think the fool durst ha' done this.
'Tis a strange youth.

Haz. You shall hear more to-morrow.

Draw. All's paid, and you are welcome, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONORA, VIOLANTE.

Leon. Why should not we two live together, being
So equal in our passions? Oh, Violante,
Our knowledge grew from children, and our loves
Ally us in our natures.

Viol. 'Tis my wish
To dwell with thee. I never knew that woman
In whom I took more pleasure to converse with.

Leon. But I have a father; and remembering him,
A sorrow steals upon me, to betray
My hopes of blessing; for, although he loves me,
And dearly, as he says, (for children must not
Dispute with fathers,) he affects not him
In whom I place all thoughts that can delight me;
He loves not Delamore; and what to me
Is all the world without him? I shall never,
I fear, have his consent to be made happy
In marriage: and this, although our thoughts
Reflect with equal honour on our loves,
Makes the distinction, and concludes me miserable.
Thy will depends upon no rigid parent;
Thy path is strew'd with roses, while I climb
A ragged cliff, to meet whom I affect.

Viol. Indeed, Leonora, I much pity thee.

Leon. I pr'ythee counsel me, how shall I wrestle
With my sad destiny, and yet preserve
My filial obedience? I must lose
A father or a husband.

Viol. Would I knew
Which way to bid thee steer! but, lesson'd by
My own affection, I would have thy mind
Constant to him thou lov'st. Time may correct
A father's harshness: and be confident,
If poor Violante have a power to serve thee,
She will forget her own heart ere prove false to thee.

Leon. Oh, my dear soul, I know't.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh mistress!

Leon. What's the matter?

Viol. This face betrays some miserable accident.

Leon. Speak, and assure us what disaster makes
Thy countenance so wild.

Serv. A friend of yours——

Leon. Is sick, is dead! what more? and yet I have
So few, I can spare none.

Serv. Is dead; since you appear so fortified.

Leon. Is my father living, and Delamore?

Serv. Your father is in health; but——

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[6] *It skills not.*—See note 40 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 154.

Leon. Stay, as thou would'st preserve thy mistress in
The number of the living.
Viol. How my fears increase!
Leon. Except Violante, whom I see
Enjoys her health, I have no friend but Delamore:
I hope he is not dead!
Serv. Your Delamore is dead. [*She faints.*
Viol. Friend! Leonora!
'Twas indiscreetly done to open sorrow
So like a torrent. Leonora! friend!
Leon. Why do'st thou call me from him? Sure I was
Going to meet my Delamore.
Viol. Give not such
Belief to this sad news, until you hear it
Confirm'd. Did'st see him dead?
Serv. I did not see him.
Viol. Have comfort then; this may
Be check'd again.
Leon. Would I could hope it.
Viol. Have more courage, friend.
Did'st hear the circumstance?
Serv. He was slain, they say.
Viol. Nay, then believe it not. He was so innocent,
He could provoke no angry sword against him.
Serv. I wish your confidence were not deceived.
The last part of my story will concern
Your faith and sorrow.
Viol. Mine! in her I share
Too much: but pr'ythee, since thou hast not been
Slow to wound her, let me know my affliction.
Serv. The general voice is, Mr Beaumont slew him,
Your servant, lady.
Viol. Tell the general voice
It lyes. My Beaumont prove a murderer!
And of his friend! He would not kill an enemy.
Serv. All I can say in proof of this, I saw him
Guarded to prison. Pardon my relation.
Viol. If thou believ'st thy eyes abused thee not,
Thou might'st, with one breath, spoken 'em both dead;
For the survivor lives but to give up
His life with more shame. All my comfort is,
I shall not live to see it. Oh, Leonora,
Who is most wretched now? Let thou and I,
The few days that we have to live, be friends,
And die in perfect charity. I must leave you
To manage your own grief: I have enough
To break my poor heart too. [*Exit.*
Leon. What seas break in
Upon us! I that could have died within
A gentle wave, now struggle for my life.
My father!

Enter Sir RICHARD HURRY.

Sir Rich. What, it seems you heard the news:
Come, let your sorrows dry up; you may see
What 'tis to be so rash. When you chuse next,
You'll consult me, I hope. Wipe, wipe your eyes,
Your tears are vain: I could say more.
Leon. What, sir?
Sir Rich. They are more than he deserved; and yet 'tis better
Thou should'st bestow thy tears upon his funeral,
Than I sigh'd at thy marriage. Come, Heaven has
Been kind in this divorce; preparing thus
Thy better fortune, and preserving mine.
I am sorry for the gentleman that kill'd him.
Leon. Oh murderer!
Sir Rich. You are a fool, and know not
His provocation. In my youthful days
I was not patient, when affronts were offer'd me;
Nothing more dear to gentlemen than honour.
Leon. Honour in murder!
Sir Rich. This was otherwise:
In my own defence I would kill a family.
He shew'd his generous spirit; all the town
Speak nobly of him, pity him, and pray for him;
And, were he not desertful, by this time
The general vote had hang'd him.
Leon. Oh, my fate!
Sir Rich. T'other a loose and inconsiderate man,
Lost in estate, and would ha' married thee,
To ha' squeez'd mine; 'tis better as it is.
Leon. Good sir, be charitable to the dead.
Sir Rich. Be you first charitable to the living.
Speak well, and think so too; you do not know
What benefit may follow; and howe'er
Your womanish sorrow, for the present, may
So mist your eyes, they will hereafter open,
To see and thank my care.
Leon. Indeed your language,—
Pardon my boldness, sir,—is dark and mystical.
Sir Rich. You have your wit to apprehend, sometimes;
But 'tis not passion must excuse your duty to me.
Leon. I hope——
Sir Rich. Your hopes may fail you, if you do:
Be obedient hereafter, if you please,
And love my directions.
Leon. I'll not have
A thought shall disobey you; and if ever
I love again——
Sir Rich. If ever! why, suppose
I should propound one to you, now i' the heat
Of this misfortune, can your heart be obstinate
To me and your own good?
Leon. This is too soon
A' conscience, sir; before his blood be cold,
To whom I profest love, to like another!
The world would much condemn me.
Sir Rich. Is the world
Or I to be preferr'd? this makes the act
Of your obedience perfect; and, because
I'll have assurance of what power I hold,
This minute I'll prefer one to your thoughts.
Dispose your heart to love the gentleman
That's now in prison.
Leon. Whom dy'e mean, dear sir?
Sir Rich. He that kill'd Delamore, Mr Beaumont.
Do not suspect I trifle: he is of

A noble house, of a fair expectation,
Handsome in every part——
Leon. Shall not he suffer
For the dark deed already done?
Sir Rich. Compose
Yourself to love him: I'll find a way how
To secure his life, and bring him freely off.
Leon. Oh consider! ere you move too far,
If having slain my comfort, for I must
Give it no other name, call not your justice
To my revenge; yet let me not be forced
To have a thought, so full of shame to women,
That he should be my husband: 'tis a stain
Time nor repentance can wash off. I know
You cannot mean so cruelly; beside
I shall commit a sin, foul as his murder,
Upon poor Violante, and rob her.
Their hearts love hath seal'd up i'the eye of Heaven;
'Twere sacrilege to part them: she's my friend too,
One that will rather die than injure me:
And he will rather suffer, if he be
Noble as you profess him, than consent to
So foul a guilt.
Sir Rich. Let me alone for that;
If he refuse this offer for his life,
Why let him die: I'll put him to't. Consider,
In this I shall behold thy naked soul:
Be ruled, and prosper; disobey, and be
Thrown from my care and blood. At better leisure
I'll tell you more. [*Exit.*
Leon. Has Heaven no pity for me?
What killing language doth a father speak!
Poor heart, prevent more grief, and quickly break.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Master WILDING *and* PENELOPE.

Wild. This humour does become thee; I knew when
Thou didst consider what was offer'd thee,
Thy sullenness would shake off. Now thou look'st
Fresher than morning; in thy melancholy,
Thy clothes became thee not.
Pen. You're i' the right;
I blamed my tailor for't, but I find now,
The fault was in my countenance. Would we had
Some music; I could dance now; la, la, la, bra, &c.
Wild. Excellent! an' she be a-bed but half so nimble,
I shall have a fine time on't: how she glides!
Thou wot not fail?
Pen. This night——
Wild. At the hour of twelve.
Pen. But you must be as punctual i'the conditions,
For my vow's sake; not speak a syllable.
Wild. I'll rather cut my tongue out than offend thee;
Kissing is no language.
Pen. If it be not too loud.
We must not be seen together, to avoid
Suspicion; I would not for a world my cousin
Should know on't.
Wild. She shall die in ignorance.
Pen. No piece of a candle.
Wild. The devil shall not see us
With his sawcer eyes: and if he stumble in
The dark, there sha'not be a stone i'the chamber
To strike out fire with's horns. All things shall be
So close, no lightning shall peep in upon us.
Oh, how I long for midnight!
Pen. I have a scruple.
Wild. Oh, by no means, no scruples now!
Pen. When you
Have your desires upon me, you will soon
Grow cold in your affection, and neglect me.
Wild. Why, hang me if I do, I'll love thee ever.
I have cast already: to preserve thy honour,
Thou shalt be married in a fortnight, cuz;
Let me alone to find thee out a husband,
Handsome and fit enough; we will love then too.
Pen. When I am married?
Wild. Without fear, or wit;
Cum privilegio: when thou hast a husband,
Dost think I will forsake thee, Penelope? 'twere pity
O' my life, sweet. Oh, there is no pleasure
To those embraces! I shall love thee better;
And the assurance that thou hast two fathers
Before thou hast a child, will make thee spring
More active in my arms; and I tell thee,
'Tis my ambition to make a cuckold;
The only pleasure o' the world: I would not
Wish to enjoy thee now, but in the hope
Of t'other harvest, and to make thy husband
Hereafter cuckold; that imagination
Sweetens the rest, and I do love it mainly, mainly.
Pen. 'Tis double sin.
Wild. 'Tis treble pleasure, wench.
But we lose time, and may endanger thus
My wife into a jealousy, if she see us.
Farewell, farewell, dear Penelope: at night, remember;
I wo'not lose my sport for half the country.
[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs WILDING.

Mrs Wild. Thou hast hit my instructions excellently.

Pen. I have made work for somebody: you have put me
Upon a desperate service; if you do not
Relieve me, I am finely served.
Mrs Wild. All has succeeded to my wish: thy place
I will supply to-night: if he observe
All the conditions, I may deceive
My husband into kindness; and we both
Live to reward thee better. Oh, dear cuz!
Take heed by my example, upon whom
Thou placest thy affection.

Enter HAZARD.

Pen. Master Hazard.
Haz. Save ye, Mistress Wilding.
Mrs Wild. You are welcome, sir.
Pen. He is a handsome gentleman.
Haz. Gone abroad?
Mrs Wild. I am not certain, I'll enquire. [*Exit.*
Haz. Your servant,—
Ha! this is the frosty gentlewoman! in good time;
I care not if I cast away some words on her.
And yet she's so precise and over honest,
I had as good ne'er attempt her.—Your name is
Penelope, I take it, lady.
Pen. If you take it,
I hope you'll give it me again.
Haz. What again?
Pen. My name.
Haz. What should I do with it?
No, no, keep thy name;
Howe'er thou dost thy maidenhead.
Pen. Can you tell me
Of any honest man, that I may trust with it?
Haz. I'll tell thee a hundred.
Pen. Take heed what you say, sir;
A hundred honest men! Why if there were
So many i' the city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter; but perhaps you live in the suburbs.
Haz. This wench will jeer me.
Pen. I hope you are not one, sir.
Haz. One of what?
Pen. One of those honest men, you talk'd of so;
One to whose trust a virgin might commit
A maidenhead, as you call it.
Haz. Yes, you may trust me;
I have possess'd a hundred maidenheads.
Pen. How long?
Haz. Nay, nay; they are no commodities to keep.
No fault of ours: truth is, th' are not worth
Preserving; some of your own sex acknowledge it:
And yet, by your complexion, you have yours still;
Away with't, and in time.
Pen. Why, you are modest.
Haz. Y' have hit me, lady; come, I give thee counsel;
And more, I'll help thee to a chapman too;
Besides, whate'er he pays for't, shall be at charge
To mould it of himself. How light thou'lt be
Without thy maidenhead! does't not spoil thy sleep,
And breed the night-mare?
Pen. Who can help it? you
Gentlemen are such strange creatures, so unnatural,
So infinitely chaste, so mortified
With beef and barley-water; such strange discipline
And hair-cloth—
Haz. Who wears hair-cloth, gentlewoman?
Pen. Such severe ways to tame your flesh; such friends
To Fridays, Lent, and ember-weeks; such enemies
To sack and marrow-pyes, caudles and crabs,
Fiddlers, and other warm restoratives,
A handsome woman cannot reach your pity.
We may e'en grow to our pillows ere you'll comfort us:
This was not wont.
Haz. Not wont to be, in my
Remembrance, lady.
Pen. You are a handsome gentleman;
Why may not you drink wine sometimes, or eat
Sturgeon, or forage in your lusty-pye
Of artichoke[7] or potatoe? or why may not
Your learned physician dictate ambergrease,[8]
Or powders, and you obey him in your broths?
Have you so strange antipathy to women?
To what end will gentlemen come to,
If this frost hold!
Haz. You are witty,
But I suppose you have no cause of such
Complaint; however some men do want hea[t],

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[7] *Of artichoke.*—How much *potatoes* were held to be incentives to venery, may be seen in Mr Ch[a]. note to Troilus and Cressida, so often referred to. *Artichokes* were also supposed to possess the like [q]lities. Moffat, who wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth, says, "Artichokes grew sometimes [i]n the isle of Sicily; and since my remembrance they were so dainty in England, that usually they were sold for crowns a-piece: Now industry and skill hath made them so common, that the poorest man is [se]rved of princes dainties,—Julius Capitolinus, in the life of Pertinax; and Pliny likewise, in the 19th [bo]ok of his Natural History, reports *artichokes* to have been of such estimation in Carthage and Cordoba, that there were sold as many artichokes in one year, as came to 6000 serstities, which maketh 30,000*l.* sterling. The first sprouts of artichoke-leaves, being sodden in good broth, with butter, do not only nourish, but also *mightily stir up lust of the body both in men and women; the young heads of them, eaten raw with pepper and salt, do the like*, &c." *Health's Improvement*, by Moffat, 1746, 12mo. p. 312.

[8] *Ambergrease.*—See note 38 to *The Antiquary*.

There is no general winter: I know a gentleman
Can drink and eat, and bear you company
A-bed, for all your jeering: do not think
'Tis I: thou shalt recant this profane talk,
And woo me for a kiss, ere I'll stoop to thee.
Here's none but friends; if master Wilding ha' not
Told you already, I will justify
'Tis possible you may be got with child.
Pen. By whom?
Haz. By him; you are but cousins afar off;
If you allow't, he need not travel far
For other dispensation: What say to him?
Pen. Was this at his intreaty?
Haz. My own mere motion
And good-will toward him, 'cause I know his mind.
Pen. You are a fine gentleman; where's your land?
You may be knight o' the shire in time; farewell, sir. [*Exit.*
Haz. I know not what to make of her; she may be
A tumbler, for all this; I'll to her again. [*Exit.*

Enter Old BARNACLE *and* LEONORA.

Bar. Nay, nay, be comforted, and mistake me not;
I did not mention Delamore to provoke
These tears: he's gone; think on your living friends.
Leon. If you be one, good sir——
Bar. Yes, I am one;
And yet mistake me not, I do not come
A wooing for myself; I am past tilting:
But for my nephew: oh that nephew of mine!
I know Sir Richard Hurry, your wise father,
Will think well of him. Nay, nay, weeping still!
Leon. It is too soon to think of any other.
Bar. Too soon to think of any other! why,
What woman of discretion but is furnish'd
With a second husband, ere the first be coffin'd?
He that stays till the funeral be past,
Is held a modest coxcomb; and why should not
Maids be as early in their provision?
Leon. I blush to think my father of his mind;
Distressed Leonora! Good sir, lose
No more breath; I am resolved to die a virgin:
I know not what love is.
Bar. And yet these tears
Are shed for one you loved.
Leon. He that was all
My treasure living, being lost, must needs
Be a great part of sorrow; but my eyes,
Though they can never pay too many drops
To the sad memory of Delamore,
Shed not all these for him: there is another
That makes me weep.
Bar. Another whom you love?
Leon. Heaven knows, I never let into my heart
Affection to a second. I am so far
From loving him, I wish we may ne'er meet;
I am not safe in my own bosom, while
I think upon him: it begets new springs
Within my eyes, which will in little time
Rise to a flood and drown me.
Bar. I conceive
This is no friend of yours; come, I'll relieve you.
Nay, and there be any man that troubles you,
If there be any you'd have talk'd withal,
I'll rid you of that care. He that shall offer
But to disturb you in a thought, d'ye mark me,
I'll take an order with him.
Leon. What will you do?
Bar. Do not mistake me neither; I'll do nothing
But send my nephew; he shall top him,
And top him; and scourge him like a top too.
You know not how my nephew is improved
Since you last saw him. Valiant as Hercules,
He has knock'd the flower of chivalry, the very
Donzel del Phebo of the time, and all
The blades to reverence him. I'll say no more;
Name but the man whom you do frown upon,
And let me send my nephew to him.
Leon. It sha'not need.
I have no enemy to engage his sword;
My discontents flow from a nearer person;
I grieve to say, my father.
Bar. How? your father!
Say but the word, and I will send my nephew
To him; an he were ten fathers, he can mollify him
To please you, lady; my nephew will never spare him.
Oh, had you seen him baffle a 'squire this morning!
Leon. Pray no more: You shall do me a noble office
To leave me to myself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mistress Violante
Is come to visit you.
Leon. I wait upon her.
Your gentle pardon. [*Exit.*
Bar. Would my nephew had her.
She is Sir Richard's heir, and here he is.
Sir Richard!

Enter Sir RICHARD HURRY *and Surgeon.*

Hur. Oh, master Barnacle, I'll wait upon you.
Bar. That's master Probe, the surgeon.
Hur. No more; you know my meaning.
Probe. Yes, sir.
Hur. Let him be buried.
Probe. I understand you, sir. [*Exit.*
Bar. I have been discoursing
With your fair daughter.
Hur. Where is Leonora?
Serv. She's within, sir.
Hur. Bid her come hither.
Master Barnacle, I am something troubled
About a gentleman.
Bar. And I am glad I met with you:
If you be troubled with any gentleman,
I'll send my nephew to him.
Hur. To whom, or whither?
Bar. To any man alive; I care not whither.
Hur. Send him to Jerusalem.
Bar. That's something o' the farthest; I shall be
Unwilling he should travel out o' the kingdom.

Enter LEONORA, VIOLANTE *aloof.*

Sir Rich. Leonora! Nearer——
Bar. Who is that?
A pretty gentlewoman! save you, mistress,
What is your name, I pray?
Viol. I am call'd Violante.
Bar. Are you a maid?
Viol. I should be sorry else.
Bar. D' y' know my nephew?
Viol. Not I, sir.
Bar. Not my nephew! how have you been bred?
Why, he's the only gallant o' the town;
Please you, I'll send him to you.
Viol. What to do, sir?
Bar. He shall do any thing; the town's afraid on him.
Viol. Oh! pray keep him from me then.
Bar. He'll hurt no women; but for the men—
Viol. There's one has hurt too much already.
Bar. What is he? I'll send my nephew to him, lady;
If you have any occasion, never spare him.
Viol. Not I, sir.
Sir Rich. Look to't, and correct this humour; [*To* LEONORA.
I'll to him presently. Master Barnacle,
Let me intreat your company to a gentleman;
I'll wait as much on you.
Bar. You shall command me:
If't be any man you care not for,
We'll take my nephew along.
Sir Rich. It sha'not need.
[*Exeunt Sir* RICHARD *and* BARNACLE.
Leon. Oh, Violante! I
Must now require some fruit of all thy promises.
Viol. You hold me not suspected?
Leon. Leonora
Cannot be so ungrateful; but we have
Small limit for discourse: My father means
To visit Beaumont, now in prison; thou
Wilt hear too soon the story, and without
Prevention, find thyself more miserable.
Oh Violante! I will suffer with him,
Rather than injure thee. I pr'ythee go,
Visit thy friend, not mine; and, as thou lovest me,
As thou lovest him, or thy own life, Violante,
Bid him be constant to thee: tell him what fame
Dwells upon noble lovers, that have seal'd
Faith to their mistresses in blood: What glory
Can perjured men expect, that lose their honour
To save a poor breath? Bid him be assured,
If for the hope of life his soul can be
So much corrupted to embrace a thought
That I shall ever love him——
Viol. You, Leonora?
Leon. Never, oh never; tell him so: by virtue,
And the cold blood of my slain Delamore,
Although my father threaten death——
Viol. Your father?
Leon. Make haste, sweet Violante, to the prison;
There thou shalt know all; there thou shalt have proof
How much thou art beloved; and by my death,
If he prove false to thee, how much I love thee.
[*Exit.*
Viol. I am amazed; and my soul much distracted
'Twixt grief and wonder. It grows late i' the morning;
I'll visit the sad prisoner: my heart trembles;
More can but kill me too. I'm fit to die;
And woes but hasten immortality. [*Exit.*

Enter HAZARD *and a Box-keeper.*

Haz. How now? what gamesters?
Box-keep. Little to any purpose yet; but we
Expect deep play to-night.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. Will Hazard, I have been seeking thee this
Two hours; and now I have found thee, avoid me!
Haz. Thou'rt not infectious?
Wild. No, but I swell with imaginations,
Like a tall ship bound for the Fortunate Islands;[9]
Top and top-gallant,[10] my flags and my figaries
Upon me with a lusty gale of wind,
Able to rend my sails; I shall o'er-run
And sink thy little bark of understanding
In my career, boy.
Haz. Pray Heaven rather
You do not spring a leak, and forfeit your
Ballast, my confident man of war; I
Have known as stout a ship been cast away
In sight o' the harbour.
Wild. The wench, the wench, boy!
Haz. The vessel you have been chasing—
Wild. Has struck sail;
Is come in; and cries, aboard my new *lord* of
The Mediterranean! We are agreed:
This is the precious night, Will; twelve the hour
That I must take possession of all,
Of all! there are some articles agreed on.

Enter a Lord and SELLAWAY.

Who's this?

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[9] *Fortunate Islands.*—It is generally imagined, that the Madeira, Canary, and Cape de Verd Islands, with the adjacent coast of Africa, are those which the ancients confounded together under the name of *The Fortunate Islands.*

[10] *Top and top-gallant,* &c.—These are terms which will be better understood by referring to the elevation of a ship, than by any explanation whatever. The reader who consults the plate prefixed to Falconer's poem, entitled, THE SHIPWRECK, 8vo, 1764, will see at one view what parts of a vessel these terms were intended to describe.

Haz. Oh, the gamesters now come in:
That gay man is a lord, and with him Sellaway.
Wild. They are well coupled; a lord, and Sellaway.
Haz. He wears good clothes you see, and in the street
More look'd at than the pageants;[11] he will talk little.
Wild. To purpose.
Haz. Right; he cannot walk
Out of his sinco-pace, and no man carries
Legs more in tune. He is danced now from his sempstress.
Wild. A man much bound to his tailor.
Haz. And his barber;
He has a notable head.
Wild. Of hair, thou mean'st.
Haz. Which is sometime hung in more bride-laces
Than well would furnish out two country-weddings.
Wild. Is he a scholar?
Haz. 'Tis not necessary:
He is neither scholar, nor a courtier,
If report wrong him not.
Wild. Will he play's money freely?
Haz. With more pride than he wears embroidery.
'Tis his ambition to lose that: and
A wench maintains his swearing: let him pass.
Wild. What's next?

Enter a Knight and ACRELESS.

Haz. A knight, and Acreless.
Wild. Good again, a knight and Acreless: What's his condition?
Haz. A gamester both ways.
Wild. Where be his spurs?
Haz. Hung in his mistress's petticoat; for which he pawn'd
His knighthood too, till a good hand redeem'd it.
He will talk you nothing but postilions,
Embroideries for his coach, and Flanders mares;
What several suits for the twelve days at Christmas;
How many ladies doat upon his physiognomy:
That he is limited but a hundred pound
A month for diet; which will scarce maintain him
In pheasant eggs and turkey. For his motion,
Now does his barge attend him, if he came
By water; but if the dice chance to run counter,
He stays till twelve in anger; devours smoke;
And desperately will shoot the bridge at midnight,
Without a waterman.
Wild. The house fills apace:
What are these, ha?

Enter a Country Gentleman and LITTLESTOCK.

Haz. A country gentleman, and Littlestock.
Wild. A country gentleman? I have seen him sure,
Appear in other shape. Is he a Christian?
Haz. Why dost thou doubt him?
Wild. 'Cause I have met him with a turbant once,
If I mistake not; but his linen was not
So handsome altogether as the Turks:
In quirpo with a crab-tree cudgel too,
Walking and canting broken Dutch for farthings.
Haz. The apparition of an angel once,
Brought him to this.
Wild. Dost call him country gentleman?
Haz. His generation is not known i' the town.
You see what dice can do: now he's admired.
Wild. For what, I pr'ythee?
Haz. For talking nonsense. When he has lost his money,
You shall meet him going up and down the ordinary
To borrow money upon his head.
Wild. His head!
Will he go upon his head, or will he pawn it?
Haz. Pawn it, if any man will lend him money on't;
And says 'tis good security, because
He cannot be long without it: They shall have
The wit for the use too. He will talk desperately,
And swear he is the father of all the bulls
Since Adam. If all fail, he has a project;
To print his jests.
Wild. His bulls, you mean.
Haz. You're right;
And dedicate 'em to the gamesters. Yet he will
Seem wise sometimes; deliver his opinions
As on the bench. In beer, he utters sentences;
And after sack, philosophy.
Wild. Let's not be troubled with him. Who are these?
Young Barnacle!

Enter Nephew and DWINDLE.

Will you endure him?
Haz. Yes, and the vinegar-bottle, his man, too: but now I think on't, he shall excuse me: I'll lose no time. If I win, I shall have less cause to repent: if I lose, by these hilts, I'll make him the cause, and beat him.

Enter SELLAWAY.

Are they at play?
Sel. Deep, deep gamesters.
Haz. Then luck with a hundred pieces.
Wild. I'll follow. How now, Frank? What, in the name of folly, is he reading?
Neph. Save you, gentlemen! save you, noble gallants!
May a man lose any money? I honour, sir, your shadow.
Sel. This is another humour.
Neph. D'ye hear the news, gentlemen?

[11] *Pageants.*—Which used to be exhibited to public view on the day the Lord Mayor was sworn into his office.

Wild. What news, I pray?

Neph. The new curranto.

Sel. Good sir, impart.

Neph. Be there no more gentlemen to hear it here? 'tis extraordinary fine news, in black and white, from Terra incognita.

Wild. Terra incognita?

Neph. Ay, sir, the quintessence of the world: for our four parts, Europe, Asia, Afric, and America, are as the four elements; and this, as the learned geographers say, is like Cœlum, a fifth essence or quintessence of the world.

Wild. Pray, sir, what news from this quintessence? It must
Needs be refined novelties.

Neph. From Sclavonia.

Wild. That's no part of Terra incognita; we know that.

Neph. But you do not know that Sclavonia I mean: 'tis
Inhabited by a nation without a head.

Dwin. Without a head! In what part are their eyes?

Neph. Peace, Dwindle:—a cursed kind of people, that have neither law nor religion, but for their own purposes. Their country is somewhat low, and open to the sea.

Sel. Do they not fear drowning?

Neph. They are safest in a tempest: if they be taken at any time by their enemies, and cast overboard, they turn other creatures; some rocks, some sharks, some crocodiles, and so retain part of their former nature.

Wild. What do those that dwell a-shore?

Neph. They follow their work, and make nets, not only to catch fish, but towns and provinces. The Jews are innocent to 'em, and the devil a dunce; of whose trade they are.

Sel. A dangerous generation.

Neph. In Perrwiggana, a fruitful country, the moon shines all day, and the sun at night.

Sel. That's strange:
He has a moral in't: have not we, gentlemen, that sit up all night a-drinking, and go to bed when the sun rises?

Neph. In this province, the king never comes out of his palace.

Wild. How does the court remove there?

Neph. When he does purpose to change the air, he has an elephant richly trapped, that carries the court upon his back into what part of the kingdom he pleases.

Wild. I have heard of elephants that have carried castles.

Neph. Snails, snails in comparison; and, to increase your wonder, this beast does never drink.

Wild. I would be loth to keep him company.

Sel. How then?

Neph. Eat, eat altogether; and what? nothing but men: and of what rank or condition? none but great men, and the fattest nobility; but, like your good Monsieur, he cares for nothing but the head; and, it is confidently reported, he has devoured more within this three last years, than the elephant we had in England eat penny-loaves in seven.

Dwin. The devil choke him! Would he had London-bridge in his belly too.

Neph. The subjects of the great duke of Lubberland have been lately in rebellion.

Wild. I am sorry it will be inconvenient to hear out your curranto: I am weary of a little money: when that's lost, I may be a suitor for the rest of your news: and so I commend me to all your friends in Lubberland. [*Exit.*

Neph. Dwindle, did'st hear this? Now could I be angry!

Dwin. Go to play then, sir: if you lose your money, you may talk roundly to 'em; for they cannot be so uncivil, as not to give losers leave to speak.

Neph. But if I win——

Dwin. Why then you may be drunk to-night, and I'll hold the caster to you.

Enter LITTLESTOCK *and* ACRELESS.

Lit. A curse upon these reeling dice! That last in and in
Was out of my way ten pieces. Can'st lend me any
Money? How have the cards dealt with thee?

Acre. Lost, lost! Dice, I defy thee. If my knight recover not,
I must be sober to-morrow.

Lit. Oh, for a hundred, and all made now!

Enter SELLAWAY.

Sel. Yonder's Hazard wins tyrannically, without mercy; he came in but with a hundred pieces.

Lit. I'll get a fancy presently.

Acre. And how thrive the bones with his lordship?

Sel. His lordship's bones are not well set: they are maliciously bent against him: they will run him quite out of all.

Enter Nephew and DWINDLE.

Neph. More money! Dwindle, call my uncle! I must have it, for my honour. Two hundred pieces more will serve my turn. In the meantime, I will play away my cloak, and some superfluous things about me.

Dwin. By that time you are come to your shirt, I shall be here.

Sel. He's blown up too. [*Exit.*

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. So so, the dice in two or three such nights will be out of my debt, and I may live to be a landlord again.

Sel. You are Fortune's minion, master.

Haz. You would seem to be no fool, because she doats not upon you. Gentlemen, I must take my chance: 'twas a lucky hundred pound.—Jack Wilding!

Enter WILDING, *gnawing a Box.*

What, eating the boxes?

Acre. Let us in again.

Wild. Chewing the cud a little. I have lost all my money, Will. Thou hast made a fortunate night on't. Wo't play no more?

Haz. 'Tis the first time I had the grace to give off a winner. I wo'not tempt the dice.

Wild. What hast won?

Haz. You do not hear me complain. I have not been so warm this ten weeks.

Enter ACRELESS.

Wild. 'Tis frost in my breeches.

Acre. Master Hazard, I was afraid you had been gone; there's a fresh gamester come in, with his pockets full of gold: he dazzles the gamesters, and no man has stock to play with him.

Wild. What is he?

Acre. A merchant he seems. He may be worth your return.

Haz. Not for the Exchange, to-night. I am resolved.

Wild. Temptation! Now have I an infinite itch to this merchant's pieces.

Haz. If thou wo't have any money,
Speak before I launch out, and command it.

Wild. A hundred pieces.

Haz. Call to the master o' the house by this token——thou wo't venture again then?

Wild. They may prove as lucky as thine—But what do I forget? the wench, the fairy at home, that expects me.

Haz. I had forgot too: you wo'not play now?

Wild. 'Tis now upon the time.

Haz. By any means go.

Wild. Hum! I ha' lost my money, and may recover a pretty wench. Which hand? Here covetousness, this lechery: money is the heavier. Will, do'st hear? I'll requite thy courtesy. Thou hast lent me a hundred pounds; I'll pay thee again; and thou shalt have for the use, the flesh-device at home, that expects me. Thou shalt supply my place, Will.

Haz. You wo'not lose this opportunity, and fool yourself?

Wild. I am resolved: Five hundred pieces! Say I'll come to him. [*Exit* ACRELESS.] You love the sport as well as I. To-morrow you shall thank me for't. Be secret; she'll never know thee, for our conditions are to—[*Whispering him.*]—neither light, nor—and she must needs conceive 'tis I.

Haz. Are you in earnest?

Wild. Have you wit to apprehend the courtesy?
Let me alone; the wench and I shall meet
Hereafter, and be merry: here's my key.
The merchant's money cools: away; be wise,
And keep conditions: touse her at thy pleasure,
There will be enough for me. Nay, no demurs;
You have not lost your stomach to this game?
Howe'er I speed to-night, we'll laugh to-morrow
How the poor wench was cozen'd.

Haz. But wouldst ha' me go?

Wild. I would ha' thee ride, boy. I must to the gamester.
Farewell. Remember not to speak a word; but
Kiss and embrace thy belly-full.

Haz. If I do not,
The punishment of an eunuch light upon me!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter HAZARD *and* WILDING.

Wild. How now, Will! thou look'st desperately this morning.
Did'st sleep well to-night?

Haz. Yes, 'tis very like
I went to sleep: but such a bed-fellow!

Wild. What ails she? was she dull?

Haz. Do not enquire,
But curse yourself till noon. I am charitable;
I do not bid thee hang thyself; and yet
I have cause to thank thee. I would not have lost
The turn, for all the money I won last night, Jack.
Such a delicious theft!

Wild. I think so.

Haz. I found it so, and dare make my affidavit.

Wild. Thou did'st not see her?

Haz. Nor speak to her; to what purpose?
She was so handsome i' the dark (you know
My meaning) 't had been pity any light
Or voice should interrupt us.

Wild. Now do I
Grow melancholy.

Haz. If thou do'st envy me,
There is some reason for't. Thou do'st imagine
I have had pleasure in my days; but never,
Never so sweet a skirmish! How like ivy
She grew to my embraces! not a kiss
But had Elysium in't.

Wild. I was a rascal!

Haz. If thou did'st know but half so much as I,
Or could'st imagine it, thou would'st acknowledge
Thyself worse than a rascal on record.
I have not words to express how soft, how bounteous,
How every thing a man with full desires
Could wish a lady. Do not question me
Farther; 'tis too much happiness to remember.
I am sorry I have said so much.

Wild. Was not I cursed,
To lose my money, and such delicate sport?

Haz. But that I love thee well, should'st ne'er enjoy her.

Wild. Why?

Haz. I would almost *cut thy throat.*

Wild. You would not?

Haz. But take her! and if thou part'st with her one night more, for less than both the Indies,

thou'lt lose by her: she has paid me for my service; I ask nothing else.

Wild. If she be such a precious armful, Will, I think you may be satisfied.

Haz. Take heed,
And understand thyself a little better:
I think you may be satisfied! with what?
A handsome wench! 'tis heresy; recant it:
I never shall be satisfied.

Wild. You do not purpose
A new encounter?

Haz. For thy sake,
'Tis possible I may not; I would have
My game kept for me. What I have done,
Was upon your entreaty; if you have
The like occasion hereafter, I
Should have a hard heart to deny thee, Jack.

Wild. Thou hast fired my blood! That I could call back time,
To be possest of what my indiscretion
Gave up to thy enjoying! but I am comforted:
She thinks 'twas I; and we hereafter may
Be free in our delights.——Now, sir, the news
With you?

Enter Page.

Page. My mistress did command my diligence,
To find you out, and pray you come to speak with her.

Wild. When I am at leisure.

Page. 'Tis of consequence,
She says, and much concerns you.

Wild. Is Penelope with her?

Page. Not when she sent me forth.

Wild. Let her expect: wait you on me.

Haz. I spy my blust'ring gamester.

Wild. The younger ferret?

Haz. I care not if I allow thee a fit of mirth;
But your boy must be in the concert.

Enter Nephew and DWINDLE.

Dwin. Pray, sir, do not behave yourself so furiously:
Your breath is able to blow down a house, sir.

Neph. My uncle shall build it up again. Oh, Dwindle,
Thou do'st not know what honour 'tis to be
So boisterous: I would take the wall now
Of my lord mayor's giants!

Wild. Do as I bid you, sirrah.

Page. Alas, sir, he'll devour me!

Haz. He sha'not hurt thee.

Page. Be at my back then, pray, sir; now I think on't.
I have the beard here too, with which I frighted
Our maids last night.

Dwin. You know these gentlemen.

Neph. Hazard and Wilding, how is't? how is't, Bulchins?[12]
Would ye had been with us! I ha' so maul'd a captain
O' the train-band yonder.

Page. Is not your name Barnacle?

Haz. Ancient Petarre.[13]

Neph. What's this?

Wild. The admiration of the town.

Neph. For what?

Wild. For valour.

Neph. This inch and a half?

Wild. There's the wonder; oh the spirit, the tall spirit
Within him! he has the soul of a giant.

Neph. He has but a dwarf's body; Ancient Petarre!

Page. Sirrah, how dare you name a captain?
Thou tun of ignorance! he shall eat my pistol,
And save me the discharge.

Neph. Tell me of a tun? I'll drink twenty tuns to thy health. Who shall hinder me, if I have a mind to't? Your pistol's a pepper-corn; I will eat up an armory, if my stomach serve, so long as I have money to pay for't; an you were as little again as you are. Fright me with your pot-guns! my name's Barnacle, sir, call me what you please; and my man's name's Dwindle, an you go there too. Do not think but I have seen fire-drakes afore now, though I never talk'd on't; and rockets too, though my man be a coxcomb here; and balls of fire, no dispraise to you: d'ye think to thunder me with your pick-tooth by your side?

Page. Let my sword shew him but one flash of lightning,
To singe the hair of his head off!

Haz. Good Ancient Petarre.

Dwin. 'Tis a very devil in *decimo sexto*: Peter d'ye call him?

Page. Thou dog-bolt, and cousin-german to Cerberus.

Haz. Two heads once removed, he's somewhat like him.

Neph. I begin to think——

Dwin. And I begin to——

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[12]—*How is't, Bulchins?*—A *bulchin* seems to be a *young male calf*. So in *the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, by *Dekker*, Tucca says,

"—do'st roar, *bulchin?* dos't roar?"

Again, in *Marston's Dutch Curtezan*, A. 2. S. 1.

"I was at supper last night with a new-wean'd *bulchin*."

[13] *Ancient Petarre.*—A name adopted to resemble that of Ancient Pistol. A petar or petard is a kind of small mortar employed in forcing open the gates of towns besieged. S.

Page. Again?
Wild. He does but think.
Page. He think! is this a place for him to think in?
Miniature, vanish immediately: or I will shoot death
From my mustachioes, and kill thee like a porcupine.
Neph. Ancient Petarre, I know thy name, and I honour it; thou'rt one of the most vain-glorious pieces of fire-work that ever water wet. I am a gentleman; and, if I have said any thing to disgust thee, I can ask thee forgiveness, as well as the proudest vassal on 'em all. Extend thy paw, thou invincible epitome of Hercules; and let thy servant kiss it.
Wild. Come, pray sir, be reconciled; he submits.
Page. I see thou hast something in thee of a soldier, to no purpose; and I will cherish it. Thou art a rascal in thy understanding; thou shalt excuse me, Turk, in honourable love: I remember thy great grand-father was hang'd for robbing a pedler-woman of six yards of inkle; and thou may'st, (mauger the herald) in a right line, challenge the gallows by his copy. Mongrel, of Mongrel-hall, I am thy humble servant; and will cut the throat of any man that says thou hast either wit or honesty more than is fit for a gentleman. Command my sword, my lungs, my life; thou art a puff, a mulligrub, a metaphysical coxcomb, and I honour you with all my heart.
Neph. I thank you, noble Ancient, and kind gentlemen:
Come, Dwindle, we'll go roar somewhere else.
Wild. Was ever such an oaf? [*Exeunt.*
Haz. The boy did hit his humour excellently: Here, cherish thy wit.
Page. Now shall I tell my mistress, you'll come to her?
Wild. How officious you are for your mistress, sirrah!
What said she I came not home all night?
Page. Nothing to me; but my eyes ne'er beheld
Her look more pleasantly.
Haz. Now farewell, Jack; I need not urge your secresy
Touching your mistress I have mounted for you:
Only I'll caution you, look when you meet
That you perform your business handsomely,
I ha' begun so well; she may suspect else,
And put thee out of service: if she do,
You know your wages; I shall laugh at thee,
And heartily: so farewell, farewell Jack. [*Exit.*
Wild. To say the truth, I have shewed myself a coxcomb.
A pox a' play! that made me double loser.
For aught I know, she may admit me never
To such a turn again; and then I ha' punish'd
Myself ingeniously.

Enter Mistress WILDING, PENELOPE, *and Mistress* LEONORA; *a servant waiting on them.*

My wife!
Page. My mistress, sir.
Wild. Keep you at distance.
She's as the boy reported, something more
Pleasant than ordinary.
Mrs Wild. 'Tis he! ——good cousin,
Pretend some business; offer at some wares,
Or ask the goldsmith what your diamond's worth;
Something to trifle time away; while I
Speak with my husband a few words.
Wild. She comes toward me.
Mrs Wild. I can contain no longer.
How d'ye, sweetheart?
Wild. Well; but a little melancholy.
You look more sprightfully, wife; something has pleased you.
Mrs Wild. It has indeed; and if it be no stain
To modesty, I would enquire how you
Sped the last night.
Wild. I lost my money.
Mrs Wild. I do not mean that game.
Wild. I am not betray'd, I hope! I do not mean that game?
Mrs Wild. You're a fine gentleman!
Wild. 'Tis so; could she not keep her own counsel? [*Aside.*
Mrs Wild. And have behaved yourself most wittily,
And I may say most wrongfully: this will
Be much for your honour, when 'tis known.
Wild. What will be known?
Mrs Wild. Do you not blush? oh fie!
Is there no modesty in man?
Wild. What riddle
Have you got now?—I wo' not yet seem conscious.
Mrs Wild. 'Tis time then to be plain; it was a wonder
I could be so long silent: did you like
Your last night's lodging?
Wild. Very, very well;
I went not to bed all night.
Mrs Wild. You did not lie with
Mistress Penelope, my kinswoman?
Wild. Refuse me, if I did——
Mrs Wild. You need not swear;
But 'twas no fault of yours; no fault, no virtue:
But 'tis no place to expostulate these actions.
In brief, know 'twas my plot; for I observed
Which way your warm affection moved, and wrought
So with my honest cousin to supply
Her wanton place, that, with some shame, at last
I might deceive your hard heart into kindness.
Wild. That, that again, sweet wife; and be a little
Serious: Was it your plot to excuse your cousin,
And be the bedfellow?

Mrs Wild. Heaven knows, 'tis truth.
Wild. I am fitted, fitted with a pair of horns
Of my own making!
Mrs Wild. Thank, and think upon
That providence, that would not have you lost
In such a forest of loose thoughts; and be
Yourself again; I am your hand-maid still;
And have learn'd so much piety, to conceal
Whatever should dishonour you.
Wild. It buds,
It buds already: I shall turn stark mad,
Horn mad!
Mrs Wild. What ails you? are you vex'd because
Your wantonness thrived so well?
Wild. Well, with a vengeance.
Mrs Wild. I did expect your thanks.
Wild. Yes, I do thank you, thank you heartily;
Most infinitely thank you.
Mrs Wild. Doth this merit
No other payment but your scorn? then know,
Bad man, 'tis in my power to be revenged;
And what I had a resolution
Should sleep in silent darkness, now shall look
Day in the face; I'll publish to the world
How I am wrong'd, and with what stubbornness
You have despised the cure of your own fame;
Nor shall my cousin suffer in her honour.
I stoop as low as earth to shew my duty;
But, too much trampled on, I rise to tell
The world, I am a woman.
Wild. No, no; hark you,
I do not mock you. I am taken with
The conceit. What a fine thing I have made myself!
Ne'er speak on't, thy device shall take; I'll love thee,
And kiss thee for't; thou'st paid me handsomely:
An admirable plot, and follow'd cunningly.
I'll see thee anon again; and lie with thee
To-night, without a stratagem. The gentlewomen
Expect thee; keep all close; dear wife, no sentences.—
I am trick'd and trim'd at my own charges rarely!
I'll seek out somebody again. [*Exit.*
Mrs Wild. I have presumed too much upon your patience;
I have discover'd, and I hope 'twill take.
Pen. I wish it may.
Mrs Wild. You are sad still, Leonora.
Remove these thoughts: come, I'll wait on you now
To the Exchange: some toys may there strike off
Their sad remembrance.
Leon. I attend you.
Mrs Wild. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEAUMONT *and his Keeper.*

Keep. The gentleman, that was yesterday to speak with you,
Is come again to visit you.
Beau. Sir Richard Hurry?
Keep. The same, sir.
Beau. You may admit him; men of his quality
Do seldom court affliction; this, I must
Allow, is a most noble gratitude
For those good offices my father did him.

Enter Sir RICHARD HURRY.

Hur. Sir, the respects I owe you, make me again
Solicitor for your safety; and although,
On the first proposition, it appear
Strange to you, and perhaps incredible,
Which might dispose you to the slow embrace
Of what I tender'd; yet again brought to you,
After a time, to examine and consider
What most concerns you, I am confident
You will accept, and thank me.
Beau. Noble sir,
You do express so rare a bounty, men
Will slowly imitate: I am not so
Lost in my wild misfortune, but my reason
Will guide me to acknowledge, and pay back
My service and myself, for so much charity
As you have pleased to shew me.

Enter VIOLANTE.

Viol. Here's for thy pains: they are the same; make good
Thy word, and place me where I may unseen
Hear their discourse.
Keep. This way.
Beau. But, with your pardon,
I would desire to hear again how much
I shall be obliged, that, knowing the extent
Of your desert, I may pay back a duty
That may, in every circumstance, become
My fortune and the benefit.
Hur. Then thus:
You are a prisoner;
That alone is misery;
But your's the greater, in that, guilt of blood,
Not sums that may be recompenced, detain you.
I'll not dispute the circumstance: Delamore
Slain by your hand.
Beau. I have confest;
The first jury having found it murder.
Hur. His blood calls to the law for justice; and you cannot,
Left to yourself, and looking on the fact,
Expect with any comfort what must follow.
Yet I, in pity of your sufferings,
In pity of your youth, which would be else
Untimely blasted, offer to remove
Your sorrows, make you free and right again,
With clear satisfaction to the law.
Beau. Good sir,
Pray give me leave to doubt here. I see not,
Howe'er your will and charity may be active
In my distress to save me, that you can
Assure my life and freedom; since, in causes
Of such high nature, laws must have their course,
Whose stream as it were wickedness to pollute,
It were vanity for any private man
To think he could resist. I speak not this,

To have you imagine I despise my life,
But to express my fears, your will does flatter you
'Bove what your power can reach.
Hur. For that, I urge not
My being a commissioner alone
To do you service. I have friends in court,
And great ones, when the rigour of the law
Hath sentenced you, to mediate your pardon:
Nor takes it from the justice of a prince,
Where provocation, and not malice, makes
Guilty, to save, whom the sharp letter dooms
Sometimes to execution. I am so far
From doubting your discharge, that I dare forfeit
My life, if I secure not yours from any
Danger for this offence.
Beau. You speak all comfort!
Which way can I deserve this?
Hur. That I'll shew you:—
I had an obligation to your father;
Whose love, when all my fortunes were i'the ebb,
And desperately, relieved me with large sums;
By whose careful manage I arrived at what
I am; and I should be a rebel to
Nature and goodness, not to love the son
Of such a friend, by his misfortune made
Ripe for my gratitude.
Beau. You speak your bounty;
But teach not all this while how to deserve it.
Hur. 'Tis done, by your acceptance of my daughter
To be your bride.
Beau. To be my bride! Pray tell me,
Is she deformed, or wanton? What vice has she?
Hur. Vice, sir! she will deserve as good a husband:
She is handsome, though I say't, and shall be rich too.
Beau. She is too good, if she be fair or virtuous.
Pardon, I know she is both: but you amaze me!
I did expect conditions of danger:
A good wife is a blessing above health.
You teach me to deserve my life first from you,
By offering a happiness beyond it.
Hur. If you find love to accept, 'tis the reward
I look for. Leonora shall obey,
Or quit a father.
Beau. Ha! goodness defend!
I know you do but mock me, and upbraid
My act, that kill'd her servant. Wound me still;
I have deserved her curse. I see her weep,
And every tear accuse me.
Hur. May I never
Thrive in my prayers to Heaven, if what I offer
I wish not heartily confirm'd.
Beau. I now
Suspect you are not Leonora's father.
'Twere better you dissembled, than made her
So past all hope of being cured again.
I marry Leonora! Can her soul
Think on so foul a rape! She cannot, sure.
Hur. She shall: I command.
Beau. By virtue, but
She shall not; nor would I, to grasp an empire,
Tempt her to so much stain. Let her tell down
Her virgin tears on Delamore's cold marble,
Sigh to his dust, and call revenge upon
His head, whose anger sent him to those shades,
From whence she ne'er must see him. This will justify
She loved the dead. It were impiety
One smile should bless his murderer: and, how-e'er
You are pleased to compliment with my affliction,
I know she cannot find one thought within her
So foul, to look upon me.
Hur. Let it rest
On that. Will you consent, and timely make
Provision for your safety?
Beau. For my life,
You mean, now on the chance. Then I may live,
You are confident; and think it not impossible
Your daughter may affect. There's at once
Two blessings: are they not? and mighty ones,
Considering what I am, how low, how lost
To the common air——
Hur. Now you are wise.
Beau. But if
You daughter would confirm this, and propound
Herself my victory——
Hur. What then?
Beau. I should condemn her, and despise the conquest.
These things may bribe an atheist, not a lover:
But you perhaps are ignorant I have given
My faith away irrevocably. 'Tis
The wealth of Violante, and I wo'not
Basely steal back a thought; and yet, I thank you,
I am not so inhuman.
Hur. Will you not prefer
Your life to honour and religion?
Beau. For shame, be silent. Could you make me lord
Of my own destiny, and that Leonora
Had empires for her dower, and courted me
With all the flatteries of life, to quit
My vows to Violante, I would fly
Upon her bosom to meet death.
Hur. And death
You must expect, which will take off this bravery.
Beau. And I will kiss it; kiss it like a bride.[14]
Hur. So resolute!

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[14] *And I will kiss it; kiss it like a bride.*—Imitated from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. A. 3. S. 1.
"I will encounter darkness as a *bride*,
And hug it in my arms."

Beau. And, if I cannot live
My Violante's, I will die her sacrifice.
Good sir, no more; you do not well to trouble
The quiet of a prisoner thus, that cannot
Be a too careful steward of those minutes
Left him to make his peace. Tempt me no farther.
The earth is not so fix'd as my resolves,
Rather to die, than in one thought transplant
My love from Violante.
Hur. Be undone!
And this contempt shall hasten the divorce
Of soul and love. Die, and be soon forgotten.
[*Exit.*

Enter VIOLANTE.

Beau. My Violante! if there can be any joy
Neighbour to so much grief, I'll pour it out
To pay thy bounteous visit: if my eyes
Admit no fellowship in weeping, 'tis
Because my heart, which saw thee first, would bid
Thee welcome thither, scorning to acknowledge
There can be any thing but joy where thou art.
Vio. But sadness, my dear Beaumont, while there is
A cause that makes thee prisoner. I must weep,
And empty many springs. My eyes are now
No prophets of thy sorrow, but the witness;
And when I think of death, that waits upon thee,
I wither to a ghost.
Beau. Why, Violante,
We must all die. — Restrain these weeping fountains,
Keep them till I am dead; dispense them then
Upon my grave, and I shall grow again;
And, in the sweet disguise of a fair garden,
Salute the spring that gave me green and odour.
Why should not love transform us?
Vio. Be not lost
In these imaginations.
Beau. Or perhaps
Thou hast ambition: she whose love made up
A wonder to the world, beside the pledge
Of duty to her lord, famed Artemisia, [15]
Shall be no more in story for her tomb;
For on the earth that weighs my body down,
When I am dead, thy tears, by the cold breath
Of heaven congeal'd to Beaumont's memory,
Shall raise a monument of pearl, to out-do
The great Mausolus' sepulchre.
Vio. No more
Of this vain language, if you have any pity
On the poor Violante.
Beau. I had done.
And yet now I am going to a long silence,
Allow my sorrow to take leave, Violante.
Vio. It shall be so:—be valiant, my heart.
Beaumont, I come not to take leave of thee.
Beau. Perhaps you'll see me again.
Vio. Again, and often.
Thy stars are gentle to thee; many days
And years are yet between thee and that time
That threatens loss of breath. See, I can thus
Disperse the clouds sate heavy on my brow,
And wipe the moisture hence: 'tis day again:
Take beams into thy eye, and let them sink
Upon thy better fortune. Live, live happily.
Beau. Is Delamore alive?
Vio. Dead, and interr'd.
Beau. From what can this hope rise?
Vio. From thyself, Beaumont,
If thou wilt save thyself. I have heard all;
And, by the duty of my love, am bound
To chide your resolution: can you be
So merciless to yourself to refuse life,
When it is offered with the best advantage
In Leonora's love? a price that should
Buy you from all the world. Be counsell'd, sir:
Oh, do not lose yourself in a vain passion
For thought of me! I cancel all your vows,
And give you back your heart; be free again.
If you will promise me to live and love—
Beau. Leonora?
Vio. That best of womankind; a mine of sweetness.
Beau. But can you leave me then?
Vio. I justify
Thy choice of me in that; that, to preserve thee,
Dare give thee back again. Be Leonora's;
For being mine, thou'rt lost to all the world.
Better a thousand times thou be made her's,
Than we both lose. I'll pawn my faith she'll love thee.
I'll be content to hear my Beaumont's well,
And visit thee sometimes, like a glad sister,
And never beg a kiss: but if I weep
At any time, when we are together,
Do not believe 'tis sorrow makes my eyes
So wet, but joy to see my Beaumont living
As it is now, to hope—
Beau. If thou dost mean thus,
Thou dost the more inflame me to be constant.
Be not a miracle, and I may be tempted
To love my life above thee; by this kiss—
Oh, give me but another in my death,
It will restore me! By this innocent hand,
White as I wish my soul, I wo'not leave thee
For the world's kingdom.
Vio. But you must, unless
You change for Leonora. Think of that;
Think, ere you be too rash.
Beau. I'll think of thee;

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[15] *Artemisia.*—Artemisia the wife of Mausolus, king of Caria, who, on the death of her husband, erected a tomb to his memory, which was called *Mausoleum* from his name, and is numbered among the seven wonders of the world.

And honour to be read I loved Violante,
But never could deserve her. Live thou happy,
And by thy virtue teach a nearer way
To heaven. We may meet yonder! Do not make me
More miserable than I am, by adding perjury
To my bloody sin. The memory of thee
Will, at my execution, advance
My spirit to a pitch, that men shall think
I have changed my cause for martyrdom.

Vio. Then here,
As of a dying man, I take my leave:
Farewell, unhappy Beaumont! I'll pray for thee.
Beau. 'Tis possible I may live yet, and be thine.
Vio. These tears embalm thee!
If in this world again we never meet,
My life is buried in thy winding-sheet.
Beau. This exceeds all my sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. I am justly punished now for all my tricks,
And pride o' the flesh! I had ambition
To make men cuckolds; now the devil has paid me,
Paid me i' the same coin; and I'll compare
My forehead with the broadest of my neighbours:
But, ere it spreads too monstrous, I must have
Some plot upon this Hazard. He supposes
He has enjoy'd Penelope, and my trick's
To drive the opinion home, to get him marry her,
And make her satisfaction. The wench
Has oft commended him: he may be won to't.
I never meant to part will all her portion:
Perhaps he'll thank me for the moiety;
And this disposed on, she's conjured to silence.
It must be so.

Enter HAZARD.

Haz. Jack Wilding, how is't, man?
How goes the plough at home? what says the lady
Guinever,[16] that was humbled in your absence?
You have the credit with her, all the glory
Of my night's work: does she not hide her eyes,
And blush, and cry you are a fine gentleman!
Turn a one side, or drop a handkerchief,
And stoop, and take occasion to leer
And laugh upon thee?
Wild. Nothing less: I know not
What thou'ast done to her, but she's very sad.
Haz. Sad! I'll be hang'd then.
Wild. Thou must imagine
I did the best to comfort her.
Haz. She's melancholy
For my absence, man: I'll keep her company
Again to-night.
Wild. She thinks 'twas I enjoyed her.
Haz. Let her think whom she will, so we may couple.
Wild. And nothing now but sighs, and cries I have
Undone her.
Haz. She's a fool, I hurt her not;
She cried not out, I am sure; and for my body,
I defy the college of physicians;
Let a jury of virgins search me.
Wild. To be plain,
Although she has no thought but I was her bedfellow,
You are the only argument of her sadness.
Haz. How can that be?
Wild. When I had merrily
Excused what had been done, she fetched a sigh,
And with some tears reveal'd her love to you;
That she had loved you long, but by this act
Of mine, d'ye mark, she was become unworthy
To hope for so good a fortune. I cannot tell,
But she is strangely passionate.
Haz. For me?
Wild. For you: but thou art soft and tender-hearted,
And in that confidence I did forbear
To tell her who had done the deed.
Haz. You did so?
'Twas wisely done. Now I collect myself,
She has sometimes smiled upon me.
Wild. Nay, believe it,
She is taken with thee, above all the world.
Haz. And yet she was content you should—
'Bove all the world.
Wild. But 'twas your better fate
To be the man; it was her destiny
To have the right performance: thou art a gentleman,
And cans't not but consider the poor gentlewoman.
Haz. What would'st ha' me do?
Wild. Make her amends, and marry her.

[16] *Lady Guinever.*—Guinever was the wife of king Arthur, a lady who is by no means celebrated from her chastity. See the ballad of *The Boy and the Mantle.*—Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. 3. p. 338.

Haz. Marry a strumpet?
Wild. You had first possession,
And th'adst been married earlier, could'st but had
Her maidenhead; besides, nobody knows
But we ourselves.
Haz. Be not abused, I had
No maidenhead.
Wild. My greater torment!—Come, come, thou art modest;
Heaven knows she may be desperate.
Haz. A fair riddance;
We have enough o' the tribe: I am sorry I cannot
Furnish her expedition with a pair
Of my own garters.
Wild. I—of Athens grown;
I know thou art more charitable: she may prove
A happy wife. What woman but has frailty?
Haz. Let her make the best on't: set up shop
I'the Strand, or Westminster; she may have custom,
And come to speak most learnedly i' the nose.
Bid her keep quarter with the constable
And justice's clerk, and she in time may purchase.
Wild. She has a portion will maintain her like
A gentlewoman, and your wife.
Haz. Where is't?
Wild. In my possession; and I had rather thou
Should'st have it than another.
Haz. Thank you heartily:
A single life has single care; pray keep it.
Wild. Come, thou shalt know I love thee: thou shalt have
More, by a thousand pound, than I resolved
To part with, 'cause I would call thee cousin too.
A brace of thousands, Will, she has to her portion:
I hoped to put her off with half the sum;
That's truth: some younger brother would ha' thank'd me,
And given my quietus.[17] Tush, 'tis frequent
With men that are so trusted. Is't a match?
Haz. Two thousand pound will make a maidenhead
That's crooked, straight again.
Wild. Thou'rt in the right;
Or for the better sound, as the grammarians
Say, I will call it twenty hundred pound.
By'r lady, a pretty stock: enough, an' need be,
To buy up half the maidenheads in a county.
Haz. Here's my hand; I'll consider on't no farther.
Is she prepared?
Wild. Leave that to me.
Haz. No more.
Wild. I'll instantly about it. [*Exit.*
Haz. Ha, ha!
The project moves better than I expected.
What pains he takes out of his ignorance!

Enter BARNACLE.

Bar. Oh! sir, I am glad I ha' found you.
Haz. I was not lost.
Bar. My nephew, sir, my nephew!
Haz. What of him?
Bar. He's undone, he's undone! you have undone him!
Haz. What's the matter?
Bar. You have made him, sir, so valiant, I am afraid
He's not long-lived: he quarrels now with every body;
And roars and domineers, and shakes the penthouses.
A woman that sold pudding-pies, but took
The wall on him, and he trips up her heels;
And down fell all; the kennel ran pure white-pot.
What shall I do? I fear he will be killed.
I take a little privilege myself,
Because I threaten to disinherit him;
But nobody else dares talk, or meddle with him.
Is there no way to take him down again,
And make him coward?
Haz. There are ways to tame him.
Bar. Now I wish heartily you had beaten him
For the hundred pound.
Haz. That may be done yet.
Bar. Is't not too late? But do you think 'twill humble him?
I expect, every minute he's abroad,
To hear he has killed somebody, or receive him
Brought home with half his brains, or but one leg.
Good sir!—
Haz. What would you have me do?
Bar. I'll pay you for't,
If you will beat him soundly, sir, and leave him
But as you found him; for if he continue
A blade, and be not killed, he won't 'scape
The gallows long; and 'tis not for my honour
He should be hang'd.
Haz. I shall deserve as much
To allay this metal, as I did to quicken it.
Bar. Nay, 'tis my meaning to content you, sir;
And I shall take it as a favour too,
If for the same price you made him valiant,
You will unblade him. Here's the money, sir,

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[17] *Quietus* is a word used by the Clerk of the Pipe and Auditors of the Exchequer, in their acquittances or discharges given to accountants; usually concluding with *abinde recessit quietus*; which is called a *quietus est*. See also note to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 1.

As weighty gold as t'other; 'cause you should not
Lay it on lightly: break no limb, and bruise him
Three quarters dead, I care not: he may live
Many a fair day after it.
Haz. You shew
An uncle's love in this: trust me to cure
His valour.
Bar. He's here; do but observe,

Enter Nephew.

And beat him, sir, accordingly.
Neph. How now, uncle?
Bar. Thou art no nephew of mine, thou'rt a rascal!
I'll be at no more charge to make thee a gentleman;
Pay for your dice and drinkings: I shall have
The surgeons bills brought shortly home to me;
Be troubled to bail thee from the sessions;
And afterwards make friends to the recorder
For a reprieve: yes, I will see thee hang'd first.
Neph. And be at the charge to paint the gallows too.
If I have a mind, the waits shall play before me,
And I'll be hang'd in state three stories high, uncle:
But first I'll cut your throat.
Bar. Bless me! defend me!

Enter ACRELESS, SELLAWAY, LITTLESTOCK.

Acre. How now, what's the matter!
Sel. Master Barnacle!
Bar. There's an ungracious bird of mine own nest
Will murder me.
Lit. He wo'not sure?
Haz. Put up,
And ask your uncle presently forgiveness;
Or I will huff thee.
Neph. Huff me? I will put up
At thy entreaty.
Haz. Gentlemen, you remember
This noble gallant.
Acre. Cousin of yours, I take it.
Haz. Cousin to a killing; in your company
Lent me a box o' the ear.
Neph. No, no, I gave it;
I gave it freely; keep it, never think on't;
I can make bold with thee another time.
Would't had been twenty.
Haz. One's too much to keep.
I am a gamester, and remembered always
To pay the box: there's first your principal,
Take that for the use. [*Beats him.*
Neph. Use? would thou'dst given it my uncle.
Haz. They have cost him already two hundred pounds,
And upwards, shotten herring, thing of noise!
Neph. Oh, for my man Dwindle,
And his basket-hilt now! My uncle shall rue this.
Haz. Down presently, and before these gentlemen
Desire his pardon.
Neph. How! desire his pardon?
Haz. Then let this go round. [*Kicks him.*
Neph. I will ask his pardon. I beseech you, uncle—
Haz. And swear.
Neph. And do swear.
Haz. To be obedient; never more to quarrel.
Neph. Why, look you, gentlemen, I hope—I hope—you are persuaded,
By being kicked so patiently, that I am
Not over valiant.
Bar. I suspect him still.
Neph. For more assurance, do you kick me too. [BAR. *kicks him.*
Am not I patient and obedient now?
Will you have any more, gentlemen, before I rise?
Haz. If ever he prove rebellious, in act
Or language, let me know it.
Neph. Will you not give
Me leave to roar abroad a little, for
My credit?
Bar. Never, sirrah; now I'll tame you.
I thank you, gentlemen; command me, for
This courtesy.
Neph. 'Tis possible I may,
With less noise, grow more valiant hereafter:
Till then, I am in all your debts.
Bar. Be ruled,
And be my nephew again: this was my love,
My love, dear nephew.
Neph. If your love consist
In kicking, uncle, let me love you again.
Bar. Follow me, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*
Acre. Then his uncle paid for't?
Haz. Heartily, heartily.
Lit. I thought there was some trick.
Haz. And whither are you going, gentlemen?
Sel. We are going to visit Beaumont in the prison.
Haz. 'Tis charity; but that I have deep engagements,
I'd wait upon you; but commend my service to him:
I'll visit him ere night. You saw not Wilding?
Acre. Lit. Sel. We saw his wife and kinswoman enter
Sir Richard Hurry's half an hour ago.
Haz. His kinswoman? I thank you,
You have saved me travail: Farewell, gentlemen,
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONORA *and* VIOLANTE, *Mrs* WILDING *and* PENELOPE.

Leon. My father has some design, and bade me send for thee.
Mrs Wild. You're both too sad: come, we must divert
This melancholy.
Vio. I beseech your pardon;
But is my Beaumont sent for?

Leon. Yes, we are
Too private.
Vio. I much fear Leonora now;
She looks not sad enough: although I could
Resign my interest freely to preserve him,
I would not willingly be present when
They interchange hearts; she will shew too much
A tyrant, if she be not satisfied
With what was mine, but I must be moited
To be their triumph.

Enter HAZARD.

Mrs Wild. Mr Hazard!
Haz. All things
Succeed beyond your thought. Pray give me a little
Opportunity with your kinswoman.
Leon. We'll withdraw.
[*Exeunt Mrs* WILD. LEON. VIO.
Haz. I know not how to woo her now—Sweet lady!
Pen. Your pleasure, sir?
Haz. Pray let me ask you a question.
If you had lost your way, and met one,
A traveller like myself, that knew the coast
O' the country, would you thank him to direct you?
Pen. That common manners would instruct.
Haz. I think so.
But there are many ways to the wood: and which
Would you desire; the nearest path and safest,
Or that which leads about?
Pen. Without all question,
The nearest and the safest.
Haz. Can you love then?
Pen. I were a devil else.
Haz. And can you love a man?
Pen. A man! what else, sir?
Haz. You're so far on your way. Now love but me,
You're at your journey's end. What say you to me?
Pen. Nothing, sir.
Haz. That's no answer; you must say something.
Pen. I hope you'll not compel me.
Haz. D'ye hear, lady?
Setting this foolery aside, I know
You cannot chuse but love me.
Pen. Why?
Haz. I have been told so.
Pen. You are easy of belief:
I think I should be best acquainted with
My own thoughts, and I dare not be so desperate
To conclude.
Haz. Come, you lie: I could have given't
In smoother phrase: you're a dissembling gentlewoman.
I know your heart: you have loved me a great while.
What should I play the fool for? If you remember,
I urged some wild discourse in the behalf
Of your lewd kinsman; 'twas a trial of thee.
That humour made me love thee; and since that
Thy virtue.
Pen. Indeed, sir?
Haz. Indeed, sir! Why I have been contracted to thee.
Pen. How long?
Haz. This half hour: know thy portion, and shall have it.
Pen. Strange!
Haz. Nay, I'll have thee too.
Pen. You will?
Haz. I cannot help it; thy kind cousin will have it so.
'Tis his own plot, to make thee amends: Is't not
Good mirth? but 'tis not love to thee, or me,
But to have me possest he is no cuckold.
I see through his device, thou art much beholden to him.
He meant to have put thee off with half thy portion;
But that, if things come out, we should keep counsel.
Say, is't a match? I have two thousand pound too,
I thank the dice. Let's put our stocks together,
Children will follow———He is here already.

Enter WILDING.

Wild. So close! I am glad on't; this prepares Will Hazard
And my young cousin.———A word, Penelope.
Haz. Now will he make all sure.
Wild. You used me coarsely;
But I have forgot it. What discourse have you
With this gentleman?
Pen. He would seem to be a suitor.
Wild. Entertain him, d'ye hear; you may do worse,
Be ruled. 'Twas in my thought to move it.
Does he not talk strangely?
Pen. Of what?
Wild. Of nothing; let me counsel you
To love him; call him husband.
Pen. I resolve
Never to marry without your consent.

Enter ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, SELLAWAY.

Haz. Gentlemen, welcome.
Pen. If you bestow me, sir, I will be confident
I am not lost: I must confess I love him.
Wild. No more then; lose no time.——Kind gentlemen,
You're come most seasonably to be the witnesses
Of my consent; I have examined both
Your hearts, and freely give thee here my kinswoman:
No sooner shall the church pronounce you married,
But challenge what is hers.
Haz. Two thousand pound.
Wild. I do confess it is her portion.
You sha'not stay to talk; nay, gentlemen,
Pray see the business finish'd.

Acre. Lit. Sel. We attend you.

[*Exeunt* HAZARD, PENELOPE, ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, SELLAWAY.

Wild. So, so; this will confirm him in the opinion,
Penelope was the creature he enjoy'd,
And keep off all suspicion of my wife;
Who is still honest, in the imagination
That only I embraced her: all's secure,
And my brow's smooth again. Who can deride me,
But I myself? Ha, that's too much, I know it;
And, spite of these tricks, am a Cornelius.
Cannot I bribe my conscience to be ignorant?
Why then I ha' *done nothing*: yes, advanced
The man that grafted shame upon my forehead:
Vexation! parted with two thousand pound,
And am no less a cuckold than before:
Was I predestined to this shame and mockery?
Where were my brains? yet why am I impatient?
Unless betray'd, he cannot reach the knowledge;
And then no matter——yes, I am curst again;
My torment multiplies; how can he think
He play'd the wanton with Penelope,
When he finds her a maid? that ruins all:
I would she had been strumpeted; he knows
My wife's virginity too well. I am lost,
And must be desperate—kill him? no, my wife.
Not so good——death is over black and horrid;
And I am grown ridiculous to myself.
I must do something.

Enter Sir RICHARD HURRY.

Hur. Master Wilding, welcome;
You've been a great stranger.

Wild. Do you know me?

Hur. Know you!

Wild. They say, I am much altered of late.

Hur. There is some alteration in your forehead.

Wild. My forehead!

Hur. 'Tis not smooth enough, you're troubled:
Your wife's within.

Wild. She loves your daughter, sir.

Hur. When saw you Master Beaumont?

Wild. Not to-day.

Hur. I have sent for him; pray stay and witness
His farther examination. I propounded
A way to do him good, but he is obstinate.

Wild. Would I could change condition with him!
He is not troubled now with being a cuckold!
[*Aside.*
You shall command.

Enter Mrs WILDING *and a Servant.*

Hur. Your husband, lady.

Wild. Wife, you are a whore!
You shall know more hereafter;
I must go live i'the forest.

Mrs Wild. And I i'the common.

Wild. She'll turn prostitute.

Hur. Attend him hither. Master Beaumont's come:
Nay, you shall favour me so much, here's the gentleman

Enter Master BEAUMONT, *with Officers.*

Already.

Beau. Sir, your pleasure? By your command I am brought hither;
I hope you have no more to charge me with
Than freely I have confest.

Hur. Yes.

Beau. I must answer,
You can have but my life to satisfy;
Pray speak my accusation.

Hur. Besides the offence known and examined,
You are guilty
Of that which all good natures do abhor.

Beau. You have a privilege; but do not make me,
Good sir, to appear monstrous: who are my Accusers?

Hur. I am one.

Beau. And my judge too?
I have small hope to plead then: but proceed,
And name my trespass.

Hur. That which includes all
That man should hate—ingratitude.

Beau. You have
Preferred a large indictment, and are the first
That ever charged me with't: it is a stain
My soul held most at distance. But descend
To some particular: this offence doth rise
Or fall in the degree or reference
To persons sin'd against: to whom have I
Been so ingrateful?

Hur. Ingrate, as high as murder.

Beau. To whom?

Hur. Thyself; to whom that life thou ought'st to cherish,
Thou hast undone.

Beau. I am not so uncharitable,
Howe'er you please to urge it: but I know
Why you conclude so. Let me, sir, be honest
To heaven and my own heart; and then, if life
Will follow, it shall be welcome.

Hur. Still perverse?
Stand forth, my Leonora—look upon her.

Beau. I see a comely frame, which cannot be
Without as fair a mind.

Hur. With her I make,
Once more, a tender of my wealth and thy
Enlargement.

Wild. How can you discharge him, sir?

Hur. Take you no care for that; it shall be secured,
If he accept: 'tis the last time of asking;
Answer to purpose now.

Beau. There shall need none,
Sir, to forbid this marriage but myself:
My resolution, but warm before,
Is now a flame. I honour this fair virgin,

And am too poor to thank your love; but must not
Buy life with so much shame: I am Violante's,
My last breath shall confirm it.
Wild. Beaumont, think on't
A little better; be not mad: if this be possible,
Embrace her instantly.
Beau. She does not look
With any countenance of love upon me.
See, she does weep.
Wild. She'll love thee afterwards;
An' she do not, she can but cuckold thee:
There be more i'the parish, man.
Hur. Since you are so peremptory,
So peremptory, here receive your sentence;
Live, and love happily.
Vio. My dearest Beaumont!
Wild. To what purpose is this? he must be hang'd
For Delamore.
Hur. Here's one can clear the danger.
Wild. The surgeon! did not you say he was dead?
Sur. I did, to serve his ends, which you see noble:
Delamore is past danger, but wants strength
To come abroad.
Leon. You give me another life.
Hur. I see Heaven has decreed him for thy husband,
And shalt have my consent too.
Leon. Now you bless me!
Hur. I wished to call thee son; pardon my trial.
Joy ever in your bosoms!
Beau. I feel a blessing
That only can be thought: silence, my tongue,
And let our hearts discourse.

Enter HAZARD, PENELOPE, ACRELESS, LITTLESTOCK, *and* SELLAWAY.

Haz. Your leave, gentlefolks: who wishes joy,
And a bundle of boys the first night?
Hur. Married?
Pen. Fast as the priest could tie us.
Acre. Sel. Lit. We are witnesses.
Haz. Cousin, two thousand pound! and, lady, now
I must thank you for this, among the rest.
'Tis time to clear all.
Wild. I'll be divorced now:
Wife, you're a whore.
Haz. Ho, there, no bug-words. Come,
We must tell something in your ear: be merry;
You are no cuckold, make no noise. I know
That's it offends your stomach.
Wild. Ha!
Haz. I touched nor her, nor this, with one rude action:
We'll talk the circumstance when you come home:
Your wife expected you, but when I came
She had prepared light, and her cousin here,
To have made you blush, and chide you into honesty:
Seeing their chaste simplicity, I was won
To silence, which brought on my better fortune.
Wild. Can this be real?
Mrs Wild. By my hopes of peace
I'the other world, you have no injury:
My plot was only to betray you to
Love and repentance.
Pen. Be not troubled, sir;
I am a witness of my cousin's truth;
And hope you'll make all prosper, in renewing
Your faith to her.
Haz. Be wise, and no more words:
Thou hast a treasure in thy wife; make much on her.
For any act of mine, she is as chaste
As when she was new-born. Love, love her, Jack.
Wild. I am ashamed: pray give me all forgiveness.
I see my follies: heaven invites me gently
To thy chaste bed. Be thou again my dearest:
Thy virtue shall instruct me. Joy to all.
Here be more.—Delamore is living,
And Leonora marked to enjoy him:
Violante is possessed of Beaumont too.
Haz. These be Love's miracles: a spring-tide flow
In every bosom.
Hur. This day let me feast you:
Anon we'll visit Delamore.
Leon. My soul
Longs to salute him.
Haz. Here all follies die;
May never gamester have worse fate than I.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EDITION.

The Gamester; as it was presented by her majesties servants, at the Private House in Drury-Lane. Written by James Shirley. London, printed by John Norton, for Andrew Crooke and William Cooke. 1637. 4to.

MICROCOSMUS.

THOMAS NABBES *is an author, concerning whom scarce any thing is recorded. Langbaine ranks him as a third-rate poet, and observes, that he is entitled to one degree of merit, at least, that of not availing himself of any preceding writer in the plots of his plays. This claim to originality is also made by the author himself, in his Prologue to the comedy of Covent Garden, in these words:*

> " He justifies, that 'tis no borrowed strain
> From the invention of another's brain:
> Nor did he steal the fancy," &c.

He appears to have been patronized by Sir John Suckling; and, it may be presumed, was either born or resided in the county of Worcester, from some poems published by him, concerning circumstances arising in that part of the kingdom.

Wood informs us, that Mr Nabbes made a continuation of Knolles's History of the Turks, from the year 1628 *to* 1637, *collected from the dispatches of Sir Peter Wyche, Knight, ambassador at Constantinople, and others: and Coxeter seems to be of opinion, that he was buried in the Temple church, under the organ, on the inner side.*

The following is a list of his dramatic works:

1. " *Microcosmus, a morall maske. Presented with generall liking, at the Private House in Salisbury-Court, and heere set down according to the intention of the authour.* 4*to.* 1637.
2. " *Hannibal and Scipio, an historical tragedy. Acted in the yeare* 1635, *by the queenes majesties servants, at their Private House in Drury-Lane.*" 4*to.* 1637.
3. " *Covent Garden, a pleasant comedie. Acted in the yeare* 1632, *by the queenes majesties servants.*" 4*to.* 1638.
4. " *The Springs Glorie, vindicating Love by Temperance, against the tenet,* Sine Cerere et Bacchо friget Venus. *Moralized in a maske. With other Poems, Epigrams, Elegies, and Epithalamiums of the author's.*" 4*to.* 1638.

Amongst these poems, is,

5. " *A Presentation, intended for the Prince his Highnesse on his birth-day, the* 29 *of May* 1638, *annually celebrated.*"
6. " *Tottenham Court, a pleasant comedy. Acted at the Private House in Salisbury-Court.*" 4*to.* 1639.
7. " *The Unfortunate Mother, a tragedie. Never acted, but set downe according to the intention of the author.*" 4*to.* 1640.
8. " *The Bride, a comedie. Acted in the yeere* 1638, *at the Private House in Drury-Lane, by their majesties servants.*" 4*to.* 1640.

MICROCOSMUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NATURE, *a fair woman, in a white robe, wrought with birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, clouds, stars, &c.; on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with stars.*

JANUS, *a man with two faces, signifying Providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with snakes, as he is* deus anni: *on his head a crown. He is Nature's husband.*

FIRE, *a fierce-countenanced young man, in a flame-coloured robe, wrought with gleams of fire; his hair red, and on his head a crown of flames. His creature a Vulcan.*

AIR, *a young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers-coloured clouds; his hair blue, and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a giant or silvan.*

WATER, *a woman in a sea-green robe, wrought with waves; her hair a sea-green, and on her head a wreath of sedge bound about with waves. Her creature a syren.*

EARTH, *a young woman of a sad countenance, in a grass-green robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers; her hair black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a pigmy.*

LOVE, *a Cupid in a flame-coloured habit; bow and quiver, a crown of flaming hearts, &c.*

PHYSANDER, *a perfect grown man, in a long white robe, and on his head a garland of white lilies and roses mixed. His name ἀπο τῆς φύσεως καὶ τῶ ἀνδρος.*

CHOLER, *a fencer; his clothes red.*

BLOOD, *a dancer, in a watchet-coloured suit.*[1]

PHLEGM, *a physician, an old man; his doublet white and black; trunk hose.*

MELANCHOLY, *a musician; his complexion, hair, and clothes, black; a lute in his hand. He is likewise an amorist.*

BELLANIMA, *a lovely woman, in a long white robe; on her head a wreath of white flowers. She signifies the soul.*

BONUS GENIUS, *an angel, in a like white robe; wings and wreath white.*

MALUS GENIUS, *a devil, in a black robe; hair, wreath, and wings, black.*

The five Senses—SEEING, *a chambermaid*; HEARING, *the usher of the hall*; SMELLING, *a huntsman or gardener*; TASTING, *a cook*; TOUCHING, *a gentleman-usher.*

SENSUALITY, *a wanton woman, richly habited, but lasciviously dressed, &c.*

TEMPERANCE, *a lovely woman, of a modest countenance; her garments plain, but decent, &c.*

A Philosopher,
An Eremite,
A Ploughman,
A Shepherd,
} *all properly habited.*

Three Furies, as they are commonly fancied.

FEAR, *the crier of the court, with a tipstaff.*

CONSCIENCE, *the judge of the court.*

HOPE *and* DESPAIR, *an advocate and a lawyer.*

The other three Virtues, as they are frequently expressed by painters.

The Heroes, in bright antique habits, &c.

The front of a workmanship, proper to the fancy of the rest, adorned with brass figures of angels and devils, with several inscriptions; the title is an escutcheon, supported by an Angel and a Devil. Within the arch a continuing perspective of ruins, which is drawn still before the other scenes, whilst they are varied.

THE INSCRIPTIONS.

Hinc gloria.	*Hinc pœna.*
Appetitus boni.	*Appetitus mali.*

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[1] *A watchet-coloured suit—i. e.* Pale blue. S.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains it *Scutulatus color. Pallad.* It is mentioned in *Green's Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1592.

> "His camerard, that bare him company, was a jollie light timber'd Jacke a Napes, in a suite of "*watchet* taffata."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592.

> "*A watchet* sattin doublet all so torne"

ACT I.

After a confused noise, and music out of tune, NATURE *enters, as amazed at it.*

Nat. What horror wakes me! and disturbs the peace
I sate enthroned in? shall dissension ruin
Eternal acts? Hath the great Deity
Made me his instrument, and shall my power
Be slighted so by their rebellious difference?
Cease mutiny, or be your own destructions.
Accursed confusion, that neglects the form
Nature prescribes. I rather would preserve ye;
That in distinguished order ye might shew
The glory of my work; each in his sphere
Subscribing to my better government.
But my commands are useless. Their deaf wills
Persist to act their own and my sad ills.

Enter JANUS.

Jan. Where's my delight! whence is this sad dejection?
How amazed Nature stands! Have our embraces
Brought forth a race of elemental forms
That live in simple bodies, to be made
Pregnant for other births, and will she now
Neglect their teeming? I would be a grandfather,
And see my issue multiply.

Nat. O husband!
Our union hath been vain; our offspring proves
A rebel to our peace, and Nature's laws.
Light Fire descends to Earth, beneath whose weight
He groans to be delivered, till with struggling
He lifts Earth up; in whose repression, Air
Contracts his forces to extinguish Fire.
Again, Fire, from this mutinous assault,
Doubles his strength; when strait ambitious Water,
Climbing his seat, consumes herself in flames.
Thus, Fire, Air, Water, Earth, each would be all,
And are made neither; but a confused mass,
And indigested chaos.

Jan. Am I Janus,
The figure of Eternal Providence,
And shall this disobedience 'scape the stroke
Of my severest correction? Fire, I shall lash you,
And make your nimble pyramids skip upward.
I'll chain Earth to her centre. Air had best
Confine himself to his three regions,
Or else I'll disinherit him. If Water
Exceed her bounds—

[*To them the four Elements, with their several* ἀνθρωποι φανατικοὶ, *(which Paracelsus calleth* homines spirituales*) playing on antique instruments out of tune.*

Nat. See; the dissentious come,
Mazed in the errors of their own confusion:
As if their dissolution should precede
Their yet not perfect being. How my griefs
Press down the organs of my utterance,
And choke words in their passage! Speak, good Janus.

Jan. Ye disobedient children of that love
That joined us to produce ye—

Fire. Stop, good father,
Our wills are deaf to counsel.

Air. Or to threats.
Set both your brows with wrinkles, and put on
The austerest anger, we'll be awed by none
But our own wills.

Water. I'll quench my brother's flames,
Or burn myself into him. My cold moisture
Shall not be tied t'embrace as cold a sister,
And not ascend above them.

Earth. I'll be active
As Air or Fire; else with my ponderous weight
I'll press their climbing heads beneath my centre;
And by inversion bury them within me,
Till earthquakes shatter all, and final ruin
Dilate their passage.

Fire. Are we not one birth?
Why then should there be a precedency,
And not an equal power of all first qualities?
Be not you partial parents, we'll obey
The government of Nature.

Air. Otherwise
With our own strength we'll prosecute this war
Till ruin stops it.

Jan. Stubborn boys, I'll yoke ye
In such a bondage—

Nat. Gentle husband, try
Persuasion's strength: perhaps 'twill better work
Upon the temper of their fiercer nature.
I am your mother; let me reconcile ye:
That in your peace I may preserve the order
Of my intended work. Should Fire forsake
His lofty mansion, and infect his flames
With grosser weight, it would benumb his activeness,
And make his motion dull. Were my pure Air
Pent in his sister's entrails, her foul veins
Would soon infect him. What creation meant
In your diversities, your rash ambitions
Must not pervert. Since Providence hath made ye
The means for many ends, dispute not them,
Nor your own thought-defects: each is supplied
With a perfection, and an equal worth
Distinguished in proportion; but the excellence
Of your own attributes cannot appear,
Whilst you disturb the distribution
Of them to other forms, which, from your mixtures,
Must enter different bodies of the first,

Second, third, fourth, fifth composition.
Vapours and exhalations, meteors, vegetables,
And minerals, animals, and lastly, man,
Called so from concord, for he doth contain
A harmony of parts, and in them figure
His end of being. Let not then your wills
Persist in this rebellious mutiny,
And hinder high intendments. Pray agree,
And leave the reason of such acts to me.

Fire. Vain oratory! Think you us so easy
To be o'ercome by words? swell high, my rage,
And with licentious fury break the ties
Of these too weak commands.

Air. Let's on to fight,
Whilst the yet discord of the untuned spheres
Adds courage, and delights our warlike ears.

[*The four Elements and their Creatures dance a confused Dance to their own antique music; in which they seem to fight with one another, and so go forth confusedly.*

Nat. What shall we do? The universal fabric
Will be everted, if this war continue:
Let's sue to Love; his power may be prevailing.

Enter LOVE.

Love. See, Love appears at thy request,
Thou cause of motion and of rest.
Thou greater Power's great substitute,
Whose will and acts none must dispute;
Thou that form'st the best of things
From thought-impossibles, and brings
Contrary matters to produce
Another difference, than the use
Of a mere quality in one,
Can work unto perfection;
Thou that thy secrets dost unlock
To propagate a lasting stock;
And multiply, that th' issue might
Be little less than infinite;
Thou mother of all that is found
Within this universal round,
What is thy will with Love?

Nat. Oh, gentle Power,
Thou that art Nature's soul, and the beginning
Of every human thing; that givest them laws,
And to thyself art law. Figure of peace;
That to thy godhead's attribute annex'd
The quiet order of the world's vast frame,
To have its form and being from thy rule;
Which must be now imperious, or its ruin
Will prevent time. The mutinous elements
Have raised rebellion, and disjointed quite
The order of their fabric. The pure heavens,
Whose motion should be harmony, roll cross,
And bend their axletree, till both the poles
Do kiss each other's ends. Then rectify,
Great Love, this dire confusion.

Love. Strait I'll do it:
Can Love deny if Nature woo it?
The heavens first in tune I'll set;
And from their music soon beget
A charm, of power to make light Fire
Skip to his sphere, and Earth retire
To her parched den. The subtle Air
I'll calm from mists, and make it fair;
And Water, with her curled waves, sweep
The bounded channels of the deep,
That order may succeed, and things
Grow perfect from their lasting springs.
Move right, ye Spheres, in concord sound,
And with your music fill this round.

[*Whilst the following Song is singing, the first Scene appears, being a Sphere in which the four Elements are figured, and about it they sit embracing one another.*

THE SONG.

Hence confusion and dissention,
Be no more new forms prevention,
Crossing still
A mother's will,
And Nature's great intention.
Concord is the soul of being;
Nothing's better than agreeing.

CHORUS.

Then let embraces crown this time's beginning;
Love's power is winning;
And when he throws the darts that arm his hands,
Who can resist his great commands?

Nat. Nature must pay Love thanks for this great work
Of reconciliation. May the peace
Be lasting as yourselves, and no ambition
Move a new war; but from your loving mixtures
New generation follow.

Love. Spheres, again
Your brazen trebles higher strain;
And lusty moving sounds advance,
To make us active whilst we dance.

THE DANCE.

Now to the other work: our art
Shall make all perfect ere we part.

[They return into the Scene, and it closeth.

ACT II.

PHYSANDER, *led in by* JANUS.

Jan. Come forth, thou son of Earth, and view the day,
That glories in the presence of thy beauty.
Phy. What am I? my imperfect sense is yet
Unapprehensive,[1] and the intellect
My mother hath inspired, doth not instruct me
To know myself.
Jan. Look up, thou master-piece
Of nature's workmanship, thou little world;
Thou that excell'st in form, that comprehends
All the perfections which her curious hand
Design'd and finish'd; that, when other creatures
Behold the earth, and with dejected eyes
Look downwards on't, hast an erected figure
To see the stars, and contemplate their beings,
Celestial causes, and their influence,
Whence great effects ensue; thou that hast speech
To be thy thought's interpreter, expect
A farther act of love to crown thy life,
By joining thee to an immortal wife. [*Exit.*
Phy. Receive my thanks, great Power. I yet am 'mazed,
And wander in a labyrinth of thoughts,
That throng confusedly together, striving
Who should first issue, till their multitude
Chokes up the passage. Oh, ye Powers, that made me
To be a king, and to have sovereignty
Annex'd unto my difference, send me quickly
The glorious guide that may remove this darkness.

Enter the Four Complexions.

Phy. Ha! what are these?
Cho. You may go look. Yet, if you ask me mildly, perhaps I'll answer you.
Blood. We are sent to be your servants.
Phy. By whom?
Blood. Our parents, the Four Elements.
Phy. Your names?
Cho. My name is Choler. I was begot by Fire on Nature's cook-maid, in the time of a festival. I was dry-nursed by a lean butter-wife, and bred up in Mars's fencing-school; where I learned a mystery that consists in lying, distance, and direction; pace, space, and place; time, motion, and action; progression, reversion, and traversion; blows, thrusts, falses, doubles, slips, and wards; closings, gripes, and wrestlings; fights guardant, open, variable, and close. Then have we our stocata's, imbrocata's, mandrita's, puinta's, and puinta's reversa's; our stramisons, passata's, carricada's, amazza's, and incartata's.
Phy. And what's all this?
Cho. Terms in our dialect to puzzle desperate ignorance.
Phy. What's yours?
Blood. My name is Blood. Air was my father, and my mother a light heel'd madam that kept a vaulting-school[2] at the sign of Virgo. As she was one day practising a high trick, she lost her hold, and fell down into my father's regions; where, had not he, kind man, stopt her about the middle, she had brake her neck against a rock of ice, that hung beneath her; and Blood had not been as he is, a dancer, sir.
Phy. What art skill'd in?
Blood. Garbs and postures of the body. Here's an honour for a lord; a back-fall for a lady, and a high rising is best in an active gallant. But *pardonne moi, monsieur,* it do strain *a de back too mush.* Here's a traverse for a nimble lawyer. A hop and skip shall raise the son of a cobler, well underlay'd with pieces, to the government of a province, till over-much ambitious cutting wears him to his last. A turn above ground for a mercurial pick-pocket, and an easy passage to destruction for him that danceth after infected wantonness. *Cum multis aliis.*
Phy. And what's your name?
Phlegm. Phlegm mine, sir. Water was my mother, and she made me a physician. I was nursed by Apollo's herb-wife, that dwells at the sign of the Crab; and she taught me to go backwards.
Phy. And what can you do?
Phlegm. Live by the inspection of excrements, and draw *aurum palpabile* out of them: kill any one *cum privilegio artis.* I am Venus' midwife, and trusted with many secrets, which I never reveal but to my apothecary when we meet at Libra, to share and settle our correspondence. Your physician will serve you at your death, sir.
Phy. Now, your name?
Mel. I am called Melancholy. I was begotten on the Earth after a great drought in the time of barrenness; who, breeding me up hardly, enabled me the better for this hungry profession. I would feign be in love; but having no other mistress, I am enforced to love mine own humour.
Phy. All these are humours, and must be my servants.
What a vast bounty have the heavens given me!
But I must labour to preserve them regular,

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[1] *Unapprehensive—i. e. dull,* not perceptive. S.
[2] *A vaulting-school*—A cant term for a bawdy-house.

And not exceeding their proportions
[BLOOD *skipping about, jostles* CHOLER.
Of substance or of quality; for then
They will be masters.—Disagreeing!
Cho. He hath stirr'd me, sir, and I will be angry.
Blood. Then Phlegm must cool you.
Cho. Phlegm's a fool.
Mel. Or a physician.[2]
Phlegm. Choler, you must be taken down.
Cho. I'll soon be up again. Provoke me no more: I am adust with rage, and will make you an odd number.
Phy. Come, this agrees not with a servant's duty.
You must subscribe to order. Phlegm shall be
My substitute, to moderate these jarrings.
And if hereafter any one transgress
But in the least dissention, that disturbs
The quiet of my state, he shall correct it;
Nor spare himself. For in a government
The offence is greatest in the instrument
That hath the power to punish; and in laws,
The author's trespass makes the foulest cause.—
What admiration works upon my sense!
I hear and see such objects, as would make
Creation doubtful whether she were perfect
Without these parts. Into what strange delights
I'm hurried on the sudden! ha!
[*The Second Scene is here discovered, being a perspective of Clouds, the inmost glorious, where* BELLANIMA *sits betwixt* LOVE *and* NATURE; *behind her the Bonus and Malus Genius.*
Nat. Look hither,
Thou comfort of my love, that gave thee being
To figure greater power. See, Love hath brought
Thy wish; a spouse of's own immortal race,
Clad in the glory of her innocence,
Do not defile her; yet she's virgin white,
And join'd unto thee, that thou may'st enjoy
Knowledge and virtue, not thy sensual pleasures;
For being link'd unto thee, she is made
As sensible of thy corrupted passions,
As thou of mortal griefs. Let her direct
Thy powers of appetite: she'll shew thee heaven,
And the reward of good; and, if thou miss
The path she guides thee in, thou wilt enforce her
To share thy ruin, and pervert the ends
Of her eternity; which, if thou tread
By her directions, she communicates,
And makes thee like herself. She must be changed
According to thy disposition.
Then let my counsel be so deep impress'd,
The prosecution of't may make thee bless'd.
[*Whilst the following Song is singing, they descend from the Scene, and present* BELLANIMA *to* PHYSANDER.
Love. Fairest of all earthly things,
Mount thy thoughts upon the wings[3]
Of contemplation, and aspire
To reach at my supernal fire;
Whose heat shall purge thy spouse and thee
From all dregs of impurity.
Let no falser love delight
Thy sense-deluded appetite,
To seek out other wantons led,
So heaven at length shall crown thy head.

THE SONG.

Descend, thou fairest of all creatures,
Graced with all thy heavenly features,
In whom all perfections shine;
For thou art,
In every part,
Little less than divine.

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[2] Cho. *Phlegm's a fool.*
Mel. *Or a physician*—Alluding to the proverb, that a man of forty is either *a fool or a physician.* See Dr Farmer and Mr Steevens's notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 3. S. 4.

[3] *Mount thy thoughts upon the wings*, &c.—In Milton's *Il Penseroso*, l. 51, are the following lines:

"But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon *soars* on golden *wing*,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub *Contemplation.*"

Upon which Bishop Newton observes, "I cannot find out from whence Milton copied this description. It seems to be the imagery of some fanciful Italian, either allegorical poet or painter. Spenser has likewise given a description of *Contemplation*; but he describes him under the figure of a venerable old man; and I cannot but agree with Mr Thyer, that there is more propriety in this, than in the gayer personage of Milton; which is more like a Cupid than any thing else." The exact time when Milton produced his admirable poem, is not known. It was not published until the year 1645; but it is generally considered as one of those, which his retirement to Horton in Buckinghamshire, between the years 1632 and 1637, gave birth to. Nabbe's Masque was published in the last-mentioned year; and, as Milton's Poem did not appear until eight years afterwards, it may reasonably be conjectured, that he was indebted to his own countryman for the description, rather than, as Dr Newton imagines, to some Italian poet or painter.

Take thy bride, and enjoy her;
But not with foul desires annoy her:
For she is white,
And hath no true delight,
But what is given,
From the desire of heaven.

CHORUS.

Now join, and each to other happy prove,
That neither may
Be led astray
To seek a stranger love.
[LOVE *and* NATURE *return to the Scene, and it closeth.*

Phy. After my sacrifice of vows and thanks,
Let me embrace with reverence. Oh, my life,
And better soul! joy hath possession taken
Of all my faculties, and gives a welcome
To these delights.

Bel. Do not abuse them then.
For my pure substance will admit no mixture
With any thing that's earthy, lest it should
Be so defiled. Together with myself
I must bestow on thee two different servants:
The one is like myself, all innocence;
The other's clad in an infernal robe
Of malice to us, and will tempt thy frailty
To loose desires, from her black invention,
Forging aspersions on me, to divert
Thy love; which I so prize, my bliss or ruin
Hath sole dependance on it. If she urge
Those accusations, deaf thy understanding
To her suggestions, and inform thy reason
Only from t'other, who best knows my passions,
Powers, and habits. Thou wast made for me,
To be my instrument, and I for thee.

Phy. And when I do forsake thee, or infect
My looser thoughts with any other object
Than thy wish'd good, may I be made the example
Of imbecility, the spoil of time,
Mockery of fortune, image of inconstancy,
The scale of envy and calamity;
And this fair structure (now by these upheld)
Be buried in its own and their sad ruins.

Cho. I am angry at it. We shall have moral now instead of martial discipline. Challenges will be proclaim'd cowardice; and every white-liver'd, silk-skinn'd lady courtier, will answer a man's anger with, "if it were not for the law and conscience." If no body will provoke me, I'll quarrel with myself.

Phlegm. Take heed, Choler, of a halter.[4]

Cho. Phlegm, thou art a mountebank, and I will make thee quake.

Mel. Not so hot, good Choler. I am partaking, and as discontented at this match as envy can make me. I could hatch a conspiracy to sever them, should cause posterity attribute all Matchiavillianism to Melancholy.

Blood. Blood's prevented; and the expectation of so many children, begot on several mothers, that should doat on the quivering of my calves, and the strength of my back, is utterly frustrate. No lady of liberty must admire this passage, or that skipping, till her veins swell with my addition. I must no more run here and there to tickle her sense, and fright the greensickness from her complexion.

Mel. Shall it be a plot?

Cho. Let's kill them presently.

Phlegm. But the means?

Blood. Why, is not Phlegm a physician?

Phy. Come, my kind servants, let your active limbs
Move to delight us, whilst the Spheres agree
To guide your measures with their harmony.
[*A Dance, wherein the Complexions express themselves in their differences; the two* GENII *always opposite in the Figure, and the* MALUS GENIUS *stealing many times to* PHYSANDER, *whispers in his Ear.*
I am disturbed within; a new desire
Whets appetite of pleasure in some change,
Such as may touch the sense without a scruple
Of wedlock's breach. Hence with these laws of conscience,
That would set limits to what's infinite.
Two kisses more will cloy me: nought can relish
But variation.

M. Gen. Hearken then to me:
Leave this strict bride, that curbs licentious will,
And reins it with her temperance. Liberty
Makes delight full and swelling: it must feed
On several objects, else 'twill glut itself
Into a loathing.

Phy. I applaud thy counsel,
And am prepared to act it.

Bel. Ha! Physander!
So suddenly forgetful of thy vows,
Before full consummation of those rites
Crown bridegrooms happy?

B. Gen. Be not thus misled
By her malicious envy. She but shews thee
The easy path to ruin; whose broad entrance,
Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
Of all the ills attend our misery
Contracted into one. Though virtue's way
Be hard, and straight to enter, yet the end
Reacheth to heaven, where her fair hand bestows
Wreaths of bright stars to crown deserving brows.

Phy. Whisper that still; each accent's musical.
The mere conceit of it makes me immortal.
[*To* M. GEN.
Hence; thy converse is hateful. I'll not tie
Desire to such embraces. I'll enjoy
A mistress free and sportive, that can vary

[4] *Take heed, Choler, of a halter*—This is a play on the word *Collar*. See note on *First Part of Hen y 4th*, A. 2. S. 4.

All shapes of dalliance, and present delight
Each minute in a several fashion.—[*To* B. GEN.
Guide me, I'll follow. [*To* M. GEN.
Com. And we will attend. [*Exeunt.*
Bel. Wretched Bellanima, that in the instant
Of thy expected comfort, should'st be thrown
Below all misery! O that lustful sense
Should cause divorce betwixt us! I am lost
Almost beyond recovery, since my substance
Must be partaking of his hated ills:
Such is the fate of wedlock. His content
In false delights, must be my punishment.
[*Exit with* BONUS GENIUS.

ACT III.

PHYSANDER *richly habited*, MALUS GENIUS, *the Four Complexions.*

Phy. I'm bravely fitted: these are fitting ornaments.
Come, my best prompter, with endeavour's wings
Let's cut the air, and strain our motion,
Till we attain this bower of Sensuality.
And let the repetition of her praise
Sweeten my painful longings. My desire
Feels many throes of travail, till deliver'd
Of its sweet issue.

M. Gen. You must suffer for't.
Pleasures, whose means are easy, in the end
Do lose themselves. Things only are esteem'd
And valued by their acquisition.
Should you win her delights without some pains,
They would not relish. Whilst your expectation
Labours with the event, prepare yourself
To court it bravely. She's high-spirited,
And will not stoop to every common bait
That catcheth easy wantonness.

Phy. What's the best?

Cho. A rough soldier's phrase; a strong back, and a brawny limb; bait her with these, she'll bite home. If she be coy, kick her in the breech, and cry farewell. After a few dissembling tears, she'll yield with the greater appetite. If she refused me, I'd kill her.

Blood. Could you but dance, sir, and shew yourself active before her, it were impossible for her to hold out till the discovery of one knave amongst many officers. Dancing is the most taking. If a man rise well, his mistress cannot chuse but fall.

Phlegm. Court her with solid language, and such discourse as may relish of aged experience. Express your thoughts such, and your actions such, as she may conceive judgment to be entail'd upon you. If she be virtuous, that wins upon her soul; and let your physician alone with her body. If she be wanton, Phlegm can administer provocatives.

Mel. Might I advise you, sir, a passionate courtship were more powerful. Let a sigh be the period of every amorous sentence. Sing her some pathetic madrigal, full of cromatic flats: 'twill sharpen her. I would have all lovers begin and end their prick-song[5] with *lachrymæ*,[6] till they have wept themselves as dry as I am.

Phy. The air, methinks, begins upon a sudden
To be perfumed, as if Arabian winds
Scattered their spices loosely on the face
Of some rich earth, fruitful with aromates.
Music breathes forth the soul of harmony.
[*Music.*
How eagerly my senses catch these objects!

Enter the Five Senses.

But what are these?

M. Gen. Servants to Sensuality,
That wait her will, and with a diligence
Becoming duty do prepare her pleasures.
They're sent to entertain you.

Phy. What their names
And offices?

Seeing. Seeing, mine, sir. I am my lady's chambermaid, and the daughter of a glass-maker. A piece of brittle ware, and apt to be crack'd. I have been often cemented together, but could never hold above a month. Through me, sir, you may see my lady's secrets; and mine own are at your service, when you shall command their revelation.

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[5] *Prick-song*—The difference between prick-song and plain-song, terms frequently used by contemporary writers, was, that the former was so called, in regard that the harmony was written or pricked down; whereas in the other, it rested in the will of the singer, and was really no more than a species of extempore music. See Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, Vol. II. p. 243.

[6] *Lachrymæ*—So in *Massinger's Picture*, A. 5. S. last.

"———— Is your Theorbo
Turn'd to a distaff, signior? and your voice,
With which you chanted room for a lusty gallant,
Turn'd to the note of *lacrymæ*?"
The Maid of Honour, A. 1. S. 1.

"Or with the hilts, thunder about your ears
Such music, as will make your worships dance
To the doleful tune of *Lacrimæ*."

Hear. My name's Hearing. I am usher of the hall, and the trumpet that proclaims dinner ready, with gentlemen, and yeomen. When my lady removes to her city-privacy, (for she keeps open house in the country,) I am the foreman at her gate, with an instrument of correction for the offensive beggars. If you love noise, sir, my wife and myself are at your service.

Phy. Pray, sir, your name?

Smel. Mine is Smelling. I am my lady's huntsman, and keep some lesser beagles for her chamber use, to excuse the freeness of her necessity's eruptions.[7] I play the gardener likewise, and attend her always when she goes to pluck a rose. My mistress Cloaca had a very stinking breath, before Misackmos perfumed her,[8] and she is now grown less common, than when her imperfections lay open. When you will use me, sir, you shall always have me under your nose.

Phy. And what's your's?

Tas. Tasting, mine, sir. I am my lady's cook, and king of the kitchen; where I rule the roast, command imperiously, and am a very tyrant in my office. My subjects being all soldiers, are daily encounter'd by most fierce stomachs, and never return but maim'd and dismember'd.—Brawn, beef, and pork, are always muster'd in the van, and bring up veal, mutton, minced-pye, goose, turkey, duck, and so forth. I have a sort of cowardly custards, born in the city, but bred up at court, that quake for fear; yet are as valiant in suffering as the rest, and are all overcome, even by the women, with much noise. I then send forth a fresh supply of rabbits, pheasant, kid, partridge, quail, lark, plover, teal, tarts, &c. with a French troop of pulpatoons,[9] mackaroons, kickshaws, grand and excellent. The battle ended, I survey the field; and those whom I find untouch'd, I place in garrison in my larder; the rest endure a new and fierce assault by the valiant serving-men. I then repair my broken army, see their overthrow at supper, drink myself drunk, go to bed, and my that day's fury's over. I'll be your servant, sir, in spite of your teeth.

Phy. Now yours?

Touch. Touching, mine. I am my lady's gentleman-usher, and kill spiders for her monkey. I am always her foreman in public, and sometimes in private; which makes way for me to her favour in reversion, if she survive two or three defective husbands, and her yet uncloy'd appetite can pretend an expectation of issue. Meantime, a handful of eringoes, and a little tickling, weds me and the waiting-women in her closet with more vows and protestations than a wanting gallant makes when he borrows money. We will conduct my lady to her bower, where she prepares to entertain you. [*Exit.*

Phy. Methinks I am transform'd into a happiness
Cannot be figured. If, before enjoying,
The expectation can beget such bliss,
What will possession?

Phlegm. Shall I question you, sir cook?

Tas. Questionless, a cook can answer a physician.

Phlegm. What physical observations have you in your sauces, and condiments? Shall I instruct you?

Tas. I thank you, sir. My method is to dress pheasant, partridge, and coney for lords, but their ladies many times make the sauce. The waiting-women are fed with wagtails. I prepare tongues for lawyers; most commonly woodcocks for aldermen's heirs; and puddings for costive citizens; whose wives must have flesh of a court-dressing, or their bellies will never be full. Your projectors feed upon calves brains, and your students upon innocent mutton.

Cho. I hope, sir, our after-familiarity will be

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[7] *Some lesser beagles for her chamber use, to excuse*, &c.—So in the old black letter *Book of Huntynge*, &c. "Smal ladi popies, that bare awai the fleas and *divers smal fautes*." S.

[8] *My mistress Cloaca had a very stinking breath, before Misackmos perfumed her*—In the year 1590, Sir John Harrington published a tract, intitled, "A new Discourse of a stale Subject, called the Metamorphosis of Ajax. Written by Misacmos, to his Friend and Cosin, Philostilpnos. London: printed by Richard Field," 8vo. This work, which the title-page points out the subject of, is executed with a considerable degree of humour, and is frequently alluded to by contemporary writers; as in *Shakespeare's Love's Labour's Lost*, A. 5. S. 2. and the several writers quoted by Mr Steevens, in his note on that passage. It is remarkable, that for writing this pamphlet, Sir John fell into disgrace with Queen Elizabeth. Mr Robert Markham writing to him, two years after, in 1593, says, "Since your departure from hence, you have been spoke of, and withe no ill will, both by the nobles and the queene herself. Your booke is almoste forgiven, and I may say forgotten; but not for its lacke of wyt or satyr. Those whome you feared moste, are now bosoming themselves in the queene's grace; and, though her highnesse signified displeasure in outwarde sorte, yet she did like the marrow of your booke.—Your great enemye, sir James, did once mention the Star Chamber; but your good esteem in better mindes, outdid his endeavors, and all is silente againe. The Queene is minded to take you to her favour; but she swearth, that she believes you will make epigrams, and write *Misacmos* again, on her and all the courte. She hath been heard to say, That merry poet, her godson, must not come to Greenwich, till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies sportes and frolicks. She did conceive much disquiet, on being tolde you had armed a shafte at Leicester. I wishe you knew the author of that ill deed, I would not be in his best jerkin for a thousand markes."—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. II. p. 242.

[9] *Pulpatoons*—i. e. *Pulpamenta*, delicates.

the often taking down of Choler's stomach. We should agree well: we both love fire.

Tas. And Choler shall not want his brawn, whilst cookery and winter feasts last. I must in and look to my roast, of which at dinner you shall most plentifully taste. [*Exit.*

Phy. I am inflamed. My appetite begins
To burn with hot desires; and if protraction
Delay their satisfying, they'll consume
Themselves and me.

M. Gen. She comes; these sounds forerun her.

[*During the following Song, the third Scene is discovered, being a pleasant Arbour, with perspectives behind it, of a magnifique Building: in the midst thereof* SENSUALITY *sits.*

THE SONG.

Flow, flow delight,
And pleasures swell to height;
Drown every eye with joyful tears,
And fill the ears
With sounds harmonious as the spheres.
Let every sense be ravish'd quite
With a large fulness of delight.

CHORUS.

Join, all ye instruments of pleasure,
And, from th' abundance of your treasure,
Chuse out one t' enrich this bower,
And make thee mistress of this paramour.

Phy. Elysium sure is here, and that eternity
I lately dream'd of!

Sen. Let mine eyes first gaze
Upon his figure. 'Tis a heavenly creature,
And worthy my embraces: I have yet
Conversed with earthy shapes, the baser issue
Of that gross element; but here's a form
Mingled with fire, that moves the soul of sense,
And kindles passion in me. What was she
Durst aim to prepossess herself of him
My mouth can only challenge? Welcome, sir.
If my expressions suit not entertainment
Of such a guest, creation must be blamed,
That gave none other; for whate'er in nature
Is found that can affect you, here 'tis stored;
And shall be all exhausted to declare
How much I love you.

Phy. You enthrone me, lady,
In happiness, above the difference
Of that my birth can boast. You make me perfect;
And every touch of this delicious hand,
Cheek, lip, immortalize me.

Sen. Open my treasure,
And let it waste to emptiness. Will't please
Thine eyes? We'll mount a chariot made of diamonds,
Whose light's reflection shall create a day
In the Cimmerian valleys. From some height
We will survey the earth, and, where weak beams
Cannot extend themselves, we'll have an optic
Shall show us in an instant all the hemisphere.
We'll see the fair Arcadian virgins hunt
In their Parthenian groves. We'll count the beasts
Lurk in Hircania's dens; number the pines
That crown Lycæus.[10]

Phy. You are the only object
Mine eyes would gaze at.

Sen. Would thine ears be blest
With pleasing sounds? The airy choristers
Shall strain their throats by art, and harmony
Call down the spheres to make her concert up.

Phy. Your words are only music.

Sen. For thy smell,
Saba shall be translated where thou goest,
And strew thy path with spices. Panthers' skins
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floor
Where thy foot treads.

Phy. This breath's perfume enough
To create a phœnix.

Sen. Would'st delight thy taste?
Then Samian peacocks, and Ambracian kids;
Hens of Numidia, pheasants, phenicopters,
Tartesian lampreys, eels of Benacus,
Cockles of Lucrine, Eleusinian plaise,
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more
To whet new appetite. Shalt drink no wine,
But what Falernus or Calabrian Aulon
Yield from their grapes.

Phy. This kiss is more than nectar.

Sen. Shalt sleep upon a bed of purest down,
Driven from white necks of Cayster's swans,
And Peneus's sparrows. With Assyrian silks
I'll clothe thy body.

Phy. But this touch is softer.
You ravish me with joys beyond expression.

Cho. Why, this is rare. I am not angry.

Blood. I am very joyful: this tickles me.

Phlegm. And makes me young.

Mel. And me merry.

Tas. Now, my licentiate murderer, what say you to a dish of gluttony, will breed the gout in a lord before a beggar can break his fast with it? Are not we cooks good instruments? who, together with an hospital of sin, cause diseases faster than you can cure them?

Sen. A livelier music; come, sweet-heart, we'll dance.

A familiar Country Dance.

How doth my sweet-heart like it?
I do not with an œconomic strictness
Observe my servants, and direct their actions:
Pleasure is free.

[10] *Lycæus.*—A mountain in Arcadia.

Enter BELLANIMA *in mourning*, BONUS GENIUS.

But what sad object's this?
Bel. I come to snatch a husband from thine arms,
Lascivious strumpet! thou, whose looser eyes
Bewitch'd his ill affection, and enticed
His thoughts with wanton appetite of sense,
From my chaste love. Doth not Physander see
Ruin hid under every bait of pleasure
She lays to catch him?
Sen. Laugh at her, sweet-heart;
Thou art secure in these embraces.
Bel. Do not
Afflict me thus. Those false dissembling kisses
Wound me to death. Return unto my bosom,
That never shall be warm with others' touch.
She's common, and will mix her lustful blood
Even with beasts.
Sen. 'Tis but her envy to me.
Bel. Let not her Syren charms bewitch thee thus
Unto a shipwreck. Every smile of hers
Shadows a rock to split thee: in my arms
Shalt sleep as safe as if the clouds did guard thee.
Am I not fair? shoot not mine eyes a fire
As lively? grow not colours on my cheeks,
Brighter than those that paint her rottenness?
And will Physander leave me? Did I not
Forsake the ethereal palace of my father,
To be thine only? and a whore to rival me!
Oh misery!
Phy. Th' art barren of those pleasures
I here enjoy.
Bel. What pleasures? gilded ones,
To mock thy sense; their inside's bitterness.
Return: with me shalt find delights,
As far exceeding these, as the great day-star
His pale cheek'd sister, or night's lesser beauties.
A thousand winged intelligences daily
Shall be thy ministers, and from all parts
Inform thee of the world's new accidents.
Shalt, from their scanning, frame, by my advice,
Rules of prevention; shalt command all arts,
As hand-maids; shalt converse with heaven and angels;
And after all, I'll bring thee to Elysium.
Cold there compels no use of rugged furs,
Nor makes the mountains barren. There's no dog
To rage and scorch the harvest labourer;
Whilst the lascivious landlord wastes the increase
In prodigal contrivements, how to allay
The furious heat with artificial snows,
And drinks his wine in ice. Spring's always there,
And paints the valleys; whilst a temperate air
Sweeps their embroider'd face with his curl'd gales,
And breathes perfumes, no Persian aromats,
Pontic amomus, or Indian balsam
Can imitate. There night doth never spread
Her ebon wings; but day-light's always there,
And one blest season crowns the eternal year.
Phy. I'll hear no more: nor can I be so credulous,
Having possession, to expect such fables.
Here I am fix'd.
Bel. And I made miserable.
Sen. Let's in to feast, and revel; and at night
Shalt be possest of a more full delight. [*Exeunt.*
Bel. Thus doth chaste wedlock suffer. Heavenly servant,
Whisper some powerful counsel in his ear,
That may reclaim him. If it works, return,
And bring me comfort, who till then must mourn.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

TASTING; *the four Complexions drunk, each having a bottle of wine in his hand.*

Tas. The other health, my boys.
Phl. No more health, if you love me.
Tas. Indeed health agrees not with your profession.
Cho. But we will have more health, and less health, or I will make a close-stool pan of your physician's noddle.
Tas. Good brother Choler, be pacified.
Cho. I will not be pacified. He that denies health, let him think himself dead ere he pronounce it. Choler's dry.
Mel. So is Melancholy.
Blo. Blood would be heated better.
Phl. And Phlegm moistened.
Cho. Blood's a skip-jack, and I will make him caper.
Tas. Nay, brother Choler, thou art so cross.
Mel. And will she not return? then may the sun
Stable his horses ever, and no day
Gild the black air with light! If in mine eye
She be not placed, what object can delight it?
Tas. Excellent amorist! Here's to thee, Melancholy.
Mel. What do I see? blush, gray-eyed morn,[11] and spread

[11] *Blush, gray-eyed morn.*
"The *gray-eyed morn* smiles on the frowning night,
"Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light."
Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. S. 3.

Thy purple shame upon the mountain tops:
Or pale thyself with envy, since here comes
A brighter Venus than the dull-eyed star
That lights thee up

Tas. Very fine! Melancholy hath been some neglected courtier; he's perfect in the flattery. If he mistake me for the idol of his passion, I'll abuse him.

Mel. Oh let me kiss those pair of red-twined cherries,
That do distil nepenthe.[12]

Tas. Kiss, and spare not.
But not the cherry-stones and eat, I care not.

Mel. Oh turn not from me; let me smell the gums,
Which thy rich breath creates.

Tast As for my gums, you'll find
Sweeter here. I have no rotten teeth behind.

Blo. This leg's not right.

Tas. I know it. 'Tis my left.

Blo. Carry your toes wider.

Tas. Take heed that I foot not you.

Blo. Now do your sinque pace[13] cleanly.

Tas. My sinque pace cleanly! A cook defies it.

Cho. You lie too open. Guard yourself better, or I shall bang your coat.

Phl 'Tis a dangerous water. Here's an hypostasis[14] argues a very bad stomach.

Tas. Some soldier, perhaps, that wants his pay.

Phl. This sediment betokens a great swelling in the belly.

Tas. 'Tis some chamber-maid, sick of a midwife's timpany.

Phl. 'Twere good she changed air. Remove her into the country, and if she fall again into the green-sickness, she knows the cure. This water argues a great heart-burning.

Tas. 'Tis a lover's that: or some miser's, that drank small-beer in the dog-days at his own charges.

Phl. The owner of this hath an imposthume in his head, and 'tis near breaking.

Tas. Perhaps 'tis a tencer's, or some shopkeeper's, whose wife sells under-hand by retail.

Phl. Let him compound for his light wife, and he may be cured without the charity of an hospital.

Enter PHYSANDER *sick.*

Phy. How on a sudden my delights are clouded!
As when a surfeit makes the pleasant dish
That caused it more distasteful than th' offence
Of any bitter potion. My dull'd senses
Relish no objects. Colours do not take
My filmed eyes. Mine ears are deaf to sounds,
Though by a chorus of those lovely maids,
Which Jove begot on fair Mnemosyne,
Sung to Apollo's harp.

Tas. Is it thereabouts? I'll play the state knave, and inform presently. [*Exit.*

Phy. Sickness begins
To make this frame her mansion. Fevers burn it,
And shake the weak foundation: then a cold
Chills it again, as if a thousand winters,
Contracted into one, scatter'd their snow
With northern blasts, and froze the very centre.
Palsies disjoint the fabric; loosen all
The house-supporters, and at length they fall.
Help me, good servants!

Phl. We cannot help ourselves.

Cho. Let's kill him, or he'll kill us.

Mel. Phlegm, do you choke him.

Blo. I'll empty his veins.

Cho. I'll do it. Blood's not worthy the employment.

Blo. Worthier than Choler.

Cho. Thou liest in thy throat.

Blo. Thou hast inflamed me.

[*They fall together by the ears, and* PHYSANDER, *weakly endeavouring to part them, is himself hurt, and they fly.*

Phy. Hold, I command you: how dare ye insult
Upon my weakness thus? Oh, I am wounded.
Perfidious villains! was this treachery
Your duties act? What fury prompted ye
To such inhuman violence? Will no hand
Of art or heaven supply me with a balm?

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[12] *Nepenthe.*—Spenser's description of this cordial is as follows:

Fairy Queen, B. 4. C. 3. St. 43.

"Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
"Devized by the gods for to asswage
"Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
"Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
"Instead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age
"It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
"Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
"Are by the gods to drinck thereof assyn'd;
"But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd."

See also Milton's *Comus*, L. 672; and Homer's *Odyssey*, Pope's translation, B. 4. L. 302, and his note.

[13] *Sinque pace*, or *cinque pace*—The name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five

[14] *Hypostasis*—"In medicine, the sediment of the urine, or that thick heavy part of the urine which subsides, and settles at the bottom."—*Chambers's Dictionary.*

Then I must die, and bury all my glories
Ere they are fully gazed at. Why did Nature
Produce me for her darling, and not arm
My passive body with a proof 'gainst thunder?

Enter SENSUALITY, *the five Senses.*

Oh thou in whose embraces I have slept
And dreamt of heaven, when my waking sense
Possess'd delights in thee, I seem'd to ride
Commanding pleasure, as if she had been
My captive, and her spoils enrich'd the triumph;
Help now to save me: or with wonted kisses
Make me to lose the sense of this great pain
My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire
Within thy bosom, and I shall forget
That death hath any horror.

Sen. This Physander!
I know him not. The bloody spectacle
Is too offensive; would it were removed!

Tas. Please you, I'll carry the calf into my slaughter-house. But I fear he will hardly be dressed for your ladyship's tooth: he hath bled too much to be sweet flesh.

Phy. Not know me, lady! how am I transform'd?
The sand of many minutes hath not fallen
From time's grey glass, since you vouchsafed to call me
Lord of yourself and pleasures.

Sen. Let me have
Another sweetheart; one whose lusty heat
May warm my bosom. Gather all the flowers
Tempe is painted with, and strew his way.
Translate my bower to Turia's rosy banks;
There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales,
Make it continual spring. If the sun's rays
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest air,
Breath'd by Etesian winds. The briskest nectar
Shall be his drink, and all th' Ambrosian cates
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. As his senses tire,
Vary the object. Let delights be link'd:
So in a circled chain no end we see,
Pleasure is only my eternity. [*Exeunt.*

Tas. Sick sir, farewell. By that time you are dead,
I will have made you a caudle. [*Exit.*

Phy. I sure have dream'd; all past was but illusion.
Hold out, ye bloodless organs, until I
Have rail'd upon this strumpet, then I'll die.

Enter the two Genii severally.

How my distraction swells my tongue with curses!
That I could shoot the poison of a basilisk
From my inflam'd eyes, or infect the air
With my last breath to kill her!

M. Gen. Ha, ha, he!

Phy. Who's that can laugh at misery?

M. Gen. 'Tis I,
That triumph in thy ruin. I contrived it,
And caused divorce betwixt thee and thy wife;
Whom now I will torment [*Exit.*

Phy. That wound is deeper
Than all the rest. Calling to mind my ills,
That left a chaste wife for the loose embraces
Of Sensuality, a painted whore,
Common with beasts. Death, hold thy ashy hand,
Till I am reconciled to my Bellanima;
Then strike, and spare not.

B. Gen. Fix'd in that resolution,
I'll bring her to thee. [*Exit.*

Phy. That's my good Genius.
The horrors of a thousand nights made black
With pitchy tempests, and the moon's defect,
When she's affrighted with the howlings of
Crotonean wolves, and groans of dying mandrakes,[15]
Gather'd for charms; the screech-owl's fatal dirge,
And ghosts disturb'd by furies from their peace,
Are all within me.

Enter BELLANIMA, BONUS GENIUS.

B. Gen. Wounded by the hands
Of his distemper'd servants, that are fled.

Bel. Look up, Physander! I am come to help thee,
Not to afflict; I share thy sufferings.
There's not an anguish, but it is inflicted
As equally on me. Why would Physander
Cut wedlock's gordian, and, with looser eyes,
Doat on a common wanton? What is pleasure,
More than a lustful motion in the sense?
The prosecution full of anxious fears,
The end repentance. Though content be call'd
The soul of action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reason of his life;
Yet, if intemperate appetite pursue it,
The pure end's lost, and ruin must attend it.
But I would comfort thee. Do but express
A detestation of thy former follies,

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[15] *Groans of dying mandrakes.*—It was a prevailing opinion formerly, that *mandrakes*, when dug out of the ground, sent forth a terrible sound.—See *Romeo and Juliet*, A 4. S. 3.

"And shrieks like *mandrakes* torn out of the earth."

Several instances are also produced by Mr Steevens, in his note on this passage; to which may be added the following:

The Wonderfull Yeare 1603.

"And to keepe such a poore wretch waking, he should heare no noise, but of toads croaking, screech-owles howling, *mandrakes* shriking: were not this an infernall prison?

We will be reunited, and enjoy
Eternal pleasures.
Phy. Can Bellanima
Forgive the injuries that I have done her?
She's milder than thou, Love, or Pity's self.
Let me be banish'd ever to converse
With monsters in a desart: 'tis a punishment
Too little. Let me be confined to dwell
On the north-pole, where a continual winter
May bleach me to a statue; or inhabit
The Acherusian fens, whose noisome air
May choke my nostrils with their poisonous fumes,
Yet linger death unto a thousand ages.
Bel. We'll live, Physander, and enjoy each other
In new delights: thou shalt be cured by Temperance.
She's the physician that doth moderate
Desire with reason, bridling appetite.
[*Here the fourth Scene is suddenly discovered, being a rock, with a spring of water issuing out of it. At the foot thereof a cave, where* TEMPERANCE *sits, betwixt a Philosopher, an Hermit, a Ploughman, and a Shepherd. Behind a rock a landscape.*]
Yonder's her cave, whose plain, yet decent roof,
Shines not with ivory or plates of gold.
No Tyrian purples cover her low couch,
Nor are the carved supporters artists work,
Bought at the wealth of provinces; she feeds not
On costly viands, in her gluttony
Wasting the spoils of conquest. From a rock,
That weeps a running crystal, she doth fill
Her shell-cup, and drinks sparingly.
Phy. She cannot
Heal my affliction: Mercy's self denies
A time and means, and only black despair
Whispers th' approach of death.
B. Gen. Remove that sin,
And hope with sorrow. Greatest faults are small,
When that alone may make amends for all.
Phy. Might I yet live to practise my resolve
Of reformation, sooner should the day
Leave to distinguish night; the sun should choke
His breathless horses in the western main,
And rise no more; the grey morn ushering in
His light approach, than my relapse from thee,
And goodness cause new miseries. Direct me,
Ye heavenly ministers, inform my knowledge
In the strict course that may preserve me happy,
Whilst yet my sighs suck in th' unwilling air,
That swells my wasted lungs. Though not in life,
In death, I'll be Bellanima's.
Bel. Physander,
Expire not yet; thy wounds are not so mortal.
Help me to bear him yonder: gently raise
His weakened body. What can we not endure,
When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure?
Tem. What wretched piece of miserable riot
Is this, that needs the aid of Temperance?
What caused his sickness?
Bel. Liberty in ills
To please his senses, which have surfeited
With an excess: and, if your art supply not,
Death will divorce us. Pity then, sweet lady,
And, from your treasure of instructions,
Prescribe a powerful medicine that may quicken
His cold defects, which more and more increase,
Less'ning his weaken'd powers. To a chaste wife,
Preserve, now 'tis reform'd, her husband's life.
Tem. Let the earth be his bed; this rock his pillow;
His curtains heaven; the murmur of this water,
Instead of music, charm him into sleep:
And for the cates which gluttony invents
To make it call'd an art, confected juice
Of Pontic nuts, and Idumean palms,
Candied with Ebosian sugar; lampreys guts,
Fetch'd from Carpathian streights, and such like wantonness,
Let him eat sparingly of what the earth
Produceth freely, or is, where 'tis barren,
Enforced by industry. Then pour this balsam
Into his wounds, and, whilst his senses rest
Free from their passive working, and endure
Partial privation of their means and objects,
His slumbers shall present what more's required
To make him sound.
Bel. My endless thanks, great Power,
Mother of other virtues. Whilst he sleeps,
My cares shall watch him.—Oh thou death-like god,
That chain'st the senses captive, and dost raise
Dreams out of humours, whose illusive shadows
Oft work on fancy to beget belief
Of prophecies; let no black horrors mix
Their frightful presence, but with gentle shews,
(Yet such as are instructive) sweetly work
Upon what wakes within, whilst th' other cease;
Then sleeps the figure of eternal peace.
[*They dance, every one in a proper garb, shewing their respect to* TEMPERANCE; *whilst* PHYSANDER *sleeps betwixt* BELLANIMA *and* BONUS GENIUS, *that seem to dress his wounds.*]
Phy. I feel quick sense return, and every organ
Is active to perform its proper office:
I am not hurt. What miracle hath Heaven
Wrought on me?
Bel. Next to Heaven, the thanks are due
To this, thy life's restorer. She hath precepts,
By which thou may'st preserve it to a length,
And end it happy.
Tem. What thy dreams presented,
Put strait in act, and with a constancy
Persevere in't. Rewards will only crown
The end of a well-prosecuted good.
Philosophy, religious solitude,
And labour, wait on temperance. In these
Desire is bounded: they instruct the mind's
And body's actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
That gives the first beginning to all ills.
The thoughts being busied on good objects, sin
Can never find a way to enter in.

Phy. Let me digest my joys: I only now
Begin to live: the former was not perfect.
Bel. We'll shortly to my father, who with joy
Will entertain us.
Tem. I will meet you there;
Where ye shall be invested by the hands
Of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and me,
In the bright robes of immortality.
Phy. My heart's too narrow to contain the joys
This reconciliation fills it with.
Chain me again to misery, and make me
Wretched beyond despair, when next I fall.
Let this my resolution be enroll'd
Amongst eternal acts, not to be cancell'd.
Then man is happy, and his bliss is full
When he's directed by his better soul. [*Exeunt.*

[TEMPERANCE, *with the rest of hers, being returned into the Scene, it closeth.*

ACT V.

MALUS GENIUS, *as discontented.*

M. Gen. It must not be; his glory is my shame.
Mischief attempted, if it want success,
Is the contriver's punishment: as darts
Shot at resisting walls, in their return
May light on him that did direct them. Malice
Suggests a new attempt. I'll practise all
That hell can teach me, but I'll work his fall.

Enter SENSUALITY, *the five Senses in torn and beggar-like Habits.*

Who's here?
Sen. Into what misery hath riot
Brought my decay'd state? Whilst I had the means
To purchase pleasures, all delights were sold me.
Those gone, necessity and lust then made me
A mercenary prostitute; and since,
By the gradation of a wanton life,
I'm fall'n to this. Want, and a loathsome sickness,
Make me reflect; nor can I but accuse myself
At Conscience' bar; but not with penitence;
That's still in opposition with my will,
Now custom hath confirm'd me in all ill. [*Exeunt.*
M. Gen. T' accuse Physander, thither will I go;
And if all fail, try what despair can do.

Enter PHYSANDER, BELLANIMA, *in their first Habits, with Books in their Hands;* BONUS GENIUS, *the four Complexions.*

He's here.
Phy. I shall not need your diligence.
Your treachery, although forgiven, hath made me
Watchful upon ye. I have gotten now
A careful guide to manage my affairs:
Retire; I do embrace thy fellowship,
Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evil,
Conducing to felicity. Direct
My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason:
Teach me contempt of all inferior vanities.
Pride in a marble portal gilded o'er;
Assyrian carpets; chairs of ivory;
The luxury of a stupendous house;
Garments perfumed; gems valued not for use,
But needless ornament; a sumptuous table,
And all the baits of sense. A vulgar eye
Sees not the danger which beneath them lie.
Bel. She's a majestic ruler, and commands
Even with the terror of her awful brow.
As in a throng, sedition being raised,[16]
Th' ignoble multitude inflamed with madness,
Firebrands and stones fly: fury shews them weapons;
Till spying some grave man honour'd for wisdom,
They strait are silent, and erect their ears,
Whilst he with his sage counsel doth assuage
Their mind's disorder, and appease their rage.
So prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have raised temptations, with their batteries
Assaulting reason, she doth interpose,
And keep it safe. Th' attempts of sense are weak,
If their vain forces wisdom deign to break.
Phy. Temperance, to thee I owe my after-life;
Thou that command'st o'er pleasures, hating some,
When thou dispens'st with others; still directing
All to a sound mean. Under thy low roof
I'll eat and sleep, whilst grave philosophy
Instructs my soul in justice. What is she?
Bel. A habit of the mind, by which just things
Perfect their working. Man's the best of creatures,
Enjoying law and justice; but the worst,
If separated from them. 'Tis establish'd
By fear of law, and by religion:
Distributes due to all.
Phy. That is reward

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16 *As in a throng*, &c.—This simile is translated from the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*, v. 113.

" ——veluti magno in populo, quum sæpe coorta est
" Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;
" Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:
" Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
" Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
" Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet." S.

To virtue, and to vice its punishment.
The thought of it hath horror in't. I fell
From height of goodness in forsaking thee,
And must be punish'd. Why is it delay'd?
Inflict it strait; protraction makes it greater.
Bel. Physander is forgiven. Reflect not back
On thy past errors, but with sorrow's eyes,
That may be guides to thy prevention
Of after-ills.
Phy. Distract me not with comforts.
If justice hath no other instrument,
I must and will be just unto myself.
When I have felt a torment that doth equal
Th' offence for which I suffer it, 'twill confirm me,
Bellanima is satisfied.
Bel. She is,
And can expect no greater. Think on fortitude.
Be not dejected by a fear that's grounded
On such a weak foundation. 'Tis not th' appetite
Of things that carry horror, makes men valiant;
But patient bearing of afflictions
That are necessitated.
Phy. Can fortitude
Be without justice? Justice, without fortitude,
Is perfect in itself. When I am just,
Valour is useful.
M. Gen. It begins to work;
I'll prosecute the rest. What he intends
For good, shall be inverted to my ends. [*Exit.*
Phy. Dissuade me not, Bellanima; I cannot
Think the dimensions of thy goodness such,
That it may be extended to remit
So great an ill without its satisfaction.
Then will I challenge thy forgiveness due,
When I have suffer'd punishment: I dare not
Owe all unto thy gentleness.
Bel. Resist
This black temptation: thy ill Genius whisper'd it.
Phy. 'Tis taught me here; justice instructs me in't.
Yet, when I feel the lashes of their snakes
Hell's judges do employ; when vultures gnaw
My growing liver, and the restless wheel
Hurries my rack'd limbs, (for these torments are
Less than my fault deserves,) I'll laugh at all,
And with a scorn provoke the executioners,
Till they are tired; and, whilst they take in breath,
Contrive some yet unheard-of. Fortitude
Shall teach me to bear all (their end being justice)
With more delight, than when I did enjoy
Pleasures with Sensuality.
B. Gen. I'll try him.
Hell's malice sometimes doth pretend that good
Which Heaven instructs, to make distinguishable
Their several acts. But, like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas thrown:
So, in affliction's violence, he that's wise,
The more he's cast down, will the higher rise.
[*Exit.*
Bel. Presume not yet, Physander: thou art weak.
Fear, so pusillanimous, is better
Than daring confidence.
Phy. I will encounter
With a whole host of deaths, though each were arm'd
In all th' artillery that ever conquer'd
Mortality; meet thunder, if but warn'd
That it is coming, and be fix'd, unmov'd
T' embrace the subtle fire, though one step
Might guard me in a grove of magic bays,
Wall'd with hyena's skins. The apprehension
Of horror shall not fright me, though presented
In the most hideous shape conceit can paint.

Enter three Furies.

What apparition's this? or are ye Furies
Sent to torment me? speak, and satisfy
My growing fears, which, like an earthquake, when
Pent air dilates itself with violence,
Do shake my trembling heart.
1st Fury. We are the daughters
Of Night and Acheron; our number three,
Answering those three effects that bear men headlong [17]
Into all wickedness. These knotted snakes
Shall sting thy bosom, and infect thy blood
With burning rage, until it hurry thee
Unto some desperate act, and on thyself
Thou be thine own revenger.
Bel. Now, Physander,
Where is this boasted valour? Fear's express'd
Even in thy silence. Terror of an ill
Is sometimes greater in the expectation,
Than th' ill itself: yet, where true fortitude
Guards the mind with resolves, 'tis lessen'd by it,
When it increaseth boldness. Chance may clear
Many of punishment, but none of fear.
Thou art not well instructed; go with me,
I'll teach thee how to shun them. [*Exeunt.*
2d Fury. Hath he 'scaped us,
And left my vipers hissing for their prey,
Which should have been his heart? then they must feed
Upon mine own.

Enter MALUS GENIUS.

M. Gen. Now, my copartners
In this black fellowship, is it successful?
3d Fury. No, Reason guards him; frustrates our design
And we must back to be our own tormentors.
[*Exeunt Furies.*

Men.—Former editions read *then.*

M. Gen. Will nothing prosper? Lend me Erinnis' adders,
That from their poison my infected envy
May swell until it break, venting a sea
Of mischief to o'erwhelm him. One birth more
My malice labours with. If that miscarry,
I'll in contempt of Heaven, that guards his bride,
Eat mine own heart, and ne'er be satisfied.

Enter FEAR.

The judge is entering.

Fear. Make way there for my lord Conscience: he is upon coming, and I was afraid the cushions had not been handsomely laid for his ease. Long causes many times require a nap. How I tremble to think of a long sitting before dinner! it makes Fear have but a cold stomach. Bless me! who's this? one of the devil's she-lawyers? Her case must needs have a black box.

M. Gen. I come t' accuse Physander. Why dost quake so?

Fear. You never knew Fear without an ague.

M. Gen. Fear often cures it.

Fear. In the country, where wise physcians practise.

M. Gen. Is the court ready to sit?

Fear. Instantly. Pray how long have you been a soficitrix?

M. Gen Never before.

Fear. I fear'd as much, when you ask an officer so many idle questions without some feeling.

M. Gen. What officer art?

Fear. No worse than the mouth of the court, that receives all in, with, O yes!

Enter CONSCIENCE, HOPE, DESPAIR, SENSUALITY, *the five Senses.*

You see the power of that word;
They are here. Stand by there.

Hope. Hope must be still an advocate.

Con. 'Tis well.
Despair's a subtle pleader, and employ'd
Only by hell.

Des. Be wing'd, and fetch him hither:
Let me alone; I'll have a plea shall shake
His courage. [*Exit* MALUS GENIUS.

Con. Fear, call a court.

Fear. O yes, O yes, O yes: All wicked mortals, that have any business in the court of Conscience, let them come and accuse themselves, if they have so little wit, and they shall be judged by the proverb.

Con. List to my charge. Conscience, the judge of actions,
Is neither power, nor habit, but an act;
To wit, an application of that knowledge
That shews the difference. Its Synteresis,
Or purer part, is th' instigation
Of will to good and honest things, and seats
The mind in a rich throne of endless quiet;
When, being clogg'd with guilt of many ills,
Those leaden weights compress it as it mounts,
And sink it into horror. Conscience stain'd
Is like a fretting uicer, that corrodes
The part it hath infected, and though cured,
It leaves a scar. So, heal a wounded conscience,
Repentance stays as the vestigium,
Or mark impress'd, by which the past disease
Is found to have been. There's no punishment
Like that, to bear the witness in one's breast
Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
Beats it with silent stripes, guilty of blame,
But being unstain'd, it laughs at lying fame.

Fear. Silence in the court, and hearken to the charge: it may indoctrinate ye for justices, if there be not too much of conscience in it.

Con. Hope is in opposition with Despair:
And like a zealous advocate i' the cause
Of his afflicted client, labours still
To overthrow the fallacies and quirks
Despair is nimble in; whilst Fear with trembling
Expects the trial's issue. By these three,
Men's acts inform'd of, scann'd, and canvass'd be;
At length by Conscience censured, they are sent
To have reward, or suffer punishment.

Fear. Hem. Now enter that woman.

Con. What are you?

Sen. A desperate piece of neglected mortality, that have been a lady of pleasure, and kept an open house, where lords took me up at high rates, till my bare commons would no longer serve their high feeding.

Fear. And the geese that grazed on it would always be over roasted.

Sen. I thence fell to inferior customers, and doated most on the junior actors, to the danger of cracking many a voice. Night-walking then supplied me, whilst I had any thing to pleasure a constable, or relieve the mortified watch with a snatch and away. But now I am not worth the reversion of an alms-basket: and those which heretofore would hire me to sin, do now deny me the benefit of a spittle. I have not strength to climb and hang myself; and having been so light all my life-time, 'tis impossible I should be drown'd.

Hope. Hope yet, with grief, and mend.

Sen. My mending must be miraculous. Were it in art to repair this rotten carcase, and in my stock of credit with the broker enough to case it, I might hope for as golden days and coaching again. But now welcome a cart, or a Shrove-tuesday's tragedy.[18] Despair tells me there is a fire in hell, and why should I, that have conversed with heats all my life-time, fear it?

Fear. Stand by there. What are you?

Seeing. My lady's ape, that imitated all her fashions; falling as she did, and running the same

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[18] *A Shrove-tuesday's tragedy.*—See note 43 on the 2d part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. I. p. 587.

course of folly: the difference only, that what was hers first was mine in reversion; except her gentleman-usher. Hell I fear not, for I have prevented leading apes. Besides, the whips of Furies are not half so terrible as a bluecoat,[19] and the shrieks of tormented ghosts, nothing to the noise of hemp-hammers.

Con. Proceed quickly with the rest.

Fear. I would excuse myself; but I despair of being heard, now my lady's decayed, and housekeeping broke up. I fear nothing so much as to be torn in pieces by the revengeful beggars.

Smel. That punishment must I share. For I was an honest huntsman, and provided burial for many a scavenger's horse in my dogs bellies; but finding it troublesome and unsavoury, took an easier course, and converted the remains of dinner and supper, that should have fed the poor, into my dogs breakfast: for which I expect to be pursued by the common hunt, till I come to hell; and there the quest will be so hot, I shall not possibly 'scape it.

Fear. Thou seem'st to have been a good fellow: shall I speak a word in thy behalf?

Tus. No: Fear's an ill orator; he'll be out. I have been the most notorious thief that ever robbed by privilege of his office. I have converted more butter into kitchen-stuff, than would have victualled a Flemish garrison. I have cheated butchers; gone on their scores, and paid them with horns: helping to undo my lady with the greatness of mine own credit. I have coney-catched many a poulterer's wife, and she hath plucked my feathers: what I got by the back I spent on the belly. But now short commons serve, licking my fingers and the half-cold dripping pan. Since my lady's decay I am degraded from a cook, and I fear the devil himself will entertain me but for one of his black-guard; and he shall be sure to have his roast burnt.

Des. Stand by. You shall be sentenced presently.

Touching. I was a spruce observer of formality; wore good clothes at the second hand, and paid for them quarterly. Together with my lady's, my fortune fell, and of her gentleman-usher I became her apple-squire,[20] to hold the door, and keep centinel at taverns. I can play the bravo, where my affronting is upon sure advantage; otherwise I can be kicked with as much patience as a hungry fiddler, where he expects the reversion of a gallant's oysters. I may yet be serviceable to the Succubi in hell, but other preferment I despair of.

Con. Custom in ills that do affect the sense,
Makes reason useless, when it should direct
The ill's reforming. Men habituate
In any evil, 'tis their greatest curse,
Advice doth seldom mend, but makes them worse.

Enter MALUS GENIUS, PHYSANDER, BELLANIMA, BONUS GENIUS.

M. Gen. He's come. Now use your utmost skill in plea,
For fear our cause miscarry.

Con. Who is this?

Des. Here is his accuser that prefers the indictment.

Con. Let it be read.

Fear. Stand out, Physander.

Des. Thou art indicted by the name of Physander, lord of Microcosmus, for that, being wedded to the fair and chaste Bellanima, daughter and heir of immortal Love, thou hast unjustly forsaken her, and been guilty of incontinence with a common whore, Sensuality.

Phy. 'Tis not denied, nor needs it other witness;
I bear it in my conscience. Yet, reverend judge,
Sorrow for ills past doth restore frail man
To his first innocence. What mine hath been,
My earth-bed, wet with nightly tears, can witness;
And sighs have made the trembling air retire,
Unwilling to be lodged in a sad breast,
Already fill'd with zeal. If a perseverance,
Sprung from a constant resolution,
And join'd unto this sorrow, may prevail
To th' expiation of my former guilt,
I hope forgiveness.

Des. But despair, methinks,
Should fright that hope with apprehension
Of what eternal justice will inflict:
And fear of deserved punishment should make thee
Tremble with horror.

Hope. 'Tis not so, false orator;
Necessity may be a powerful strengthening
Of human frailty: and, as it acutes
Sloth often into diligence, despair
May be hope's cause. The temple-robber, to appease
Th' offended godhead, to the altar flies;
Nor shames to beg his pardon with drown'd eyes.
Let thy resolves be firm.

Phy. As fate's decrees
Enroll'd in steel. Nor will I be secure
In any confidence of mine own strength;
For such security is oft the mother
Of negligence, and that th' occasion
Of unremedy'd ruin. From instructions
Found here, we will consult our after-safeties.
And, in all courses of my following life,
I will be guided by my heavenly wife.

Con. I'll then pronounce ye happy. Man's a ship

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[19] *Blue-coat*, *i. e.* the dress of a beadle. Doll Tearsheet, in 2d part of Henry IV. A. 5. S. 4. calls this officer, *blue-bottle rogue*. S.

[20] *Apple-squire.*—See note 4 to *The City Night-Cap*.

Laden with riches. Tempests rage, and hell
Sends pirates out to rob him; Heaven's eye guards him;
His soul's the pilot, who through various seas
Of time and fortune brings him to the port
Of endless quiet. Now dismiss the court.
[*Exeunt.*

M. Gen. My malice bursts me. I have toil'd in vain:
And mine own torment is my only gain. [*Exit.*

Sen. I'll with thee to that place where horrors fright
The guilty conscience with eternal night. [*Exit.*

B. Gen. Now freely pass unto the bless'd abodes,
Where those heroes [21] that do merit it
In life, are crown'd with glory, and enjoy
Pleasures beyond all comprehension.

Bel. All lets [22] are now removed; hell's malice falls
Beneath our conquest, and Love's palace-gates
Ope' to receive our triumph.

[*Here the last Scene is discovered, being a glorious Throne; at the top whereof* LOVE *sits, betwixt* JUSTICE, TEMPERANCE, PRUDENCE, *and* FORTITUDE, *holding two Crowns of Stars: at the Foot, upon certain Degrees, sit Divers gloriously habited and alike, as* Elysii incolæ; *who, whilst* LOVE *and the Virtues lead* PHYSANDER *and* BELLANIMA *to the Throne, place themselves in a Figure for the Dance.*]

THE SONG.

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To those abodes, where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence.

Where's no heat, nor cold extreme;
No winter's ice, nor summer's scorching beam.
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.

CHORUS.

All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

Love. Welcome to Love, my now-loved heir,
Elysium's thine; ascend my chair.
For following Sensuality,
I thought to disinherit thee.
But, being now reformed in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine only daughter, fate allows
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Join ye that were his guides to this:
Thus I enthrone ye both. Now kiss,
Whilst you in active measures move,
Led on to endless joys by Love.

The Dance ended, they return to their first Order, whilst LOVE *speaks the Epilogue; which done, he is received into the Scene, and it closeth.*

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[21] *Where those heroes*, &c.—To help the versification, we must read heroës, *Lat.* as trysyllable. S.
[22] *Lets*,—Hindrances, or impediments.

EDITION.

"Microcosmus, a moral Maskepresented with general liking, at the Private House, in Salisbury-Court, and heere set down according to the intention of the authour, Thomas Nabbes. *Debent et prodesse et delectare poetæ.* London: printed by Richard Oulton, for Charles Green: and are to be sold at the White Lyon in Paul's Church-yard. 1637. 4to."

GREEN'S TU QUOQUE;

OR,

THE CITY GALLANT.

JOHN COOK, *the author of this play, is totally unknown. No contemporary writer hath taken the least notice of him, nor hath any biographer since given the slightest account of his life. All that we are informed of, is, that he wrote the following dramatic performance. Langbaine,* and the writers since, ascribe the first title of it to the excellent performance of Thomas Green in the part of Bubble, whose universal repartee to all compliments is,* Tu quoque. *Green was both a writer and actor, and, with great probability,† is supposed to have been a relation of Shakespeare's, and the person by whom he was introduced to the theatre. He was born at Stratford upon Avon, which is ascertained by the following lines,‡ spoken by him in one of the old comedies, in the character of a clown:*

> " I pratled poesie in my nurse's arms,
> And born, where late our swan of Avon sung.
> In Avon's streams we both of us have laved,
> And both came out together."

This passage is quoted by Chetwood from the " Two Maids of Mooreclack," where it is not to be found, though it seems to be a genuine extract; which the writer, by whom it was produced, had forgot from whence he transcribed it. Heywood, who published this play, says, in the preface to it, " As for Maister Greene, all that I will speake of him (and that without flattery) is this; there was not an actor of his nature, in his time, of better ability in performance of what he undertooke, more applauded by the audience, of greater grace at the court, or of more general love in the citty." From this preface, it appears, Green was dead when it was written; and Oldys§ says, there are three epitaphs upon him in Richard Braithwayt's Remains, 8vo, 1618, by which it seems, that he died after being newly arrived from sea. He was the author of " A Poet's Vision and a Prince's Glory, dedicated to the high and mightie Prince James, king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland," 4to, 1603; and some Verses, prefixed to Drayton's Poem on the Barons Wars. I have seen only two editions of this comedy, one without a date, and the other in 1614, which, I apprehend, was about the time it was originally published. Chetwood, upon whom no dependance is to be had with respect to dates, asserts it was printed in 1599. As it is said to have been acted by the queen's servants, it probably appeared on the stage in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Langbaine says, it was revived after the Restoration at the theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

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* Page 73.
† Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays, by Mr Malone, p. 275.
‡ The British Theatre, p. 9.
§ MS. additions to Langbaine, p. 73.

TO THE READER.

To gratulate the love and memory of my worthy friend the author, and my entirely beloved fellow, the actor, I could not choose, being in the way just when this play was to be published in print, to prefix some token of my affection to either, in the frontispiece of the book. For the gentleman that wrote it, his poem itself can better speak his praise, than any oratory from me. Nor can I tell whether this work was divulged with his consent or no but howsoever, it hath passed the test of the stage, with so general an applause, pity it were but it should likewise have the honour of the press. As for Maister Greene, all that I will speak of him (and that without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was not an actor of his nature, in his time, of better ability in performance of what he undertook, more applauded by the audience, of greater grace at the court, or of more general love in the city; and so, with this brief character of his memory, I commit him to his rest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

UPON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GREENE.

How fast bleak autumn changeth Flora's dye!
What yesterday was green, now's seer and dry.

W. R.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir LYONEL RASH.
GERALDINE.
WILL RASH.
SPENDALL.
STAINES.
BUBBLE.
LONGFIELD.
BALLANCE.
SCATTERGOOD.
NINNIHAMMER.
Mr BLANK.
PURSENET.
LODGE.
HOLDFAST.

FOX.
GATHERSCRAP.
BASKETHILT.
SPRINKLE.
Prisoners.
Drawers, &c.

GARTRED.
JOICE.
PHILLIS.
Widow.
SWEATMAN, *a Bawd.*
NAN TICKLEMAN, *a Whore.*

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* *W. R.*—Probably William Rowley.

GREEN'S TU QUOQUE.

A Mercer's Shop discovered, GARTRED *working in it;* SPENDALL *walking by the Shop. Mr* BALLANCE *walking over the Stage. After him* LONGFIELD *and* GERALDINE.

Spen. What lack you, sir, fair stuffs or velvets?

Bal. Good-morrow, Frank.

Spen. Good-morrow, Mr Ballance.

Ger. Save you, Mr Longfield.

Long. And you, sir. What business draws you towards this end o'the town?

Ger. Faith, no great serious affairs: only a stirring humour to walk, and partly to see the beauties of the city; but it may be you can instruct me. Pray whose shop's this?

Long. Why, 'tis Will Rash's father's; a man that you are well-acquainted with.

Enter a Wench, with a Basket of Linen.

Ger. As with yourself: and is that his sister?

Long. Marry is it, sir.

Ger. Pray let us walk: I would behold her better.

Wench. Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bonelace, mistress?

Gar. None.

Wench. Will you buy any handkerchiefs, sir?

Spen. Yes. Have you any fine ones?

Wench. I'll shew you choice: please you look, sir?

Spen. How now! what news?

Wench. Mistress Tickleman has sent you a letter, and expects your company at night; and entreats you to send her an angel, whether you can come, or whether you cannot. [SPENDALL *reads.*]

"Sweet rascal! If your love be as earnest as your protestation, you will meet me this night at supper: you know the rendezvous. There will be good company; a noise of choice fiddlers;[1] a fine boy, with an excellent voice; very good songs, and bawdy; and, which is more, I do purpose myself to be exceeding merry; but if you come not, I shall pout myself sick, and not eat one bit to-night. Your continual close friend,

NAN. TICKLEMAN.

"I pray send me an angel by the bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot."

Spen. What's the price of these two?

Wench. Half-a-crown, in truth.

Spen. Hold thee; there's an angel, and commend me to my delight: tell her I will not fail her, though I lose my freedom by't.

Wench. I thank you, sir. Buy any fine handkerchiefs? [*Exit Wench.*

Long. You are taken, sir, extremely: what's the object?

Ger. She's wond'rous fair.

Long. Nay, and your thoughts be on wenching, I'll leave you.

Ger. You shall not be so unfriendly; pray assist me:
We'll to the shop, and cheapen stuffs or sattins.

Spen. What lack you, gentlemen? fine stuffs, velvets, or sattins? pray come near.

Ger. Let me see a good sattin.

Spen. You shall, sir. What colour?

Ger. Faith, I am indifferent. What colour most affects you, lady?

Gar. Sir!

Ger. Without offence, fair creature, I demand it.

Gar. Sir, I believe it; but I never did
Tie my affection unto any colour.

Ger. But my affection, fairest, is fast tied
Unto the crimson colour of your cheek.

Gar. You relish too much courtier, sir.

Long. What's the price of this?

Spen. Fifteen, indeed, sir.

Long. You set a high rate on't; it had need be good.

Spen. Good! if you find a better i'the town, I'll give you mine for nothing. If you were my own brother, I'd put it into your hands. Look upon't; 'tis close wrought, and has an excellent gloss.

Long. Aye, I see't.

Spen. Pray, sir, come into the next room: I'll shew you that of a lower price, shall perhaps better please you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue; sure he was brought up in the Exchange.

Spen. Will you come in, sir?

Long. No; 'tis no matter, for I mean to buy none.

Ger. Pr'ythee walk in; what you bargain for I'll discharge.

Long. Say so? fall to your work, I'll be your chapman. [*Exeunt* SPENDALL, LONGFIELD.

Ger. Why do you say I flatter?

Gar. Why! you do;
And so do all men when they women woo.

Ger. Who looks on heaven, and not admires the work?
Who views a well-cut diamond, does not praise
The beauty of the stone? if these deserve
The name of excellent, I lack a word
For thee, which merits more,
More than the tongue of man can attribute.

Gar. This is pretty poetry; good fiction, this. Sir,

[1] *A noise of choice fiddlers*—See note 76 to *The Ordinary.*

I must leave you.

Ger. Leave with me first some comfort.

Gar. What would you crave?

Ger. That which I fear you will not let me have.

Gar. You do not know my bounty. Say what 'tis?

Ger. No more, fair creature, than a modest kiss.

Gar. If I should give you one, would you refrain,
On that condition, ne'er to beg again?

Ger. I dare not grant to that.

Gar. Then't seems you have,
Though you get nothing, a delight to crave.
One will not hurt my lip, which you may take,
Not for your love, but for your absence sake.
So farewell, sir. [*Exit* Gartred.

Ger. O! fare thee well, fair regent of my soul!
Never let ill sit near thee, unless it come
To purge itself. Be, as thou ever seemest,
An angel of thy sex, born to make happy
The man that shall possess thee for his bride.

Enter Spendall *and* Longfield.

Spen. Will you have it for thirteen shillings and sixpence? I'll fall to as low a price as I can, because I'll buy your custom.

Long. How now, man! what, entranced?

Ger. Good sir, ha' you done?

Long. Yes, faith, I think as much as you, and 'tis just nothing. Where's the wench?

Ger. She's here, sir, here.

Long. Uds pity! unbutton, man, thou'lt stifle her else.

Ger. Nay, good sir, will you go?

Long. With all my heart, I stay but for you.

Spen. Do you hear, sir?

Long. What say you?

Spen. Will you take it for thirteen?

Long. Not a penny more than I bid.

[*Exeunt* Ger. *and* Long.

Spen. Why then, say you might have had a good bargain. Where's this boy to make up the wares? here's some ten pieces opened, and all to no purpose.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O Frank! shut up shop, shut up shop.

Spen. Shut up shop, boy! why?

Boy. My master is come from the court, knighted, and bid us; for he says he *will* have the first year of the reign of his knighthood kept holiday; here he comes.

Enter Sir Lionel Rash.

Spen. God give your worship joy, sir.

Sir L. Rash. O Frank! I have the worship now in the right kind; the sword of knighthood sticks still upon my shoulders, and I feel the blow in my purse; it has cut two leather bags asunder. But all's one, honour must be purchased. I will give over my city coat, and betake myself to the court jacket. As for trade, I will deal in't no longer; I will seat thee in my shop, and it shall be thy care to ask men what they lack: my stock shall be summed up, and I will call thee to an account for it.

Spen. My service, sir, never deserved so much;
Nor could I ever hope so large a bounty
Could spring out of your love.

Sir L. Rash. That's all one.
I do love to do things beyond men's hopes.
To-morrow I remove into the Strand,
There for this quarter dwell, the next at Fulham:
He that hath choice may shift; the whilst shalt thou
Be master of this house, and rent it free.

Spen. I thank you, sir.

Sir L. Rash. To-day I'll go dine with my lord mayor, to-morrow with the sheriffs, and next day with the aldermen; I will spread the ensign of my knighthood over the face of the city, which shall strike as great a terror to my enemies as ever Tamerlane to the Turks.
Come, Frank, come in with me, and see the meat,
Upon the which my knighthood first shall eat.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Staines.

Staines. There is a devil has haunted me these three years in likeness of a usurer; a fellow that in all his life never eat three groat loaves out of his own purse, nor ever warmed him but at other men's fires; never saw a joint of mutton in his own house these four-and-twenty years, but always cozened the poor prisoners, for he always bought his victuals out of the alms-basket; and yet this rogue now feeds upon capons, which my tenants send him out of the country; he is landlord, forsooth, over all my possessions. Well, I am spent, and this rogue has consumed me; I dare not walk abroad to see my friends, for fear the serjeants should take acquaintance of me: my refuge is Ireland, or Virginia;[2] necessity cries out, and I will presently to West Chester.

Enter Bubble.

How now, Bubble! hast thou packed up all thy things?
Our parting time is come: nay, pr'ythee do not weep.

Bub. Affection, sir, will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast been a faithful servant to me. Go to thy uncle, he'll give thee entertain-

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[2] *Ireland or Virginia.*—At the time this play was written, the same endeavours were used, and the same lures thrown out, to tempt adventurers to migrate to each of these places.

ment: tell him, upon the stony rock of his merciless heart, my fortunes suffer shipwreck.

Bub. I will tell him he is an usuring rascal, and one that would do the commonwealth good, if he were hanged.

Staines. Which thou hast cause to wish for; thou art his heir, my affectionate Bubble.

Bub. But, master, wherefore should we be parted?

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hopeful.

Bub. Why, but whither do you mean to go, master?

Staines. Why, to sea.

Bub. To sea! Lord bless us, methinks I hear of a tempest already. But what will you do at sea?

Staines. Why, as other gallants do that are spent—turn pirate.

Bub. O master! have the grace of Wapping before your eyes, remember a high tide; give not your friends cause to wet their handkerchiefs. Nay, master, I'll tell you a better course than so: you and I will go and rob my uncle; if we 'scape, we'll domineer together; if we be taken, we'll be hanged together at Tyburn; that's the warmer gallows of the two.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. By your leave, sir, whereabout dwells one Master Bubble?

Bub. Do you hear, my friend; do you know Master Bubble if you do see him?

Mes. No, in truth, do I not.

Bub. What is your business with Master Bubble?

Mes. Marry, sir, I come with welcome news to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Mes. May I be assured, sir, that your name is Master Bubble?

Bub. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is Master Bubble, Master Bartholomew Bubble.

Mes. Why then, sir, you are heir to a million; for your uncle, the rich usurer, is dead.

Bub. Pray thee, honest friend, go to the next haberdasher's, and bid him send me a new melancholy hat, and take thou that for thy labour.

Mes. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter another Messenger, hastily, and knocks.

Bub. Umh, umh, umh.

Staines. I would the news were true; see how my little Bubble is blown up with't!

Bub. Do you hear, my friend; for what do you knock there?

2 *Mes.* Marry, sir, I would speak with the worshipful Master Bubble.

Bub. The worshipful! and what would you do with the worshipful Master Bubble? I am the man.

2 *Mes.* I cry your worship mercy then: Master Thong, the belt-maker, sent me to your worship, to give you notice, that your uncle is dead, and that you are his only heir. [*Exit.*

Bub. Thy news is good, and I have looked for't long;
Thanks unto thee, my friend, and goodman Thong.

Enter Mr Blank.

Staines. Certainly this news is true; for see another; by this light, his scrivener!—Now, Mr Blank, whither away so fast?

Blank. Mr Staines, God save you: Where is your man?

Staines. Why, look you, sir? do you not see him?

Blank. God save the right worshipful Mr Bubble; I bring you heavy news with a light heart.

Bub. What are you?

Blank. I am your worship's poor scrivener.

Bub. He is an honest man, it seems, for he hath both his ears.

Blank. I am one that your worship's uncle committed some trust in for the putting out of his money, and I hope I shall have the putting out of your's.

Bub. The putting out of mine! Would you have the putting out of my money?

Blank. Yea, sir.

Bub. No, sir, I am old enough to put out my own money.

Blank. I have writings of your worship's.

Staines. As thou lovest thy profit, hold thy tongue; thou and I will confer.

Bub. Do you hear, my friend; can you tell me when, and how my uncle died?

Blank. Yes, sir; he died this morning, and he was killed by a butcher.

Bub. How! by a butcher?

Blank. Yes, indeed, sir; for going this morning into the market to cheapen meat, he fell down stark dead, because a butcher asked him four shillings for a shoulder of mutton.

Bub. How, stark dead! and could not aqua vitæ fetch him again?

Blank. No, sir, nor rosa solis neither; and yet there was trial made of both.

Bub. I shall love aqua vitæ and rosa solis the better while I live.

Staines. Will it please your worship to accept of my poor service? you know my case is desperate; I beseech you that I may feed upon your bread, though it be of the brownest, and drink of your drink, though it be of the smallest; for I am humble in body, and dejected in mind, and will do your worship as good service for forty shillings a year, as another shall for three pounds.

Bub. I will not stand with you for such a matter, because you have been my master; but otherwise I will entertain no man, without some knight's or lady's letter for their behaviour: Gervase, I take it, is your Christian name.

Staines. Yes, if it please your worship.

Bub. Well, Gervase, be a good servant, and you shall find me a dutiful master; and because

you have been a gentleman, I will entertain you for my tutor in behaviour.—Conduct me to my palace. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Geraldine, *as in his Study, reading.*

Ger. "As little children love to play with fire,
And will not leave till they themselves do burn;
So did I fondly dally with desire,
Until love's flame grew hot; I could not turn,
Nor well avoid, but sigh, and sob, and mourn,
As children do when as they feel the pain,
Till tender mothers kiss them whole again."
Fie! what unsavoury stuff is this! but she,
Whose mature judgment can distinguish things,
Will thus conceit—tales that are harshest told,
Have smoothest meanings, and to speak are bold:
It is the first-born sonnet of my brain;
Why suck'd a white leaf from my black-lipp'd pen,
So sad employment?

Enter Will Rash *and* Longfield.

Yet the dry paper drinks it up as deep
As if it flowed from Petrarch's cunning quill.

W. Rash. How now! what have we here? a sonnet and a satire, coupled together like my lady's dog and her monkey? "As little children," &c.

Ger. Pr'ythee, away; by the deepest oath that can be sworn, thou shalt not read it; by our friendship I conjure thee, pr'ythee let go.

W. Rash. Now, in the name of Cupid, what want'st thou? a pigeon, a dove, a mate, a turtle? dost thou love fowl, ha?
O no; she's fairer thrice than is the queen,
Who beauteous Venus called is by name:
Pr'ythee let me know what she is thou lovest, that I may shun her, if I should chance to meet her.

Long. Why, I'll tell you, sir, what she is, if you do not know.

W. Rash. No, not I, I protest.

Long. Why, 'tis your sister.

Will. How! my sister?

Long. Yes, your eldest sister.

W. Rash. Now, God bless the man! he had better chuse a wench that has been bred and born in an alley; her tongue is a perpetual motion; thought is not so swift as it is; and, for pride, she woman that had her ruff poaked by the devil, is but a *puritan to her.*[3]—Thou could'st never have fastened thy affection on a worse subject; she'll flout faster than a court waiting-woman in progress;[4] any man that comes in the way of honesty does she set her mark upon, that is, a villainous jest; for she is a kind of poetess, and will make ballads upon the calves of your

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[3] *The woman that had her ruff poaked by the devil, is but a puritan to her.*—The story here alluded to (for the notice of which I am obliged to the kindness of Mr Steevens) is to be found in *Stubbs's Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, p. 48. The reader will excuse the length of the quotation. "But amongst many other fearful examples of God's wrath against pride, I would wish them to set before their eies the fearful judgment of God, shewed upon a gentlewoman of Antwerpe of late, even the 27 of Maie, 1582, the fearful sound whereof is blowne through all the world, and is yet fresh in every man's memory. This gentlewoman being a very rich merchantman's daughter, upon a time was invited to a bridal or wedding, which was solemnized in that towne, against which day she made great preparation for the pluming of herself in gorgeous aray: that as her body was most beautiful, faire, and proper, so her attire in every respect might be answerable to the same. For the accomplishment whereof, she curled her haire, she died her lockes, and laid them out after the best manner: she colloured her face with waters and ointments; but in no case could she get any (so curious and dainty she was) that could starch and set her ruffes and neckerchers to her minde: wherefore she sent for a couple of laundresses, who did the best they could to please her humours, but in any wise they could not: then fell she to sweare and teare, to curse and ban, casting the ruffes under feete, and wishing that the devill might take her when shee did weare any neckerchers againe. In the meane time (through the sufferance of God) the devill transforming himselfe into the shape of a young man, as brave and proper as she in every point, in outward appearance, came in, faining himself to be a woer or sutor unto her: and seeing her thus agonized, and in such a pelting chafe, he demaunded of her the cause thereof, who straight way told him (as women can conceal nothing that lieth upon their stomacks) how she was abused in the setting of her ruffes; which thing being heard of him, he promissed to please her mind, and so tooke in hande the setting of her ruffes, which he performed to her great contentation and liking; insomuch, as she, looking herselfe in a glasse (as the devill bad her) became greatly inamoured with him. This done, the young man kissed her, in the doing whereof, hee writh her neck in sunder, so she died miserably; her body being straight waies changed into blew and black colours, most ugglesome to beholde, and her face (which before was so amorous) became most deformed and fearfull to looke upon. This being knowne in the citie, great preparation was made for her buriall, and a rich coffin was provided, and her fearfull body was laid therein, and covered very sumptuously. Foure men immediately assayed to lift up the corpes, but could not move it; then sixe attempted the like, but could not once stirre it from the place where it stood. Whereat the standers-by marvelling, caused the coffin to be opened to see the cause thereof: where they found the body to be taken away, and a blacke catte, very leane and deformed, sitting in the coffin, setting of great ruffes, and frizling of haire, to the greate feare and woonder of all the beholders."

[4] *In progress.*—*i. e.* during the court's progress, when the king or queen visited the different counties. S.

legs. I pr'ythee, let her alone, she'll never make a good wife for any man, unless it be a leather-dresser; for perhaps he, in time, may turn her.

Ger. Thou hast a privilege to utter this:
But by my life, my own blood could not 'scape
A chastisement, for thus profaning her,
Whose virtues sit above men's calumnies.
Had mine own brother spoke thus liberally,[5]
My fury should have taught him better manners.

Long. No more words, as you fear a challenge.

W. Rash. I may tell thee in thine ear, I am glad to hear what I do; I pray God send her no worse husband, nor he no worse wife. Do you hear, love, will you take your cloak and rapier, and walk abroad into some wholesome air? I do much fear thy infection; good counsel, I see, will do no good on thee; but pursue the end, and to thy thoughts I'll prove a faithful friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Spendall, Nan Tickleman, Sweatman, Pursenet, *and a Drawer.*

Spen. Here's a spacious room to walk in: sirrah, set down the candle, and fetch us a quart of ipocras,[6] and so we'll part.

Sweat. Nay, faith, son, we'll have a pottle; let's ne'er be covetous in our young days.

Spen. A pottle, sirrah; do you hear?

Draw. Yes, sir, you shall.

Spen. How now, wench! how dost?

Tick. Faith I am somewhat sick; yet I should be well enough if I had a new gown.

Spen. Why, here's my hand; within these three days thou shalt have one.

Sweat. And will you, son, remember me for a new fore-part? by my troth, my old one is worn so bare, I am ashamed any body should see't.

Spen. Why, did I ever fail of my promise?

Sweat. No, in sincerity, didst thou not.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's a cup of rich ipocras. [*Exit.*

Spen. Here, sister, mother, and Mr Pursenet; nay, good sir, be not so dejected; for, by this wine, to-morrow I will send you stuff for a new suit, and as much as shall line you a cloak clean through.

Purse. I thank you, and shall study to deserve—

Spen. Here, boy, fill; and hang that curmogin that's good for nobody but himself.

Purse. Heroically spoken! by this candle, 'tis pity thou wert not made a lord.

Spen. A lord! by this light, I do not think but to be lord mayor of London before I die, and have three pageants carried before me, besides a ship and an unicorn. Apprentices may pray for that time; for, whenever it happens, I will make another Shrove Tuesday[7] for them.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Young Mr Rash has sent you a quart of maligo.

Spen. Mr Rash! zounds! how does he know that I am here?

Draw. Nay, I know not, sir.

Spen. Know not! it comes through you and your rascally glib-tongued companions; 'tis my master's son; a fine gentleman he is, and a boon companion; I must go see him. [*Exit* Spendall.

Sweat. Boy, fill us a cup of your Maligo, we'll drink to Mr Spendall in his absence; there's not a finer spirit of a citizen within the walls.—Here, Mr Pursenet, you shall pledge him.

Pur. I'll not refuse it, were it puddle: by Styx, he is a bountiful gentleman, and I shall report him so. Here, Mrs Tickleman, shall I charge you?

Tick. Do your worst, serjeant; I'll pledge my young Spendall a whole sea, as they say; fa, la, la, la, la. Would the music were here again; I do begin to be wanton. Ipocras, sirrah, and a dry bisket. Here, bawd, a carouse.

Sweat. Bawd! i'faith you begin to grow light i'the head. I pray no more such words; for, if you do, I shall grow into distempers.

Tick. Distempers! hang your distempers; be angry with me and thou darest. I pray, who feeds you, but I? who keeps thy feather-beds from the brokers, but I? 'tis not your sausage-face, thick, clouted-cream rampallion[8] at home, that snuffles in the nose like a decayed bag-pipe.

Pur. Nay, sweet Mrs Tickleman, be concordant; reverence antiquity.

Enter Rash, Longfield, *and* Spendall.

Rash. Save you, sweet creatures of beauty, save you: how now old Beelzebub, how dost thou?

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[5] *Liberally*—*i. e.* licentiously.

[6] *Ipocras.*—A wine mentioned in the metrical romance of the *Squbs of Low Degre*:

"———— Malmesyne,
Both *ypocrasse* and Vernage wine." S.

See note 27 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 530.

[7] *Shrove Tuesday.*—From this passage it seems as though Shrove Tuesday was formerly a holiday for apprentices. So in Ben Jonson's *Epicœne*, A. I. S. I. it is said of *Morose*, "he would have hanged a pewterer's *prentice* on a *Shrove Tuesday's* riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were quit."

[8] *Rampallion*—A term of vulgar abuse. So Falstaff says, "away, you scullion! you *rampallion*! you fustilarian!" *2d Part of Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 1. See also Mr Steevens's note on the passage.

Sweat. Beelzebub! Beelzebub in thy face.

Spen. Nay, good words, Mrs Sweatman; he's a young gallant, you must not weigh what he says.

Rash. I would my lamentable complaining lover had been here, here had been a supersedeas for his melancholy; and, i'faith, Frank, I am glad my father has turn'd over his shop to thee: I hope I, or any friend of mine, shall have so much credit with thee, as to stand in thy books for a suit of sattin.

Spen. For a whole piece, if you please; any friend of your's shall command me to the last remnant.

Rash. Why, God-a-mercy, Frank; what, shall's to dice?

Spen. Dice or drink; here's forty crowns; as long as that will last, any thing.

Rash. Why, there spoke a gingling boy.

Spen. A pox of money, 'tis but rubbish; and he that hoards it up is but a scavenger. If there be cards i'the house, let's go to primero.[9]

Rash. Primero! Why, I thought thou hadst not been so much gamester as to play at it.

Spen. Gamester! to say truth, I am none; but what is it I will not be in good company? I will fit myself to all humours; I will game with a gamester, drink with a drunkard, be civil with a citizen, fight with a swaggerer, and drab with a whore-master.

Enter a Swaggerer, puffing.

Rash. An excellent humour, i'faith.

Long. Zounds! what have we here?

Spen. A land-porpoise, I think.

Rash. This is no angry, nor no roaring boy, but a blustering boy: now, Æolus defend us, what puffs are these?

Swag. I do smell a whore.

Draw. O gentlemen, give him good words, he's one of the roaring boys.

Swag. Rogue!

Draw. Here, sir.

Swag. Take my cloak, I must unbuckle; my pickled oysters work; puff, puff.

Spen. Puff, puff.

Swag. Dost thou retort? in opposition stand.

Spen. Out, you swaggering rogue; zounds, I'll kick him out of the room. [*Beats him away.*

Tick. Out, alas! their naked tools are out.

Spen. Fear not, sweetheart; come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gartred *sola.*

Gar. Thrice happy days they were, and too soon gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue;
And no deceitful flattery or guile
Hung on the lover's tear-commixed smile.
Could women learn but that imperiousness,
By which men use to stint our happiness,
When they have purchased us for to be their's,
By customary sighs and forced tears;
To give us bits of kindness, lest we faint,
But no abundance, that we ever want,
And still are begging; which too well they know
Endears affection, and doth make it grow:
Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,
That we might glory over love-sick men!
But arts we know not, nor have any skill,
To feign a sour look to a pleasing will;

Enter Joice.

Nor couch a secret love in shew of hate:
But, if we like, must be compassionate.
Yet I will strive to bridle and conceal
The hid affection which my heart doth feel.

Joice. Now the boy with the bird-bolt[10] be praised! Nay, faith sister, forward, 'was an excellent passion.[11] Come, let's hear, what is he? If he be a proper man, and have a black eye, a smooth chin, and a curled pate, take him, wench; if my father will not consent, run away with him, I'll help to convey you.

Gar. You talk strangely, sister.

Joice. Sister, sister, dissemble not with me, though you do mean to dissemble with your lover. Though you have protested to conceal your affection, by this tongue you shall not; for I'll discover all as soon as I know the gentleman.

Gar. Discover! what will you discover?

Joice. Marry, enough, I'll warrant thee. First and foremost, I'll tell him thou read'st love-passions in print, and speakest every morning without book to thy looking-glass: next, that thou never sleepest till an hour after the bell-man; that, as soon as thou art asleep, thou art in a dream, and in a dream thou art the kindest and comfortable bed-fellow for kissings and embracings; by this hand, I cannot rest for thee; but our father——

Enter Sir Lionel.

Sir L. How now! what are you two consult-

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[9] *Primero.*—A game at cards often mentioned and alluded to in old plays.

[10] *The boy with the bird-bolt—i. e.* Cupid. "The bird bolt," Mr Stevens observes (note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. I. S. I.) "is a short, thick arrow, without point, and spreading at the extremity so much as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow."

[11] *An excellent passion.*—*A passion* was formerly a name given to love poems of the plaintive species. Many of them are preserved in the Miscellanies of the times. See *England's Helicon*, The Shepheard Damon's *Passion*, and others.

ing on? on husbands? You think you lose time,
I am sure; but hold your own a little, girls; it
shall not be long ere I provide for you: and for
you, Gartred, I have bethought myself already.
Whirlpit, the usurer, is late deceased;
A man of unknown wealth, which he has left
Unto a provident kinsman, as I hear,
That was once servant to that unthrift Staines.
A prudent gentleman, they say he is,
And, as I take it, called Master Bubble.

Joice. Bubble!

Sir L. Yes, nimble-chaps; what say you to that?

Joice. Nothing; but that I wish his christian name were Water.

Gar. Sir, I'm at your disposing; but my mind
Stands not as yet towards marriage.
Were you so pleased, I would a little longer
Enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

Sir L. Here's the right trick of them all; let a man
Be motioned to 'em, they could be content
To lead a single life, forsooth; when the harlots
Do pine and run into diseases,
Eat chalk and oatmeal, cry and creep in corners,
Which are manifest tokens of their longings;
And yet they will dissemble. But, Gartred,
As you do owe me reverence, and will pay it,
Prepare yourself to like this gentleman,
Who can maintain thee in thy choice of gowns,
Of tires, of servants, and of costly jewels;
Nay, for a need, out of his easy nature,
May'st draw him to the keeping of a coach [12]
For country, and carroch for London;
Indeed, what might'st thou not?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's one come from Mr Bubble to invite you to the funeral of his uncle.

Sir L. Thank the messenger, and make him drink.
Tell him I will not fail to wait the corse:
Yet stay, I will go talk with him myself.
Gartred, think upon what I have told you;
And let me, ere it be long, receive your answer.
[*Exeunt Sir Lionel and Servant.*

Joice. Sister, sister!

Gar. What say you, sister?

Joice. Shall I provide a cord?

Gar. A cord! what to do?

Joice. Why, to let thee out at the window.—Do not I know that thou wilt run away with the gentleman, for whom you made the passion, rather than endure this same Bubble that my father talks of? 'Twere good you would let me be of your counsel, lest I break the neck of your plot.

Gar. Sister, know I love thee,
And I'll not think a thought thou shalt not know.
I love a gentleman, that answers me
In all the rights of love as faithfully;
Has woo'd me oft with sonnets and with tears;
Yet I seem still to slight him. Experience tells,
The jewel that's enjoyed is not esteemed;
Things hardly got, are always highest deemed.

Joice. You say well, sister; but it is not good to linger out too long; continuance of time will take away any man's stomach in the world. I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

Gar. You shall.

Joice. Why go to then, you shall have my opinion of him; if he deserve thee, thou shalt delay him no longer; for if you cannot find in your heart to tell him you love him, I'll sigh it out for you. Come, we little creatures must help one another. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Geraldine.

Ger. How cheerfully things look in this place!
'Tis always spring-time here; such is the grace
And potency of her who has the bliss,
To make it still Elysium where she is.
Nor doth the king of flames in's golden fires,
After a tempest, answer men's desires,
When as he casts his comfortable beams,
Over the flowery fields and silver streams,
As her illustrate beauty strikes in me,
And wraps my soul up to felicity.

Enter Gartred *and* Joice *aloft.*

Joice. Do you hear, sir?

Gar. Why, sister, what will you do?

Joice. By my maidenhead, an oath which I ne'er took in vain, either go down and comfort him, or I'll call him up, and disclose all. What, will you have no mercy? but let a proper man, that might spend the spirit of his youth upon yourself, fall into a consumption? for shame, sister!

Gar. You are the strangest creature—what would you have me do?

Joice. Marry, I would have you go to him, take him by the hand, and gripe him; say, you are welcome, I love you with all my heart, you are the man must do the feat; and take him about the neck, and kiss upon the bargain.

Gar. Fie, how you talk! 'tis mere immodesty,
The common'st strumpet would not do so much.

Joice. Marry, the better; for such as are honest
Should still do what the common strumpet will not.
Speak, will you do it?

Gar. I'll lose his company for ever first.

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[12] *Coach—carroch.*—See note 38 to *Ram Alley*, p. 310.

Joice. Do you hear, sir? here is a gentlewoman would speak with you.

Gar. Why, sister! pray, sister—

Joice. One that loves you with all her heart, yet is ashamed to confess it.

Gar. Good sister, hold your tongue; I will go down to him.

Joice. Do not jest with me; for, by this hand, I'll either get him up, or go down myself, and read the whole history of your love to him.

Gar. If you'll forbear to call, I will go down.

Joice. Let me see your back, then; and, hear you? do not use him scurvily; you were best unset all your tyrannical looks, and bid him lovingly welcome; or, as I live, I'll stretch out my voice again. Uds foot, I must take some pains, I see, or we shall never have this gear cotten:[13] but, to say truth, the fault is in my melancholy monsieur; for if he had but half so much spirit as he has flesh, he might have boarded her by this. But see, yonder she marches; now a passion on his side of half an hour long—his hat is off already, as if he were begging one poor pennyworth of kindness.

Enter Gartred.

Ger. Shall I presume, fair mistress, on your hand to lay my unworthy lip?

Joice. Fie upon him, I am ashamed to hear him; you shall have a country-fellow at a Maypole go better to his work. He had need to be constant, for he is able to spoil as many maids as he shall fall in love withal.

Gar. Sir, you profess love unto me; let me entreat you it may appear but in some small request.

Ger. Let me know it, lady, and I shall soon effect it.

Gar. But for this present to forbear this place,
Because my father is expected here.

Ger. I am gone, lady.

Joice. Do you hear, sir?

Ger. Did you call?

Joice. Look up to the window.

Ger. What say you, gentlewoman?

Gar. Nay, pray sir, go; it is my sister calls to hasten you.

Joice. I call to speak with you; pray stay a little.

Ger. The gentlewoman has something to say to me.

Gar. She has nothing; I do conjure you, as you love me, stay not. [*Exit* Joice.

Ger. The power of magic cannot fasten me; I am gone.

Gar. Good sir, look back no more, what voice
ere call you.
Imagine, going from me, you were coming,
And use the same speed, as you love my safety.
[*Exit* Geraldine.
Wild-witted sister, I have prevented you:
I will not have my love yet opened to him.
By how much longer 'tis ere it be known,
By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchased.
But I must use my strength to stop her journey,
For she will after him: and see, she comes.

Enter Joice.

Nay, sister, you are at farthest.

Joice. Let me go, you were best; for if you wrestle with me, I shall throw you.—Passion, come back, fool; lover, turn again, and kiss your belly full;
For here she is will stand you, do your worst.
Will you let me go?

Gar. Yes, if you'll stay.

Joice. If I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come together of yourselves, and be naught; do what you will; for if e'er I trouble myself again, let me want help in such a case when I need.

Gar. Nay, but pr'ythee, sister, be not angry.

Joice. I will be angry. Uds foot! I cannot endure such foolery, I! Two bashful fools, that would couple together, and yet ha' not the faces.

Gar. Nay, pr'ythee, sweet sister.

Joice. Come, come, let me go; birds that want the use of reason and speech, can couple together in one day; and yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Gar. Why, what good would it do you to tell him?

Joice. Do not talk to me, for I am deaf to any thing you say; go weep and cry.

Gar. Nay, but sister. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Staines, *and Drawer with Wine.*

Staines. Drawer, bid them make haste at home.
Tell them they are coming from church.

Draw. I will, sir. [*Exit Drawer.*

Staines. That I should live to be a serving-man! a fellow which scalds his mouth with another man's porridge; brings up meat for other men's bellies, and carries away the bones for his own; changes his clean trencher for a foul one, and is glad of it: and yet did I never live so merry a life, when I was my master's master, as now I do, being man to my man. And I will stand to't, for all my former speeches, a serving-man lives a better life than his master; and thus I prove it: the saying is, The nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh; then must the serving-man needs eat the sweeter flesh, for he always picks the bones. And again, the proverb says, The

[13] *This gear cotten*—See note 25 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, Vol. I. p. 146.

deeper the sweeter: there has the serving-man the advantage again, for he drinks still in the bottom of the pot; he fills his belly, and never asks what's to pay; wears broad-cloth, and yet dares walk Watling-street [14] without any fear of his draper. And for his colours, they are according to the season; in the summer, he is apparelled (for the most part) like the heavens, in blue; in the winter, like the earth, in frize.

Enter BUBBLE, *Sir* LIONEL, LONGFIELD, *and* SPRINKLE.

But see, I am prevented in my encomium:
I could have maintain'd this theme these two hours.

Sir L. Rash. Well, God rest his soul, he is gone, and we must all follow him.

Bub. Aye, aye, he's gone, sir Lionel, he's gone.

Sir L. Rash. Why, though he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that can fetch him back again, with all your cunning; it must be your comfort that he died well.

Bub. Truly, and so it is; I would to God I had e'en another uncle that would die no worse; surely I shall weep again, if I should find my handkerchief.

Long. How now! what are these, onions?

Bub. Aye, aye, sir Lionel, they are my onions; I thought to have had them roasted this morning for my cold: Gervase, you have not wept to-day, pray take your onions. Gentlemen, the remembrance of death is sharp, therefore there is a banquet within to sweeten your conceits: I pray walk in, gentlemen, walk you in; you know I must needs be melancholy, and keep my chamber.—Gervase, usher them to the banquet.

Staines. I shall, sir—Please you, sir Lionel.

[*Gentlemen and* GERVASE *go out.*

Sir L. Rash. Well, Master Bubble, we'll go in and taste of your bounty.
In the mean time, you must be of good cheer.

Bub. If grief take not away my stomach,
I will have good cheer, I warrant you. Sprinkle!

Sprinkle. Sir?

Bub. Had the women puddings to their dole? [15]

Sprinkle. Yes, sir.

Bub. And how did they take 'em?

Sprinkle. Why, with their hands; how should they take 'em?

Bub. O thou Hercules of ignorance! I mean, how were they satisfied?

Sprinkle. By my troth, sir, but so so; and yet some of them had two.

Bub. O insatiable women! whom two puddings would not satisfy! But vanish, Sprinkle; bid your fellow Gervase come hither.

[*Exit* SPRINKLE.

And off my mourning-robes: grief, to the grave,
For I have gold, and therefore will be brave: [16]
In silks I'll rattle it of every colour,
And, when I go by water, scorn a sculler.

Enter STAINES.

In black carnation velvet I will cloak me,
And when men bid God save me, cry, *Tu quoque.*
It is needful a gentleman should speak Latin sometimes, is it not, Gervase?

Staines. O, very graceful, sir; your most accomplished gentlemen are known by it.

Bub. Why then will I make use of that little I have upon times and occasions. Here, Gervase, take this bag, and run presently to the mercer's; buy me seven ells of horse-flesh-coloured taffata, nine yards of yellow sattin, and eight yards of orange tawney velvet. Then run to the tailor's, the haberdasher's, the sempster's, the cutler's, the perfumer's, and to all trades whatsoever, that belong to the making-up of a gentleman; and, amongst the rest, let not the barber be forgotten: and look that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can snap his fingers with dexterity. [17]

Staines. I shall fit you, sir.

Bub. Do so, good Gervase; it is time my beard were corrected, for it is grown so saucy, as it begins to play with my nose.

Staines. Your nose, sir, must endure it; for it is in part the fashion.

Bub. Is it in fashion? why then my nose shall endure it, let it tickle his worst.

Staines. Why, now you're i'the right, sir; if you will be a true gallant, you must bear things resolute. As thus, sir; if you be at an ordinary, and chance to lose your money at play, you must not fret and fume, tear cards, and fling away dice, as your ignorant gamester, or country-gentleman does; but you must put on a calm, temperate action, with a kind of careless smile, in contempt of fortune, as not being able, with all

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[14] *Watling-street.*—This street, *Stow* observes, in his time, was inhabited by wealthy drapers, retailers of woollen cloths, both broad and narrow, of all sorts, more than any one of the city.

[15] *Dole.*—"*Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor in great families." Mr Steevens's note to *The Winters Tale*, A. 1. S. 1. See also the notes of Sir John Hawkins and Mr Steevens to *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 2.

[16] *Brave.*—fine. See note 27 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 578.

[17] *One that can snap his fingers with dexterity.*—So in *Ben Jonson's Epicœne*, A. 1. S. 2. one of the negative qualities which Morose approved in Cutbeard, was, *that he had not the knack with his sheers, or his fingers*, which, says Clerimont, "in a barber, he (Morose) thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel."

her engines, to batter down one piece of your estate, that your means may be thought invincible. Never tell your money, nor what you have won, nor what you have lost. If a question be made, your answer must be, what I have lost, I have lost; what I have won, I have won. A close heart and free hand, make a man admired; a testern or a shilling to a servant that brings you a glass of beer, binds his hands to his lips; you shall have more service of him than his master; he will be more humble to you, than a cheater before a magistrate.

Bub. Gervase, give me thy hand: I think thou hast more wit than I, that am thy master; and, for this speech only, I do here create thee my steward. I do long, methinks, to be at an ordinary; to smile at fortune, and to be bountiful. Gervase, about your business, good Gervase, whilst I go and meditate upon a gentleman-like behaviour. I have an excellent gait already, Gervase, have I not?

Staines. Hercules, himself, sir, had never a better gait.

Bub. But dispatch, Gervase; the sattin and the velvet must be thought upon, and the *Tu Quoque* must not be forgotten; for whensoever I give arms, that shall be my motto.

[*Exit* Bubble.

Staines. What a fortune had I thrown upon me, when I preferred myself into this fellow's service! Indeed I serve myself and not him; for this gold here is my own, truly purchased: he has credit, and shall run i'the books for't. I'll carry things so cunningly, that he shall not be able to look into my actions. My mortgage I have already got into my hands: the rent he shall enjoy a while, till his riot constrain him to sell it; which I will purchase with his own money. I must cheat a little: I have been cheated upon; therefore, I hope the world will a little the better excuse me. What his uncle craftily got from me, I will knavishly recover of him. To come by it, I must vary shapes, and my first shift shall be in sattin.

Proteus, propitious be to my disguise,
And I shall prosper in my enterprise. [*Exit.*

Enter Spendall, Pursenet, *and a Boy with Rackets.*

Spen. A rubber, sirrah.

Boy. You shall, sir.

Spen. And bid those two men, you said would speak with me, come in.

Boy. I will, sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Spen. Did I not play this sett well?

Enter Blank *and another.*

Purse. Excellent well: by Phaeton, by Erebus, it went as if it had cut the line.

Blank. God bless you, sir.

Spen. Mr Blank, welcome.

Blank. Here's the gentleman's man, sir, has brought the money.

Ser. Will't please you tell it, sir?

Spen. Have you the bond ready, Mr Blank?

Blank. Yes, sir.

Spen. 'Tis well: Pursenet, help to tell—10, 11, 12.

What time have you given?

Blank. The thirteenth of the next month.

Spen. 'Tis well: here's light gold.

Serv. 'Twill be the less troublesome to carry.

Spen. You say well, sir; how much hast thou told?

Purse. In gold and silver, here is twenty pounds.

Blank. 'Tis right, Mr Spendall, I'll warrant you.

Spen. I'll take your warrant, sir, and tell no farther.

Come, let me see the condition of this obligation.

Purse. A man may win from him that cares not for't.

This royal Cæsar doth regard no cash;
Has thrown away as much in ducks and drakes,
As would have bought some 50,000 capons.

Spen. 'Tis very well; so, lend me your pen.

Purse. This is the captain of brave citizens;
The Agamemnon of all merry Greeks;
A Stukeley or a Sherley, for his spirit,[18]

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[18] *A Stukeley or a Sherley.*—The spirit of enterprise which had been raised and encouraged in the reign of Elizabeth, was extremely favourable to the reputation of those adventurers who sought to mend their fortunes by encountering difficulties of any kind in a foreign country. *Stukeley* and the *Sherleys* appear to have been held in great estimation by the people in general. The former was a dissolute wretch, born in Devonshire, who squandered away his property in riot and debauchery; then left the kingdom, and signalized his valour at the battle fought at Alcazar in Barbary, in August 1578, where he was killed. See an account of him in a ballad, published in *Evans's Collection*, 1777, vol. II. p. 103; also the old play, entitled, The Battle of Alcazar, with the Death of Captain Stukeley, 4to. 1594. Of the Sherleys, there were three brothers, Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Sir Francis; Sir Anthony was one of those gallant spirits who went to annoy the Spaniards in their West India settlements, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He afterwards travelled to Persia, and returned to England in the quality of ambassador from the Sophi in 1612. The next year he published an account of his travels. He was, by the emperor of Germany, raised to the dignity of a count; and the king of Spain made him admiral of the Levant Sea. He died in Spain after the year 1630. Sir Robert was introduced to the Persian court by his bro-

Bounty, and royalty, to men at arms.

Blank. You give this as your deed?

Spen. Marry do I, sir.

Blank. Pleaseth this gentleman to be a witness?

Spen. Yes, marry shall he; Pursenet, your hand.

Purse. My hand is at thy service, noble Brutus.

Spen. There's for your kindness, Mr Blank.

Blank. I thank you, sir.

Spen. For your pains.

Ser. I'll take my leave of you.

Spen. What, must you be gone too, Master Blank?

Blank. Yes, indeed, sir; I must to the Exchange.

Spen. Farewell to both.—Pursenet,
Take that twenty pounds, and give it Mistress Sweatman;
Bid her pay her landlord and apothecary,
And let her butcher and her baker stay;
They're honest men, and I'll take order with them.

Purse. The butcher and the baker then shall stay.

Spen. They must, till I am somewhat stronger purst.

Purse. If this be all, I have my errand perfect. [*Exit* Pursenet.

Spen. Here, sirrah, here's for balls; there's for yourself.

Boy. I thank your worship.

Spen. Commend me to your mistress. [*Exit.*

Boy. I will, sir.—In good faith 'tis the liberal'st gentleman that comes into our court; why, he cares no more for a shilling than I do for a box o'the ear, God bless him. [*Exit.*

Enter Staines *gallant*, Longfield, *and a Servant.*

Staines. Sirrah, what a clock is't?

Ser. Past ten, sir.

Staines. Here will not be a gallant seen this hour.

Ser. Within this quarter, sir, and less; they meet here as soon as at any ordinary in the town.

Staines. Hast any tobacco?

Ser. Yes, sir.

Staines. Fill.

Long. Why, thou report'st miracles, things not to be believed: I protest to thee, had'st thou not unript thyself to me, I should never have known thee.

Staines. I tell you true, sir; I was so far gone, that desperation knocked at my elbow, and whisper'd news to me out of Barbary,[19]

Long. Well, I am glad so good an occasion staid thee at home.
And may'st thou prosper in thy project, and go on
With best success of thy invention.

Staines. False dice say amen; for that's my induction:
I do mean to cheat to-day without respect of persons.
When saw'st thou Will Rash?

Long. This morning at his chamber; he'll be here.

Staines. Why then do thou give him my name and character, for my aim is wholly at my worshipful master.

Long. Nay, thou shalt take another in to him, one that laughs out his life in this ordinary, thanks any man that wins his money; all the while his money is losing, he swears by the cross of this silver; and when it is gone, he changeth it to the hilts of his sword.

Enter Scattergood *and* Ninnihammer.

Staines. He'll be an excellent coach-horse for my captain.

Scat. Save you, gallants, save you.

Long. How think you now? have I not carved him out to you?

Staines. Thou hast lighted me into his heart, I see him thoroughly.

Scat. Ninnihammer!

Nin. Sir?

Scat. Take my cloak, and rapier also. I think it be early: gentlemen, what time do you take it to be?

Staines. Inclining to eleven, sir.

Scat. Inclining! a good word. I would it were inclining to twelve, for by my stomach it should be high noon. But what shall we do, gallants? shall we to cards till our company come?

Long. Please you, sir.

Scat. Harry, fetch some cards; methinks 'tis

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ther Sir Anthony; and was also sent ambassador from the Sophi to James I. but did not arrive until the accession of his successor. When on his first audience with the king, February 1626, the Persian ambassador then resident in England, in the king's presence, snatched the letters which were brought by him out of his hands, tore them to pieces, and struck him a blow on the face; at the same time declaring him an impostor, and the letters forgeries Charles being unable to discover the truth of these charges, sent both the ambassadors back to Persia, with another from himself, but all three died in the course of the voyage. Sir Francis, the eldest brother, was unfortunate.

[19] *Whispered news to me out of Barbary.*—Alluding to Stukeley's desperate condition when he quitted England.

an unseemly sight to see gentlemen stand idle; please you to impart your smoke?

Long. Very willingly, sir.

Scat. In good faith, a pipe of excellent vapour.

Long. The best the house yields.

Scat. Had you it in the house? I thought it had been your own: 'tis not so good now as I took it to be. Come, gentlemen, what's your game?

Staines. Why, gleek; that's your only game.

Scat. Gleek let it be, for I am persuaded I shall gleek some of you. Cut, sir.

Long. What play we? twelvepence gleek?

Scat. Twelvepence! a crown; uds foot, I will not spoil my memory for twelvepence.

Long. With all my heart.

Staines. Honour.

Scat. What is't, hearts?

Staines. The king, what say you?

Long. You must speak, sir.

Scat. Why, I bid thirteen.

Staines. Fourteen.

Scat. Fifteen.

Staines. Sixteen.

Long. Sixteen, seventeen.

Staines. You shall ha't for me.

Scat. Eighteen.

Long. Take it to you, sir.

Scat. Ud's life, I'll not be out-braved.

Staines. I vie it.

Long. I'll none of it.

Scat. Nor I.

Staines, Give me a mournival of aces, and a gleek of queens.

Long. And me a gleek of knaves.

Scat. Ud's life, I am gleeked this time.

Enter Will Rash.

Staines. Play.

W. Rash. Equal fortunes befall you, gallants.

Scat. Will Rash, well, I pray see what a vile game I have.

W. Rash. What's your game, gleek?

Scat. Yes, faith, gleek; and I have not one court card, but the knave of clubs.

W. Rash. Thou hast a wild hand indeed; thy small cards shew like a troop of rebels, and the knave of clubs their chief leader.

Scat. And so they do, as God save me; by the cross of this silver, he says true.

Enter Spendall.

Staines. Pray play, sir.

Long. Honour.

W. Rash. How go the stocks, gentlemen? What's won or lost?

Staines. This is the first game.

Scat. Yes, this is the first game; but by the cross of this silver, here's all of five pounds.

Spend. Good day to you, gentlemen.

W. Rash. Frank, welcome by this hand; how do'st, lad?

Long.[20] And how does thy wench, 'faith?

W. Rash. Why, fat and plump, like thy geldings: thou givest them both good provender, it seems. Go to, thou art one of the madd'st wags of a citizen i' the town: the whole company talks of thee already.

Spend. Talk! why, let 'em talk; ud's foot, I pay scot and lot, and all manner of duties else, as well as the best of 'em: it may be they understand I keep a whore, a horse, and a kennel of hounds; what's that to them? no man's purse opens for it but mine own; and so long my hounds shall eat flesh, my horse bread, and my whore wear velvet.

W. Rash. Why, there spoke a courageous boy.

Spend. Ud's foot, shall I be confined all the days of my life, to walk under a pent-house? no, I'll take my pleasure whilst my youth affords it.

Scat. By the cross of these hilts, I'll never play at gleek again whilst I have a nose on my face: I smell the knavery of the game.

Spend. Why, what's the matter? who has lost?

Scat. Marry, that have I. By the hilts of my sword, I have lost forty crowns, in as small time almost as a might tell it.

Spend. Change your game for dice,
We are a full number for Novum.[21]

Scat. With all my heart: where's Mr Ambush the broker? Ninnihammer!

Nin. Sir.

Scat. Go to Mr Ambush, and bid him send me twenty marks upon this diamond.

Enter Bubble.

Nin. I will, sir.

Long. Look ye, to make us merrier, who comes here!

W. Rash. A fresh gamester?——Mr Bubble, God save you.

Bub. Tu quoque, sir.

Spend. God save you, Master Bubble.

Bub. Tu quoque.

Staines. Save you, sir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Long. Good Master Bubble!

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scat. Is your name Master Bubble?

Bub. Master Bubble is my name, sir.

Scat. God save you, sir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scat. I would be better acquainted with you.

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[20] *Longfield.*—The quartos give this question to Spendall.

[21] *Novum.*—See the notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Hawkins to *Love's Labour Lost.* A. 5. S. 2.

Bub. And I with you.
Scat. Pray let us salute again.
Bub. With all my heart, sir.
Long. Behold yonder the oak and the ivy, how they embrace.
W. Rash. Excellent acquaintance! they shall be the Gemini.
Bub. Shall I desire your name, sir?
Scat. Master Scattergood.
Bub. Of the Scattergoods of London?
Scat. No, indeed, sir, of the Scattergoods of Hampshire.
Bub. Good Master Scattergood!
Staines. Come, gentlemen, here's dice.
Scat. Please you advance to the table.
Bub. No, indeed, sir.
Scat. Pray will you go?
Bub. I will go, sir, over the world for your sake,
But in courtesy I will not budge a foot.

Enter Ninnihammer.

Nin. Here is the cash you sent me for: and, Master Rash,
Here is a letter from one of your sisters.
Spend. I have the dice set, gentlemen.
Long. From which sister?
W. Rash. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.
Spend. For me six.
Omnes. And six that.
Staines. Nine; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8: eighteen shillings.
Spend. What's yours, sir?
Scat. Mine's a baker's dozen: Master Bubble, tell your money.
Bub. In good faith I am but a simple gamester, and do not know what to do.
Scat. Why, you must tell your money, and he'll pay you.
Bub. My money! I do know how much my money is, but he shall not pay me; I have a better conscience than so; what, for throwing the dice twice? i'faith he should have but a hard bargain of it.
W. Rash. Witty rascal! I must needs away.
Long. Why, what's the matter?
W. Rash. Why, the lovers cannot agree: thou shalt along with me, and know all.
Long. But, first let me instruct thee in the condition of this gentleman: whom dost thou take him to be?
W. Rash. Nay, he's a stranger, I know him not.
Long. By this light but you do, if his beard were off: 'tis Staines.
W. Rash. The devil it is as soon: and what's his purpose in this disguise?
Long. Why, cheating; do you not see how he plays upon his worshipful master and the rest?
W. Rash. By my faith, he draws apace.
Spend. A pox upon these dice, give's a fresh bale.[22]
Bub. Ha, ha; the dice are not to be blamed: a man may perceive this is no gentlemanly gamester, by his chafing.—Do you hear, my friend, fill me a glass of beer, and there's a shilling for your pains.
Draw. Your worship shall, sir.
W. Rash. Why, how now, Frank; what hast lost?
Spend. Fifteen pounds and upwards; is there never an honest fellow?
Amb. What, do you lack money, sir?
Spend. Yes, can'st furnish me?
Amb. Upon a sufficient pawn, sir.
Spend. You know my shop; bid my man deliver you a piece of three-pile velvet, and let me have as much money as you dare adventure upon't.
Amb. You shall, sir.
Spend. A pox of this luck, it will not last ever: Play, sir, I'll set you.
W. Rash. Frank, better fortune befall thee: and, gentlemen, I must take my leave, for I must leave you.
Scat Must you needs begone?
W. Rash. Indeed I must.
Bub. Et tu quoque?
Long. Yes, truly.
Scat. At your discretions, gentlemen.
W. Rash. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* Rash *and* Longfield.
Staines. Cry mercy, sir; I am chanced with you all, gentlemen: here I have 7, here 7, and here 10.
Spend. 'Tis right, sir, and ten that.
Bub. And nine that.
Staines. Two fives at all. [*Draws all.*
Bub. One and five that.
Spend. Hum, and can a suit of sattin cheat so grossly? By this light, there's nought on one dye but fives and sixes. I must not be thus gulled.
Bub. Come, master Spendall, set.
Spend. No, sir, I have done.
Scat. Why then let us all leave, for I think dinner's near ready.
Draw. Your meat's upon the table.
Scat. On the table! come, gentlemen, we do

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[22] *A fresh bale.*—A bale of dice is the same as a pair of dice. So in *Ben Jonson's New Inn*, A. I. S. 3:
"For exercise of arms *a bale of dice*,
"Or two or three packs of cards, to shew the cheat,
"And nimbleness of hand."
Marston's *What you will*, A. 3. S. 1.
"——Marquesse of mum-chance, and sole regent over *a bale of false dice*."

our stomachs wrong. Mr Bubble, what have you lost?

Bub. That's no matter; what I have lost, I have lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishness of the dice.

Staines. I am but your steward, gentlemen; for after dinner I may restore it again.

Bub. Mr. Scattergood, will you walk in?

Scat. I'll wait upon you, sir; come, gentlemen, will you follow? [*Exeunt.*

Manent Spendall *and* Staines.

Staines. Yes, sir, I'll follow you.

Spen. Hear you, sir, a word.

Staines. Ten, if you please.

Spen. I have lost fifteen pounds.

Staines. And I have found it.

Spen. You say right; found it you have, indeed,
But never won it. Do you know this dye?

Staines. Not I, sir.

Spen. You seem a gentleman, and you may perceive
I have some respect unto your credit,
To take you thus aside; Will you restore
What you have drawn from me unlawfully?

Staines. Sirrah! by your outside you seem a citizen,
Whose cocks-comb I were apt enough to break,
But for the law. Go, y're a prating jack;
Nor is't your hopes of crying out for clubs,
Can save you from my chastisement, if once
You shall but dare to utter this again.

Spen. You lye, you dare not.

Staines. Lye! nay, villain, now thou tempt'st me to thy death.

Spen. Soft, you must buy it dearer;
The best blood flows within you is the price.

Staines. Dar'st thou resist? thou art no citizen.

Spen. I am a citizen.

Staines. Say thou art a gentleman, and I am satisfied;
For then I know thou'lt answer me in field.

Spen. I'll say directly what I am, a citizen;
And I will meet thee in the field, as fairly
As the best gentleman that wears a sword.

Staines. I accept it: the meeting-place?

Spen. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.[23]

Staines. What weapon?

Spen. Single rapier.

Staines. The time?

Spen. To-morrow.

Staines. The hour?

Spen. 'Twixt nine and ten.

Staines. 'Tis good; I shall expect you: farewell.

Spen. Farewell, sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Will Rash, Longfield, *and* Joice.

W. Rash. Why, I commend thee, girl; thou speak'st as thou think'st. Thy tongue and thy heart are relatives; and thou wer't not my sister, I should at this time fall in love with thee.

Joice. You should not need, for and you were not my brother, I should fall in love with you; for I love a proper man with my heart, and so does all the sex of us; let my sister dissemble never so much. I am out of charity with these nice and squeamish tricks; we were born for men, and men for us, and we must together.

W. Rash. This same plain-dealing is a jewel in thee.

Joice. And let me enjoy that jewel, for I love plain-dealing with my heart.

W. Rash. Th'art a good wench, i'faith; I should never be ashamed to call thee sister, though thou shouldst marry a broom-man: but your lover methinks is over tedious.

Enter Geraldine.

Joice. No, look ye, sir; could you wish a man to come better upon his cue?[24]—Let us withdraw.

W. Rash. Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot, wench. See, he prepares.

Joice. Silence.

Ger. The sun is yet wrapt in Aurora's arms,
And, lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures.
Awake, thou god of heat,
I call thee up, and task thee for thy slowness;
Point all thy beams through yonder flaring glass,
And raise a beauty brighter than thyself. [*Music.*
Musicians, give each instrument a tongue,
To breathe sweet music in the ears of her
To whom I send it as a messenger.

Enter Gartred *aloft.*

Gar. Sir, your music is so good, that I must say I like it; but the bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to lose it. If you played for money, there 'tis; if for love, here's none; if for good will, I thank you, and, when you will, you may begone.

Ger. Leave me not entranced; sing not my death;
Thy voice is able to make satyrs tame,
And call rough winds to her obedience.

Gar. Sir, sir, our ears itch not for flattery. Here you besiege my window, that I dare not put forth myself to take the gentle air, but you are in the fields, and volley out your woes, your plaints, your loves, your injuries.

Ger. Since you have heard, and know them, give redress,
True beauty never yet was merciless.

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[23] *The Maze in Tuttle, i. e.* Tothil Fields. S.

[24] *Upon his cue?—A cue,* in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. See Mr Steevens's note on *A Midsummer's Night's Dream,* A. 3. S. 1.

Gar. Sir, rest thus satisfied; my mind was never woman, never altered, nor shall it now begin: so fare you well. [*Exit* Gartred.

W. Rash. 'Sfoot, she plays the terrible tyrannizing Tamberlain over him. This it is to turn Turk; from a most absolute, complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.

Long. Oh, when a woman knows the power and authority of her eye——

Joice. Fie upon her, she's good for nothing then, no more than a jade that knows his own strength. The window is clasped; now, brother, pursue your project, and deliver your friend from the tyranny of my domineering sister.

W. Rash. Do you hear, you drunkard in love? come in to us, and be ruled. You would little think, that the wench that talked so scurvily out of the window there, is more enamoured on thee than thou on her. Nay, look you now, see if he turn not away, slighting our good counsel. I am no Christian, if she do not sigh, whine, and grow sick for thee. Look you, sir, I will bring you in good witness against her.

Joice. Sir, you are my brother's friend, and I'll be plain with you. You do not take the course to win my sister, but indirectly go about the bush: you come and fiddle here, and keep a coil in verse; hold off your hat, and beg to kiss her hand; which makes her proud. But, to be short; in two lines, thus it is:

Who most doth love, must seem most to neglect it;
For those that shew most love, are least respected.

Long. A good observation, by my faith.

W. Rash. Well, this instruction comes too late now:
Stand you close, and let me prosecute my invention.—
Sister, oh, sister; wake, arise, sister.

Enter Gartred *above.*

Gar. How now, brother; why call you with such terror?

W. Rash. How can you sleep so sound, and hear such groans,
So horrid, and so tedious to the ear,
That I was frighted hither by the sound?
O, sister, here lies a gentleman that loved you too dearly,
And himself too ill, as by his death appears.
I can report no farther without tears.—
Assist me now. [*To* Longfield.

Long. When he came first, death startled in his eyes;
His hand had not forsook the dagger hilt,
But still he gave it strength, as if he feared
He had not sent it home unto his heart.

Gar. Enough, enough;
If you will have me live, give him no name;
Suspicion tells me 'tis my Geraldine:
But be it whom it will, I'll come to him,
To suffer death as resolute as he. [*Exit* Gar.

W. Rash. Did not I tell you 'twould take? Down, sir, down.

Ger. I guess what y'ould have me do.

Long. O for a little blood to besprinkle him!

W. Rash. No matter for blood; I'll not suffer her to come near him, till the plot have ta'en his full height.

Ger. A scarf o'er my face, lest I betray myself.

Enter Gartred *below.*

W. Rash. Here, here, lie still, she comes:
Now, Mercury, be propitious.

Gar. Where lies this spectacle of blood?
This tragic scene?

W. Rash. Yonder lies Geraldine.

Gar. O let me see him with his face of death!
Why do you stay me from my Geraldine?

W. Rash. Because, unworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see
The man now dead, whom living thou didst scorn.
The worst part that he had, deserved thy best;
But yet contemned, deluded, mocked, despised by you,
Unfit for aught, but for the general work
Which you were made for—man's creation.

Gar. Burst not my heart before I see my love!
Brother, upon my knees I beg your leave,
That I may see the wound of Geraldine:
I will embalm his body with my tears,
And carry him unto his sepulchre;
From whence I'll never rise, but be interr'd
In the same dust he shall be buried in.

Long. I do protest she draws sad tears from me.
I pr'ythee let her see her Geraldine.

Gar. Brother, if e'er you loved me as a sister,
Deprive me not the sight of Geraldine.

W. Rash. Well, I am contented you shall touch his lips,
But neither see his face, not yet his wound.

Gar. Not see his face?

W. Rash. Nay, I have sworn it to the contrary:
Nay, hark you, farther yet.

Gar. What now?

W. Rash. But one kiss, no more.

Gar. Why then no more.

W. Rash. Marry, this liberty I'll give you:
If you intend to make any speech of repentance
Over him, I am content, so it be short.

Gar. What you command is law, and I obey.

Joice. Peace, give ear to the passion.

Gar. Before I touch thy body, I implore
Thy discontented ghost to be appeased.
Send not unto me till I come myself;
Then shalt thou know how much I honoured thee.

O, see the colour of his coral lip!
Which, in despite of death, lives full and fresh,
As when he was the beauty of his sex.
'Twere sin worthy the worst of plagues to leave thee;
Not all the strength and policy of man
Shall snatch me from thy bosom.
Long. Look, look; I think she'll ravish him.
W. Rash. Why, how now, sister?
Gar. Shall we have both one grave? here I am chained;
Thunder nor earthquakes shall e'er shake me off.
W. Rash. No? I'll try that.—Come, dead man, awake, up with your bag and baggage, and let's have no more fooling.
Gar. And lives my Geraldine?
W. Rash. Live! faith, aye;
Why should he not? he was never dead,
That I know on.
Ger. It is no wonder Geraldine should live,
Though he had emptied all his vital spirits.
The lute of Orpheus spake not half so sweet,
When he descended to th' infernal vaults,
To fetch again his fair Eurydice,
As did thy sweet voice unto Geraldine.
Gar. I'll exercise that voice, since it doth please
My better self, my constant Geraldine.
Joice. Why so, la, here's an end of an old song.
Why could not this have been done before,
I pray?
Gar. O, you're a goodly sister, this is your plot.
Well, I shall live one day to requite you.
Joice. Spare me not; for wheresoever I set my affection, although it be upon a collier, if I fall back, unless it be in the right kind, bind me to a stake, and let me be burned to death with charcoal.
W. Rash. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to be done at this time, but, as we brought you together, so to part you; you must not lie at rack and manger: there be those within that will forbid the banns; time must shake good fortune by the hand, before you two must be great; 'specially you, sister: come, leave swearing.
Gar. Must we then part?
W. Rash. Must you part! why, how think you? uds foot, I do think we shall have as much to do to get her from him, as we had to bring her to him. This love of women is of strange quality, and has more tricks than a juggler.
Gar. But this, and then farewell.
Ger. Thy company[25] is heaven, thy absence hell.
W. Rash. Lord, who'ld think it?
Joice. Come, wench. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter SPENDALL *and* STAINES.

Spen. This ground is firm and even, I'll go no farther.
Staines. This be the place then; and prepare you, sir:
You shall have fair play for your life of me,
For look, sir, I'll be open-breasted to you.
Spen. Shame light on him that thinks his safety lieth in a French doublet,
Nay, I would strip myself, would comeliness
Give sufference to the deed, and fight with thee
As naked as a Mauritanian Moor.
Staines. Give me thy hand; by my heart I love thee;
Thou art the highest-spirited citizen
That ever Guildhall took notice of.
Spen. Talk not what I am, until you have tried me.
Staines. Come on, sir. [*They fight.*
Spen. Now, sir, your life is mine.
Staines. Why then, take it, for I'll not beg it of thee.
Spen. Nobly resolved, I love thee for those words.
Here, take thy arms again, and if thy malice
Have spent itself like mine, then let us part
More friendly than we met at first encounter.
Staines. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendship,
Until I shall recover't with my honour.
Spen. Will you fight again, then?
Staines. Yes.
Spen. Faith thou dost well then, justly to whip my folly.
But come, sir.
Staines. Hold, you're hurt, I take it.
Spen. Hurt! where? zounds, I feel it not.
Staines. You bleed, I am sure.
Spen. 'Sblood, I think you wear a cat's claw upon your rapier's point;
I am scratched indeed; but, small as 'tis,
I must have blood for blood.
Staines. You're bent to kill, I see.
Spen. No, by my hopes; if I can 'scape that sin,
And keep my good name, I'll never offer't.
Staines. Well, sir, your worst.
Spen. We both bleed now, I take it;
And, if the motion may be equal thought,
To part with clasped hands, I shall first subscribe.
Staines. It were unmanliness in me to refuse
The safety of us both; my hand shall never fall

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[25] *Thy company*, &c.—So Otway, in *The Orphan*,

"'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell." S.

From such a charitable motion.
Spen. Then join we both, and here our malice ends.
Though foes we came to th' field, we'll depart friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir LIONEL *and a Servant.*

Sir L. Come, come, follow me, knave, follow me; I have the best nose i'the house, I think; either we shall have rainy weather, or the vault's unstopped: sirrah, go see; I would not have my guests smell out any such inconvenience: Do you hear, sirrah, Simon?
Ser. Sir?
Sir L. Bid the kitchen-maid scour the sink, and make clean her back-side, for the wind lies just upon't.
Ser. I will, sir.
Sir L. And bid Anthony put on his white fustian doublet, for he must wait to-day. [*Exit Ser.*] It doth me so much good to stir and talk, to place this and displace that, that I shall need no apothecaries' prescriptions. I have sent my daughter this morning as far as Pimlico,[26] to fetch a draught of Derby ale, that it may fetch a colour in her cheeks: the puling harlotry looks so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother would say, God rest her soul, before she died.

Enter BUBBLE, SCATTERGOOD, STAINES, *and Servant.*

Ser. Sir, the gentlemen are come already.
Sir L. How, knave! the gentlemen!
Ser. Yes, sir; yonder they are.
Sir L. God's precious! we are too tardy: let one be sent presently to meet the girls, and hasten their coming home quickly. How dost thou stand dreaming? [*Exit Ser.*] Gentlemen, I see you love me, you are careful of your hour; you may be deceived in your cheer, but not in your welcome.
Bub. Thanks, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.
Scat. A pretty concise room: sir Lionel, where are your daughters?
Sir L. They are at your service, sir, and forthcoming.
Bub. God's will, Gervase! how shall I behave myself to the gentlewomen?
Staines. Why, advance yourself toward them with a comely step; and in your salute, be careful you strike not too high, nor too low; and afterward, for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will bear you out.
Bub. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for I'll set a good face on't, that's flat: and for my nether parts, let them speak for themselves: here's a leg, and ever a baker in England shew me a better, I'll give him mine for nothing.
Staines. O, that's a special thing, that I must caution you of.
Bub. What, sweet Gervase?
Staines. Why, for commending yourself; never, whilst you live, commend yourself; and then you shall have the ladies themselves commend you.
Bub. I would they would else.
Staines. Why, they will, I'll assure you, *sir*; and the more vilely you speak of yourself, the more will they strive to collaud you.

Enter GARTRED *and* JOICE.

Bub. Let me alone to dispraise myself;
I'll make myself the errantest coxcomb within a whole country.
Sir L. Here come the gipsies, the sun-burnt girls,
Whose beauties will not utter them alone;
They must have bags, although my credit crack for't.
Bub. Is this the eldest, sir?
Sir L. Yes, marry is she, sir.
Bub. I'll kiss the youngest first, because she likes me best.[27]
Scat. Marry, sir, and whilst you are there, I'll be here:
O delicious touch! I think in conscience
Her lips are lined quite through with orange-tawney velvet.
Bub. They kiss exceeding well; I do not think but they have been brought up to't. I will begin to her like a gentleman, in a set speech.—Fair lady, shall I speak a word with you?
Joice. With me, sir?
Bub. With you, lady;—this way,—a little more,—
So, now 'tis well; umh—
Even as a drummer,—or a pewterer.—
Joice. Which of the two no matter,
For one beats on a drum, t'other a platter.
Bub. In good faith, sweet lady, you say true;
But pray mark me farther; I will [illegible].
Joice. I pray, sir, do.
Bub. Even as a drummer, as I said before,
Or as a pewterer—
Joice. Very good, sir.
Bub. Do—do—do.
Joice. What do they do?
Bub. By my troth, lady, I do not know, for, to say truth, I am a kind of an ass.

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[26] *Pimlico*,—at Hogsden. See *Pimlyco, or Runne Red Cap.* "'Tis a mad world at Hogsden," 4. 1609.
[27] *Likes me*,—*i. e.* Pleases me. See note 8 to *Cornelia*.

Joice. How, sir! an ass?
Bub. Yes, indeed, lady.
Joice. Nay, that you are not.
Bub. So God ha' me, I am, lady: you never saw an erranter ass in your life.
Joice. Why, here's a gentleman, your friend, will not say so.
Bub. I'faith, but he shall: How say you, sir, Am not I an ass?
Scat. Yes, by my troth, lady, is he: why, I'll say any thing my brother Bubble says.
Gar. Is this the man my father chose for me,
To make a husband of? O God, how blind
Are parents in our loves! so they have wealth,
They care not to what things they marry us.
Bub. Pray look upon me, lady.
Joice. So I do, sir.
Bub. Aye, but look upon me well, and tell me if you ever saw any man look so scurvily as I do?
Joice. The fellow sure is frantic.
Bub. You do not mark me.
Joice. Yes, indeed, sir.
Bub. Aye, but look upon me well:
Did you ever see a worse-timber'd leg?
Joice. By my faith, 'tis a pretty four-square leg.
Bub. Aye, but your four-square legs are none of the best.—Oh! Gervase, Gervase.
Staines. Excellent well, sir.
Bub. What say you now to me, lady? Can you find
E'er a good inch about me?
Joice. Yes, that I can, sir.
Bub. Find it, and take it, sweet lady.—
There I think I bobb'd her, Gervase.
Joice. Well, sir, disparage not yourself so; for if you were
The man you'd make yourself, yet out of your
Behaviour and discourse, I could find cause enough
To love you.
Bub. Ah! now she comes to me—My behaviour! alas, alas, 'tis clownical; and my discourse is very bald, bald:
You shall not hear me break a good jest
In a twelvemonth.
Joice. No, sir? why now you break a good jest.
Bub. No, I want the Boon jour, and the Tu quoques,
Which yonder gentleman has:—there's a bob for him too:—
There's a gentleman, an you talk of a gentleman.
Joice. Who, he? he's a coxcomb, indeed.
Bub. We are sworn brothers, in good faith, lady.

Enter Servant.

Scat. Yes, in truth, we are sworn brothers; and do mean to go both alike, and to have horses alike.
Joice. And they shall be sworn brothers too?
Scat. If it please them, lady.
Ser. Mr Ballance, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you.

Sir L. Bid him come, knave.
Scat. I wonder, sir Lionel, your son, Will Rash, is not here.
Sir L. Is he of your acquaintance, sir?
Scat. O, very familiar: he struck me a box o' the ear once, and from thence grew my love to him.

Enter Ballance.

Sir L. It was a sign of virtue in you, sir; but he'll be here at dinner.—Master Ballance, what makes you so strange?
Come, you're welcome; what's the news?
Bal. Why, sir, the old news: your man Francis riots still;
And little hope of thrift there is in him.
Therefore I come to advise your worship,
To take some order whilst there's something left:
The better part of his best ware's consumed.
Sir L. Speak softly, Master Ballance.
But is there no hope of his recovery?
Bal. None at all, sir; for he's already laid to be arrested, by some that I know.
Sir L. Well, I do suffer for him, and am loath
Indeed to do what I'm constrained to do:
Well, sir, I mean to seize on what is left.
And, hark ye, one word more.
Joice. What heinous sin has yonder man committed,
To have so great a punishment, as wait
Upon the humours of an idle fool?
A very proper fellow, good leg, good face,
A body well-proportioned; but his mind
Bewrays he never came of generous kind.

Enter Will Rash *and* Geraldine.

Sir L. Go to; no more of this at this time.
What, sir, are you come?
W. Rash. Yes, sir, and have made bold to bring a guest along.
Sir L. Master Geraldine's son, of Essex?
Ger. The same, sir.
Sir L. You're welcome, sir; when will your father be in town?
Ger. 'Twill not be long, sir.
Sir L. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.
Ger. I thank you, sir.
Sir L. In the mean time you're welcome; pray be not strange.
I'll leave my son amongst you, gentlemen,
I have some business. Hark you, Mr Ballance—
Dinner will soon be ready. One word more—
[*Exeunt Sir* Lionel *and* Ballance.
W. Rash. And how does my little Asinus and his *Tu quoque*, here? Oh, you pretty, sweet-faced rogues, that, for your countenances, might be Alexander and Lodwick. What says the old man to you? will't be a match? shall we call brothers?
Scat. I'faith, with all my heart; if Mrs Gartred will, we will be married to-morrow.

Bub. 'Sfoot, if Mrs Joice will, we'll be married to-night.

W. Rash. Why, you courageous boys, and worthy wenches, made out of wax! But what shall's do when we have dined? shall's go see a play?

Scat. Yes, 'faith, brother, if it please you: let's go see a play at the Globe.

Bub. I care not; any whither, so the clown have a part;
For, i'faith, I am no body without a fool.

Ger. Why then, we'll go to the Red Bull: they say Green's a good clown.

Bub. Green! Green's an ass.

Scat. Wherefore do you say so?

Bub. Indeed I ha' no reason; for they say, he is as like me as ever he can look.

Scat. Well then, to the Bull.

W. Rash. A good resolution, continue it: Nay, on.

Bub. Not before the gentlewomen; not I, never.

W. Rash. O! while you live, men before women:
Custom hath placed it so.

Bub. Why then custom is not so mannerly as I would be. [*Exeunt* Bub. *and* Scat.

W. Rash. Farewell, Mr Scattergood. Come, lover, you're too busy here. I must tutor ye: cast not your eye, at the table, on each other; my father will spy you without spectacles; he is a shrewd observer. Do you hear me?

Ger. Very well, sir.

W. Rash. Come then, go we together; let the wenches alone.
Do you see yonder fellow.

Ger. Yes: pr'ythee what is he?

W. Rash. I'll give you him within; he must not now be thought on: but you shall know him. [*Exeunt* W. Rash *and* Ger.

Gar. I have observed my sister, and her eye
Is much inquisitive after yond' fellow;
She has examined him from head to foot:
I'll stay and see the issue.

Joice. To wrestle 'gainst the stream of our affection,
Is to strike air, or buffet with the wind
That plays upon us. I have strived to cast
This fellow from my thoughts; but still he grows
More comely in my sight: yet a slave,
Unto one worse-conditioned than a slave.
They are all gone; here's none but he and I:
Now I will speak to him—and yet I will not,
Oh! I wrong myself; I will suppress
That insurrection love hath trained in me,
And leave him as he is. Once my bold spirit
Had vowed to utter all my thoughts to him
On whom I settled my affection:
And why retires it now?

Staines. Fight, love, on both sides; for on me thou strikest
Strokes that have beat my heart into a flame.
She hath sent amorous glances from her eye,
Which I have back return'd as faithfully.
I would make to her, but these servile robes
Curb that suggestion, till some fitter time
Shall bring me more persuadingly unto her.

Joice. I wonder why he stays; I fear he notes me,
For I have publicly betray'd myself,
By too much gazing on him. I will leave him.

Gar. But you shall not: I'll make you speak to him
Before you go.—Do you hear, sir?

Joice. What mean you, sister?

Gar. To fit you in your kind, sister. Do you remember
How you once tyrannized over me?

Joice. Nay, pr'ythee leave this jesting;
I am out of the vein.

Gar. Aye, but I am in. Go and speak to your lover.

Joice. I'll first be buried quick.

Gar. How! ashamed? 'Sfoot, I trow, if I had set my affection on a collier, I'd ne'er fall back, unless it were in the right kind; if I did, let me be tied to a stake, and burnt to death with charcoal.

Joice. Nay then, we shall have't.

Gar. Yes, marry you shall, sister: will you speak to him?

Joice. No.

Gar. Do you hear, sir? here's a gentle woman would speak with you.

Joice. Why, sister! I pray, sister.

Gar. One that loves you with all her heart,
Yet is ashamed to confess it.

Staines. Did you call, ladies?

Joice. No, sir, here's no one called.

Gar. Yes, sir, 'twas I, I called to speak with you.

Joice. My sister's somewhat frantic; there's no regard to be had unto her clamours.—Will you yet leave? I'faith you'll anger me.

Gar. Passion! come back, fool; lover, turn again and kiss your belly full; here's one will stand ye.

Staines. What does this mean, trow?

Joice. Yet is your humour spent?

Gar. Come, let me go: birds, that want the use of reason and of speech, can couple together in one day; and yet you, that have both, cannot conclude in twenty.—Now, sister, I am even with you, my venom is spit. As much happiness may you enjoy with your lover, as I with mine. And droop not, wench, nor never be ashamed of him; the man will serve the turn, though he be wrapped in a blue coat, I'll warrant him; come.

Joice. You are merrily disposed, sister.
[*Exeunt Wenches.*

Staines. I needs must prosper, fortune and love work for me.
Be moderate, my joys; for, as you grow
To your full height, so Bubbie waxeth low. [Exit.

Enter Spendall, Sweatman, *and* Tickleman.

Tic. Will my sweet Spendall be gone then?
Spen. I must, upon promise; but I'll be here at supper:
Therefore, Mrs Sweatman, provide us some good cheer.
Sweat. The best the market will yield.
Spen. Here's twenty shillings; I protest I have left myself but a crown for my spending-money: for indeed I intend to be frugal, and turn good husband.
Tic. Aye, marry will you; you'll to play again, and lose your money, and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to think on it; how if you had been killed in the quarrel? of my faith, I had been but a dead woman.
Spen. Come, come, no more of this; thou dost but dissemble.
Tic. Dissemble! do not you say so; for, if you do,
God's my judge, I'll give myself a gash.
Spen. Away, away; pr'ythee no more: farewell.
Tic. Nay, buss first: Well,
There's no adversity in the world shall part us.

Enter Serjeants.

Spen. Thou art a loving rascal; farewell.
Sweat. You will not fail supper?
Spen. You have my word; farewell.
1 *Ser.* Sir, we arrest you.
Spen. Arrest me! at whose suit?
2 *Ser.* Marry, there's suits enough against you, I'll warrant you.
1 *Ser.* Come, away with him.
Spen. Stay, hear me a word.
2 *Ser.* What do you say?

Enter Pursenet.

Tic. How now, Pursenet? why comest in such haste?
Purse. Shut up your doors, and bar young Spendall out;
And let him be cashiered your company:
He is turned banquerout, his wares are seized on,
And his shop shut up.
Tic. How! his ware seized on? thou dost but jest, I hope.
Purse. What this tongue doth report, these eyes have seen:
It is no Æsop's fable that I tell,
But it is true, as I am faithful pander.
Sweat. Nay, I did ever think the prodigal would prove
A banquerout; but hang him, let him rot
In prison, he comes no more within these doors, I warrant him.
Tic. Come hither! I would he would but offer it;
We'll fire him out, with a pox to him.
Spen. Will you do it?
To carry me to prison, but undoes me.
1 *Ser.* What say you, fellow Gripe, shall we take his forty shillings?
2 *Ser.* Yes, faith; we shall have him again within this week.
1 *Ser.* Well, sir, your forty shillings; and we'll have some compassion on you.
Spen. Will you but walk with me unto that house,
And there you shall receive it.
Ser. What, where the women are?
Spen. Yes, sir.
Sweat. Look yonder, if the ungracious rascal be not coming hither
Betwixt two serjeants: he thinks, belike,
That we'll relieve him; let us go in,
And clap the doors against him.
Purse. It is the best course, Mistress Tickleman.
Tic. But I say no, you shall not stir a *foot*;
For I will talk with him.
Spen. Nan, I am come,
Even in the minute that thou didst profess
Kindness unto me, to make trial of it.
Adversity, thou seest, lays hands upon me;
But forty shillings will deliver me.
Tic. Why, you impudent rogue, do you come to me for money?
Or do I know you? what acquaintance, pray,
Hath ever past betwixt yourself and me?
Ser. Zounds, do you mock us, to bring us to these women that do not know you?
Sweat. Yes, in good sooth, (officers, I take't you are)
He's a mere stranger here; only in charity,
Sometimes we have relieved him with a meal.
Spen. This is not earnest in you? come, I know
My gifts and bounty cannot so soon be buried:
Go, pr'ythee, fetch forty shillings.
Tic. Talk not to me, you slave, of forty shillings;
For by this light that shines, ask it again,
I'll send my knife of an errand in your guts.
A shameless rogue, to come to me for money!
Sweat. Is he your prisoner, gentlemen?
Ser. Yes, marry is he.
Sweat. Pray carry him then to prison, let him smart for't;
Perhaps 'twill tame the wildness of his youth,
And teach him how to lead a better life.
He had good counsel here, I can assure you,
And if he would have took it.
Purse. I told him still myself what would ensue.
Spen. Furies break loose in me: Serjeants, let me go; I'll give you all I have to purchase freedom but for a lightning while, to tear you whore, bawd, pander, and in them the devil; for there's his hell, his habitation; nor has he any other local place.
Ser. No, sir, we'll take no bribes.
[*Takes* Spendall's *Cloak.*

Spen. Honest serjeants, give me leave to unlade
A heart o'ercharged with grief. As I have a soul,
I'll not break from you.—
Thou strumpet, that wer't born to ruin men,
My fame, and fortune, be subject to my curse,
And hear me speak it:—May'st thou in thy youth
Feel the sharp whip, and in thy beldam age
The cart: when thou art grown to be
An old upholster unto venery,
(A bawd I mean, to live by feather-beds)
May'st thou be driven to sell all thou hast,
Unto thy aqua vitæ bottle, (that's the last
A bawd will part withal,) and live so poor,
That, being turned forth thy house, may'st die at door.

Ser. Come, sir, ha' you done?

Spen. A little farther give me leave, I pray;
I have a charitable prayer to end with:—
May the French cannibal eat into thy flesh,
And pick thy bones so clean, that the report
Of thy calamity may draw resort
Of all the common sinners in the town,
To see thy mangled carcase; and that then,
They may upon't turn honest; bawd, say Amen.

[*Exit.*

Sweat. Out upon him, wicked villain, how he blasphemes!

Purse. He will be damned for turning heretic.

Tick. Hang him, banquerout rascal, let him talk in prison,
The whilst we'll spend his goods; for I did never
Hear, that men took example by each other.

Sweat. Well, if men did rightly consider't, they should find,
That whores and bawds are profitable members
In a commonwealth; for indeed, though we somewhat
Impair their bodies, yet we do good to their souls;
For I am sure, we still bring them to repentance.

Purse. By Dis, and so we do.

Sweat. Come, come, will you dis before? thou art one of them, that I warrant thee will be hanged before thou wilt repent.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Will Rash, Staines, *and* Geraldine.

W. Rash. Well, this love is a troublesome thing. Jupiter bless me out of his fingers; there's no estate can rest for him: he runs through all countries, will travel through the Isle of Man in a minute; but never is quiet till he comes into Middlesex, and there keeps his Christmas; 'tis his habitation, his mansion: from whence he'll never out, till he be fired.

Ger. Well, do not tyrannize too much, lest one day he make you know his deity, by sending a shaft out of a sparkling eye, shall strike so deep into your heart, that it shall make you fetch your breath short again.

W. Rash. And make me cry, *O eyes, no eyes, but two celestial stars!*[28] A pox on't, I'd as lieve hear a fellow sing through the nose.—How now, wench?

Enter Gartred.

Gar. Keep your station; you stand as well for the encounter as may be: she is coming on; but as melancholy as a bass-viol in concert.

W. Rash. Which makes thee as sprightly as the treble. Now dost thou play thy prize: here's the honourable science, one against another.—Do you hear, lover; the thing is done you wot of; you shall have your wench alone without any disturbance: now if you can do any good, why so; the silver game be yours; we'll stand by and give aim,[29] and halloo if you hit the clout.

Staines. 'Tis all the assistance I request of you.
Bring me but opportunely to her presence,
And I desire no more; and if I cannot win her,
Let me lose her.

Gar. Well, sir, let me tell you, perhaps you undertake
A harder task than yet you do imagine.

Staines. A task! what, to win a woman, and have opportunity? I would that were a task, i'faith, for any man that wears his wits about him. Give me but half an hour's conference with the coldest creature of them all; and if I bring her not into a fool's paradise, I will pull out my tongue, and hang it at her door for a draw-latch. Uds foot, I'd never stand thrumming of caps for the matter; I'll quickly make trial of her. If she love to have her beauty praised, I'll praise it; if her wit, I'll commend it; if her good parts, I'll exalt them: no course shall 'scape me; for to whatsoever I saw her inclined, to that would I fit her.

W. Rash. But you must not do thus to her, for she's a subtle flouting rogue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you solicit her seriously: No, talk me to her wantonly, slightly, and carelessly: and perhaps so you may prevail as much with her, as wind does with a sail, carry her whither thou wilt, bully.

Enter Joice.

Staines. Well, sir, I'll follow your instruction.

W. Rash. Do so.—And see, she appears: fall you two off from us,
Let us two walk together.

Joice. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him down so easy to my heart;
Where, like a conqueror, he seizes on it,
And beats all other men out of my bosom?

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28 *O eyes, no eyes, but two celestial stars!*—A parody on a line from *The Spanish Tragedy*.

29 *Give aim.*—See note 23 to *Cornelia*.

W. Rash. Sister, you're well met;
Here's a gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.
Joice. See, the serving-man is turned a gentleman!
That villainous wench, my sister, has no mercy;
She and my brother have conspired together to play upon me; but I'll prevent their sport; for rather than my tongue shall have scope to speak matter to give them mirth, my heart shall break.
W. Rash. You have your desire, sir, I'll leave you;
Grapple with her as you can.
Staines. Lady, God save you.—She turns back upon the motion;
There's no good to be done by praying for her, I see that;
I must plunge into a passion: now for a piece of Hero and Leander;
'Twere excellent, and, praise be to my memory,
It has reached half a dozen lines for the purpose:
Well, she shall have them.
One is no number: maids are nothing then,[30]
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all other things;
But they that daily taste neat wine, despise it.
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.——No?
Why then, have at you in another kind.
By the faith of a soldier, lady, I do reverence the ground that you walk upon: I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair: stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein,[31] to drink a full health to you; but it shall be on this condition, that you shall speak first.
Uds foot, if I could but get her to talk once, half my labour were over: but I'll try her in another vein.
What an excellent creature is a woman without a tongue! but what a more excellent creature is a woman that has a tongue, and can bold her peace! but how much more excellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that woman to his wife!
This cannot chuse but mad her;
And, if any thing make a woman talk, 'tis this.
—It will not do though yet. I pray God, they have not gull'd me: but I'll try once again.
When will that tongue take liberty to talk?
Speak but one word, and I'm satisfied:
Or do but say but mum, and I am answered.
No sound? no accent? is there no noise in women?
Nay then without direction, I have done.
I must go call for help.
W. Rash. How! not speak?
Staines. Not a syllable: night nor sleep is not more silent.
She's as dumb as Westminster-hall in the long vacation.
W. Rash. Well, and what would you have me do?
Staines. Why, make her speak.
W. Rash. And what then?
Staines. Why, let me alone with her.
W. Rash. Aye, so you said before; give you but opportunity,
And let you alone, you'd desire no more. But, come,
I'll try my cunning for you: see what I can do.—
How do you, sister? I am sorry to hear you are not well.
This gentleman tells me you have lost your tongue; I pray let's see;
If you can but make signs whereabout you lost it,
We'll go and look for't. In good faith, sister, you look very pale;
In my conscience 'tis for grief; will you have
Any comfortable drinks sent for?—This is not the way;
Come, walk, seem earnest in discourse, cast not an eye
Towards her, and you shall see weakness work itself.
Joice. My heart is swollen so big, that it must vent,
Or it will burst.——Are you a brother?
W. Rash. Look to yourself, sir;
The brazen head has spoke, and I must leave you.
Joice. Has shame that power in him, to make him fly;
And dare you be so impudent to stand
Just in the face of my incensed anger?
What are you? why do you stay? who sent for you?
You were in garments yesterday, befitting
A fellow of your fashion; has a crown
Purchased that shining sattin of the brokers?
Or is't a cast suit of your goodly master's?
Staines. A cast suit, lady!

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[30] *One is no number*, &c.—These lines are taken from Marlow's *Hero and Leander*, 4to, 1600. sign. B. 3.

[31] *With a dagger pierce a vein.*—See note 39 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I. p. 535. Again in *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 1. "From *stabbing of arms*, flapdragons, healths, whiffs, and all such swaggering humours, good Mercury defend us."

Joice. You think it does become you: faith it does not.
A blue coat [32] with a badge does better with you.
Go, untruss your master's points, and do not dare
To stop your nose, when as his worship stinks:
'Thas been your breeding.
Staines. Uds life, this is excellent. now she talks.
Joice. Nay, were you a gentleman, and, which is more,
Well landed, I should hardly love you:
For, for your face, I never saw a worse;
It looks as if't were drawn with yellow ochre
Upon black buckram: and that hair
That's on your chin, looks not like beard,
But as if't had been smeared with shoemakers' wax.
Staines. Uds foot, she'll make me out of love with myself.
Joice. How dares your baseness once aspire unto
So high a fortune, as to reach at me?
Because you have heard, that some have run away
With butlers, horsekeepers, and their fathers' clerks;
You, forsooth, cockered with your own suggestion,
Take heart upon't, and think me, (that am meat,
And set up for your master) fit for you.
Staines. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.
Joice. Or 'cause sometimes as I have past along,
And have returned a court'sie for your hat,
You, as the common trick is, straight suppose
'Tis love, (sir reverence, which makes the word more beastly.)
Staines. Why, this is worse than silence.
Joice. But we are fools, and in our reputations
We find the smart on't:
Kindness is termed lightness in our sex;
And, when we give a favour, or a kiss,
We give our good names too.
Staines. Will you be dumb again?
Joice. Men you are call'd, but you're a viperous brood,
Whom we in charity take into our bosoms,
And cherish with our heart; for which you sting us.
Staines. Uds foot, I'll fetch him that waked your tongue,
To lay it down again.
W. Rash. Why, how now, man?
Staines. O relieve me, or I shall lose my hearing;
You have raised a fury up into her tongue;
A parliament of women could not make
Such a confused noise as that she utters.
W. Rash. Well, what would you have me do?
Staines. Why, make her hold her tongue.
W. Rash. And what then?
Staines. Why then, let me alone again.
W. Rash. This is very good i'faith; first give thee but opportunity, and let thee alone: then make her but speak, and let thee alone: now make her hold her tongue, and then let thee alone. By my troth, I think I were best to let thee alone indeed: but come, follow me; the wild cat shall not carry it so away. Walk, walk, as we did.
Joice. What, have you fetcht your champion? what can he do?
Not have you, nor himself from out the storm
Of my incensed rage: I will thunder into your ears,
The wrongs that you have done an innocent maid:
Oh, you're a couple of sweet—What shall I call you?
Men you are not; for, if you were,
You would not offer this unto a maid.
Wherein have I deserved it at your hands? Have I not been always a kind sister to you, and in signs and tokens shewed it? Did I not send money to you at Cambridge, when you were but a freshman? wrought you purses and bands; and since you came to the inns of court, a fair pair of hangers? Have you not taken rings from me, which I have been fain to say I have lost, when you had pawn'd them; and yet was never beholden to you for a pair of gloves?
W. Rash. A woman's tongue, I see, is like a bell,
That, once being set a going, goes itself.
Joice. And yet you to join with my sister against me, send one here to play upon me, whilst you laugh and leer, and make a pastime on me: is this brotherly done? No, it is barbarous; and a Turk would blush to offer it to a Christian. But I will think on't, and have it written in my heart, when it hath slipt your memories.
W. Rash. When will your tongue be weary?
Joice. Never.
W. Rash. How! never? Come talk, and I'll talk with you;
I'll try the nimble footmanship of your tongue;
And if you can out-talk me, your's be the victory.
[*Here they two talk and rail what they list; and then* Will Rash *speaks to* Staines. *All speak.*
Uds foot, dost thou stand by, and do nothing?
Come, talk, and drown her clamours.
[*Here they all three talk, and* Joice *gives over, weeping, and Exit.*
Ger. Alas, she's spent, i'faith: now the storm's over.

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[32] *A blue coat.*—The colour of servants clothes.

W. Rash. Ud's foot, I'll follow her as as long as I have any breath.

Gar. Nay, no more now, brother; you have no compassion;
You see she cries.

Staines. If I do not wonder she could talk so long, I am a villain. She eats no nuts, I warrant her: 'sfoot, I am almost out of breath with that little I talkt: well, gentle brothers, I might say; for she and I must clap hands upon't; a match for all this. Pray, go in; and, sister, salve the matter, collogue with her again, and all shall be well: I have a little business that must be thought upon, and 'tis partly for your mirth, therefore let me not (though absent) be forgotten: farewell.

W. Rash. We will be mindful of you, sir; fare you well.

Ger. How now, man! what tired, tired?

W. Rash. Zounds, and you had talked as much as I did, you would be tired, I warrant. What, is she gone in? I'll to her again whilst my tongue is warm; and, if I thought I should be used to this exercise, I would eat every morning an ounce of lickorish. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lodge, *the Master of the Prison, and* Holdfast *his Man.*

Lodge. Have you summed up these reckonings?

Hold. Yes, sir.

Lodge. And what is owing me?

Hold. Thirty-seven pound odd money.

Lodge. How much owes the Frenchman?

Hold. A fortnight's commons.

Lodge. Has Spendall any money?

Hold. Not any, sir; and he has sold all his clothes.

Enter Spendall.

Lodge. That fellow would waste millions if he had 'em;
Whilst he has money, no man spends a penny.
Ask him money, and if he say he has none,
Be plain with him, and turn him out of the ward.
[*Exit* Lodge.

Hold. I will, sir.——Master Spendall,
My master has sent to you for money.

Spend. Money! Why does he send to me? Does he think
I have the philosopher's stone, or I can clip or coin?
How does he think I can come by money?

Hold. Faith, sir, his occasions are so great, that he must have money, or else he can buy no victuals.

Spend. Then we must starve, belike: Uds foot, thou seest
I have nothing left that will yield me two shillings.

Hold. If you have no money,
You'd best remove into some cheaper ward.

Spend. What ward should I remove in?

Hold. Why, to the two-penny ward; its likeliest to hold out with your means: or, if you will, you may go into the hole, and there you may feed for nothing.

Spend. Aye, out of the alms-basket, where charity appears
In likeness of a piece of stinking fish,
Such as they beat bawds with when they are carted.

Hold. Why, sir, do not scorn it; as good men as yourself
Have been glad to eat scraps out of the alms basket.

Spend. And yet, slave, thou in pride wilt stop thy nose,
Screw and make faces, talk contemptibly of it,
And of the feeders, surly groom.

Enter Fox.

Hold. Well, sir, your malapertness will get you nothing.——Fox!

Fox. Here.

Hold. A prisoner to the hole; take charge of him, and use him as scurvily as thou canst.——You shall be taught your duty, sir, I warrant you.

Spend. Hence, slavish tyrants, instruments of torture!
There is more kindness yet in whores than you;
For when a man hath spent all, he may go
And seek his way, they'll kick him out of doors,
Not keep him in as you do, and inforce him
To be the subject of their cruelty.
You have no mercy; but be this your comfort,
The punishment and tortures which you do
Inflict on men, the devils shall on you.

Hold. Well, sir, you may talk, but you shall see the end,
And who shall have the worst of it.
[*Exit* Holdfast.

Spend. Why, villain, I shall have the worst; I know it,
And am prepared to suffer like a Stoick;
Or else (to speak more properly) like a stock;
For I have no sense left: Dost thou think I have?

Fox. Zounds, I think he's mad.

Spend. Why, thou art in the right; for I am mad, indeed,
And have been mad this two years. Dost thou think
I could have spent so much as I have done,
In wares and credit, had I not been mad?
Why, thou must know, I had a fair estate,
Which, through my riot, I have torn in pieces,
And scatter'd amongst bawds, buffoons, and whores,
That fawned on me, and by their flatteries,
Rocked all my understanding faculties
Into a pleasant slumber; where I dreamt
Of nought but joy and pleasure: never felt
How I was lulled in sensuality,
Until at last affliction waked me,
And, lighting up the taper of my soul,

Led me unto myself, where I might see
A mind and body rent with misery.
[*A Prisoner within.*
Pris. Harry Fox! Harry Fox!
Fox. Who calls?

Enter Prisoners.

Pris. Here's the bread and meat man come.
Fox. Well, the bread and meat man may stay a little.
Pris. Yes, indeed, Harry, the bread and meat man may stay;
But you know our stomachs cannot stay.

Enter Gatherscrap *with the Basket.*

Fox. Indeed your stomach is always first up.
Pris. And therefore by right should be first served.
I have a stomach like aqua fortis, it will eat any thing.
O, father Gatherscrap, here are excellent bits in the basket.
Fox. Will you hold your chops farther: By and by you'll drivel into the basket.
Pris. Perhaps it may do some good; for there may be a piece of powdered beef that wants watering.
Fox. Here, sir, here's your share.
Pris. Here's a bit, indeed! what's this to a Gargantua stomach? [33]
Fox. Thou art ever grumbling.
Pris. Zounds! it would make a dog grumble, to want his victuals. I pray give Spendall none; he came into the hole but yesternight.
Fox. What, do you refuse it?
Spend. I cannot eat, I thank you.
Pris. No, no, give it me; he's not yet seasoned for our company.
Fox. Divide it then amongst you.
[*Exeunt* Fox *and Prisoners.*
Spend. To such a one as these are, must I come;
Hunger will draw me into their fellowship,
To fight and scramble for unsavoury scraps,
That come from unknown hands, perhaps unwashed:
And would that were the worst; for I have noted,
That nought goes to the prisoners, but such food
As either by the weather has been tainted,
Or children, nay, sometimes, full-paunched dogs
Have overlicked; as if men had determined
That the worst sustenance, which is God's creatures,
However they're abused, are good enough
For such vile creatures as abuse themselves.
O, what a slave was I unto my pleasures!
How drowned in sin, and overwhelmed in lust!
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force the impression of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance; I might teach them
By my example, to look home to thrift,
And not to range abroad to seek out ruin.
Experience shews, his purse shall soon grow light,
Whom dice wastes in the day, drabs in the night.
Let all avoid false strumpets, dice, and drink;
For he that leaps i' the mud, shall quickly sink.

Enter Fox *and* Longfield.

Fox. Yonder's the man.
Long. I thank you.—
How is it with you, sir? What, on the ground?
Look up, there's comfort towards you.
Spend. Belike some charitable friend has sent a shilling.
What is your business?
Long. Liberty.
Spend. There's virtue in that word; I'll rise up to you.
Pray let me hear that cheerful word again.
Long. The able and well-minded widow Raysby,
Whose hand is still upon the poor man's box,
Hath, in her charity, remembered you;
And, being by your master seconded,
Hath taken order with your creditors
For day and payment; and freely from her purse,
By me, her deputy, she hath discharged
All duties in the house: besides, to your necessities,
This is bequeathed, to furnish you with clothes.
Spend. Speak you this seriously?
Long. 'Tis not my practice to mock misery.
Spend. Be ever praised that Divinity,
That has to my oppressed state raised friends!
Still be his blessings poured upon their heads!
Your hand, I pray,
That have so faithfully performed their wills:
If e'er my industry, joined with their loves,
Shall raise me to a competent estate,
Your name shall ever be to me a friend.
Long. In your good wishes, you requite me amply.
Spend. All fees, you say, are paid?—There's for your love.
Fox. I thank you, sir, and am glad you are released. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bubble *gallanted.*

Bub. How apparel makes a man respected! the very children in the street do adore me: for if a boy that is throwing at his jack-a-lent [34] chance to hit me on the shins, why, I say *nothing* but—*Tu quoque*, smile, and forgive the child, with the beck of my hand, or some such

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33 *Gargantua stomach.*—See *Rabelais.*

34 *Jack a-Lent.*—A Jack o' Lent appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks. See Mr Steevens's notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 3. S. 3., and A. 5. S. 5.

like token; so, by that means, I do seldom go without broken shins.

Enter Staines, *like an Italian.*

Staines. The blessings of your mistress fall upon you;
And may the heat and spirit of her lip
Endue her with matter above her understanding,
That she may only live to admire you, or, as the Italian says,—
Que que dell fogo Ginni corcombie.
Bub. I do wonder what language he speaks.
Do you hear, my friend; are not you a conjurer?
Staines. I am, sir, a perfect traveller, that have trampled over
The face of the universe, and can speak Greek and Latin, as promptly as my own natural language.
I have composed a book, wherein I have set down
All the wonders of the world that I have seen,
And the whole scope of my journies, together with the
Miseries and lousy fortunes I have endured therein.
Bub. O lord, sir, are you the man? give me your hand:
How do ye? in good faith, I think I have heard of you.
Staines. No, sir, you never heard of me; I set this day footing
Upon the wharf; I came in with the last peal of ordnance,
And dined this day in the Exchange amongst the merchants.
But this is frivolous, and from the matter: You do seem
To be one of your gentile spirits, that do affect generosity:
Pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, garb, and habit
Of the most exactest nation in the world, the Italian?
Whose language is sweetest, clothes neatest, and behaviour
Most accomplished. I am one that have spent much money,
And time, which to me is more dear than money, in the
Observation of these things: and, now I am come,
I will sit me down and rest; and make no doubt,
But to purchase and build, by professing this art,
Or human science, as I may term it, to such honourable
And worshipful personages as mean to be peculiar.
Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers' ends.
But, hark ye, sir, is your Italian the finest gentleman?
Staines. In the world, signor; your Spaniard is a mere Bumbard to him; he will bounce, indeed, but he will burst: But your Italian is smooth and lofty, and his language is cousin-german to the Latin.
Bub. Why then he has his Tu quoque in his salute?
Staines. Yes, sir, for it is an Italian word as well as a Latin,
And infolds a double sense; for, one way spoken,
It includes a fine gentleman, like yourself;
And, another way, it imports an ass, like whom you will.
Bub. I would my man Gervase were here, for he understands these things better than I.—You will not serve?
Staines. Serve! no sir; I have talked with the great Sophy.
Bub. I pray, sir, what's the lowest price of being Italianated?
Staines. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty:
And, mark me, I will set your face like a grand signor's,
And you shall march a whole day, until you come opunctly[35] to your mistress,
And not disrank one hair of your physiognomy.
Bub. I would you would do it, sir; if you will stand to my bounty, I will pay you, as I am an Italian Tu quoque.
Staines. Then, sir, I will first disburthen you of your cloak;
You will be the nimbler to practise. Now, sir, observe me,—
Go you directly to the lady to whom you devote yourself.
Bub. Yes, sir.
Staines. You shall set a good stayed face upon the matter then.
Your band is not to your shirt, is it?
Bub. No, sir, 'tis loose.
Staines. It is the fitter for my purpose.
I will first remove your hat. It has been the fashion (as I have heard) in England, to wear your hat thus, in your eyes; but it is gross, naught, inconvenient, and proclaims, with a loud voice, that he that brought it up first, stood in fear of serjeants. Your Italian is contrary, he doth advance his hat, and sets it thus.
Bub. Excellent well: I would you would set it on my head so.
Staines. Soft; I will first remove your band, and set it out of the reach of your eyes; it must lie altogether backward: So, your band is well.

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[35] *Opunctly*—for opportunely. S.

Bub. Is it as you would have it?

Staines. It is as I would wish; only, sir, this I must caution you of, in your affront [36] or salute, never to move your hat; but here, here is your courtesy.

Bub. Nay, I warrant you; let me alone, if I perceive a thing once, I'll carry it away. Now, pray, sir, reach my cloak.

Staines. Never, whilst you live, sir.

Bub. No! what, do you Italians wear no cloaks?

Staines. Your signors never: You see I am unfurnished myself.

Enter Sir Lionel, Will Rash, Geraldine, *Widow*, Gartred, *and* Joice.

Bub. Say ye so? pr'ythee keep it, then.—See! yonder's the company that I look for; therefore, if you will set my face of any fashion, pray do it quickly.

Staines. You carry your face as well as e'er an Italian in the world; only enrich it with a smile, and 'tis incomparable: and thus much more; at your first appearance, you shall perhaps strike your acquaintance into an extasy, or perhaps a laughter; but 'tis ignorance in them, which will soon be overcome if you persevere.

Bub. I will persevere, I warrant thee; only do thou stand aloof, and be not seen; because I would not have them think but I fetch it out of my own practice.

Staines. Do not you fear; I'll not be seen, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Sir Lion. Now, widow, you are welcome to my house,
And to your own house too, so you may call it;
For what is mine is yours: you may command here
As at home, and be as soon obeyed.

Wid. May I deserve this kindness of you, sir.

Bub. Save you, gentlemen. I salute you after the Italian fashion.

W. Rash. How! the Italian fashion? Zounds! he has dressed him rarely.

Sir Lion. My son, Bubble, I take it?

W. Rash. The nether part of him, I think, is he;
But what the upper part is, I know not.

Bub. By my troth he's a rare fellow, he said true:
They are all in an extasy.

Gart. I think he's mad.

Joice. Nay, that cannot be; for they say, they that are mad lose their wits; and I am sure he had none to lose.

Enter Scattergood.

Sir Lion. How now, son Bubble; how come you thus attired?
What! do you mean to make yourself a laughing stock, ha?

Bub. Um! Ignorance, ignorance.

Ger. For the love of laughter, look yonder:
Another herring in the same pickle.

W. Rash. T'other hobby-horse, I perceive, is not forgotten. [37]

Bub. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Scat. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Bub. Who has made him such a coxcomb, trow?
An Italian *Tu quoque?*

Scat. I salute you according to the Italian fashion.

Bub. Puh! the Italian fashion! the tattered-demalian fashion he means.

Scat. Save you, sweet bloods, save you.

Sir Lion. Why, but what jig is this?

Scat. Nay, if I know, father, would I were hanged; I am e'en as innocent as the child new born.

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[36] *Affront*,—*i. e.* meeting. So in Hamlet, A. 3. S. 1.:

"That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia."

[37] *T'other hobby-horse, I perceive, is not forgotten.*—An allusion probably to some old ballad. *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2. refers to the same, and appears to repeat the identical line, which is also introduced in *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 3. S. 1. Bishop Warburton observes, that, "amongst the country May-games, there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers, as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the Sectaries." Note to *Hamlet*.—See also Mr Steevens's Note on the same passage.

Again in *Massinger's Very Woman*, A. 3. S. 1.:

"How like an everlasting Morris dance it looks;
Nothing but *hobby-horse*, and Maid Marian."

The Hobby-horse was also introduced into the Christmas diversions, as well as the May-games. In "A true relation of the faction begun at Wisbich, by Fa. Edmonds, *alias* Weston, a Jesuit, 1595," &c. 4to, 1601, p. 7, is the following passage: "He lifted up his countenance, as if a new spirit had bin put into him, and tooke upon him to controll, and finde fault with this and that (*as the comming into the hall of a hobby-horse in Christmas,*) affirming, that he would no longer tolerate these and those so grosse abuses, but would have them reformed."

Sir Lion. Aye, but son Bubble, where did you two buy your felts?
Scat. Felts! by this light, mine is a good beaver:
It cost me three pounds this morning, upon trust.
Sir Lion. Nay, I think you had it upon trust; for no man that has any shame in him would take money for it. Behold, sir.
Scat. Ha, ha, ha!
Sir Lion. Nay, never do you laugh; for you're i' the same block.
Bub. Is this the Italian fashion?
Scat. No, it is the fool's fashion;
And we two are the first that follow it.
Bub. Et tu quoque; are we both cozened?
Then let's shew ourselves brothers in adversity, and embrace.
Sir Lion. What was he that cheated you?
Bub. Marry, sir, he was a knave that cheated me.
Scat. And I think he was no honest man that cheated me.
Sir Lion. Do you know him again if you see him?

Enter Staines.

Bub. Yes, I know him again, if I see him:
But I do not know how I should come to see him.
O Gervase, Gervase! do you see us two, Gervase?
Staines. Yes, sir, very well.
Bub. No, you do not see us very well;
For we have been horribly abused:
Never were Englishmen so gulled in Italian as we have been.
Staines. Why, sir, you have not lost your cloak and hat?
Bub. Gervase, you lie, I have lost my cloak and hat;
And therefore you must use your credit for another.
Scat. I think my old cloak and hat must be glad to serve me till next quarter-day.
Sir Lion. Come, take no care for cloaks, I'll furnish you:
To-night you lodge with me; to-morrow morn,
Before the sun be up, prepare for church;
The widow and I have so concluded on't.
The wenches understand not yet so much,
Nor shall not until bed-time: then will they
Not sleep a wink all night, for very joy.
Scat. And I'll promise, the next night
They shall not sleep for joy neither.
Sir Lion. O! Mr Geraldine, I saw you not before:
Your father now is come to town, I hear.
Ger. Yes, sir.
Sir Lion. Were not my business earnest, I would see him:
But pray intreat him break an hour's sleep
To-morrow morn, t' accompany me to church;
And come yourself, I pray, along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thank you.
Sir Lion. But look, here comes one
That has but lately shook off his shackles.—
How now, sirrah! wherefore come you?
Spend. I come to crave a pardon, sir, of you;
And with hearty and zealous thanks
Unto this worthy lady, that hath given me
More than I e'er could hope for,—liberty.
Wid. Be thankful unto heaven, and your master;
Nor let your heart grow bigger than your purse,
But live within a limit, lest you burst out
To riot and to misery again;
For then 'twould lose the benefit I mean it.
Sir Lion. O! you do graciously; 'tis good advice;
Let it take root, sirrah, let it take root:
But come, widow, come, and see your chamber;
Nay, your company too, for I must speak with you. [*Exeunt.*
Spend. 'Tis bound unto you, sir.
Bub. And I have to talk with you, too, mistress Joice.
Pray, a word.
Joice. What would you, sir?
Bub. Pray let me see your hand: the line of your maidenhead is out. Now for your fingers: upon which finger will you wear your wedding-ring?
Joice. Upon no finger.
Bub. Then I perceive you mean to wear it on your thumb.
Well, the time is come, sweet Joice, the time is come.
Joice. What to do, sir?
Bub. For me to tickle thy *Tu quoque;* to do the act
Of our forefathers: therefore prepare, provide,
To-morrow morn to meet me as my bride. [*Exit.*
Joice. I'll meet thee like a ghost first.
Gar. How now, what matter have you fished out of that fool?
Joice. Matter as poisoning as corruption,
That will, without some antidote, strike home,
Like blue infection to the very heart.
W. Rash. As how, for God's sake?
Joice. To-morrow is the appointed wedding-day.
Gar. The day of doom it is!
Ger. 'Twould be a dismal day, indeed, to some of us.
Joice. Sir, I do know you love me; and the time
Will not be dallied with: be what you seem,
Or not the same; I am your wife, your mistress,
Or your servant; indeed what you will make me.
Let us no longer wrangle with our wits,
Or dally with our fortunes; lead me hence,

And carry me into a wilderness:
I'll fast with you, rather than feast with him.
Staines. What can be welcomer unto these arms?
Not my estate recovered is more sweet,
Nor strikes more joy in me, than does your love.
W. Rash. Will you both kiss then upon the bargain?
Here's two couple on you, God give you joy;
I wish well to you, and I see 'tis all the good that I can do you:
And so to your shifts I leave you.
Joice. Nay, brother; you will not leave us thus, I hope.
W. Rash. Why, what would you have me do? you mean to run away together; would you have me run with you, and so lose my inheritance? no, trudge, trudge with your backs to me, and your bellies to them: away.
Ger. Nay, I pry'thee be not thus unseasonable: Without thee we are nothing.
W. Rash. By my troth, and I think so too. You love one another in the way of matrimony, do you not?
Ger. What else, man?
W. Rash. What else, man! why 'tis a question to be ask'd; for I can assure you, there is another kind of love. But come, follow me; I must be your good angel still: 'tis in this brain how to prevent my father, and his brace of beagles: you shall none of you be bid to-night: follow but my direction, if I bring you not, *To have and to hold, for better for worse*, let me be held an eunuch in wit, and one that was never father to a good jest.
Ger. We'll be instructed by you.
W. Rash. Well, if you be, it will be your own another day.
Come follow me.
[Spendall *meets them, and they look strangely upon him, and go off.*]
Spend. How ruthless men are to adversity!
My acquaintance scarce will know me; when we meet,
They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone;
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them:
A man must trust unto himself, I see;
For if he once but halt in his estate,
Friendship will prove but broken crutches to him.
Well, I will lean to none of them, but stand
Free of myself: and if I had a spirit
Daring to act what I am prompted to,
I might thrust out into the world again,
Full-blossom'd, with a sweet and golden spring.
It was an argument of love in her
To fetch me out of prison; and this night,
She clasped my hand in her's, as who should say,
Thou art my purchase, and I hold thee thus.
The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it.
I am resolved; my genius whispers to me,
Go on, and win her; thou art young and active,
Which she is apt to catch at; for there's nought
That's more unstedfast than a woman's thought.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Lionel, Will Rash, Scattergood, Bubble, Widow, Gartred, Joice, Phillis, *and Servant.*

Sir Lion. Here's ill lodging, Widow: but you must know,
If we had better, we could afford it you.
Widow. The lodging, sir, might serve better guests.
Sir Lion. Not better, Widow, nor yet welcomer:
But we will leave you to it, and the rest.
Phillis, pray let your mistress not want any thing.
Once more, good night; I'll leave a kiss with you,
As earnest of a better gift to-morrow.
Sirrah, a light.
Widow. Good rest to all.
Bub. *Et tu quoque*, forsooth.
Scat. God give you good night, forsooth,
And send you an early resurrection.
Widow. Good night to both.
Sir Lion. Come, come away, each bird unto his nest,
To-morrow night's a time of little rest. [*Exeunt.*
[*Manent Widow and* Phillis.
Widow. Here, untie: soft, let it alone;
I have no disposition to sleep yet:
Give me a book, and leave me for a while,
Some half hour hence look in to me.
Phillis. I shall, forsooth. [*Exit* Phillis.

Enter Spendall.

Widow. How now! what makes this bold intrusion?
Spend. Pardon me, lady, I have business to you.
Widow. Business! from whom? is it of such importance
That it craves present hearing?
Spend. It does.
Widow. Then speak it, and be brief.
Spend. Nay, gentle Widow, be more pliant to me;
My suit is soft and courteous; full of love.
Widow. Of love!
Spend. Of love.
Widow. Why sure the man is mad? bethink thyself;
Thou hast forgot thy errand.
Spend. I have indeed, fair lady; for my errand
Should first have been delivered on your lips.
Widow. Why, thou impudent fellow! unthrift of shame,
As well as of thy purse! What has moved thee
To prosecute thy ruin? hath my bounty,
For which thy master was an orator,

Importuned thee to pay me with abuse?
Sirrah, retire, or I will, to your shame,
With clamours raise the house, and make your master,
For this attempt, return you to the dungeon
From whence you came.
Spend. Nay, then I must be desperate:
Widow, hold your clapdish,[38] fasten your tongue
Unto your roof, and do not dare to call;
But give me audience, with fear and silence.
Come, kiss me——no?
This dagger has a point, do you see it?
And be unto my suit obedient,
Or you shall feel it too:
For I will rather totter, hang in clean linen,
Than live to scrub it out in lousy linings.
Go to, kiss: you will; why, so: again, the third time;
Good; 'tis a sufficient charm: now hear me.
You are rich in money, lands, and lordships,
Manors, and fair possessions; and I have not so much
As one poor copyhold to thrust my head in.
Why should you not then have compassion
Upon a reasonable handsome fellow,
That has both youth and liveliness upon him;
And can at midnight quicken and refresh
Pleasures decayed in you? You want children;
And I am strong, lusty, and have a back
Like Hercules; able to get them
Without the help of muscadine and eggs.
And will you then, that have enough,
Take to your bed a bundle of diseases,
Wrapt up in threescore years, to lie a hawking,
Spitting, and coughing backwards and forwards,
That you shall not sleep; but, thrusting forth
Your face out of the bed, be glad to draw
The curtains, such a steam shall reek
Out of this dunghill? Now, what say you?
Shall we, without farther wrangling, clap it up,
And go to bed together?
Widow. Will you hear me?
Spend. Yes, with all my heart,
So the first word may be, Untruss your points.—
Zounds, one knocks; do not stir, I charge you,
[*Knock within.*
Nor speak, but what I bid you:
For, by these lips, which now in love I kiss,
If you but struggle, or but raise your voice,
My arm shall rise with it, and strike you dead.
Go to, come on with me, and ask who's there?
Widow. It is my maid.
Spend. No matter; do as I bid you: say, Who's there?
Widow. Who's there?
Phillis within. 'Tis I, forsooth.
Spend. If it be you, forsooth, then pray stay
Till I shall call upon you.
Widow. If it be you, forsooth, then pray you stay
Till I shall call upon you.
Spend. Very well; why, now I see
Thou'lt prove an obedient wife. Come, let's undress.
Widow. Will you put up your naked weapon, sir?
Spend. You shall pardon me, Widow, I must have you grant first.
Widow. You will not put it up?
Spend. Not till I have some token of your love.
Widow. If this may be a testimony, take it:
[*Kisses him.*
By all my hopes, I love thee; thou art worthy
Of the best widow living, thou takest the course;
And those that will win widows must do thus.
Spend. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked weapon in my hand; but come, unlace.
Widow. Nay, my dear love; know that I will not yield
My body unto lust, until the priest
Shall join us in Hymen's sacred nuptial rites.
Spend. Then set your hand to this: nay, 'tis a contract
Strong and sufficient, and will hold in law.
Here, here's pen and ink; you see I come provided.
Widow. Give me the pen.
Spend. Why here's some comfort.
Yet write your name fair, I pray,
And at large.—Why, now 'tis very well;
Now, Widow, you may admit your maid,
For i' the next room I'll go fetch a nap.
Widow. Thou shalt not leave me so; come, pr'ythee sit,
We'll talk a while, for thou hast made my heart
Dance in my bosom, I receive such joy.
Spend. Thou art a good wench, i'faith; come kiss upon't.
Widow. But will you be a loving husband to me,
Avoid all naughty company, and be true
To me, and to my bed?
Spend. As true to thee, as steel to adamant.
[*Binds him to the post.*
Widow. I'll bind you to your word; see that you be,
Or I'll conceal my bags: I have kinsfolks,
To whom I'll make't over, you shall not have a penny.
Spend. Pish, pr'ythee do not doubt me.
How now! what means this?
Widow. It means my vengeance; nay, sir, you are fast,

[38] *Clapdish.*—See note 32, to *The 2d Part of the Honest Whore*, Vol. I. page 581.

Nor do not dare to struggle; I have liberty
Both of my tongue and feet; I'll call my maid.

Enter PHILLIS.

Phillis, come in, and help to triumph
Over this bold intruder. Wonder not, wench,
But go unto him, and ransack all his pockets,
And take from thence a contract which he forced
From my unwilling fingers.

Spend. Is this according to your oath?

Phillis. Come, sir, I must search you.

Spend. I pr'ythee do;
And, when thou takest that from me, take my life too.

Widow. Hast thou it, girl?

Phillis. I have a paper here:

Widow. It is the same, give it me.—Look you, sir,
Thus your new-fancied hopes I tear asunder.
Poor wretched man! thou'st had a golden dream,
Which gilded over thy calamity;
But, being awake, thou find'st it ill laid on,
For with one finger I have wiped it off.—
Go, fetch me hither the casket that contains
My choicest jewels, and spread them here before him.—
Look you, sir;
Here's gold, pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds;
These would be goodly things for you to pawn,
Or revel with among'st your courtezans,
Whilst I and mine did starve. Why dost not curse,
And utter all the mischiefs of thy heart,
Which I know swells within thee? pour it out,
And let me hear thy fury.

Spend. Never, never:
Whene'er my tongue shall speak but well of thee,
It proves no faithful servant to my heart.

Widow. False traitor to thy master, and to me,
Thou lyest, there's no such thing within thee.

Spend. May I be burned to ugliness, to that
Which you and all men hate, but I speak truth.

Widow. May I be turned a monster, and the shame
Of all my sex,—and if I not believe thee!
Take me unto thee; these and all that's mine.
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all:
And do not blame this trial, 'cause it shews
I give myself unto thee, am not forced,
And with it love, that ne'er shall be divorced.

Spend. I am glad 'tis come to this; yet, by this light,
Thou putts't me into a horrible fear.
But this is my excuse: know that my thoughts
Were not so desperate as my actions seemed;
For 'fore my dagger should ha' drawn one drop
Of thy chaste blood, it should have sluiced out mine,
And the cold point stuck deep into my heart:
Nor better be my fate, if I shall move
To any other pleasure but thy love.[39]

Widow. It shall be in my creed: but let's away,
For night with her black steeds draws up the day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter WILL RASH, STAINES, GERALDINE, GARTRED, JOICE, *and a Boy with a Lanthorn.*

W. Rash. Softly, boy, softly; you think you are upon firm ground, but it is dangerous. You'll never make a good thief, you rogue, till you learn to creep upon all four. If I do not sweat with going this pace; every thing I see, methinks, should be my father in his white beard.

Staines. It is the property of that passion; for fear
Still shapes all things we see to that we fear.

W. Rash. Well said, logic: sister, I pray lay hold of him,
For the man, I see, is able to give the watch an answer, if they should come upon him with interrogatories.

Enter SPENDALL, *Widow, and* PHILLIS.

Zounds, we are discovered! boy, come up close, and use the property of your lanthorn: what dumb show should this be?

Ger. They take their way directly, intend nothing against us.

Staines. Can you not discern who they are?

Joice. One is Spendall.

Gar. The other is the widow, as I take it.

Staines. 'Tis true, and that's her maid before her.

W. Rash. What a night of conspiracy is here! more villainy? there's another goodly mutton going; my father is fleeced of all; grief will give him a box, i'faith—but 'tis no great matter; I shall inherit the sooner. Nay, soft, sir; you shall not pass so current with the matter; I'll shake you a little: Who goes there?

Spend. Out with the candle; who's that asks the question?

W. Rash. One that has some reason for it.

Spend. It should be, by the voice, young Rash. Why, we are honest folks.

W. Rash. Pray, where do you dwell? Not in town, I hope?

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39 *Thy love.*—1st edition reads, *my love.*

Spend. Why, we dwell—zounds! where do we dwell? I know not where.

W. Rash. And you'll be married you know not when—zounds! it were a Christian deed to stop thee in thy journey: hast thou no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee? suppose I had been a constable, you had been in a fine taking, had you not?

Spend. But my still worthy friend,
Is there no worse face of ill, bent towards me,
Than that thou merrily putt'st on?

W. Rash. Yes, here's four or five faces more, but ne'er an ill one, though never an excellent good one.——Boy, up with your lanthorn of light, and shew him his associates, all running away with the flesh, as thou art. Go, yoke together, you may be oxen one day, and draw all together in a plough; go, march together, the parson stays for you; pay him royally. Come, give me the lanthorn, for you have light sufficient, for night has put off his black cap, and salutes the morn; now farewell, my little children of Cupid, that walk by two and two, as if you went a-feasting: let me hear no more words, but begone.

Spend. and Staines. Farewell.

Gart. and Joice. Farewell, brother.

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* WILL RASH.

W. Rash. Aye, you may cry farewell; but if my father should know of my villainy, how should I fare then? But all's one, I have done my sisters good, my friends good, and myself good; and a general good is always to be respected before a particular. There's eightscore pounds a-year saved by the conveyance of this widow.—I hear footsteps; now darkness take me into thy arms, and deliver me from discovery. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir LIONEL.

Sir Lio. Lord, lord, what a careless world is this! neither bride nor bridegroom ready; time to go to church, and not a man unroosted; this age has not seen a young gallant rise with a candle; we live drowned in feather beds, and dream of no other felicity. This was not the life when I was a young man. What makes us so weak as we are now? a feather-bed. What so unapt for exercise? a feather-bed. What breeds such pains and aches in our bones? why, a feather-bed, or a wench, or at least a wench in a feather-bed. Is it not a shame, that an old man, as I am, should be up first, and in a wedding-day? I think, in my conscience, there's more metal in lads of threescore, than in boys of one-and-twenty.

Enter BASKETHILT.

Why, Baskethilt!

Bas. Here, sir.

Sir Lio. Shall I not be trussed to-day?

Bas. Yes, sir; but I went for water.

Sir Lio. Is Will Rash up yet?

Bas. I think not, sir, for I heard nobody stirring in the house.

Sir Lio. Knock, sirrah, at his chamber.

[*Knock within.*

The house might be pluck'd down, and builded again,
Before he'd wake with the noise.

[WILL RASH *aloft.*

W. Rash. Who's that keeps such a knocking? are you mad?

Sir Lio. Rather thou art drunk, thou lazy slouch,
That mak'st thy bed thy grave, and in it buriest
All thy youth and vigour: up, for shame.

W. Rash. Why, 'tis not two o'clock yet.

Sir Lio. Out, sluggish knave! 'tis nearer unto five:
The whole house has outslept themselves, as if they had drunk wild poppy.—Sirrah, go you and raise the maids, and let them call upon their mistresses.

Bas. Well, sir, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter SCATTERGOOD *and* BUBBLE.

Scat. Did I eat any lettuce *to*-supper last night, that I am so sleepy? I think it be day-light, brother Bubble.

Bub. What say'st thou, brother? heigh-ho!

Sir Lio. Fie, fie, not ready yet? what sluggishness
Hath seiz'd upon you? why, thine eyes are close still.

Bub. As fast as a Kentish oyster: surely I was begotten in a plumb-tree, I ha' such a deal of gum about mine eyes.

Sir Lio. Lord, how you stand! I am ashamed to see
The sun should be a witness of your sloth.
Now, sir, your haste?

Enter BASKETHILT.

Bas. Marry, sir, there are guests coming to accompany you to church.

Sir Lio. Why, this is excellent; men whom it not concerns,
Are more respective than we, that are main actors.

Bub. Father Rash, be not so outrageous, we will go in and buckle ourselves, all in good time. How now! what's this about my shins?

Enter OLD GERALDINE, *and* LONGFIELD.

Scat. Methought our shanks were not fellows; we have metamorphosed our stockings for want of splendour.

Bub. Pray, what's that splendour?

Scat. Why, 'tis the Latin word for a Christmas candle. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Lio. O, gentlemen, you love, you honour me. Welcome, welcome, good master Geraldine; you have taken pains to accompany an undeserving friend.

Enter PHILLIS.

Old Ger. You put us to a needless labour, sir,
To run and wind about for circumstance;
When the plain word, "I thank you," would have served.

Sir Lio. How now, wench; are the females ready yet?
The time comes on upon us, and we run backward:
We are so untoward in our business,
We think not what we have to do, nor what we do.

Phil. I know not, sir, whether they know what to do, but I am sure they have been at church well nigh an hour; they were afraid you had got the start of them, which made them make such haste.

Sir Lio. Is't possible? what think you, gentlemen,
Are not these wenches forward? is there not virtue in a man
Can make young virgins leave their beds so soon?
But is the widow gone along with them?

Phil. Yes, sir; why, she was the ringleader.

Sir Lio. I thought as much, for she knows what belongs to't.
Come, gentlemen; methinks 'tis sport to see
Young wenches run to church before their husbands.

Enter WILL RASH.

Faith, we shall make them blush for this ere night.
Ah, sirrah, are you come? why, that's well said:
I mar'l'd indeed that all things were so quiet,
Which made me think th'ad not unwrapt their sheets;

Enter Servant, with a cloak.

And then were they at church I hold my life:
Maids think it long till each be made a wife.
Hast thou my cloak, knave? well said, put it on;
We'll after them; let me go, hasten both,
Both the bridegrooms forward; we'll walk a little
Softly on afore.——But, see, see, if they be not come,
To fetch us now.——We come, we come:
Bid them return and save themselves this labour.

Enter SPENDALL, STAINES, GERALDINE, *Widow*, GARTRED, *and* JOICE.

W. Rash. Now have I a quartan ague upon me.

Sir Lio. Why, how now? why come you from church to kneel thus publicly? what's the matter?

Ger. We kneel, sir, for your blessing.

Sir Lio. How! my blessing? Master Geraldine, is not that your son?

Old Ger. Yes, sir; and that, I take it, is your daughter.

Sir Lio. I suspect knavery: What are you? Why do you kneel hand in hand with her?

Staines. For a fatherly blessing too, sir.

Sir Lio. Hey-day! 'tis palpable, I am gull'd; and my sons, Scattergood and Bubble, fool'd: you are married?

Spend. Yes, sir, we are married.

Sir Lio. More villainy! every thing goes the wrong way.

Spend. We shall go the right way anon, I hope.

Sir Lio. Yes, marry shall you; you shall e'en to the
Compter again, and that's the right way for you.

Widow. O, you are wrong;
The prison that shall hold him are these arms.

Sir Lio. I do fear that I shall turn stinkard, I do smell such a matter: you are married then?

Enter SCATTERGOOD *and* BUBBLE.

Spend. Ecce signum! here's the wedding-ring t' affirm it.

Sir Lio. I believe the knave has drunk ipocras, He is so pleasant.

Scat. Good-morrow, gentlemen.

Bub. Tu quoque to all: what, shall we go to church?
Come, I long to be about this gear.

Sir Lio. Do you hear me; will you two go sleep again? take out the t'other nap; for you are both made coxcombs, and so am I.

Scat. How! coxcombs?

Sir Lio. Yes, coxcombs.

Scat. Father, that word, coxcomb, goes against my stomach.

Bub. And against mine; a man might ha' digested a wood-cock better.

Sir Lio. You two come now to go to church to be married;
And they two come from church, and are married.

Bub. How! married? I would see that man durst marry her.

Ger. Why, sir, what would you do?

Bub. Why, sir, I would forbid the banns.

Scat. And so would I.

Sir Lio. Do you know that youth in sattin? he's the pen that belongs to that inkhorn.

Bub. How! let me see; are not you my man Gervase?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Enter a Serjeant.

Bub. And have you married her?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Bub. And do you think you have used me well?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Bub. O intolerable rascal! I will presently be made a justice of peace, and have thee whipp'd.—Go, fetch a constable.

Staines. Come, you're a flourishing ass: Serjeant, take him to thee, he has had a long time of his pageantry.

Sir Lio. Sirrah, let him go; I'll be his bail for all debts which come against him.

Staines. Reverend sir, to whom I owe the duty of a son,
Which I shall ever pay in my obedience;
Know, that which made him gracious in your eyes,
And gilded over his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed even like ice,
Which, by the vehemence of heat, dissolves,
And glides to many rivers; so his wealth,
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expence,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers
Ran like a violent stream to other men's;
What was my own, I catch'd at.

Sir Lio. Have you your mortgage in?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Sir Lio. Stand up; the matter is well amended. Master Geraldine, give you sufferance to this match?

Old Ger. Yes, marry do I, sir; for since they love,
I'll not have the crime lie on my head,
To divide man and wife.

Sir Lio. Why, you say well; my blessing fall upon you.

Widow. And upon us that love, Sir Lionel.

Sir Lio. By my troth, since thou hast ta'en the young knave,
God give thee joy of him, and may he prove
A wiser man than his master.

Staines. Serjeant, why dost not carry him to prison?

Ser. Sir Lionel Rash will bail him.

Sir Lio. I bail him, knave! wherefore should I bail him?
No, carry him away, I'll relieve no prodigals.

Bubble. Good Sir Lionel, I beseech you, sir; gentlemen, I pray, make a purse for me.

Ser. Come, sir, come, are you begging?

Bub. Why, that does you no harm. Gervase, master, I should say; some compassion.

Staines. Serjeants, come back with him.—Look, sir, here is
Your livery;
If you can put off all your former pride,
And put on this with that humility
That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,
Free you of all incumbrances,
And take you again into my service.

Bub. Tenterhook, let me go; I will take his worship's offer, without wages, rather than come into your clutches again; a man in a blue coat may have some colour for his knavery, in the Compter he can have none.

Sir Lio. But now, Mr Scattergood, what say you to this?

Scat. Marry, I say, 'tis scarce honest dealing, for any man to coney-catch another man's wife. I protest we'll not put it up.

Staines. No! which we?

Scat. Why, Gartred and I.

Staines. Gartred! why, she'll put it up.

Scat. Will she?

Ger. Aye, that she will, and so must you.

Scat. Must I?

Ger. Yes, that you must.

Scat. Well, if I must, I must: but I protest I would not,
But that I must; So *vale, vale: et tu quoque.* [*Exit.*

Sir Lio. Why, that's well said;
Then I perceive we shall wind up all wrong.
Come, gentlemen, and all our other guests,
Let our well-temper'd bloods taste Bacchus' feasts:
But let us know, first, how these sports delight,
And to these gentlemen each bid good-night.

W. Rash. Gentles, I hope, that well my labour ends;
All that I did, was but to please my friends.

Ger. A kind enamoret I did strive to prove,
But now I leave that, and pursue your love.

Gar. My part I have performed with the rest,
And, though I have not, yet I would do best.

Staines. That I have cheated through the play 'tis true:
But yet I hope I have not cheated you.

Joice. If with my clamours I have done you wrong,
Ever hereafter I will hold my tongue.

Spen. If through my riot I have offensive been,
Henceforth I'll play the civil citizen.

Wid. Faith, all that I say, is, howe'er it hap,
Widows, like maids, sometimes may catch a clap.

Bub. To mirth and laughter henceforth I'll provoke ye,
If you but please to like of Green's *Tu Quoque.* [*Exeunt.*

EDITIONS.

1. Greene's Tu Quoque, or, the Cittie Gallant; as it hath beene divers times acted by the queenes majesties servants. Written by Jo. Cooke, Gent. Printed at London by M. Flesher, 4to. No date. 2. Greene's Tu Quoque, or, the Cittie Gallant; as it hath beene divers times acted by the queenes majesties servants. Written by Jo. Cooke, Gent. Printed at London, for John Trundle, 1614. 4to.

ALBUMAZAR.*

Mr Tomkis, the author of this play, was of Trinity College, Cambridge. To what part of the kingdom he was born, who his parents were, and what became of him after he quitted the University, are all circumstances alike unknown. That no memorials should remain of a person, to whom the world is obliged for a performance of so much merit as Albumazar is allowed to possess, cannot but create surprise; and, at the same time, will demonstrate, that genius is not always sufficient to excite the attention of contemporaries, or the curiosity of posterity. The very name of Mr Tomkis, as author of this work, was, until lately, unknown. No writer on the stage appears to have been informed of it; and so very soon as just after the Revolution, Mr Dryden not only seems to have been ignorant to whom the world owed this piece, but also the time in which it was first represented. He has, without any authority, asserted, that Ben Jonson

> "_____ chose this,
> As the best model of his master-piece:
> *Subtle* was got by our *Albumazar*,
> That *Alchymist* by this *Astrologer*;
> Here he was fashioned, and, we may suppose,
> He liked the fashion well, who wore the clothes."

But in this particular he was certainly mistaken. The Alchymist was printed in 1610, *and Albumazar was not performed until the year* 1614, *as will appear from the following particulars:*

"*King James,*" *says a writer in the* Gentleman's Magazine, *May* 1756, *p.* 224., "*made a progress to Cambridge and other parts, in the winter of the year* 1614, *as is particularly taken notice of by Rapin, vol. ii. p.* 156; *who observes, that the play called* Ignoramus *was then acted before his Majesty at Cambridge, and gave him infinite pleasure. I found in the library of Sir Edward Deering, a minute in manuscript, of what passed at Cambridge for the five days the king stayed there, which I shall here transcribe, for it accords perfectly with the account given by the historian, both of the king's progress, and the play entitled* Ignoramus; *and at the same time will afford us the best light to the matter in hand.*

"*On Tuesday the* 7*th of March,* 1614, *was acted before the king, in Trinity College Hall:*

"1. *Æmilia; a Latin Comedy, made by Mr Cecill, Johannis.*

"*On Wednesday night,*

"2. *Ignoramus the Laywer;* † *Latine, and part English. Composed by Mr Ruggle, Clarensis.*

"*On Thursday,*

"3. *Albumazar the Astronomer, in English. By Mr Tomkis, Trinity.*

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* *Albumazar.*—This play seems to have been planned on *L'Astrologo* of Giam Battista della Porta. S. P.

Battista Porta was the famous physiognomist of Naples. His play was printed at Venice, 1606. See Mr Steevens's note on *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.

† I have seen no earlier edition of this play, than one in 12mo, 1630. "Ignoramus Comœdia coram Regia Majestate Jacobi Regis Angliæ, &c. Londini Impensis, I. S. 1630." The names of the original actors are preserved in the Supplement to Mr Grainger's Biographical History of England, p. 146.

" *On Friday,*

" *4. Melanthe;* * *a Latin Pastoral. Made by Mr Brookes (mox doctour) Trinitatis.*

" *On the next Monday,*

" *5. The Piscatory, an English comedy, was acted before the University, in King's College, which Master Fletcher* † *of that college had provided, if the king should have tarried another night.*"

Part of the above account is confirmed in a letter from Mr Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, at Turin, dated 16th March, 1614, lately printed in Miscelluneous State Papers, from 1501 to 1726, vol. i. p. 395. " The king and prince lay at Trinity College, where the plays were represented: and the hall so well ordered for room, that above 2000 persons were conveniently placed. The first night's enterlainment was a comedy, and acted by St John's men: the chief part, consisting of a counterfeit Sir Edward Ratcliffe, a foolish tutor of physic, which proved but a lean argument; and, though it were larded with pretty shows at the beginning and end, and with somewhat too broad speech for such a presence, yet it was still dry. The second night was a comedy of Clare Hall, with the help of two or three good actors from other houses, wherein David Drummond, in a hobby-horse, and Brakin, the recorder of the town, under the name of Ignoramus, ‡ *a common lawyer, bare great parts. The thing was full of mirth and variety, with many excellent actors (among whom the Lord Compton's son,* ‖ *though least, was not worst,) but more than half marred with extreme length. The third night was an English comedy called* Albumazar, *of Trinity College's action and invention; but there was no great matter in it, more than one good clown's part. The last night was a Latin pastoral, of the same house, excellently written, and as well acted, which gave great contentment, as well to the king as to the rest.*"

After the Restoration, Albumazar was revived, and Mr Dryden wrote a prologue to it, which is printed in every edition of his works.

Although it does not appear to have been upon the list of acting plays, yet the reputation which it had obtained, induced Mr Ralph to build upon it a comedy, which, after ten years application, was performed at Drury Lane in 1744, under the title of The Astrologer: it was acted however only one night, when the receipts of the house amounted but to twenty-one pounds. On the second night, the manager was obliged to shut up his doors, for want of an audience. (See advertisement prefixed to the play.)

It cannot be denied, that Albumazar has not been a favourite play with the people in general. About the year 1748, soon after Mr Garrick became manager of Drury Lane theatre, he caused it to be revived, and gave it every advantage which could be derived from the assistance of the best performers; but, though admirably acted, it does not appear to have met with much success. It was again revived at the same theatre in 1773, with some alterations, and was again coldly received, though supported by the best comic performers of the times. The piece, on this revival, received some alterations from the pen of Mr Garrick, and was published in 8vo, 1773.

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* " *Melanthe,* fabula pastoralis, acta cum Jacobus, Magnæ Brit. Franc. et Hiberniæ Rex, Cantabrigiam suam nuper inviserat, ibidemque musarum atque animi gratia dies quinque commoraretur. Egerunt Alumni Coll. San. et individuæ Trinitatis Cantabrigiæ. Excudebat Cintrellus Legge, Mart. 27. 1615."

† This was Phineas Fletcher, son of Dr Giles Fletcher, and author of *The Purple Island*, an Allegorical Poem, 4to, 1633; *Locustæ vel Pietas Jesuitica*, 4to, 1627; *Piscatory Eclogues*; and other pieces. The play above mentioned was, I believe, not published until 1631, when it appeared under the title of " Sicelides, a Piscatory, as it hath beene acted in King's College, in Cambridge." Printed for William Sheares, 4to.

‡ The list printed by Mr Grainger assigns this part to Mr Perkinson of Clare Hall.

‖ Mr Compton of Queen's College, performed the part of *Vince*.—See *Grainger*.

ALBUMAZAR.

THE PROLOGUE.

The brightness of so great and fair a presence,
They say, strikes cold amazement; but I feel
Contrary effects: For, from the gracious centre
Of the honourable assembly, some secret power
Inflames my courage; and, methinks, I am grown
Taller by the virtue of this audience.
And yet, thus raised, I fear there's no retiring.
Ladies, whose beauties glad the whole assembly,
Upon your favours I impose my business.
If't be a fault to speak this foreign language,
(For Latin is our mother tongue) * I must entreat you
To frame excuses for us; for whose sake
We now speak English. All the rest we hope
Come purposely to grace our poor endeavours,
As we to please. In whose fair courtesy
We trust; not in our weak ability.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALBUMAZAR,† *an Astrologer.*
RONCA, } *Thieves.*
HARPAX, }
FURBO, }
PANDOLFO, *an old Gentleman.*
CRICCA, *his Servant.*
TRINCALO, *Pandolfo's Farmer.*
ARMELLINA, *Antonio's Maid.*
LELIO, *Antonio's Son.*
EUGENIO, *Pandolfo's Son.*
FLAVIA, *Antonio's Daughter.*
SULPITIA, *Pandolfo's Daughter.*
BEVILONA, *a Courtezan.*
ANTONIO, *an old Gentleman.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, HARPAX, RONCA.

Alb. Come, brave mercurials, sublimed in cheating;
My dear companions, fellow-soldiers
I'the watchful exercise of thievery:
Shame not at your so large profession,
No more than I at deep astrology;
For in the days of old, "Good-morrow, thief,"
As welcome was received, as now, "Your worship."

* *For Latin is our mother tongue.*—It is observed by the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1756, p. 225., that "the exercises of the university were not only performed in Latin, but the plays, written in this and the former reign, for the entertainment of the court, whenever it removed, either to Oxford or Cambridge, were generally composed in that language. Thus *Æmilia*, *Ignoramus*, and *Melanthe*, all acted at the same time with Albumazar, were in Latin. Both King James and Queen Elizabeth were Latinists."

† Albumazar is the name of a famous Persian astrologer, viz. Abu ma shar.—*Univ. Hist.* vol. v. p. 418. *Collier's Dict.* in voce. S. P.

The Spartans held it lawful,[1] and the Arabians;[2]
So grew Arabia Felix, Sparta valiant.
Ron. Read on this lecture, wise Albumazar.
Alb. Your patron, Mercury, in his mysterious character,
Holds all the marks of the other wanderers,
And, with his subtle influence, works in all,
Filling their stories full of robberies.
Most trades and callings much participate
Of yours; though smoothly gilt with the honest title
Of merchant, lawyer, or such like: the learned
Only excepted; and he's therefore poor.
Har. And yet he steals; one author from another.
This poet is that poet's plagiary,
And he a third's, till they end all in Homer.
Alb. And Homer filcht all from an Egyptian priestess.
The world's a theatre of theft. Great rivers[3]
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
Guts from the stomach steal, and what they spare,
The meseraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver:
Where, lest it should be found, turned to red nectar,
'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
In tendons, skin, and hair; so that, the property
Thus altered, the theft can never be discovered.
Now, all these pilferies, couched and composed in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick mass of thievery.
Ron. Most philosophical Albumazar!
Har. I thought these parts had lent and borrowed mutual.
Alb. Say they do so: 'tis done with full intention
Ne'er to restore—and that's flat robbery.
Therefore go on, follow your virtuous laws,
Your cardinal virtue—great necessity;
Wait on her close, with all occasions.
Be watchful, have as many eyes as heaven,
And ears as harvest: be resolved and impudent;
Believe none, trust none: for in this city
(As in a fought field, crows and carcases)
No dwellers are but cheaters and cheatees.
Ron. If all the houses in the town were prisons,
The chambers cages, all the settles[4] stocks,
The broad-gates gallowses, and the whole people
Justices, juries, constables, keepers, and hangmen,
I'd practise, spite of all; and leave behind me
A fruitful seminary of our profession,
And call them by thy name, Albumazarians.
Har. And I no less, were all the city thieves
As cunning as thyself.
Alb. Why, bravely spoken,
Fitting such generous spirits: I'll make way

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[1] *The Spartans held it lawful.*—The Spartans held stealing lawful, and encouraged it, as a piece of military exercise; but punished it very severely if it was discovered. See *Stanyan's Grecian History*, vol. i. p. 80.

[2] *Arabians.*—Mr Sale, (p. 30, Preliminary Discourse to his translation of The Koran, 4to edition,) says, "The frequent robberies committed by these people, on merchants and travellers, have rendered the name of an *Arab* almost infamous in Europe: this they are sensible of, and endeavour to excuse themselves, by alleging the hard usage of their father Ismael, who, being turned out of doors by Abraham, had the open plains and desarts given him by God for his patrimony, with permission to take whatever he could find there: and on this account, they think they may, with a safe conscience, indemnify themselves as well as they can, not only on the posterity of Isaac, but also on every body else; always supposing a sort of kindred between themselves and those they plunder. And in relating their adventures of this kind, they think it sufficient to change the expression, and instead of, *I robbed a man of such or such a thing*, to say, *I gained it.* We must not, however, imagine, that they are the less honest for this among themselves, or towards those whom they receive as friends; on the contrary, the strictest probity is observed in their camp, where every thing is open, and nothing ever known to be stolen."

[3] *Great rivers*, &c.—So Shakespeare, in *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.

"——— I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and, with his great attraction,
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds, by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have unchecked theft."

See also the 19th Ode of Anacreon.

[4] *All the* settles *stocks.*—*A settle* is a wooden bench, with a back to it, and capable of holding several people. These kinds of seats are only to be found in ancient halls, or the common drinking-rooms in the country. S.

To your great virtue with a deep resemblance
Of high astrology. Harpax and Ronca,
List to our profit: I have new lodged a prey
Hard by, that taken, is so fat and rich,
'Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchase.
Har. Who is't? speak quickly.
Ron. Where, good Albumazar?
Alb. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as old as foolish;
The poor remnant of whose brain, that age had left him,
The doting love of a young girl hath dried:
And, which concerns us most, he gives firm credit
To necromancy and astrology,

Enter FURBO.

Sending to me, as one that promise both.
Pandolfo is the man.
Har. What, old Pandolfo?
Alb. The same: but stay, yon's Furbo, whose smoothest brow
Shines with good news, and's visage promises
Triumphs and trophies to us. [FURBO *plays.*
Ron. My life h'as learnt out all, I know't by's musie.

Then FURBO *sings this Song.*

Bear up thy learned brow, Albumazar;
Live long, of all the world admired,
For art profound, and skill retired,
To cheating by the height of stars:
Hence, gypsies, hence; hence, rogues of baser strain,
That hazard life for little gain:
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afar
At the rare skill of great Albumazar.

Fur. Albumazar,
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowl abundance:
Pandolfo's ours; I understand his business,
Which I fi cht closely from him, while he revealed
T' his man his purposes and projects.
Alb. Excellent!
Fur. Thanks to this instrument: for, in pretence
Of teaching young Sulpitia, th' old man's daughter,
I got access to the house, and, while I waited
Till she was ready, over-heard Pandolfo
Open his secrets to his servant; thus 'tis:
Antonio, Pandolfo's friend and neighbour,
Before he went to Barbary, agreed
To give in marriage—
Alb. Furbo, this is no place
Fit to consider curious points of business:
Come, let's away, I'll hear't at large above.
Ronca, stay you below, and entertain him
With a loud noise of my deep skill in art;
Thou know'st my rosy modesty cannot do it.
Harpax, up you, and, from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purposes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning.
Har. Yes, yes.
Fur. Yes, sir.
[FURBO *goes out singing,* "*Fa, la, la, Pandolfo's ours.*"

SCENE II.

Enter RONCA, PANDOLFO, *and* CRICCA.

Ron. There's old Pandolfo, amorous as youthful May,
And gray as January. I'll attend him here
Pan. Cricca, I seek thy aid, not thy cross counsel;
I am mad in love with Flavia, and must have her:
Thou spend'st thy reasons to the contrary,
Like arrows 'gainst an anvil: I love Flavia,
And must have Flavia.
Cric. Sir, you have no reason;
She's a young girl of sixteen, you of sixty.
Pan. I have no reason, nor spare room for any.
Love's harbinger hath chalked upon my heart,
And with a coal writ on my brain, for Flavia;
This house is wholly taken up for Flavia.
Let reason get a lodging with her wit:
Vex me no more, I must have Flavia.
Cric. But, sir, her brother Lelio, under whose charge
She's now, after her father's death, ware boldly
Pandolfo never shall have Flavia.
Pan. His father, ere he went to Barbary,
Promised her me: who, be he live or dead,
Spite of a list of Lelios, Pandolfo
Shall enjoy Flavia.
Cric. Sir, you're too old.
Pan. I must confess, in years about threescore,
But in tough strength of body, four-and-twenty,
Or two months less. Love of young Flavia,
More powerful than Medea's drugs, renews
All decayed parts of man: my arteries,
Blown full with youthful spirits, move the blood
To a new business: my withered nerves grow plump
And strong, longing for action. Hence, thou poor prop
Of feebleness and age: walk with such sires
As with cold palsies shake away their strength,
And lose their legs with cureless gouts. Pandolfo
New moulded is for revels, masks, and music.
Cricca,
String my neglected lute, and, from my armory,
Scour my best sword, companion of my youth,
Without which I seem naked.
Cric. Your love, sir, like strong water
To a deplored sick man, quicks your feeble limbs
For a poor moment: but, after one night's lodging,
You'll fall so dull and cold, that Flavia
Will shriek and leap from bed as from a sepulchre.

Shall I speak plainer, sir? she'll cuckold you,
Alas! she'll cuckold you.
Pan. What, me! a man of known discretion;
Of riches, years, and this gray gravity?
I'll satisfy'r with gold, rich clothes, and jewels.
Cric. 'Ver't not far fitter urge your son Eugenio
To woo her for himself?
Pan. Cricca, be gone.
Touch no more there: I will, and must have Flavia.
Tell Lelio, if he grant me his sister Flavia,
I'll give my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and find me here within this half hour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter RONCA *and* PANDOLFO.

Ron. 'Tis well that servant's gone; I shall the easier
Wind up his master to my purposes.
Pan. Sure this is some novice of th' artillery,
That winks and shoots. sir, prime, prime your piece a new,
The powder's wet. [*Knocks at the Door.*
Ron. A good ascendant. Bless me, sir, are you frantic?
Pan. Why frantic? are not knocks the lawful courses
To open doors and ears?
Ron. Of vulgar men and houses.
Pan. Whose lodging's this? is't not the astrologer's?
Ron. His lodging! no; 'tis the learned phrontisterion [5]
Of most divine Albumazar.
Pan. Good sir,
If the door break, a better shall redeem it.
Ron. How! all your land, sold at a hundred years purchase,
Cannot repair the damage of one poor rap:
To thunder at the phrontisterion
Of great Albumazar!
Pan. Why, man, what harm?
Ron. Sir, you must know my master's heavenly brain,
Pregnant with mysteries of metaphysics,
Grows to an embryo of rare contemplation,
Which, at full time brought forth, excels by far
The armed fruit of Vulcan's midwifery,
That leapt from Jupiter's mighty cranium.
Pan. What of all this?
Ron. Thus one of your bold thunders may abortive,
And cause that birth miscarry, that might have proved
An instrument of wonders, greater and rarer
Than Apollonius the magician wrought.[6]
Pan. Are you your master's countryman?
Ron. Yes; why ask you?
Pan. Then must I get an interpreter for your language.
Ron. You need not; with a wind instrument my master made,
In five days you may breathe ten languages,
As perfect as the devil or himself.
Pan. When may I speak with him?
Ron. When't please the stars.
He pulls you not a hair, nor pares a nail,
Nor stirs a foot, without due figuring
The horoscope. Sit down a while, and't please you,
I see the heavens incline to his approach.
Pan. What's this, I pray you?
Ron. An engine to catch stars,
A mace to arrest such planets as have lurked
Four thousand years under protection
Of Jupiter and Sol.
Pan. Pray you, speak English.
Ron. Sir, 'tis a perspicil,[7] the best under heaven.
With this I'll read a leaf of that small Iliad
That in a walnut-shell was desked, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you see Paul's from Highgate.
Pan. Wonderful workman of so rare an instrument!
Ron. 'Twill draw the moon so near, that you would swear
The bush of thorns in't pricks your eyes. The crystal
Of a large arch multiplies millions,
Works more than by point blank, and, by refractions
Optic and strange, searcheth, like the eye of truth,
All closets that have windows. Have at Rome;
I see the Pope, his cardinals, and his mule,
The English college, and the Jesuits,
And what they write and do.
Pan. Let me see too.

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5 *Phrontisterion*,—*i. e.* cloister, or college. S.

6 *Than Apollonius the magician wrought*.—*Cornelius Agrippa, on the Vanitie and Uncertaintie of Artes and Sciences*, 4to, 1569, p. 55, mentions *Apollonius*: "They saie that *Hierome* made mention thereof, writinge to *Paulinus*, where he saithe, that *Apollonius Tianeus* was a magitien, or a philosopher, as the Pithagoreans were"

And he is also noticed among those who have written on the subject of magic.

7 *Perspicil*,—an optic glass.

Ron. So far you cannot; for this glass is framed
For eyes of thirty; you are nigh threescore:
But, for some fifty miles, 'twill serve you,
With help of a refractive glass that's yonder.
For trial, sir; where are you now?
Pan. In London.
Ron. Ha' you found the glass within that chamber?
Pan. Yes.
Ron. What see you?
Pan. Wonders! wonders! I see, as in a landscape,
An honourable throng of noble persons,
As clear as I were under the same roof.
Seems by their gracious brows, and courteous looks,
Something they see, which, if it be indifferent,
They'll favourably accept; if otherwise,
They'll pardon. Who or what they be, I know not.
Ron. Why that's the court at Cambridge, forty miles hence.
What else?
Pan. A hall thrust full of bare heads, some bald, some bushed,
Some bravely branched.
Ron. That's the university,
Larded with townsmen. Look you there, what now?
Pan. Who? I see Dover Pier, a man now landing,
Attended by two porters, that seem to groan
Under the burden of two loads of paper.
Ron. That's Coriatus Persicus,[8] and's observations
Of Asia and Afric.
Pan. The price?
Ron. I dare not sell't.
But here's another of a stranger virtue:
The great Albumazar, by wond'rous art,
In imitation of this perspicil,
Hath framed an instrument that magnifies
Objects of hearing, as this doth of seeing,
That you may know each whisper from Prester John
Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere delivered
Through a trunk, or Gloucester's list'ning wall.[9]
Pan. And may I see it, sir? Bless me once more.
Ron. 'Tis something ceremonious; but you shall try't.
Stand thus. What hear you?
Pan. Nothing.
Ron. Set your hands thus,
That the vertex of the organ may perpendicularly
Point out our zenith. What hear you now?
[*Laughing within.*
Pan. A humming noise of laughter.
Ron. Why that's the court
And university, that now are merry
With an old gentleman in a comedy. What now?
Pan. Celestial music, but it seems far off.
List, list, 'tis nearer now.
Ron. 'Tis music 'twixt the acts. What now?
Pan. Nothing.
Ron. And now?
Pan. Music again, and strangely delicate;
O most angelical! they sing.[10]
Ron. And now?

Sing sweetly, that our notes may cause
The heavenly orbs themselves to pause:
And at our music stand as still
As at Jove's amorous will.
So, now release them as before,
Th' have waited long enough; no more.

Pan. 'Tis gone, give me't again.—O do not so.
Ron. What hear you now?
Pan. No more than a dead oyster.
O let me see this wond'rous instrument.
Ron. Sir, this is called an otacousticon.[11]
Pan. A cousticon!
Why, 'tis a pair of ass's ears, and large ones.
Ron. True; for in such a form the great Albumazar
Hath framed it purposely, as fitt'st receivers
Of sounds, as spectacles like eyes for sight.
Pan. What gold will buy it?
Ron. I'll sell it you when 'tis finished.
As yet the epiglottis[12] is unperfect.
Pan. Soon as you can; and here's ten crowns in earnest.
For, when 'tis done, and I have purchased it,
I mean to entail it on my heirs-male for ever,
Spite of the ruptures of the common law.
Ron. Nay, rather give it to Flavia for her jointure:
For she that marries you deserves it richly.

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[8] *Coriatus Persicus.*—See Note 11. to *The Ordinary.*

[9] *Gloucester's listening wall.*—Before the rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral, the wall at Gloucester, here alluded to, was much more celebrated than it is at present. *Camden*, in his *Britannia*, Vol. I. p. 275., edition 1722, speaking of it, says,—"Beyond the quire, in an arch of the church, there is a *wall*, built with so great artifice, in the form of a semicircle with corners, that if any one whisper very low at one end, and another lay his ear to the other end, he may easily hear every syllable distinct."

[10] *They sing.*—So both the quartos. But I apprehend the words were rather intended for a stage direction.

[11] *Otacousticon*,—an instrument to aid and improve the sense of hearing.

[12] *Epiglottis*,—the flap or cover of the wind-pipe. S.

SCENE IV.

Enter CRICCA, PANDOLFO, *and* RONCA.

Cric. Sir, I have spoke with Lelio, and he answers——

Pan. Hang Lelio, and his answers. Come hither, Cricca,
Wonder for me, admire, and be astonished;
Marvel thyself to marble at these engines,
These strange Gorgonian instruments.

Cric. At what?

Pan. At this rare perspicil and otacousticon;
For, with these two, I'll hear and see all secrets;
Undo intelligencers. Pray let my man see
What's done in Rome; his eyes are just as yours are.

Ron. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wise and secret;
See you the steep danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that these instruments have power
To unlock the hidden'st closets of whole states?
And you reveal such mysteries to a servant?
Sir, be advised, or else you learn no more
Of our unknown philosophy.

Pan. Enough.
What news from Lelio? Shall I have his sister?

Cric. He swears and vows he never will consent.
She shall not play with worn antiquities,
Nor lie with snow and statues; and such replies
That I omit for reverence of your worship.

Pan. Not have his sister! Cricca, I will have Flavia,
Maugre his head:[13] by means of this astrologer
I'll enjoy Flavia. Are the stars yet inclined
To his divine approach?

Ron. One minute brings him.

Cric. What 'strologer?

Pan. The learned man I told thee,
The high almanack of Germany, an Indian,
Far beyond Trebesond and Tripoli,
Close by the world's end; a rare conjurer,
And great astrologer. His name, pray, sir?

Ron. Albumazarro Metcoroscopico.

Cric. A name of force to hang him without trial.

Pan. As he excels in science, so in title.
He tells of lost plate, horses, and strayed cattle,
Directly as he had stolen them all himself.

Cric. Or he, or some of his confederates.

Pan. As thou respects thy life, look to thy tongue;
Albumazar has an otacousticon.
Be silent, reverent, and admire his skill.
See what a promising countenance appears!
Stand still and wonder, wonder and stand still.

SCENE V.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, RONCA, PANDOLFO, *and* CRICCA.

Alb. Ronca, the bunch of planets new found out,
Hanging at the end of my best perspicil,
Send them to Galilæo at Padua[14];
Let him bestow them where he please. But the stars
Lately discovered 'twixt the horns of Aries,
Are as a present for Pandolfo's marriage,
And hence styled Sidera Pandolfœa.

Pan. My marriage, Cricca! he foresees my marriage.
O, most celestial Albumazar!

Cric. And sends y' a present from the head of Aries.

Alb. My almanack, made for the meridian
And height of Japan, give't th' East India company;
There may they smell the price of cloves and pepper,
Monkeys and china dishes, five years ensuing,
And know the success of the voyage of Magores;
For, in the volume of the firmament,
We children of the stars read things to come,
As clearly as poor mortals stories past
In Speed or Hollingshead.[15]

Ron. The perpetual motion
With a true 'larum in't, to run twelve hours

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[13] *Maugre his head*,—*i. e.* in spite of his head. S.

[14] *Send them to Galilæo at Padua.*—*Galilæo*, the inventor of the telescope, was born February 19. 1564; according to some writers at Pisa, but more probably at Florence. While Professor of Mathematics *at Padua*, he was invited by Cosmo, the second Duke of Tuscany, to Pisa, and afterwards removed to Florence. During his residence at the latter place, he ventured to assert the truth of the Copernican system; which gave so much offence to the Jesuits, that, by their procurement, he was ever after harassed by the Inquisition. He suffered very frequent and long imprisonments on account of his adherence to the opinions he had formed, and never obtained his liberty without renouncing his sentiments, and undertaking not to defend them, either by word or writing. His assiduity in making discoveries at length proved fatal to him. It first impaired his sight, and at length totally deprived him of it He died at Arcetre, near Florence, January 8. 1642, N. S. in the seventy-eighth year of his age; having been, for the last three years of his life, quite blind. See a comparison between him and Lord Bacon, in HUME'S *History of England*, Vol. VI. p. 133. 8vo, edit. 1763.

[15] *In Speed or Hollingshead.*—John Speed and Raphael Hollingshead, two writers of English Chronicles.

'Fore Mahomet's return.
Alb. Deliver it safe
To a Turkey factor, bid him with care present it
From me to the house of Ottoman.
Ron. I will, sir.
Cric. Pray you stand here, and wonder now for me;
Be astonished at his Gorgon, for I cannot.
Upon my life [15] he proves a mere impostor.
Pan. Peace, not a word, be silent and admire.
Alb. As for the issue of the next summer's war,
Reveal't to none, keep it to thyself in secret,
As a touchstone of my skill in prophecy. Be gone.
Ron. I go, sir. [*Exit*
Alb. Signior Pandolfo, I pray you pardon me,
Exotical dispatches of great consequence
Staid me; and casting the nativity
O' th' Cham of Tartary, and a private conference
With a mercurial intelligence.
Y' are welcome in a good hour, better minute,
Best second, happiest third, fourth, fifth, and scruple.
Let the twelve houses of the horoscope
Be lodged with fortitudes and fortunates,
To make you blest in your designs, Pandolfo.
Pan. Were't not much trouble to your starry employments,
I, a poor mortal, would entreat your furtherance
In a terrestrial business.
Alb. My ephemeris [16] lies,
Or I foresee your errand; thus, 'tis thus:
You had a neighbour call'd Antonio,
A widower like yourself, whose only daughter,
Flavia, you love, and he as much admired
Your child Sulpitia. Is not this right?
Pan. Yes, sir: O strange! Cricca, admire in silence.
Alb. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
And purposed to truck daughters. Is't not so?
Pan. Just as you say't. Cricca, admire and wonder.
Cric. This is no such secret: look to yourself, he'll cheat you.
Alb. Antonio, after this match concluded,
Having great sums of gold in Barbary,
Desires of you, before he consummate
The rites of matrimony, he might go thither
For three months; but as now 'tis three and three
Since he embark'd, and is not yet return'd;
Now, sir, your business is to me, to know
Whether Antonio be dead or living.
I'll tell you instantly.
Pan. Hast thou reveal'd it?
I told it none but thee.
Cric. Not I.
Pan. Why stare you?
Are you not well?
Alb. I wander 'twixt the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst excentricals,
Centers, concentricks, circles, and epicycles,
To hunt out an aspect fit for your business.
Cric. Mean ostentation! for shame, awake yourself.
Alb. And, since the lamp of heaven is newly enter'd
To Cancer, old Antonio is stark dead,
Drown'd in the sea, stone dead; for *radius directorius*
In the sixth house, and the waining moon by Capricorn;
He's dead, he's dead.
Cric. 'Tis an ill time to marry.
The moon grows fork'd, and walks with Capricorn.
Pan. Peace, fool; these words are full of mystery.
Alb. What ominous face, and dismal countenance,
Mark'd for disasters, hated of all the heavens,
Is this that follows you?
Pan. He is my servant,
A plain and honest speaker; but no harm in him.
Cric. What see you in my face?
Alb. Horror and darkness, death and gallowses:
i'd swear thou wert hang'd, stood'st thou but two foot higher;
But now the stars threaten a nearer death.
Sir, send to toll his knell.
Pan. What, is he dead?
Alb. He shall be, by the dint of many stabs;
Only I spy a little hope of 'scaping
Through the clouds, and foul aspects of death.
Cric. Sir, pray give no credit to this cheater;
Or, with his words of art, he'll make you dote
As much on his feign'd skill, as on fair Flavia.

SCENE VI.

Enter HARPAX, FURBO, ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, *and* CRICCA.

Har. Stay, villain, stay; though safety itself defend thee,
Thou diest.
Fur. Come, do thy worst; thrust sure, or die.
Cric. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, stay your hands: help, help,
Help, Albumazar.

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[15] *Upon my life*, &c.—Both the quartos begin Pandolfo's speech with this line. The alteration by Mr Dodsley

[16] *Ephemeris.*—A book of astronomy, in use among such as erect figures to cast men's nativities; by which is shewn how all the planets are placed, every day and hour of the year.

Har. Thus to the hinderer
Of my revenge.
Cric. Save me, Albumazar.
Fur. And thus, and thus, and thus.
Cric Master, I die, I die.
Har. Fliest thou, base coward? 'Tis not thy heels can save thee.

SCENE VII.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, PANDULFO, *and* CRICCA.

Cric. Oh, oh!
Pan. What ails thee, Cricca?
Cric. I am dead, I am dead.
Trouble yourself no more.
Pan. What, dead, and speak'st?
Cric. Only there's left a little breath to tell you.
Pan. Why, where art hurt?
Cric. Stabb'd with a thousand daggers;
My heart, my lights, my liver, and my skin,
Pierced like a sieve.
Pan. Here's not a wound: stand up,
'Tis but thy fear.
Cric. 'Tis but one wound all over:
Softly, oh, softly. You have lost the truest servant.—
Farewell, I die.
Alb. Live by my courtesy; stand up and breathe.
The dangerous and malignant influence is past;
But thank my charity that put by the blows,
The least of which threaten'd a dozen graves.
Now learn to scoff divine astrology,
And slight her servants.
Cric. A surgeon, good sir, a surgeon.
Alb. Stand up, man; th' hast no harm, my life for thine.
Pan. Th'art well, th'art well.
Cric. Now I perceive I am:
I pray you pardon me, divine astrologer.
Alb. I do: but henceforth laugh at astrology,
And call her servants cheaters.
Pan. Now to our business. On, good Albumazar.
Alb. Now, since the moon passeth from Capricorn,
Through Aquarius, to the watry sign of Pisces,
Antonio's drown'd, and is devour'd by fishes.
Pan. Is't certain?
Alb. Certain.
Pan. Then let my earnestness
Intreat your skill a favour.
Alb. It shall. But first
I'll tell you what you mean to ask me.
Pan. Strange!
Alb. Antonio dead, that promised you his daughter,
Your business is to entreat me raise his ghost,
And force it stay at home till it have perform'd
The promise past, and so return to rest.
Pan. That, that, ye 'ave hit it, most divine Albumazar.
Alb. 'Tis a hard thing; for *deprivatione ad habitum non datur regressus.*
O, what a business, what a master-piece
'Tis, to raise up his ghost whose body's eaten
By fish! This work desires a planetary intelligence
Of Jupiter and Sol; and these great spirits
Are proud, fantastical. It asks much charges,
To entice them from the guiding of their spheres,
To wait on mortals.
Pan. So I may have my purpose, spare for no cost.
Alb. Sir, spare your purse; I'll do it an easier way;
The work shall cost you nothing.
We have an art is call'd præstigiatory, [17]
That deals with spirits, and intelligences
Of meaner office and condition,
Whose service craves small charges: with one of these
I'll change some servant, [18] or good friend of yours
To the perfect shape of this Antonio;
So like in face, behaviour, speech, and action,
That all the town shall swear Antonio lives.
Pan. Most necromantical astrologer!
Do this, and take me for your servant ever.
And, for your pains, after the transformation,
This chain is yours: it cost two hundred pound,
Beside the jewel.
Alb. After the work is finish'd, then—how now?
What lines are these that look sanguineous,
As if the stars conjured to do you mischief!
Pan. How! mean you me?
Alb. They're dusky marks of Saturn:
It seems some stone shall fall upon your head,
Threat'ning a fracture of the pericranium.
Pan. Cricca, come hither; fetch me my staff again;
Threescore and ten's return'd: a general palsy
Shakes out the love of Flavia with a fear.
Is there no remedy?
Alb. Nothing but patience.
The planet threatens so, whose prey you are.
The stars and planets daily war together;
For, should they stand at truce but one half hour,
This wond'rous machine of the world would ruin:
Who can withstand their powerful influence?
Pan. You, with your wisdom, good Albumazar.

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[17] *Præstigiatory.*—*i. e.* juggling or deceiving.
[18] *I'll change some servant, &c.*—So in *Jeffrey of Monmouth's* History, 1718, p. 261, Merlin changes *Uther*, *Ulfin*, and *himself*, into the shapes of *Gorlois*, *Jordan of Tintagol*, and *Bricel*; by which means *Uther* obtains the possession of *Igerna* the wife of Gorlois. S. P.

Alb. Indeed, th' Egyptian Ptolomy the wise
Pronouncedit as an oracle of truth, *sapiens dominabitur astris.*
Who's above there? Ronca, bring down the cap
Made in the point of Mercury being ascendant.
Here, put it on; and in your hand this image,
Framed on a Tuesday, when the fierce god of war
Mounted th'horizon in the sign of Aries.
With these walk as unwounded as Achilles,
Dipt by his mother Thetis.

Pan. You bind me to your service.

Alb. Next get the man you purpose to transform,
And meet me here.

Pan. I will not fail to find you.

Alb. Meanwhile, with scioferical [19] instrument,
By way of azimuth [20] and almicantarath, [21]
I'll seek some happy point in heaven for you.

Pan. I rest your servant, sir.

Alb. Let all the stars
Guide you with most propitious influence.
[*Exit.*

Pan. Here's a strange man, indeed, of skill profound!
How right he knew my business 'fore he saw me!
And how thou scoff'st him when we talk'd in private!
'Tis a brave instrument, his otacousticon.

Cric. In earnest, sir, I took him for a cheater;
As many, under name of cunning men,
With promise of astrology, much abuse
The gaping vulgar, wronging that sacred skill
That in the stars reads all our actions.

Pan. Are there no arches o'er our heads? Look, Cricca.

Cric. None but the arch of heaven; that cannot fall.

Pan. Is not that made of marble? I have read
A stone dropt from the moon; and much I fear
The fit should take her now, and void another.

Cric. Fear nothing, sir; this charm'd mercurial cap
Shields from the fall of mountains; 'tis not a stone
Can check his art: walk boldly.

Pan. I do. Let's in.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Trincalo, *and* Armellina.

Trin. He that saith I am not in love, he lies *de cap-a-pie;* for I am idle, choicely neat in my clothes, valiant, and extreme witty. My meditations are loaded with metaphors, songs, and sonnets; not a one [22] shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion; [23] thus do I to my mistress; but, alas, I kiss the dog, and she kicks me. I never see a young wanton filly, but say I, There goes Armellina; nor a lusty strong ass, but I remember myself, and sit down to consider, what a goodly race of mules would inherit, if she were willing: only I want utterance, and that's a main mark of love too.

Arm. Trincalo, Trincalo.

Trin. O, 'tis Armellina! Now if she have the wit to begin, as I mean she should, then will I confound her with compliments, drawn from the plays I see at the Fortune, and Red Bull, [24] where I learn all the words I speak and understand not.

Arm. Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron, that your band's so stiff and yellow? [25]—not a word?—Why, Trincalo, what business is

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[19] *Scioferical.*—Belonging to a sun dial: it should be written *skiatherical. Johnson's Dictionary.*

[20] *Azimuth.*—Azimuths, called also vertical circles, are great circles, intersecting each other in the zenith and nadir, and cutting the horizon at right angles, in all the points thereof. *Chambers's Dictionary.*

[21] *Almicantarath.*—An Arabic word, written variously by various authors, and signifies a circle drawn parallel to the horizon. It is generally used in the plural, and means a series of parallel circles, drawn through the several degrees of the meridian. *Johnson's Dictionary.*

[22] *Not a one.*—So both the editions; Mr Dodsley altered it to *not a dog.* In *Macbeth*, A. 3. S. 4. is the same phrase; which Mr Steevens observes, however uncouth, signifies *an individual:*

"There's not *a one* of them, but in his house
"I keep a servant fee'd."

[23] *A passion.*—See note 11. to *Green's Tu Quoque*, p. 545.

[24] *The Fortune, and Red Bull.*—Two play houses. *The Fortune* belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, and stood in Whitecross Street. *The Red Bull* was situated in *St John's Street.*

[25] *Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron, that your band's so stiff and yellow?*—This alludes to the fashion then much followed, of wearing bands washed and dyed with *yellow starch.* The inventress of them was Mrs Turner, a woman of an infamous character; who, being concerned in the murder of Sir

town? how do all at Totnam?—grown mute?—What do you bring from the country?

Trin. There it is. Now are my flood-gates drawn, and I'll surround her.—What have I brought? sweet bit of beauty; a hundred thousand salutations o' the elder-house to your most illustrious honour and worship.

Arm. To me these titles! Is your basket full of nothing else?

Trin. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendent lady; a present to your worthiness from your worship's poor vassal Trincalo.

Arm. My life on't, he scraped these compliments from his cart the last load he carried for the progress.[26] What ha' you read, that makes you grow so eloquent?

Trin. Sweet madam, I read nothing but the lines of your ladyship's countenance; and desire only to kiss the skirts of your garment, if you vouchsafe me not the happiness of your white hands.

Arm. Come, give's your basket, and take it.

Trin. O sweet! now will I never wash my mouth after, nor breathe but at my nostrils, lest I lose the taste of her fingers. Armellina, I must tell you a secret, if you'll make much on't.

Arm. As it deserves. What is it?

Trin. I love you, dear morsel of modesty, I love; and so truly, that I'll make you mistress of my thoughts, lady of my revenues, and commit all my moveables into your hands; that is, I'll give you an earnest kiss in the highway of matrimony.

Arm. Is this the end of all this business?

Trin. This is the end of all business, most beautiful, and most worthy to be most beautiful lady.

Arm. Hence, fool, hence. [*Exit*

Trin. Why, now she knows my meaning, let it work. She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket: 'tis a plain sign she abhors the words, and embraces the meaning. O lips, no lips,[27] but leaves besmeared with mel-dew! O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs! O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears! O tears, no tears, but——

SCENE II.

Enter PANDOLFO, *and* TRINCALO.

Pan. Cricca denies me: no persuasions,
Proffers, rewards, can work him to transform.
Yonder's my country farmer, Trincalo:
Never in fitter time, good Trincalo.

Trin. Like a lean horse t' a fresh and lusty pasture.

Pan. What rent do'st pay me for thy farm at Totnam?

Thomas Overbury, was executed at Tyburn in a lawn ruff of her favourite colour. "With her," says *Howell*, in his Letters, p. 19. edit. 1754, "I believe that yellow starch, which so much disfigured our nation, and rendered them so fantastic and ridiculous, will receive its funeral." And of the same opinion was *Sir Simon D'Ewes*, who, in the MS. account of his life, now in the British Museum, p. 24. says, "Mrs Turner had first brought upp that vaine and foolish use of *yellow starch*, and therefore, when shee was afterwards executed at Tiburne, the hangman had *his hande* and cuffs of the same couler, which made many, after that day, of either sex. to forbeare the use of that *coloured starch*, 'till at last it grew generallie to be detested and disused." This execution happened in the year 1615; but the reformation predicted by *Howell*, and partly asserted by D'Ewes to have happened, was not the consequence, as will appear from the following passage, extracted from a pamphlet called *The Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Crie, by Barnaby Rich*, 4to. 1622, p. 40. "Yet the open exclamation that was made by Turner's wife at the houre of her death, in the place where shee was executed, cannot be hidden, when, before the whole multitude that were there present, she so bitterly protested against the vanity of those *yellow starcht bands*, that her outcries (as it was thought) had taken such impression in the hearts of her hearers, that *yellow starcht bands* would have been ashamed, (for ever after to have shewed themselves about the neckes, either of men that were wise, or women that were honest,) but we see our expectation have failed us, for *they beganne even then to be more generall than they were before*." Again, p. 41 "You knowe tobacco is in great trading, but you shall be merchants, and onely for egges: for whereas one pipe of tobacco will suffice three or four men, at once; now ten or twenty eggs will hardly suffice to starch one of these *yellow bands*: a fashion that I thinke, shortly will be as conversant amongst taylors, tapsters, and tinkers, as now they have brought tobacco. But a great magistrate, to disgrace it, enjoyned the hangman of London to become one of that fraternitie, and to follow the fashion; and, the better to enable him, he bestowed of him some benevolence to pay for his laundry: and who was now so briske, with a yellow feather in his hat, and a *yellow starcht band* about his necke, walking in the streets of London, as was master Hangman? so that you, my young masters, that have sithence fallen into that trimme, they doe but imitate the hangman's president, the which, how ridiculous a matter it is, I will leave to themselves to thinke on." And that the fashion prevailed some years after Mrs Turner's death, may be proved from Sir Simon D'Ewes's relation of the procession of King James, from Whitehall to the Parliament House, Westminster, 30th January, 1620. [*i. e.* 1621.] "In the King's short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable.—And fourthlie, that, looking upp to one windowe, as he passed, full of gentlewomen or ladies, all in *yellow bands*, he cried out aloud, A pox take yee, are yee ther? at which being much ashamed, they all withdrew themselves suddenlie from the window."

[26] *For the progress.*—When the King visited the different parts of the country.

[27] *O lips, no lips, &c.*—A burlesque on the speech of *Hieronymo* in *The Spanish Tragedy*.

Trin. Ten pound; and find it too dear a pennyworth.
Pan. My hand, here. Take it rent-free for three lives,
To serve me in a business I'll employ thee.
Trin. Serve you! I'll serve, reserve, conserve, preserve,
Deserve you for th' one half. O, Armellina;
A jointure, ha, a jointure! What's your employment?
Pan. Here's an astrologer has a wond'rous secret,
To transform men to other shapes and persons.
Trin. How! transform things to men? I'll bring nine tailors,
Refused last muster, shall give five marks a-piece
To shape three men of service out of all,
And grant him the remnant shreds above the bargain.
Pan. Now, if thou'lt let him change thee, take this lease,
Drawn ready; put what lives thou pleasest.
Trin. Stay, sir.
Say I am transform'd; who shall enjoy the lease,
I, or the person I must turn to?
Pan. Thou,
Thou. The resemblance lasts but one whole day:
Then home true farmer, as thou wert before.
Trin. Where shall poor Trincalo be? How's this! transform'd!
Transmuted, how? not I. I love myself
Better than so: there's your lease. I'd not venture
For the whole fee-simple.
Pan. Tell me the difference
Betwixt a fool and a wise man.
Trin. Faith as much,
As 'twixt your worship and myself.
Pan. A wise man
Accepts all fair occasions of advancement;
Flies no commodity for fear of danger,
Ventures and gains, lives easily, drinks good wine,
Fares neatly, is richly clothed, in worthiest company;
While your poor fool and clown, for fear of peril,
Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward,[28]
And wakes all night for want of moisture.
Trin. Well, sir,
I'd rather starve in this my loved image,
Than hazard thus my life for others' looks.
Change is a kind of death; I dare not try it.
Pan. 'Tis not so dangerous as thou takest it; we'll only
Alter thy count'nance for a day. Imagine
Thy face mask'd only; or that thou dream'st all night
Thou wer't apparel'd in Antonio's form;
And, waking, find'st thyself true Trincalo.
Trin. T' Antonio's form! was *not* Antonio a gentleman?
Pan. Yes, and my neighbour; that's his house.
Trin. O ho!
Now do I smell th' astrologer's trick: he'll steep me
In soldiers blood, or boil me *in a caldron*
Of barbarous law French; or anoint me over
With supple oil of great men's services;
For these three means raise yeomen to the gentry.
Pardon me, sir; I hate those medicines. Fie!
All my posterity will smell and taste on't,
Long as the house of Trincalo endures.
Pan. There's no such business; thou shalt only seem so,
And thus deceive Antonio's family.
Trin. Are you assured? 'twould grieve me to be bray'd[29]
In a huge mortar, wrought to paste, and moulded
To this Antonio's mould. Grant I be turn'd: what then?
Pan. Enter his house, be reverenced by his servants,
And give his daughter Flavia to me in marriage.
The circumstances *I'll instruct thee after.*
Trin. Pray give me leave: *this side says, do't;* this, do not.
Before I leave you, Tom Trincalo, take my counsel:
Thy mistress Armellina is Antonio's maid,
And thou, in his shape, may'st possess her: turn.
But, if I be Antonio, then Antonio
Enjoys that happiness, not Trincalo.
A pretty trick, to make myself a cuckold!
No, no; there, take your lease. I'll hang first.
Soft,
Be not so cholerick, Thomas. If I become Antonio,
Then all his riches follow. This fair occasion
Once vanish'd, hope not the like; of a stark clown,
I shall appear speck and span gentleman.[30]
A pox of ploughs and carts, and whips and horses.
Then Armellina shall be given to Trincalo,
Three hundred crowns her portion. We'll get a boy

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[28] *Bedward.—i. e.* Towards bed-time. So in *Coriolanus:*

"And tapers burn'd *to bedward.*" S.

[29] *Bray'd.—i. e. Pounded.* See note 104. to *The Ordinary.*

[30] *Speck and span gentleman.—Speck and span new,* is a phrase not yet out of use; *span new* occurs in Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide,* B. 3. L. 1671.

"This tale was aie *span newe* to beginne,
"Til that the night departid 'hem at winne."

And call him Transformation Trincalo:
I'll do it, sir.
Pan. Art resolved?
Trin. Resolved! 'tis done;
With this condition: after I have given your worship
My daughter Flavia, you shall then move my worship,
And much intreat me, to bestow my maid
Upon myself; I should say Trincalo.
Pan. Content; and, for thy sake, will make her portion
Two hundred crowns.
Trin. Now are you much deceived:
I never meant it.
Pan. How!
Trin. I did but jest;
And yet, my hand, I'll do it: for I am mutable,
And therefore apt to change. Come, come, sir, quickly,
Let's to th' astrologer, and there transform,
Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure.
I loath this country countenance. Dispatch: my skin
Itches, like snakes in April, to be stript off.
Quickly, O, quickly; as you love Flavia, quickly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, RONCA, *and* TRINCALO.

Alb. Signior Pandolfo, y' arrive in happiest hour:
If the seven planets were your nearest kindred,
And all the constellations your allies;
Were the twelve houses, and the inns o' the zodiac,
Your own fee-simple, they could ne'er have chosen
A fitter place to favour your designs.
For the great luminaries look from Hilech,[31]
And midst of heaven, in angles, conjunctions,
And fortunate aspects of trine and sextile,
Ready to pour propitious influences.
Pan. Thanks to your power and courtesy, that so placed them.
This is the man that's ready for the business.
Alb. Of a most happy count'nance, and timber fit
To square to th' gentry: his looks as apt for changing,
As he were cover'd with cameleons' skins.
Trin. Except my hands; and 'twill be troublesome
To fit these fingers to Antonio's gloves.
Pan. Pray let's about the work as soon as may be.
Alb. First, chuse a large low room, whose door's full east,
Or near inclining: for th' oriental quarter's
Most bountiful of favours.
Pan. I have a parlour
Of a great square, and height as you desire it.
Alb. Southward must look a wide and spacious window;
For howsoever Omar, Alchabitius,
Hali, Abenezra, seem something to dissent;
Yet Zoroastres, son of Oromasus,
Hiarcha, Brachman, Thespion, Gymnosophist,
Gebir, and Budda Babylonicus,
With all the subtile Cabalists and Chaldees,
Swear the best influence for our metamorphosis,
Stoops from the south, or, as some say, south-east.
Pan. This room's as fit as you had made it of purpose.
Trin. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg
Tingle, and dwindle to th' smallness of a bed-staff;
Such a speech more, turns my high shoes strait boots.[32]
Ron. Ne'er were those authors cited to better purpose,
For, through that window, all Pandolfo's treasures
Must take their flight, and fall upon my shoulders.
Alb. Now if this light meridional had a large casement,
That over-look'd some unfrequented alley,
'Twere much more proper: for th' intelligences
Are nice and coy, scorning to mix their essence
With throng'd disturbance of cross multitudes.
Ron. Spoken by art, Albumazar; a provident setter;
For so shall we receive what thou haud'st out,
Free from discovery. But, in my conscience,
All windows point full south for such a business.
Pan. Go to my house, satisfy your curious choice:
But, credit me, this parlour's fit; it neighbours
To a blind alley, that, in busiest term-time,
Feels not the footing of one passenger.
Alb. Now then, declining from Theourgia,
Artenosaria, Pharmacia, rejecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coscinomancy,[33]
With other vain and superstitious sciences,
We'll anchor at the art prestigiatory,
That represents one figure for another,
With smooth deceit abusing the eyes of mortals.
Trin. O my right arm! 'tis alter'd; and me-thinks,

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[31] *Hilech.*—We should read *Halie*. The name of Ursa Major in Greek. S. P.
[32] *Turn boots.*—See note to the Prologue to *The Goblins*.
[33] *Coscinomancy.*—Coskinomancy is the art of divining by a sieve. S. P.

Longs for a sword. These words have slain a plowman.
Alb. And, since the moon's the only planet changing,
For from the Neomenia, in seven days,
To the Dicotima, in seven more to th' Pauselinum,[34]
And in as much from Plenilunium
Thorow Dicotima to Neomenia,
'Tis she must help us in this operation.
Trin. What towns are these? The strangeness of these names
Hath scaled the marks of many a painful harvest,
And made my new-piled finger itch for dice.
Pan. Deeply consider'd, wond'rous Albumazar!
O, let me kiss those lips that flow with science.
Alb. For, by her various looks, she intimates
To understanding souls, that only she
Hath power t' effect a true formation.
Cause then your parlour to be swept carefully,
Wash'd, rubb'd, perfumed, hang'd round, from top to bottom,
With pure white lunary tap'stry, or needle-work;
But if 'twere cloth of silver, 'twere much better.
Ron. Good, good! a rich beginning: good! what's next?
Alb. Spread all the floor with finest Holland sheets,
And over them, fair damask table-cloths;
Above all these, draw me chaste virgins' aprons:
The room, the work, and workman, must be pure.
Trin. With virgins' aprons! the whole compass of this city
Cannot afford a dozen.
Ron. So, there's shirts
And bands to furnish all on's for a twelvemonth.
Alb. An altar in the midst, loaded with plate
Of silver basons, ewers, cups, candlesticks,
Flaggons, and beakers; salts, chargers, casting-bottles.[35]
'Twere not amiss to mix some bowls of gold,
So they be massy, the better to resemble
The lovely brotherhood of Sol and Luna:
Also some diamonds for Jupiter.
For, by the whiteness, and bright sparkling lustres,
We allure th' intelligences to descend.
Ron. Furbo and I are those intelligences,
That must attend upon the magistery.
Alb. Now, for the ceremonious sacrifice,
Provide such creatures as the moon delights in;
Two sucking lambs, white as the Alpine snow:
Yet if they have a mole or two, 'twill pass;
The moon herself wants not her spots.
Pan. 'Tis true.
Ron. Were they hell-black, we'd make a shift to eat them.
Alb. White capons, pheasants, pigeons: one little blackbird
Would stain and spoil the work. Get several wines
To quench the holy embers: rhenish, Greek wine,
White muskadel, sherry, and rich canary,
So't be not grown too yellow; for the quicker,
Brisker, and older, the better for these ceremonies:
The more abundance, sooner shall we finish.
For 'tis our rule, in such like businesses,
Who spares most, spends most. *Either this day must do't,*
Or th' revolution of five hundred years
Cannot: so fit are all the heavens to help us.
Ron. A thousand thanks! thou'lt make a complete cheat.
Thus, loaded with this treasure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthen'd with meat, we'll carry thee in triumph,
As the great general of our atchievement.
Pan. Sir, for rich plate and jewels, I have store;
But know not how to furnish you with hangings.
Alb. Cannot you borrow from the shops? four hours
Shall render all as fair as you received it.
Pan. That can I easily do.
Alb. And hear you, sir:
If you chance meet with boxes of white comfits,
Marchpane, dry sucket, macaroons, and dict-bread,
'Twill help on well.
Ron. To furnish out our banquet.
Alb. I had clean forgot; we must have ambergrise,[36]
The greyest can be found, some dozen ounces;
I'll use but half a dram; but 'tis our fashion
To offer a little from a greater lump.
Pan. All shall be done with expedition.
Alb. And, when your man's transform'd, the chain you promised.
Pan. My hand; my deeds shall wait upon my promise.
Alb. Lead then, with happy foot, to view the chamber.
Pan. I go, sir. Trincalo, attend us here,
And not a word, on peril of thy life.
Trin. Sir, if they kill me, I'll not stir a foot;
And, if my tongue's pull'd out, not speak a word.

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34 *Pauselinum.*—The Greek word for *Plenilunium.* S. P.
35 *Casting-bottles.*—*i. e.* Bottles out of which liquid perfumes were anciently cast or thrown. S. They are mentioned in *Lingua.*
36 *Ambergrise.*—See note 38. to *The Antiquary.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TRINCALO *and* CRICCA.

Trin. O what a business 'tis to be transform'd!
My master talks of four-and-twenty hours:
But, if I mew these flags of yeomanry,
Gild in the sear, and shine in bloom of gentry,
'Tis not their 'strology, nor sacrifice,
Shall force me cast that coat. I'll ne'er part with't,
Till I be sheriff of th' county, and in commission
Of peace and quorum. Then will I get m' a clerk,
A practis'd fellow, wiser than my worship,
And domineer amongst my fearful neighbours,
And feast them bountifully with their own bribes.
Cric. Trincalo!
Trin. Wear a gold chain at every quarter sessions,
Look big, and grave, and speak not one wise word.
Cric. Trincalo!
Trin. Examine wenches got with child, and curiously
Search all the circumstances: have blank mittimusses
Printed in readiness; breathe nought but, Sirrah, Rogue, ha? how? hum? Constable, look to your charge;
Then vouch a statute, and a Latin sentence,
Wide from the matter.
Cric. Trincalo!
Trin. Licence all ale-houses,
Match my son Transformation t' a knight's daughter,
And buy a bouncing pedigree of a Welch herald: and then——
Cric. What! in such serious meditations?
Trinc. Faith no; but building castles in the air,
While th' weather's fit: O Cricca, such a business!
Cric. What is't?
Trin. Nay, soft; they're secrets of my master,
Lock'd in my breast; he has the key at's purse-strings.
Cric. My master's secret! keep it, good farmer, keep it;
I would not lend an ear to't, if thou'dst hire me. Farewell.
Trin. O, how it boils and swells! if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t' impostume in my breast, and choke me.—Cricca!
Cric. Adieu, good Trincalo; the secrets of our betters
Are dangers; I dare not know't.
Trin. But, hear'st thou;
Say, I should tell, can'st keep't as close as I do?
Cric. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu.
Trin. Albumazar——
Cric. Farewell.
Trin. Albumazar——
Cric. I'r'ythee.
Trin. Albumazar,
Th' astrologer, hath undertook to change me
T' Antonio's shape: this done, must I give Flavia
To my old master, and his maid to Trincalo.
Cric. But where's Pandolfo and Albumazar?
Trin. Gone newly home to chuse a chamber fitting
For transmutation.—So, now my heart's at ease.
Cric. I fear the skill and cunning of Albumazar
With his black art, by whom Pandolfo seeks
To compass Flavia, spite of her brother Lelio,
And his own son Eugenio, that loves her dearly.
I'll lose no time, but find them, and reveal
The plot, and work to cross this accident.
But, Trincalo, art thou so rash and vent'rous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?
Trin. What care I for a life, that have a lease
For three? but I am certain there's no danger in't.
Cric. No danger! cut thy finger, and that pains thee;
Then what will't do to shred and mince thy carcase,
Bury't in horse-dung, mould it new, and turn it
T' Antonio? and, when th' art changed, if Lelio
Smell out your plot, what worlds of punishment
Thou must endure! Poor Trincalo! the desire
Of gains abuses thee: be not transform'd.
Trin. Cricca, thou understandest not: for Antonio,
Whom I resemble, suffers all, not I.
Cric. Yonder they come; I'll hence, and haste to Lelio. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO *and* TRINCALO.

Alb. The chamber's fit: provide the plate and hangings,
And other necessaries: give strict order
The room be cleans'd, perfum'd, and hang'd; mean while,
With astrolabe [37] and meteoroscope, [38]
I'll find the cusp [39] and alfridaria [40]

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[37] *Astrolabe*—An instrument chiefly used for taking the altitude of the pole, the sun, or stars, at sea.
[38] *Meteoroscope*.—A name given to such instruments as are used for observing and determining the distances, magnitudes, and places of the heavenly bodies.
[39] *Cusp*.—A term to express the points or horns of the moon, or other luminary.
[40] *Alfridaria*.—With astrologers, is a temporary power they imagine the planets have over the life of any person.

And know what planet is in cazimi.[41]
Pan. All shall be ready, sir, as you command it.
Trin. Doctor Albumazar, I have a vein of drinking,
And artery of lechery, runs through my body:
Pray, when you turn me gentleman, preserve
Those two, if't may be done with reputation.
Alb. Fear not; I'll only call the first, good fellowship,
And th' other, civil recreation.
Trin. And when you come to th' heart, spoil not the love of Armellina;
And in my brain leave as much discretion
As may spy falsehood in a tavern reckoning;
And let me alone for bounty to wink and pay't;
And if you change me perfectly,
I'll bring y' a dozen knights for customers.
Alb. I warrant thee.—Sir, are you well instructed
In all these necessaries?
Pan. They're in my table-book.
Alb. Forget not clothes for th' new transform'd, and robes
For me to sacrifice, you know the fashion.
I'll rather change five, than apparel one:
For men have living souls, clothes are unanimate.
Pan. Here, take this ring, deliver it to my brother,
An officer in the wardrobe; he'll furnish you
With robes and clothes of any stuff or fashion.
Alb. Almuten Alchochoden[42] of the stars attend you.
Pan. I kiss your hands, divine astrologer.

SCENE VI.

Enter PANDOLFO *and* TRINCALO.

Pan. Up quickly, Trincalo, to my child Sulpitia;
Bid her lay out my fairest damask table-cloths,
The fairest Holland sheets, all the silver plate,
Two gossips cups of gold, my greatest diamonds:
Make haste.
Trin. As fast as Alchochoden and Almuten
Can carry me: for sure these two are devils.
Pan. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Four hours attendance, till my man be changed,
Fast locks me in the lovely arms of Flavia. Away, Trincalo.
How slow the day slides on! when we desire
Time's haste, it seems to lose a match with lobsters;
And, when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought.[43] Why, Trincalo!
Trin. Here, sir.
Pan. Come, let's away for cloth of silver,
Wine, and materials for the sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter LELIO, EUGENIO, *and* CRICCA.

Lelio. Eugenio, these words are wonders past belief.
Is your old father of so poor a judgment,
To think it in the power of man, to turn
One person to another?
Eug. Lelio, his desire
T' enjoy your sister Flavia, begets hope,
Which, like a waking dream, makes false appearance
Lively as truth itself.
Lel. But who's the man
That works these miracles?
Eug. An astrologer.
Lel. How deals astrology with transmutation?
Cric. Under the vail and colour of astrology,
He clouds his hellish skill in necromancy.
Believe it, by some art, or false imposture,
He'll much disturb your love, and your's, Eugenio.
Lel. Eugenio, 'tis high time for us t' awake;
And, as you love our Flavia, and I
Your sister, fair Sulpitia; let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who falls into a sea
Swoln big with tempest, but he boldly beats
The waves, with arms and legs, to save his life?
So let us strive 'gainst troublous storms of love,
With our best power, lest after we ascribe
The loss to our dull negligence, not fortune.
Eug. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,
The holy league of friendship should command me,
Besides the seconding Sulpitia's love,
Who to your nobleness commends her life.

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[41] *Cazimi.*—The centre of the sun —A planet is said to be in *cazimi*, when it is not above 70 degrees distant from the body of the sun.

[42] *Almuten Alchochoden.*—*Almuten*, with astronomers, is the lord of a figure, or the strongest planet in a nativity —*Alchochoden* is the giver of life or years, the planet which bears rule in the principal places of an astrological figure, when a person is born; so that his life may be expected longer or shorter, according to the station, &c. of this planet.

[43] ——*he* imps *his wings*
With feathers plum'd with thought.—"*To imp*," (says Blount) "is a term most usual among falconers, and is, when a feather in a hawke's wing is broken, and another piece imped or graffed on the stump of the old."——"*Himp* or *imp*, in the British language, is *surculus* a young graffe or twig; thence *impio*, the verb to inoculate, or graff. Hence the word to *imp* is borrowed by the English; first, surely, to graff trees, and thence translated to *imping* feathers," See also Mr. Steevens's note on *King Richard 2d.* A. 2, S. 1.

Lel. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me;
For th' sacred name whereof, I have rejected
Your father's offers, importunities,
Letters, conditions, servants, friends, and, lastly,
His tender of Sulpitia in exchange
For Flavia. But, though I love your sister
Like mine own soul; yet did the laws of friendship
Master that strong affection, and denied him.
Eug. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service
Wait on your will. Cricca, our hope's in thee;
Thou must instruct us.
Cric. You must trust in fortune,
That makes or mars the wisest purposes.
Lel. What say'st? what think'st?
Cric. Here's no great need of thinking,
Nor speech; the oil of scorpions cures their poison.
The thing itself that's bent to hurt and hinder you,
Offers a remedy: 'tis no sooner known,
But th' worst on't is prevented.
Eug. How, good Cricca?
Cric. Soon as you see this false Antonio
Come near your doors, with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion,
With long narrations, how he 'scap'd from shipwreck,
And other feign'd inventions of his dangers,
Bid him begone; and if he press to enter,
Fear not the reverence of your father's looks;
Cudgel him thence.
Lel. But were't not better, Cricca,
Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return;
And so by open course of law correct him.
Cric. No. For my master would conceive that counsel
Sprung from my brains; and so should I repent it.
Advise no more, but home, and charge your people,
That if Antonio come, they drive him thence
With threat'ning words, and blows, if need be.
Lel. 'Tis done.
I kiss your hands, Eugenio.
Eug. Your servant, sir. [*Exit* LELIO.

SCENE VIII.

Enter EUGENIO, CRICCA, *and* FLAVIA.

Eug. Cricca, commend my service to my mistress.
Cric. Commend it to her yourself. Mark'd you not, while
We talk'd, how through the window she attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there she is.
Eug. 'Tis true.
And, as from nights of storms the glorious sun
Breaks from the east, and chaseth thence the clouds
That choak't the air with horror, so her beauty
Dispels sad darkness from my troubled thoughts,
And clears my heart.
Flav. Life of my soul, well met.
Eug. How is't, my dearest Flavia?
Flav. Eugenio,
As best becomes a woman most unfortunate;
That, having lov'd so long, and been persuaded
Her chaste affection was by your's requited,
Have by delays been famish'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your virtue kindled, then y'ad sued,
Intreated, sworn, and vow'd, and, long ere this,
Wrought all means possible to effect our marriage.
But now——
Eug. Sweet soul, despair not; weep not thus.
Unless you wish my heart should life-blood drop,
Fast as your eyes do tears. What is't you fear?
Flav. First, that you love me not.
Eug. Not love my Flavia!
Wrong not your judgment: rip up this amorous breast,
And in that temple see a heart that burns
I' th' vestal sacrifice of chastest love,
Before your beauty's deity.
Flav. If so,
Whence grows this coldness in soliciting
My brother to the match?
Eug. Consider, sweetest,
I have a father, rival in my love;
And, though no duty, reverenc enor respect,
Have power to change my thoughts; yet 'tis not comely
With open violence to withstand his will;
But by fair courses try to divert his mind [44]
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor fear of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall cross our purposes.
Comfort yourself, sweet Flavia: for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his best services.
Flav. But other fears oppress me; methinks I see
Antonio, my old father, now return'd,
Whom all intelligence have drown'd this three months,
Enforcing me to marry the fool Pandolfo,
Thus to obtain Sulpitia for himself;
And so last night I dream'd, and ever since
Have been so scared, that, if you haste not,
Expect my death.
Eug. Dreams flow from thoughts of things we most desire
Or fear, and seldom prove true prophets; would they did!
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best Flavia; as I hope I shall be.
Cric. Sir, pray take your leave: this is to no end,

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[44] *But by fair courses try to divert his mind.*—*To*, the sign of the infinitive, is often omitted, and the verse requires it should be expunged here, S. P. Both the 4tos read as in the text.

'Twill but increase your grief and her's.

Eug. Farewell,
Sweet Flavia; rest contented with assurance
Of my best love and service.

Flav. Farewell, Eugenio.

[*Exeunt* Eugenio *and* Cricca.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sulpitia *and* Flavia.

Sul. Flavia, I kiss your hands.

Flav. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I saw you not.

Sul. I' faith, you have some fixt thoughts draw your eyes inward, when you see not your friends before you.

Flav. True; and I think the same that trouble you.

Sul Then 'tis the love of a young gentleman, and bitter hatred of an old dotard.

Flav. 'Tis so; witness your brother Eugenio, and the rotten carcase of Pandolfo. Had I a hundred hearts, I should want room to entertain his love, and the other's hate.

Sul. I could say as much, were't not sin to slander the dead. Miserable wenches! how have we offended our fathers, that they should make us the price of their dotage, the medicines of their griefs, that have more need of physic ourselves? I must be frost-bitten with the cold of your dad's winter, that mine may thaw his old ice with the spring of your sixteen. I thank my dead mother, that left me a woman's will in her last testament: that's all the weapons we poor girls can use, and with that will I fight 'gainst father, friends, and kindred, and either enjoy Lelio, or die in the field in's quarrel.

Flav. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.

Sul. Why should I twine mine arms to cables,[45] and sigh my soul to air? Sit up all night like a watching candle,[46] and distil my brains through my eye-lids? Your brother loves me, and I love your brother; and, where these two consent, I would fain see a third could hinder us.

Flav. Alas! our sex is most wretched, nursed up from infancy in continual slavery. No sooner able to prey for ourselves, but they brail and hud us[47] so with sour awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate[48] at our desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure, we poor souls must rake up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the mother.

Sul. I plainly will profess my love of Lelio; 'tis honest, chaste, and stains not modesty. Shall I be married to Antonio, that hath been a sous'd sea-fish these three months? and, if he be alive, comes home with as many impairs as a hunting gelding or a fall'n pack-horse? No, no; I'll see him freeze to crystal first. In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this, a pure woman. 'Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse, if I like not. Lelio's a handsome gentleman, young, fresh, rich, and well-fashion'd; and him will Sulpitia have, or die a maid: And i' faith, the temper of my blood tells me, I never was born to so cold a misfortune. Fie, Flavia! fie, wench! no more with tears and sighs, cheer up; Eugenio to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him; I say you shall have him.

Flav. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares work against so great a rival: your father, in a spleen, may disinherit him.

Sul. And give't to whom? H' as none but him and me: what though he doat a while upon your beauty, he will not prove unnatural to his son. Go to your chamber: my genius whispers in my ear, and swears, this night we shall enjoy our loves; and, with that hope, farewell.

Flav. Farewell, Sulpitia. [*Exeunt.*

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[45] *Why should I twine mine arms to cables*, &c.—The same thought occurs in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, A. 4, S. 3.

"O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
"To see a king transform'd *to a knot!*

[46] *Watching candle.*—Mr. Steevens, in his note to *King Richard the Third*, A. 5, S. 3. observes there was anciently a particular kind of candle, called *a watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. He also says, these candles are represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

[47] *But they* brail *and* hud *us.*—These words, as here printed, may be the pure language of falconry, like *bate*, which follows, and signifies *to flutter*. Yet I suspect that for *brail* we should read *be-rail*, and for *hud* us, *hood* us.

[48] *Bate.*—*Latham* calls it *bat*, and explains it to be "when a hawke fluttereth with her wings, either "from the pearch, or the man's fist, striving, as it were, to flie away or get libertie."

Cric. Deliver it me,
And I'll present it to him in your name.
Pan. 'T has been an heir-loom [49] to our house four hundred years;
And, should I leave it now, I fear good fortune
Would fly from us, and follow it.
Cric. Then give him
The price in gold.
Pan. It comes to a hundred pounds;
And how would that, well husbanded, grow in time!
I was a fool to promise, I confess it;
I was too hot and forward in the business.
Cric. Indeed I wonder'd that your wary thriftiness,
Not wont to drop one penny in a quarter
Idly, would part with such a sum so easily.
Pan. My covetous thrift aims at no other mark
Than in fit time and place to shew my bounty.
Who gives continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.
But, for the love of my dear Flavia,
I would not spare my life, much less my treasure.
Yet, if with honour I can win her cheaper,
Why should I cast away so great a sum?
Cric. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain,
How you may handsomely preserve your credit,
And save the chain.
Pan. I would gladly do it,
But fear he understands us what we say.
Cric. What can you lose to try't? If it take,
There's so much sav'd, if otherwise, nothing lost.
Pan. What is't, good Cricca?
Cric. Soon as Albumazar comes, loaded with news
Of th' transmutation of your servant Trincalo,
I'll entertain him here; mean while, steal you
Closely into the room, and quickly hide
Some special piece of plate: then run out amaz'd;
Roaring, that all the street may know y'are robb'd.
Next, threaten to attach him, and accuse him
Before a justice; and in th' end agree,
If he restore the plate, you'll give the chain,
Otherwise not.
Pan. But if we be discover'd!
For, by his instruments and familiars,
He can do much.
Cric. Lay all the fault on Trincalo.
But here's the main point. If you can dissemble
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to express
Pity and anger, that so learn'd a man
Should use his friend so basely; if you can call
An out-cry well, roar high and terrible.—
Pan. I'll fetch a cry from the bottom of my heels
But I'll roar loud enough; and thou must second me
With wonder at the sudden accident.
Cric. But your's is the main part; for, as you play's,
You win or lose the chain.
Pan. No more, no more, he comes.

SCENE II.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, *and* CRICCA.

Alb. Signior Pandolfo, three quarters of an hour
Renders your servant perfectly transform'd.
Cric. Is he not wholly changed? What parts are wanting?
Alb. Antonio's shape hath cloath'd his bulk [50] and visage;
Only his hands and feet, so large and callous,
Require more time to supple.
Cric. Pray you, sir,
How long shall he retain this metamorphosis?
Alb. The compleat circle of a natural day.
Cric. A natural day! are any days unnatural?
Alb. I mean the revolution of th' first mover,
Just twice twelve hours, in which period, the rapt motion
Rolls all the orbs from east to occident.
Pan. Help, help, thieves, thieves; neighbours, I am robb'd; thieves, thieves!
Cric. What a noise make you, sir?
Pan. Have I not reason,
That thus am robb'd? Thieves, thieves! call constables,
The watch and serjeants, friends and constables;
Neighbours, I am undone.
Cric. This is well begun,
So he hold out still with a higher strain.
What ails you, sir?
Pan. Cricca, my chamber's spoil'd
Of all my hangings, cloaths, and silver plate.
Cric. Why, this is bravely feign'd; continue, sir.
Pan. Lay all the goldsmiths, keepers, marshals, bailiffs.
Cric. Fie, sir, your passion falls; cry louder, roar
That all the street may hear.
Pan. Thieves, thieves, thieves!
All that I had is gone, and more than all.
Cric. Ha, ha, ha, hold out; lay out a lion's throat;
A little louder.
Pan. I can cry no longer,

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[49] *Heir-loom.*—"*Heir-looms* are such goods and personal chattels, as, contrary to the nature of chattels, shall go by special custom to the heir, along with the inheritance, and not to the executor of the last proprietor. The termination, *loom*, is of Saxon original, in which language it signifies a limb or member of the inheritance."—*Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. 2. p. 427.

[50] *Bulk*—i. e. Body. See note 3, to *The first part of Jeronimo*, vol. I. p. 161.

My throat's sore; I am robb'd, I am robb'd, all's gone,
Both my own treasure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an outcry, I have lost my voice;
Cry fire, and then they'll hear thee.
Cric. Good, good.—Thieves!
What have you lost?
Pan. Wine, jewels, table-cloths,
A cupboard of rich plate.
Cric. Fie, you'll spoil all.
Now you outdo it. Say but a bowl or two.
Pan. Villain, I say all's gone; the room's as clean
As a wip'd looking-glass: oh me, oh me!
Cric. What, in good earnest?
Pan. Fool, in accursed earnest.
Cric. You gull me, sure.
Pan. The window towards the south stands ope, from whence
Went all my treasure. Where's the astrologer?
Alb. Here, sir; and hardly can abstain from laughing,
To see you vex yourself in vain.
Pan. In vain, Albumazar!
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vanish'd;
And you shall answer it.
Alb. O! were it possible,
By power of art to check what art hath done,
Your man should ne'er be changed: to wrong me thus
With foul suspicion of flat felony!
Your plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,
Linen, and all the rest, I gave to Trincalo,
And, for more safety, lock'd them in the lobby.
He'll keep them carefully. But, as you love your mistress,
Disturb him not this half hour, lest you'll have him
Like to a centaur, half clown, half gentleman;
Suffer his foot and hand, that's yet untouch'd,
To be innobled like his other members.
Pan. Albumazar, I pray you pardon me,
Th' unlook'd for bareness of the room amaz'd me.
Alb. How! think you me so negligent, to commit
So rich a mass of treasure to th' open danger
Of a large casement, and suspicious alley?
No, sir; my sacrifice no sooner done,
But I wrapp'd all up safe, and gave it Trincalo.
I could be angry, but that your sudden fear
Excuses you. Fie; such a noise as this
Half an hour past, had scar'd the intelligences,
And spoil'd the work; but no harm done: go walk
Westward, directly westward, one half hour;
Then turn back, and take your servant turn'd t' Antonio,
And, as you like my skill, perform your promise,
I mean the chain.
Pan. Content, let's still go westward;
Westward, good Cricca, still directly westward.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Albumazar, Ronca, Harpax, *and* Furbo.

Alb. Harpax, Furbo, *and Ronca, come out,* all's clear.
Why, here's a noble prize, *worth vent'ring for.*
Is not this braver than sneak all night in danger,
Picking of locks, or hooking cloths at windows?
Here's plate, and gold, and cloth, and meat, and wine,
All rich and easily got. Ronca, stay hereabout,
And wait till Trincalo come forth: then call him,
With a low reverence, Antonio;
Give him this gold, with thanks; tell him he lent it
Before he went to Barbary.
Ron. How! lose ten pieces?
Alb. There's a necessity in't, devise some course
To get't again: if not, our gain's sufficient
To bear that loss. Furbo, find out Bevilona
The courtezan, let her feign herself a gentlewoman,
Inamour'd of Antonio; bid her invite him
To banquet with her, and, by all means possible,
Force him stay there two hours.
Har. Why two hours?
Alb. That in that time thou mayest convey
Our treasure to the inn, and speak a boat
Ready for Gravesend, and provide a supper:
Where, with those precious liquors, and good meats,
We'll cheer ourselves; and thus well fed, and merry,
Take boat by night.
Fur. And what will you do?
Alb. First in, and usher out our changeling, Trincalo.
Then finish up a business of great profit,
Begun with a rich merchant, that admires
My skill in alchymy. I must not lose it.
Ron. Harpax, bestow the plate: Furbo, our beards,
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,[51]
And at the time and place meet all at supper.

[51] *Properties*---Properties are whatever little articles are wanted for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out, is to this day called the *property man*. See Mr Steevens's note to *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, A. I. S. 2.

SCENE IV.

Enter ALBUMAZAR *and* TRINCALO.

Alb. Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully mued
From brown soar feathers[52] of dull yeomanry,
To th' glorious bloom of gentry: prune yourself sleek;[53]
Swear boldly y' are the man you represent,
To all that dare deny it.
Trin. I find my thoughts
Most strangely alter'd, but methinks my face
Feels still like Trincalo.
Alb. You imagine so.
Senses are oft deceived. As an attentive angler,
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streams
Of a steep tumbling torrent, no sooner turns
His sight to land, but giddy, thinks the firm banks
And constant trees, move like the running waters:
So you, that thirty years have lived in Trincalo,
Changed suddenly, think y'are so still; but instantly
These thoughts will vanish.
Trin. Give me a looking-glass
To read your skill in these new lineaments.
Alb. I'd rather give you poison; for a glass,
By secret power of cross reflections,
And optick virtue, spoils the wond'rous work
Of transformation; and, in a moment, turns you,
Spight of my skill, to Trincalo as before.
We read that Apuleius[54] was by a rose
Changed from an ass to man: so, by a mirror,
You'll lose this noble lustre, and turn ass.
I humbly take my leave; but still remember
T' avoid the devil and a looking-glass.
New born Antonio, I kiss your hands.
Trin. Divine Albumazar, I kiss your hands.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter TRINCALO *and* RONCA.

Trin. Now am I grown a gentleman, and a fine one,
I know't by th' kissing of my hands so courtly.
My courteous knees bend in so true a distance,
As if my foot walk'd in a frame on purpose.
Thus I accost you; or thus, sweet sir, your servant:
Nay, more, your servant's servant: that's your grand-servant.
I could descend from the top of Paul's to th' bottom,
And on each step strew parting compliments;
Strive for a door, while a good carpenter
Might make a new one. I am your shadow, sir,
And bound to wait upon you; i'faith I will not: pray, sir, &c.
O brave Albumazar!
Ron. Just Æsop's crow, prink'd up in borrow'd feathers.
Trin. My veins are fill'd with newness: O, for a surgeon
To ope this arm, and view my gentle blood,
To try if't run two thousand pounds a year.
I feel my understanding is enlarged
With the rare knowledge of this latter age:
A sacred fury over-sways me. Prime,
Deal quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings and sixpence.
You see't? my rest, five and fifty.[55] Boy, more cards,
And as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oaths
For me; I'll pay thee again with interest.
O brave Albumazar!
Ron. How his imagination boils, and works in all things
He ever saw or heard!
Trin. At gleek? content.

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[52] *Brown soar feathers.*—The late ingenious Mr Robert Dodsley, whose modest merit is well known to those who were acquainted with him, had little skill in our ancient language, and therefore permitted many uncommon terms to be exchanged for others, to the no small detriment of the scenes which he undertook to publish. We had here a proof of this unpardonable licence, where a word of no meaning, *soak*, was given instead of a technical term belonging to falconry, in the language of which the present metaphor is carried on. A young hawk, like a young deer, was called *a soar* or *soare*: so that the brown *soar* feathers are the remains of its first plumage, or such feathers as resemble it in colour. These birds were always mew'd while they were moulting, to facilitate the growth of fresh plumes, more strong and beautiful than those which dropped off. Without this restoration and explanation, the passage before us is unintelligible. S.

Latham, in his book of falconry says, "a *Sore hawke*, is from the first taking of her from the eiry, till she have mewed her feathers." The error introduced into the play by Mr Dodsley, is continued by Mr Garrick, who, in his alteration, reads brown *soak* feathers.

[53] *Prune yourself sleek.*—The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*, that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. See notes by Dr Johnson and Mr Steevens, to *King Henry 4th*, 1*st part*, A. 1. S. 1.

[54] *Apuleius.*—See a translation of *Apuleius's Golden Asse*, by William Adlington, 4to, 1566.

[55] *I set ten shillings and sixpence, You see't* my rest, *five and a fifty.*—This appears to be the same, as if, in modern language, he had said *I stand* at so many, a term still used at the game of *commerce*, and once perhaps current at many others, for it is not very certain at what particular game the deluded Trincalo supposes himself to be playing. S.

A mourneval of aces, gleek of knaves.
Just nine a-piece. Sir, my grey Barbary
'Gainst your dun cow, three train scents and th' course,
For fifty pound. As I am a gentleman,
I'll meet next cocking, and bring a haggard[56] with me
That stoops as free as lightning,[57] strikes like thunder.
I lye? my reputation you shall hear on't.
O brave Albumazar!
Ron. He'll grow stark mad, I fear me.
Trin. Now I know
I am perfectly transform'd, my mind incites me
To challenge some brave fellow for my credit;
And, for more safety, get some friend in private
To take the business up in peace and quiet.
Ron. Signior Antonio!
Trin. There's not a crumb of Trincalo
In all this frame, but the love of Armellina:
Were't not for thee I'd travel, and home again,
As wise as I went over.
Ron. Signior Antonio! welcome ten thousand times:
Blest be the heavens and seas for your return.
Trin. I thank you, sir: Antonio is your servant,
I am glad to see you well. Fie! I kiss your hands, and thus accost you.
Ron. This three months all your kindred, friends, and children,
Mourn'd for your death.
Trin. And so they well might do,
For five days I was under water; and, at length,
Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet;
And thus, in five days more, got land: believe it,
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe return from Barbary, at your service.
Ron. Welcome ten thousand times from Barbary;
No friend more glad to see Antonio
Than I: nor am I thus for hope of gain;
But that I find occasion to be grateful
By your return. Do you remember, sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,
And could not put in bail; you, passing by,
Lent me ten pounds, and so discharged the debt?
Trin. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.
Ron. Oft have I waited at your house with money,
And many thanks; but you were still beyond seas.
Now am I happy of this fair occasion
To testify my honest care to pay you;
For you may need it.
Trin. Sir, I do indeed,
Witness my treasure cast away by *shipwreck*.
Ron. Here, sir.
Trin. Is the gold good? for mine was good I lent you.
Ron. It was, and so is this. Signior Antonio, for this courtesy,
Call me your servant. [*Exit.*
Trin. Farewel, good servant; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I know not so much as his name! ten pounds! this change is better than my birth; for, in all the years of my yeomanry, I could never yoak two crowns, and now I have hoarded ten fair twenty-shilling pieces. Now will I go to this astrologer, and hire him to turn my cart to a caroch, my four jades to two pair of Dutch mares, my mistress Armellina to a lady, my plough-boy Dick to two guarded footmen;[58] then will I hurry myself to the mercer's books, wear rich clothes, be called Tony by a great man, sell my lands, pay no debts, hate citizens, and beat serjeants: and, when all fails, sneak out of Antonio with a two-penny looking-glass, and turn as true Trincalo as ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter HARPAX, *and* TRINCALO.

Har. Signior Antonio, welcome.

The terms in the text appear to have been used at primero. I believe, therefore, Trincalo imagines himself to be playing at that game. It appears from the passage extracted from *Nugæ Antiquæ*, that fifty five was esteemed a number which might safely be relied on.

[56] *Haggard.*—See note to *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 3. S. 1. and to *Othello*, A. 3. S. 3.

[57] *That stoops as free as lightning.*—"Stooping," says Latham, "is when a hawke, being upon her wings at the height of her pitch, bendeth violently downe to strike the fowle, or any other prey." So in *The Alchymist*, A. 5. S. 5.

"Here stands my dove: *stoop* at her if you dare."

Again, Milton in *Paradise Lost*, B. xi. L. 185.

"The bird of Jove, *stoop'd* from his aery tour,
"Two birds of gayest plume before him drove."

[58] *Two guarded footmen.*—*i. e.* two footmen in *guarded* or *laced* liveries. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. S. 2.

"——give him a livery
"More *guarded* than his fellows.

Trin. My life, here's ten pound more.
I thank you heartily.
Har. Never in fitter season could I find you.
If you remember, sir, before you went
To Barbary, I lent you ten pound in gold.
Trin. Faith, I remember no such thing, excuse me.
What may I call your name?
Har. My name is Harpax,
Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintance.
Trin. What, Harpax! I am your servant, I kiss your hands.
You must excuse me; you never lent me money.
Har. Sir, as I live, ten twenty-shilling pieces.
Trin. Dangers at sea, I find, have hurt my memory.
Har. Why, here's your own hand-writing, seal'd and sign'd
In presence of your cousin Julio.
Trin. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but I sustain'd great losses
By reason of the shipwreck. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you? and to-morrow morning
Come to my house and take the rest.
Har. Well, sir,
Though my necessity would importune you
For all, yet, on your worship's word, the rest
I'll call for in the morning. Farewel, Antonio.
[*Exit.*
Trin. I see we gentlemen can sometimes borrow
As well as lend; and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. I'll home, lest other creditors
Call for the rest.

SCENE VII.

Enter RONCA *and* TRINCALO.

Ron. Signior Antonio! I saw you as you landed,
And in great haste follow'd, to congratulate
Your safe return with these most wish'd embraces.
Trin. And I accept your joy with like affection.
How do you call yourself?
Ron. Have you forgot
Your dear friend Ronca, whom you loved so well?
Trin. O, I remember now, my dear friend Ronca.
Ron. Thanks to the fortune of the seas that saved you.
Trin. I fear I owe him money: how shall I shift him?
How does your body, Ronca?
Ron. My dear Antonio,
Never so well as now I have the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th' Exchange
Gave drown'd for three whole months. My dear Antonio!
Trin. I thank you, sir.
Ron. I thank you.
Trin. While my dear Ronca
Clipt me,[59] my purse shook dangerously; yet both his arms
And hands embraced my neck: here's none behind me.
How can this be?
Ron. Most dear Antonio,
Was not your passage dangerous from Barbary?
We had great winds and tempests; and I fear me,
You felt the force at sea.
Trin. Yes, dearest Ronca.
How's this? I see his hands, and yet my purse is gone.
Ron. Signior Antonio, I see your mind's much troubled
About affairs of worth; I take my leave,
And kiss your hands of liberality.
Trin. And kiss my hands of liberality!
I gave him nothing: Oh, my purse, my purse!
Dear Master Ronca.
Ron. What's your pleasure, sir?
Trin. Shew me your hand.
Ron. Here it is.
Trin. But where's the other?
Ron. Why here.
Trin. But I mean where's your other hand?
Ron. Think you me the giant with a hundred hands?
Trin. Give me your right.
Ron. My right?
Trin. Your left.
Ron. My left?
Trin. Now both.
Ron. There's both, my dear Antonio.
Keep yourself dark, eat broth: your fearful passage,
And want of natural rest, hath made you frantic. [*Exit.*
Trin. Villain, rogue, cut-purse, thief: dear Ronca, stay.
He's gone ——
I'the devil's name, how could this fellow do it?
I felt his hands fast lock'd about my neck;
And still he spoke. It could not be his mouth:
For that was full of dear Antonio:
My life, he stole't with his feet. Such a trick more
Will work worse with me than a looking-glass:
To lose five pound in court'sy, and the rest
In salutation!

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[59] *Clipt me*,—*i. e.* embraced me.

Re-enter Ronca.

Ron. Signior Antonio,
What ails you?
Trin. Ronca, a rogue, a cut-purse,
Hath robb'd me of five twenty-shilling pieces.
Ron. What kind of man was he, something like me?
Trin. H'ad such a thievish countenance as your own,
But that he wore a black patch o'er his eye.
Ron. Met you with Ronca? 'tis the cunning'st nimmer
Of the whole company of cut-purse hall:
I am sorry I was not here to warn you of him.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Furbo, Bevilona, *and* Trincalo.

Bev. Furbo, no more, unless thy words were charms
Of power to revive him. Antonio's dead;
He's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my ears are deaf to music
That sounds of pleasure: sing then the dolefull'st notes
That e'er were set by melancholy: O, Antonio!

Furbo *sings this song.*

Flow streams of liquid salt from my sad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful exequies.
Antonio's dead, h's dead, and I remain
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till it have paid to his sad memory
Duty of love: O then most willingly,
Drown'd with my tears, as he with waves, I die.

Bev. Break thy sad strings, and instrument: O strange! he's here.
Signior Antonio! my heart's sweet content!
My life, and better portion of my soul!
Are you return'd and safe? for whose sad death
I spent such streams of tears, and gusts of sighs?
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy
Frames your desired shape, and mocks my senses?
Trin. Whom do you talk withal, fair gentlewoman?
Bev. With my best friend, commander of my life,
My most beloved Antonio.
Trin. With me!
What's your desire with me, sweet lady?
Bev. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,
To what you please: for all my liberty
Lies in your service.
Trin. Now I smell the business.
This is some gentlewoman enamour'd
With him whose shape I bear. Fie! what an ass
Was I to strange myself, and lose the occasion
Of a good banquet, and her company?
I'll mend it as I can.—Madam, I did but jest,
To try if absence caused you to forget
A friend that loved you ever.
Bev. Forget Antonio,
Whose dear remembrance doth inform the soul
Of your poor servant Bevilona! no,
No; had you died, it had not quench'd one spark
Of th' sweet affection, which your love hath kindled
In this warm breast.
Trin. Madam, the waves had drowned me,
But that your love held up my chin.
Bev. Will't please you
Enter, and rest yourself, refresh the weariness
Of your hard travel; I have good wine and fruits,
My husband's out of town: you shall command
My house, and all that's in it.
Trin. Why, are you married?
Bev. Have you forgot my husband, an angry roarer?
Trin. O, I remember him: but if he come?
Bev. Whence grows this fear? how come you so respectful?
You were not wont be numb'd with such a coldness.
Go in, sweet life, go in.
Trin. O, I remember, while I lived in Barbary,
A pretty song the Moors sing to a gridiron:
Sweet madam, by your favour, I'll sing't to this.

Alcoch dolash, &c. Thus 'tis in English.

My heart in flames doth fry,
Of thy beauty,
While I
Die.
Fie!
And why
Should'st thou deny
Me thy sweet company?

My brains to tears do flow,
While all below
Doth glow.
O!
Foe,
If so,
How canst thou go
About to say me no!

This the Moors call two wings upon a gridiron.
But it goes sweeter far o' th' iron instrument.
Ron. There's one within my kitchen, ready strung: go in.
Trin. Sweet lady, pardon me, I'll follow you.
Happy Antonio in so rare a mistress!
But happier I, that in his place enjoy her:
I say still, there's no pleasure like transforming.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter RONCA, BEVILONA, *and* TRINCALO.

Ron. Now is the ass expecting of a banquet,
Ready to court, embrace, and kiss his mistress.
But I'll soon stave him. What ho!
[*Knocks at the door.*
Bev. Who's that so boldly knocks? I am not within;
Or busy; why so importunate? who is it?
Ron. 'Tis I.
Bev. Your name?
Ron. Thomas ap William, ap Morgan, ap Davy, ap Roger, &c.
Trin. Spinola's camp's[60] broke loose: a troop of soldiers!
Bev. O me! my husband! O me, wretch, 'tis my husband.
Trin. One man, and wear so many names!
Bev. O, sir,
H'as more outrageous devils in his rage
Than names. As you respect your life, avoid him.
Down at that window.
Trin. 'Tis as high as St Paul's.
Open the garden door.
Bev. He has the keys.
Down at some window, as you love your life,
Tender my honour, and your safety.
Ron. Bevilona!
Down, or I'll break the doors, and with the splinters
Beat all thy bones to pieces; down, you whore!
Bev. Be patient but a little; I come instantly.
Trin. Ha' you no trunk nor chest to hide me?
Bev. None, sir.
Alas, I am clean undone! it is my husband.
Ron. Doubtless this whore hath some of her companions
That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,
I'll bathe my hungry sword, and sharp revenge,
In his heart blood. Come down.
Bev. I cannot; stay.
There stands an empty hogshead with a false bottom
To ope and shut at pleasure; come hither, in,
In, as you love your life.
Trin. But hear you, madam,
Is there no looking-glass within't? for I hate glasses
As naturally as some do cats, or cheese.
Bev. In, in, there's none.
Ron. Who now? is the ass pass'd?
Bev. I tunn'd him up, ha, ha, ha! I fear he'll fall a working.
Ron. Second me handsomely, we'll entertain him
An hour or two, and laugh, and get his cloaths
To make our sport up. Wife, where's the empty hogshead
That wont to stand under the stairs?
Bev. There still.
Ron. Out with it quickly: I must have it fill'd.
Bev. Not to-day, good sir; to-morrow will serve as well.
Ron. I must ha't now.
Bev. 'Tis more than I can carry.
Ron. I'll help thee: so, so. Foh! this vessel's musty,
Fetch out some water.
Bev. Fetch't yourself.
Trin. Pox of all transmutation, I am smother'd.
Lady, as you love me, give the hogshead vent,
The beer that's in't will work and break the vessel.
Bev. Signior Antonio, as you love your life,
Lie still and close, for if you stir you die.
Ron. So, so; now shake it; so, so.
Trin. Oh! I am drown'd! I drown!
Ron. Whence comes this hollow sound?
Trin. I drown! I smother!
Ron. My life, 'tis Trincalo; for I have heard that coxcomb,
That ass, that clown, seeks to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the country.
O, that 'twere he! how would I use the villain!
First crop his ears, then slit his nose, and geld him,
And with a red hot iron sear his raw wounds;
Then barrel him again, and send the eunuch
To the great Turk to keep his concubines.
Who's within here? [*Knocks on the tub.*
Bev. One that you dare not touch.
Ron. One that I dare not? [*Trincalo comes out.*
Out villain, out————Signior Antonio!
Had it been any but yourself, he had died.
But, as you saved my life before you went,
So now command mine in your services.
I would have sworn y' had been drown'd in Barbary.
Trin. 'Twas a hard passage; but not so dangerous
As was this vessel. Pray you conceive no ill;
I meant no harm, but call'd of your wife to know
How my son Lelio did, and daughter Flavia.
Ron. Sir, I believe you.
Trin. But I must tell you one thing.
You must not be so jealous; on my honour
She's very honest.
Ron. For you, I make no question;
But there's a rogue call'd Trincalo, whom if I catch,
I'll teach him.
Trin. Who? you mean Pandolfo's farmer.
Alas, poor fool, he's a stark ass, but harmless.
And though she talk with him, 'tis but to laugh,

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[60] *Spinola's camp.*—See note 53 to *The Honest Whore*, Vol. I, p. 513.

As all the world does at him: come, be friends
At my entreaty.
Ron. Sir, for your sake.
Bev. I thank you.
Trin. Let's have a fire; and, while I dry myself,
Provide good wine and meat. I'll dine with you.
I must not home thus wet. I am something *bold with you.*
Ron. My house and self are at your service.
Trin. Lead in.
Alas, poor Trincalo, had'st thou been taken,
Thou had'st been tunn'd for Turkey.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, fair fall Antonio's shape.
What a notorious wittall's this! ha, ha, ha.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Thus, by great favour of propitious stars,
From fearful storms, shipwreck, and raging billows,
Merciless jaws of death, am I return'd
To th' safe and quiet bosom of my country,
And wish'd embracements of my friends and kindred.
The memory of these misfortunes pass'd,
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure
I shall receive of my son Lelio,
And daughter Flavia. So doth alloy
Make gold, that else were useless, serviceable;
So the rugged forehead of a threat'ning mountain,
Threatens the smoothness of a smiling valley.

SCENE II.

Enter Cricca *and* Antonio.

Cric. What do I see? Is this not Trincalo,
Transform'd t' Antonio? 'tis: and so perfectly,
That, did the right Antonio now confront him,
I'd swear they both were true, or both were false.
Ant. This man admires the unexpectedness
Of my return.
Cric. O, wond'rous power of stars,
And skill of art t' apply't! You that are marry'd
May justly fear, lest this astrologer
Cloath your wives' servants in your shape, and use you
As Jupiter did Amphitryo. You that are rich,
In your own form may lose your gold.
Ant. 'Tis Cricca.
Cric. He seems so just the man he represents,
That I dare hardly use him as I purposed.
Ant. Cricca, well met; how fares my friend Pandolfo?
Cric. Your friend Pandolfo! how are your means improv'd,
To stile familiarly your master friend?
Ant. What say'st thou?
Cric. That I rejoice your worship's safe return'd
From your late drowning. Th' Exchange hath given you lost,
And all your friends worn mourning *three months* past.
Ant. The danger of the shipwreck I escaped,
So desperate was, that I may truly say
I am new born, not saved.
Cric. Ha, ha, ha! through what a grace,
And goodly countenance, the rascal speaks!
What a grave portance! could Antonio
Himself outdo him? O, you notorious villain!
Who would have thought thou could'st have thus dissembled?
Ant. How now! a servant thus familiar? Sirrah,
Use your companions so: more reverence
Become you better.
Cric. As though I understood not
The end of all this plot, and goodly business.
Come, I know all. See! this *untill'd clod* of earth
Conceits his mind transform'd as well as body.
He wrings and bites his lips for fear of laughing.
Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. Why laugh you, sirrah?
Cric. Sirrah, to see thee changed
So strangely, that I cannot spy an inch
Of thy old clownish carcase: ha, ha!
Ant. Laughter proceeds
From absurd actions that are harmless.
Cric. Ha, ha, ha!
Sententious blockhead!
Ant And y'are ill advised
To jest instead of pity. Alas! *my miseries,*
Dangers of *death, slav'ry of cruel Moors,*
And tedious *journies, might* have easily alter'd
A stronger body, *much more* this decay'd vessel,
Outworn with *age, and broken by misfortunes.*
Cric. Leave your set speeches. Go to Antonio's house,
Effect your business; for, upon my credit,
Th' art so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.
Ant. Where should I hope for welcome, *if* not there,
From my own house, children, and family?
Cric. Is't possible this coxcomb should conceive
His mind transform'd? How gravely he continues
The countenance he began! ha, ha. Why, blockhead,
Think'st to deceive me too? Why, Trincalo!

Ant. I understand you not. Hands off.
Cric. Art not thou Trincalo,
Pandolfo's man?
Ant. I not so much as know him.
Cric. Dar'st thou deny t to me?
Ant. I dare, and must
To all the world, long as Antonio lives.
Cric. You arrant ass! have I not known thee serve
My master in his farm this thirteen years?
Ant By all the oaths that bind men's consciences
To truth, I am Antonio, and no other.

SCENE III.

Enter PANDOLFO, CRICCA, *and* ANTONIO.

Pan. What means this noise? O, Cricca! what's the matter?
Cric. Sir here's your farmer, Trincalo, transform'd
So just, as he were melted, and new cast
In the true mould of old Antonio.
Pan. Th' right eye's no liker to the left, than he
To my good neighbour. Divine Albumazar!
How I admire thy skill! Just so he look'd,
And thus he walk'd: this is his face, his hair,
His eyes, and countenance. If his voice be like,
Then is th' astrologer a wonder-worker.
Ant. Signior Pandolfo, I thank the heavens as much
To find you well, as for my own return.
How does your daughter, and my love, Sulpitia?
Pan. Well, well, sir.
Cric This is a good beginning:
How naturally the rogue dissembles it!
With what a gentle garb, and civil grace,
He speaks and looks! How cunningly Albumazar
Hath for our purpose suited him in Barbary clothes! I'll try him further: Sir,
We heard you were drown'd; pray you, how 'scap'd you shipwreck?
Ant. No sooner was I ship'd for Barbary,
But fair wind follow'd, and fair weather led us.
When, enter'd in the streights of Gibralter,
The heavens, and seas, and earth conspired against us;
The tempest tore our helm, and rent our tackles,
Broke the main-mast, while all the sea about us
Stood up in watry mountains to overwhelm us,
And struck's against a rock, splitting the vessel
T' a thousand splinters. I, with two mariners,
Swam to the coast, where, by the barbarous Moors,
We were surpriz'd, fetter'd, and sold for slaves.
Cric. This tale th' astrologer pen'd, and he hath conn'd it
Ant. But by a gentleman of Italy,
Whom I had known before———
Pan. No more; this taste
Proves thou can'st play the rest. For this fair story,
My hand, I make thy ten pounds twenty marks,
Thou look'st and speak'st so like Antonio.
Ant. Whom should I look and speak like, but myself?
Cric. Good, still!
Pan. But now, my honest Trincalo,
Tell me where's all the plate, the gold, and jewels,
That the astrologer, when he had transform'd thee,
Committed to thy charge? are they safe lock'd?
Ant. I understand you not.
Pan The jewels, man;
The plate and gold th' astrologer that chang'd thee
Bade thee lay up.
Ant. What plate? What gold?
What jewels? What transformation? What astrologer?
Cric. Leave off Antonio now, and speak like Trincalo.
Ant. Leave off your jesting. It neither fits your place
Nor age, Pandolfo, to scoff your antient friend.
I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,
Nor by th' astrologer, nor Trincalo.
Cric. Better and better still. Believe me, sir,
He thinks himself Antonio, and ever shall be,
And so possess your plate.—Art thou not Trincalo,
My master's farmer?
Ant. I am Antonio,
Your master's friend, if he teach you more manners.
Pan. Humour of wiving's gone. Farewel, good Flavia.
Three thousand pounds must not be lost so slightly.
Come, sir; we'll drag you to the astrologer.
And turn you to your ragged bark of yeomanry.
Ant. To me these terms?
Pan. Come, I'll not lose my plate.
Cric. Stay, sir, and take my counsel. Let him still
Firmly conceit himself the man he seems:
Thus he, himself deceived, will far more earnestly
Effect your business, and deceive the rest.
There's a main difference 'twixt a self-bred action,
And a forced carriage. Suffer him, then, to enter
Antonio's house, and wait th' event: for him,
He cannot 'scape: what you intend to do,
Do't when he 'as served your turn. I see the maid;
Let's hence, lest they suspect our consultations.
Pan. Thy counsel's good: away.
Cric. Look, Trincalo,
Yonder's your beauteous mistress, Armellina,
And daughter Flavia. Courage, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt* PANDOLFO *and* CRICCA.
Ant. Blest be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble;
For, with their farmer and astrologer,

Plate, and gold, they've almost madded me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter FLAVIA, ARMELLINA, *and* ANTONIO.

Fla. Armellina.
Arm. Mistress.
Fla. Is the door fast?
Arm. Yes, as an usurer's purse.
Fla. Come hither, wench.
Look here; there's Trincalo, Pandolfo's farmer,
Wrapt in my father's shape: pr'ythee come quickly,
And help me to abuse him.
Arm Notorious clown!
Ant. These are my gates, and that's the cabinet
That keeps my jewels, Lelio and his sister.
Fla. Never was villainy so personate
In seemly properties of gravity.
[ANTONIO *knocks.*
Fla. Who's he that knocks so boldly?
Arm. What want you, sir?
Ant. O, my fair daughter Flavia! let all the stars
Pour down full blessings on thee. Ope the doors.
Fla. Mark! his fair daughter Flavia, ha, ha, ha!
Most shameless villain, how he counterfeits!
Ant. Know'st not thy father, old Antonio?
Is all the world grown frantick?
Fla. What, Antonio?
Ant. Thy loving father, Flavia.
Fla. My father!
Would thou wert in his place. Antonio's dead.
Dead, under water, drown'd.
Ant. That dead and drown'd
Am I.
Fla. I love not to converse with dead men.
Ant. Open the door, sweet Flavia,
Fla. Sir, I am afraid;
Horror incloses me, my hairs stand up,
I sweat to hear a dead man speak: you smell
Of putrefaction; fy! I feel't hither.
Ant. Th' art much abused; I live. Come down, and know me.
Arm. Mistress, let me have some sport too. Who's there?
Ant. Let me come in.
Arm. Soft, soft, sir; y' are too hasty.
Ant Quickly, or else———
Arm Good words, good words, I pray, sir,
In strangers' houses: were the doors your own,
You might be bolder.
Ant. I'll beat the doors and windows
About your ears.
Arm. Are you so hot? we'll cool you.
Since your late drowning, your grey and reverend head
Is smear'd with ooze, and stuck with cockle-shells:
This is to wash it.
Ant. Impudent whore!
Arm. Out, carter:
Hence, dirty whipstock;[61] hence, you foul clown. Be gone,
Or all the water I can make or borrow,
Shall once more drown you.

SCENE V.

Enter LELIO, ANTONIO, *and* ARMELLINA.

Lel. Armellina, whom do you draw your tongue upon so sharply?
Arm. Sir, 'tis your father's ghost, that strives by force
To break the doors, and enter.
Lel. This! his grave looks!
In every lineament himself no liker.
Had I not happily been advertised,
What could have forced me think 'twere Trincalo?
Doubtless th' astrologer hath rais'd a ghost,
That walks in th' reverend shape of my dead father.
Ant. These ghosts, these Trincalos, and astrologers,
Strike me beside myself. Who will receive me,
When mine own son refuseth? Oh, Antonio!
Lel. Infinite power of art! who would believe
The planets' influence could transform a man
To several shapes? I could now beat him soundly,
But that he wears the awful countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.
Ant. If I be changed beyond thy knowledge, son,
Consider that th' excess of heat in Barbary,
The fear of shipwreck, and long tedious journies,
Have tann'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks;
Yet still this face, though alter'd, may be known:
This scar bears witness; 'twas the wound thou cur'dst
With thine own hands.
Lel. He that changed Trincalo
T' Antonio's figure, omitted not the scar,
As a main character.
Ant. I have no other marks,
Or reasons to persuade thee: methinks these words,[62]
I am thy father, were argument sufficient
To bend thy knees, and creep to my embracements.
Lel. A sudden coldness strikes me: my tender heart
Beats with compassion of I know not what.
Sirrah, begone; truss up your goodly speeches,

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[61] *Whipstock.*—See note 176 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. I. p. 496.
[62] *These words.*—The quartos read *this word.*

Sad shipwrecks, and strange transformations;
Your plot's discover'd, 'twill not take: thy impudence,
For once, I pardon. The pious reverence
I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father,
Holds back my angry hands. Hence; if I catch you
Haunting my doors again, I'll bastinado you
Out of Antonio's skin. Away.
Ant. I go, sir;
And yield to such cross fortune as thus drives me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter TRINCALO, *and* BEVILONA *dressing him.*

Trin. When this transformed substance[62] of my carcase
Did live imprison'd in a wanton hogshead,
My name was Don Antonio, and that title
Preserved my life, and changed my suit of clothes.
How kindly the good gentlewoman us'd me!
With what respect, and careful tenderness!
Your worship, sir, had ever a sickly constitution, and I fear much more now, since your long travel. As you love me, off with these wet things, and put on the suit you left with me before you went to Barbary. Good sir, neglect not your health; for, upon my experience, there is nothing worse for the rheum than to be drenched in a musty hogshead.
Pretty soul! such another speech would have drawn off my legs and arms, as easily as hose and doublet. Had I been Trincalo, I'd have sworn th' had cheated: but, fy! 'tis base and clownish to suspect, and a gentleman's freeness to part with a cast suit. Now to the business: I'll into my own house, and first bestow Armellina upon Trincalo; then try what can be done for Pandolfo: for 'tis a rule I wont t' observe, first do your own affairs, and next your master's. This word master makes me doubt I am not changed as I should be. But all's one, I'll venture, and do something worthy Antonio's name while I have it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter ANTONIO *and* TRINCALO.

Ant. Wretched Antonio! hast been preserv'd so strangely
From foreign miseries, to be wrong'd at home?
Barr'd from thy house by the scorn of thine own children? [TRINCALO *knocks.*
But stay, there's one knocks boldly; 't may be some friend. [TRINCALO *knocks again.*
Dwell you here, gentleman?
Trin. He calls me gentleman:
See th' virtue of good cloaths! All men salute,
Honour, respect, and reverence us.
Ant. Young gentleman,
Let me, without offence, intreat your name,
And why you knock?
Trin. How, sirrah, sauce-box, my name!
Or thou some stranger art, or grossly ignorant,
That know'st not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?
Ant. Be not in choler, sir.
Trin. Befits it me,
A gentleman of public reputation,
To stoop so low as satisfy the questions
Of base and earthly pieces like thyself?
What art thou? ha?
Ant. Th' unfortunate possessor of this house.
Trin. Thou lyest, base sycophant, my worship owes[63] it.
Ant. May be my son hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead.—How long has't call'd you master?
Trin. 'Long as Antonio possest it.
Ant. Which Antonio?
Trin. Antonio Anastasio.
Ant. That Anastasio,
That was drown'd in Barbary?
Trin. That Anastasio,
That self same man am I: I 'scap'd by swimming,
And now return to keep my former promise,
Of Flavia to Pandolfo; and, in exchange,
To take Sulpitia to my wife.
Ant. All this
I intended 'fore I went: but, sir, if I
Can be no other than myself, and you
Are that Antonio, you and I are one.
Trin. How? one with thee? speak such another syllable,
And, by the terror of this deadly steel,
That ne'er saw light, but sent to endless darkness
All that durst stand before't, thou diest.
Ant. Alas!
My weakness grown by age, and pains of travel,
Disarms my courage to defend myself;
I have no strength, but patience.
Trin. What art now?
Ant. Peter and Thomas, William, what you please.
Trin. What boldness madded thee to steal my name?
Ant. Sir, heat of wine.
Trin. And, sirrah, when y' are drunk,
Is there no person to put on but mine,
To cover your intended villanies?
Ant. But, good sir, if I be not I, who am I?

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[62] *When this transformed substance*, &c.—A parody on the speech of the Ghost of Andrea, in *The Spanish Tragedy.*
[63] *Owes*—*i. e.* owns. See note 27 to *Cornelia.*

Trin. An ox, an ass, a dog.
Ant. Strange negligence,
To lose myself! methinks I live and move,
Remember. Could the fearful apprehension
Of th' ugly fear of drowning, so transform me?
Or did I die, and by Pythagoras' rule,
My soul's provided of another lodging?
Trin. Be what thou wilt, except Antonio;
'T's death to touch that name.
Ant. Dangers at sea
Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home-injuries.
Was ever man thus scar'd beside himself?
O, most unfortunate Antonio!
At sea thou sufferd'st shipwreck of thy goods,
At land of thine own self. Antonio,
Or what name else they please; fly, fly to Barbary,
And rather there endure the foreign cruelty
Of fetters, whips, and Moors, than here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.
Trin. How! prating still? why, Timothy, be gone,
Or draw, and lay Antonio down betwixt us;
Let fortune of the fight decide the question.
Here's a brave rogue, that in the king's highway
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw.
Ant. These wrongs recal my strength, I am resolved:
Better die once, than suffer always. Draw.
Trin. Stay: understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?[64]
Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
Bastard, or bastinado'd? Is thy pedigree
As long, as wide as mine? for otherwise
Thou wer't most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
In me to fight. More, I have drawn five teeth:[65]
If thine stand sound, the terms are much unequal.
And, by strict laws of duel, I am excused
To fight on disadvantage.
Ant. This is some ass!
Trin. If we concur in all, write a formal challenge,
And bring thy second: mean while I make provision
Of Calais sand,[66] to fight upon securely. Ha!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Lelio, Cricca, Trincalo, *and* Antonio.

Lel. Am I awake, or do deceitful dreams
Present to my wild fancy things I see not?
Cric. Sir, what amazement's this: why wonder you?
Lel. See'st thou not Trincalo and Antonio?
Cric. O strange! they're both here.
Lel. Didst not thou inform me
That Trincalo was turned to Antonio?
Which I believing, like a cursed son,
With most reproachful threats, drove mine old father
From his own doors; and yet rest doubtful whether
This be the true Antonio; may be th' astrologer
Hath chang'd some other, and not Trincalo.
Cric. No, fear it not, 'tis plain: Albumazar
Hath cheated my old master of his plate.
For here's the farmer, as like himself as ever;
Only his clothes excepted. Trincalo!
Trin. Cricca, where's Trincalo? dost see him here?
Cric. Yes, and as rank an ass as e'er he was.
Trin. Thou'rt much deceiv'd, thou neither see'st, nor know'st me;
I am transform'd, transform'd.
Cric. Th' art still thyself.
Lelio, this farmer's half a fool, half knave;
And as Pandolfo did with much intreaty
Persuade him to transform, so as much labour
Will hardly bring the coxcomb to himself,
That ne'er was out on't. Who art, if not he?
Trin. My name is Don Antonio; I am now going
To my own house, to give Pandolfo Flavia,
And Armellina to his farmer Trincalo.
How dar'st thou, Cricca, but a meaner servant,
Resemble me, a man of worth and worship,
To such a clown as Trincalo, a branded fool,

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[64] *Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?* --It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, fol. 1602. p. 12. that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or, if challenged, might refuse the combat. Alluding to this circumstance, Cleopatra says,

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself. A. 2. s. 5.

[65] *More, I have drawn five teeth, &c* --This seems intended to ridicule some of the punctilios of duelling, and probably the author had in his mind the following passage in *Fern's Blason of Gentrie*, 1586. p. 319. "but if it so happen that the defendour is lame of a legge or of an arme, or that hee bee blinde of an eye, he may take such armes and weapons, as be most fitte for his owne bodye; and he shall offer such to the approover as shall impeache the like member, or part of the approover's bodye from his dutye and office, in the combate, so that he shall be deprived of the use of that member in the combate, even as well as the defendor is through his infirmity of lamenes, or other defect of nature."

[66] *Of Calais sand.* --Duellists being punished by law in England, it has been usual for them to go over to Calais, as one of the nearest ports of France, to decide their quarrel out of the reach of justice. Trincalo is pleasant on this subject. S.

An ass, a laughing-stock to town and country;
Art not asham'd to name him with Antonio?
Lel. Do not thy actions, with thy rude behaviour,
Proclaim thee what thou art?
Cric. Notorious clown!
Trin. Villain, th' hast broke my shoulders.
Lel. O, dids't feel him?
Trin. Aye, with a pox.
Lel. Then th' art still Trincalo,
For, had'st thou been Antonio, he had smarted.
Trin I feel it, as I am Antonio.
Cric. Fool! who loves Armellina?
Trin. 'Tis I, 'tis I.
Cric. Antonio never lov'd his kitchen maid.
Trin. Well, I was taken for Antonio,
And in his name receiv'd ten pound in gold,
Was by his mistress entertain'd: but thou
Envy'st my happiness; if th' hast th' ambition
To rise as I have done, go to Albumazar,
And let him change thee to a knight or lord.
Cric. Note the strange power of strong imagination.
Trin. A world of engines cannot wrest my thoughts
From being a gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And, though I be not, yet will think myself so,
And scorn thee, Cricca, as a slave and servant.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter CRICCA, LELIO, *and* ANTONIO.

Cric. 'Tis but lost labour to dissuade his dulness.
Believe me, that's your father.
Lel. When I drove him hence,
Spight of my blood, his reverend countenance
Strook me t' a deep compassion. To clear all,
I'll ask one question. Signior Antonio,
What money took you when you went your voyage?
Ant. As I remember, fourscore and fifteen pound
In Barbary gold. Had Lucio kept his word,
I had carried just a hundred.
Lel. Pardon me, father;
'Twas my blind ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you: all was intended for a farmer,
Whom an astrologer, they said, transform'd.
Ant. How, an astrologer?
Lel. When you parted hence,
It seems you promis'd Flavia to Pandolfo.
News of your death arriving, th' old gentleman
Importunes me to second what you purpos'd.
Consulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my young sister should be buried quick
I' th' grave of threescore years; by their advice
I fully did deny him He chates and storms,
And finds at length a cunning man, that promis'd
To turn his farmer to your shape; and thus
Possess your house, and give him Flavia:
Whereof I warn'd, wrong'd you, instead of Trincalo.
Ant. Then hence it came they call'd me Trincalo,
And talk'd of an astrologer: which names
Almost enrag'd me past myself and senses.
'Tis true I promis'd, but have oft repented it;
And much more since he goes about to cheat me.
He must not have her, sir.
Lel. I am glad y' are so resolved.
And, since with us you find that match unequal,
Let's all intreat you to bestow your daughter
Upon his son Eugenio.
Ant. Son, at your pleasure
Dispose of Flavia, with my full consent.
Lel. And, as you judge him worthy your daughter Flavia,
Think me no less of his Sulpitia.
Ant. I do: and ever had desire to match
Into that family; and, now I find myself
Old, weak, unfit for marriage, you shall enjoy her,
If I can work Pandolfo by intreaty.
Cric. To deal with him with reason and intreaties,
Is to persuade a madman: for his love
Makes him no less. All speeches opposite
T' his fixt desire, and love-corrupted judgment,
Seem extreme fooleries. Will he consent
To give his daughter to your son, and you
Deny him Flavia? Shall Eugenio
Expect, or land, or love, from old Pandolfo,
Being his open rival? 'Tis impossible.
He sought to cozen you; therefore resolve
To pay him in's own money. Be but advis'd
By my poor counsel, and one stroke shall cut
The root of his designs, and with his arrows
Strike his own plot so dead, that even Albumazar,
With all his stars and instruments, shall never
Give it fresh motion.
Ant. Cricca, to thy direction
We yield ourselves, manage us at thy pleasure.
Lel. Speak quickly, Cricca.
Cric. The ground of all this business
Is to catch Trincalo, and *lock him fast*
Till I release him: next, that no man whisper
Th' least word of your return. Then will I home,
And with a cheerful look, tell my old master,
That Trincalo—— but stay, look where he comes!
Let's in, and there at leisure I'll inform you
From point to point. Lelio, detain him here,
Till I send Armellina down to second you.
Cross him in nothing, call him Antonio,
And good enough.
Lel. Fear not; let me alone.
[*Exeunt* CRICCA *and* ANTONIO.

SCENE X.

Enter TRINCALO *and* LELIO.

Trin. This rascal, Cricca, with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbs my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I seem:
But that will soon be clear'd; if they receive me
In at Antonio's house, I am Antonio.

Lel. Signior Antonio, my most loving father!
Blest be the day and hour of your return.
Trin. Son Lelio! a blessing on my child; I pray thee tell me,
How fares my servant Armellina? well?
Lel. Have you forgot my sister Flavia?
Trin. What, my dear daughter Flavia? no: but first
Call Armellina; for this day we'll celebrate
A gleek of marriages [67]; Pandolfo and Flavia,
Sulpitia and myself, and Trincalo,
With Armellina. Call her, good Lelio, quickly.
Lel. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Trin. So: this is well that Lelio
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect Antonio.

SCENE XI.

Enter Armellina *and* Trincalo.

Arm. Signior Antonio!
My long-expected master!
Trin. O Armellina!
Come, let me kiss thy brow [68] like my own daughter.
Arm. Sir, 'tis too great a favour. I kiss your foot.
What, fall'n? alas! how feeble you are grown
With your long travel!
Trin. True, and being drown'd,
Nothing so griev'd me, as to lose thy company.
But, since I am safe return'd, for thy good service
I'll help thee to a husband.
Arm. A husband, sir?
Some young and lusty youth, or else I'll none.
Trin. To one that loves thee dearly, dearly, wench:
A goodly man, like me in limbs and fashion.
Arm. Fie, an old man! how! cast myself away,
And be no nurse but his?
Trin. He's not like me
In years and gravity, but fair proportion;
A handsome well-set man as I.
Arm. His name?
Trin. 'Tis Tom Trincalo of Totnam.
Arm. Signior Pandolfo's lusty farmer?
Tri. That's he.
Arm. Most unexpected happiness! 'tis the man
I more esteem than my own life: sweet master,
Procure that match, and think me satisfied
For all my former service, without wages.
But ah, I fear you jest. My poor unworthiness
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet Trincalo.
No, wretched Armellina, in and despair:
Back to thy mournful dresser; there lament
Thy flesh to kitchen-stuff, and bones to ashes,
For love of thy sweet farmer.
Trin. Alas! *poor soul,*
How prettily she weeps for me!——*Wilt see* him?
Arm. My soul *waits in my eyes, and leaves my* body
Senseless.
Trin. *Then swear to keep* my counsel.
Arm. I swear
By th' beauteous eyes of Trincalo.
Trin. Why, I am Trincalo.
Arm. Your worship, sir! why do you flout your servant,
Right worshipful Antonio, my reverend master?
Tri. Pox of Antonio, I am Tom Trincalo.
Why laugh'st thou?
Arm. 'Tis desire and joy,
To see my sweetest.
Trin. Look upon me, and see him.
Arm. I say, I see Antonio, and none other.
Trin. I am within, thy love; without, thy master.
Th' astrologer transform'd me for a day.
Arm. Mock *not your poor maid, pray you, sir.*
Trin. I do not.
Now would I break this head against the stones,
To be unchang'd; fie on this gentry! it sticks
Like bird-lime, or the pox. I cannot part with't.
Within, I am still thy farmer Trincalo.
Arm. Then must I wait, till old Antonio
Be brought to bed of a fair Trincalo;
Or flea you, and strip you to yourself again.
Trin. Carry me to your chamber. Try me there.
Arm. O, sir, by *no* means; but with my lovely farmer
I'd stay all night, and thank *him.*
Trin. Cross misfortune!
Accurst Albumazar! and *mad* Pandolfo!
To change me thus, that, when I most desire
To be myself, I cannot. Armellina,
Fetch me a looking-glass.

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[67] *A gleek of marriages*—*i. e.* three. A metaphor taken from the game at cards called *Gleek*, where a *gleek* of knaves is three. S. P.

[68] *Come, let me kiss thy brow.*—It is observed by Mr Steevens, that "it was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness." See note to *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3. where several instances are produced.

Again in *Marston's Dutch Courtezan*, A. 2. S. 1.

"——— Your onely voice
Shall cast a slumber on my list'ning sense,
You with soft lip shall only ope mine eyes,
And sucke their lids asunder, only you
Shall make me wish to live, and not feare death."

Arm. To what end?
Trin. Fetch one.
Let my old master's business sink or swim;
This sweet occasion must not be neglected.
Now shall I know th' astrologer's skill. O wonderful!
Admir'd Albumazar in two transmutations!
Here's my old farmer's face. How in an instant
I am unchang'd, that was so long a changing!
Here's my flat nose again, &c.
Now, Armellina, take thy lov'd Trincalo
To thy desired embracements, use thy pleasure,
Kiss him thy bellyful.
Arm. Not here in public.
T' enjoy too soon what pleaseth, is unpleasant:
The world would envy that my happiness.
Go in, I'll follow you, and in my bed-chamber
We'll consummate the match in privacy.
Trin. Was not the face I wore far worse than this?
But, for thy comfort, wench, Albumazar
Hath dyed my thoughts so deep i' th' grain of gentry,
'Tis not a glass can rob me of my good fashion,
And gentlemanly garb. Follow, my dear.
Arm. I'll follow you. So, now y' are fast enough.
Trin. Help, Armellina, help; I am fall'n i' th' cellar:
Bring a fresh plantane leaf [69], I have broke my shin.
Thus have I caught me a husband in a trap,
And in good earnest mean to marry him.
'Tis a tough clown and lusty: he works day and night;
And rich enough for me, that have no portion
But my poor service. Well, he's something foolish;
The better can I domineer, and rule him
At pleasure. That's the mark and utmost height
We women aim at. I am resolv'd; I'll have him.

SCENE XII.

Enter LELIO *and* CRICCA.

Lelio. In, Armellina; lock up Trincalo.
Arm. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Lel. Cricca, for this thy counsel, if't succeed,
Fear not thy master's anger: I'll prefer thee,
And count thee as my genius, or good fortune.
Cric. It cannot chuse, but take. I know his humour;
And can at pleasure feather him with hopes,
Making him fly what pitch I wish, ands toop [70]
When I shew fowl.
Lel. But for the suit of cloaths?
Cric. I'll throw them o'er your garden wall. Away.
Haste to Eugenio and Sulpitia,
Acquaint them with the business.
Lel. I go.

SCENE XIII.

Enter LELIO *and* SULPITIA.

Lel. The hopeful issue of thy counsel, Cricca,
Brightens this ev'ning, and makes it more excel
The clearest day, than a grey morning doth
The blindest midnight, raising my amorous thoughts
To such a pitch of joy, that riches, honour,
And other pleasures, to Sulpitia's love,
Appear like mole-hills to the moon.
Sul. Lelio!
Lel. O, there's the voice, that in one note contains
All chords of music: how gladly she'll embrace
The news I give her, and the messenger!
Sul. Soft, soft, you're much mistaken; for in earnest,
I am angry, Lelio; and with you.
Lel. Sweetest, those flames
Rise from the fire of love, and soon will quench
I' th' welcome news I bring you.
Sul. Stand still, I charge you
By th' virtue of my lips; speak not a syllable,
As you expect a kiss should close my choler;
For I must chide you.
Lel. O my Sulpitia,
Were every speech a pistol charg'd with death,
I'd stand them all in hope of that condition.
Sul. First, sir, I hear you teach Eugenio
Too grave a wariness in your sister's love,
And kill his honest forwardness of affection
With your far fet [71] respects, suspicions, fears;
You have your may-bees; this is dangerous:
That course were better; for if so, and yet
Who knows? the event is doubtful? be advis'd,
'Tis a young rashness: your father is your father;
Take leisure to consider. Thus you've consider'd
Poor Flavia almost to her grave. Fie, Lelio;
Had this my smallness undertook the business,
And done no more in four short winter's days,

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[69] *Bring a fresh plantane leaf.*—Dr Gray observes, from Tackius, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. Mr Steevens says it is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. I. S. 2.

[70] *Stoop.*—See note 57. p. 596.

[71] *Far fet—i. e.* far fetched. See note 73, to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. I. p. 119.

Than you in four months; I'd have vowed my maidenhead
To the living tomb of a sad nunnery;
Which for your sake I loath.
Lel. Sweet, by your favour——
Sul. Peace, peace; now, y' are so wise, as if ye had eaten
Nothing but brains, and marrow of Machiavel:
You tip your speeches with Italian *motti*,
Spanish *refranes*, and English *quoth he's*. Believe me,
There's not a proverb salts your tongue, but plants
Whole colonies of white hairs. O what a business
These hands must have when you have married me,
To pick out sentences that over-year you!
Lel. Give me but leave.
Sul. Have I a lip? and you
Made sonnets on't? 'tis your fault, for otherwise
Your sister and Eugenia had been sure
Long time ere this.
Lel. But——
Sul. Stay, your one's not come yet.
I hate as perfectly this grey-green of your's,
As old Antonio's green-grey. Fy! wise lovers
Are most absurd. Were I not full resolved,
I should begin to cool mine own affection.
For shame, consider well your sister's temper.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Respect her,
Or, spight of mine own love, I'll make you stay
Six months before you marry me. [LELIO *whispers.*
This your so happy news? return'd, and safe?
Antonio yet alive? [LELIO *whispers.*
And what then? [LELIO *whispers.*
Well; all your business must be compassed
With winding plots, and cunning stratagems.
Look to't: for if we be not married ere next morning,
By the great love that's hid in this small compass,
Flavia and myself will steal you both away,
To your eternal shame, and foul discredit. [*Exit.*
Lel. How prettily this lovely littleness,
In one breath pleads her own cause, and my sister's!
Chides me, and loves! This is that pleasing temper
I more admire, than a continued sweetness
That over-satisfies; 'tis salt I love, not sugar.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ALBUMBAZAR, RONCA, FURBO, *and* HARPAX.

Alb. How? not a single share of this great prize,
That have deserv'd the whole? was't not my plot,
And pains, and you mere instruments and porters?
Shall I have nothing?
Ron. No, not a silver spoon.
Fur. Nor cover of a trencher salt.
Har. Nor table-napkin.
Alb. Friends, we have kept an honest trust and faith
Long time amongst us: break not the sacred league,
By raising civil theft; turn not your fury
'Gainst your own bowels. Rob your careful master!
Are you not asham'd?
Ron. 'Tis our profession,
As your's astrology. "*And in the days of old,*
"*Good morrow thief, as welcome was receiv'd*
"*As now Your worship.*" 'Tis your own instruction.
Fur. "*The Spartans held it lawful, and th' Arabians.*
"*So grew Arabia happy, Sparta valiant.*"
Har. "*The world's a theatre of theft; great rivers*
"*Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.*"
Alb. Have not I wean'd you up from petty-larceny,
Dangerous and poor? and nurst you to full strength
Of safe and gainful theft; by rules of art,
And principles of cheating, made you free
From taking, as you went invisible;
And do ye thus requite me? *this the* reward
For all my watchful care?
Ron. We are your scholars,
Made, by your help, and our own aptness, able
To instruct others. 'Tis the trade we live by.
You, that are servant to divine astrology,
Do something worth her livery; cast figures,
Make almanacks for all meridians.
Furbo. Sell perspicils, and instruments of hearing:
Turn clowns to gentlemen; buzzards to falcons,
Cur-dogs to grey-hounds; kitchen-maids to ladies.
Har. Discover more new stars, and unknown planets:
Vent them by dozens, style them by the names
Of men that buy such ware. Take lawful courses,
Rather than beg.
Alb. Not keep your honest promise?
Ron. Believe none, credit none; for in this city
No dwellers are, but cheaters and cheatees.
Alb. You promis'd me the greatest share.
Ron. Our promise!
If honest men, by obligations
And instruments of law are hardly constrain'd
T' observe their word; can we, that make profession
Of lawless courses, do't?
Alb. Amongst ourselves!
Falcons that tyrannize o'er weaker fowl,
Hold peace with their own feathers.
Har. But when they counter

Upon one quarry [72], break that league, as we do.
Alb. At least, restore the ten pound in gold I lent you.
Ron. 'Twas lent in an ill second, worser third,
And luckless fourth: 'tis lost, Albumazar.
Fur. Saturn was in ascension, Mercury
Was then combust when you delivered it.
'Twill never be restor'd.
Ron. Hali, Abenezra,
Hiarcha, Brachman, Budda, Babylonicus,
And all the Chaldees, and the Cabalists,
Affirm that sad aspect threats loss of debts.
Fur. Frame by your azimuth Almicantarath,
An engine like a mace, whose quality
Of strange retractive virtue may recal
Desperate debts, and with that undo serjeants.
Alb. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?
Give me a slender portion, for a stock
To begin trade again.
Ron. 'Tis an ill course,
And full of fears. This treasure hath enriched us,
And given us means to purchase and live quiet
Of th' fruit of dangers past. When I us'd robbing,
All blocks before me look'd like constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of gallowses;
Therefore, good tutor, take your pupil's counsel:
'Tis better beg than steal; live in poor clothes
Than hang in satin.
Alb. Villains, I'll be reveng'd,
And reveal all the business to a justice.
Ron. Do, if thou long'st to see thy own anatomy.
Alb. This treachery persuades me to turn honest.
Fur. Search your nativity; see if the fortunates
And luminaries be in a good aspect,
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat ere this.
Alb. Albumazar,
Trust not these rogues; hence, and revenge.
Ron. Fellows, away, here's company. Let's hence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CRICCA, *and* PANDOLFO.

Cric. Now, Cricca, mask thy countenance in joy,
Speak welcome language of good news; and move
Thy master, whose desires are credulous,
To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy design
Land at the haven 'tis bound for, then Lelio,
Eugenio, and their mistresses, are oblig'd
By oath to assure a state of forty pounds
Upon thee for thy life.
Pan. I long to know
How my good farmer speeds; how Trincalo
Hath been received by Lelio.
Cric. Where shall I find him?
What we most seek still flies us; what's avoided,
Follows or meets us full. I am embost,[73]
With trotting all the streets to find Pandolfo,
And bless him with good news.
Pan. This haste of Cricca
Abodes some good: doubtless my Trincalo,
Received for Antonio, hath given me Flavia.
Cricca!
Cric. Neither in Paul's,[74] at home, nor in the Exchange,

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[72] *Quarry.*—A term of falconry. *Latham* says, "it is taken for the fowle which is flowne at and slaine at any time."

[73] *I am embost.*—This is a term of the chace. *Turbeville*, in his book of hunting, 1575, p. 242, enumerates it among "other generall termes of the hart and his properties. When he (the hart) is foamy at the mouth, we saye, that *he is embost.*" So in the *Shoemaker's Holyday*; *or*, *The Gentle Craft*, 1610, Sign. C. 3.

> Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,
> He saw him take soile, and he hallowed him,
> Affirming him so *embost*,
> That long he could not hold."

See also Mr Steevens's note to *All's Well that Ends Well*, A. 3. S. 6.

[74] *Pauls.*—St Paul's, at this time, was constantly open, and the resort equally of the busy and the idle. A contemporary writer thus describes *Paul's Walke*: It "is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Brittaine. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here discerne in it's perfect'st motion, justling and turning. It is a heape of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noyse in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzze, mixt of walking, tongues and feet. It is a kind of still roare, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no busines whatsoever but is here stirring and a foot. It is the synod of all pates politicke, joynted and laid together in the most serious posture; and they are not halfe so busie at the Parliament. It is the anticke of tailes to tailes, and backes to backes, and for vizards, you need goe no further than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the generall mint of all famous lies which are here, like the legends popery first coyn'd and stampt in the church. All inventions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The best signe of a temple in it is, that it is the theeves sanctuary, which robbe more safely in the croud then a wildernesse, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after playes, taverne, and a baudy house, and men have still some oathes left to sweare here. It is the eare's brothell, and satisfies their lust and ytch. The visitants are all men, without exceptions; but the principall inhabitants and possessors are stale knights, and captaines out of service; men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turne merchants here, and traffice for newes. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomacke: but thriftier men make it their ordinarie, and boord here verie cheape. Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walke more, he could not." *Microcosmographie*, 1628.

Nor where he uses to converse! he's lost,
And must be cry'd.
Pan. Turn hither, Cricca; Cricca,
Seest me not?
Cric. Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,
Had almost blinded me. 'Tis so fortunate,
I dare not pour it all at once upon you,
Lest you should faint, and swoon away with joy:
Your transform'd Trincalo——
Pan. What news of him?
Cric. Enter'd as owner in Antonio's house——
Pan. On.
Cric. Is acknowledged by his daughter Flavia,
And Lelio, for their father.
Pan. Quickly, good Cricca!
Cric. And hath sent me in haste to bid you—
Pan. What?
Cric. Come, with your son Eugenio——
Pan. And then?
Cric. That he may be witness of your marriage.
But, sir, I see no signs of so large gladness
As I expected, and this news deserved.
Pan. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward symptoms,
And characters of joy, are poor expressions
Of my great inward happiness. My heart's full,
And cannot vent the passions. Run, Cricca, run,
Run as thou lov'st me; call Eugenio,
And work him to my purpose: thou can'st do it,
Haste, call him instantly.
Cric. I fly, sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Pan. How shall I recompence this astrologer?
This great Albumazar! through whose learned hands
Fortune hath pour'd the effect of my best wishes,
And crown'd my hopes? Give him this chain! alas,
'Tis a poor thanks, short by a thousand links
Of his large merit. No, he must live with me
And my sweet Flavia, at his ease and pleasure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
I'll get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So, there's Trincalo
Antoniated, or Antonio Intrinculate.

SCENE IV.

Enter ANTONIO, PANDOLFO, LELIO, *and* EUGENIO.

Ant. Signior Pandolfo! welcome.
Lel. Your servant, sir.
Pan. Well met, Antonio; my prayers and wishes
Have waited on you ever.
Ant. Thanks, dearest friend.
To speak my danger past, were to dis ourse
Of dead men at a feast. Such sad relations
Become not marriages. Sir, I am here
Return'd to do you service. Where's your son?
Pan. He'll wait upon you presently.
Eug. Signior Antonio,
Happily welcome.
Ant. Thanks, Eugenio.
How think you, gentlemen: were it amiss
To call down Flavia and Sulpitia,
That what we do, may with a full consent
Be entertain'd of all?
Pan. 'Tis well remember'd.
Eugenio, call your sister.
Ant. Lelio, call my daughter.
[*Exeunt* LELIO *and* EUGENIO.

SCENE V.

Enter PANDOLFO *and* ANTONIO.

Pan. Wisely considered, *Trincalo; 'tis a fair prologue*
To the comedy ensuing. Now I confess
Albumazar had equal power to change
And mend thy understanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hug thee for this service:
'Tis a brave onset: ah, my sweet Trincalo!
Ant. How like you the beginning?
Pan. 'Tis o' th' further side
All expectation.
Ant. Was 't not right, and spoken
Like old Antonio?
Pan. 'Tis most admirable!
Were 't he himself that spoke, he could or better't.
And, for *thy* sake, I wish Antonio's shape
May ever be *thy* house, and 's wit thy inmate.
But where's *my* plate, *and cloth of silver?*
Ant. Safe.
Pan. They come. Keep state, keep state, all's discover'd.

SCENE VI.

Enter ANTONIO, PANDOLFO, EUGENIO, LELIO, FLAVIA, *and* SULPITIA.

Ant. Eugenio, Flavia, Lelio, Sulpitia,
Marriages once confirm'd, and consummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore, 'tis fitting
All parties, with full freedom, speak their pleasure
Before it be too late.
Pan. Good! excellent!
Ant. Speak boldly therefore. Do you willingly
Give full authority, that what I decree,
Touching these businesses, you'll all perform?
Eug. I rest as you dispose: what you determine,
With my best power I ratify; and Sulpitia,
I dare be bold to promise, says no less.
Sul. Whate'er my father, brother, and yourself
Shall think convenient, pleaseth me.
Lel. In this,
As in all other service, I commit myself
To your commands; and so, I hope, *my* sister.
Fla. With all obedience: sir, dispose of me
As of a child, that judgeth nothing good,

But what you shall approve.
Ant. And you, Pandolfo?
Pan. I most of all. And, for I know [75] the minds
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone
To repent after, 'tis my advice they swear
T' observe, without exception, your decree.
Fla. Content.
Sul. Content.
Pan. By all the powers that hear
Oaths, and rain vengeance upon broken faith,
I promise to confirm and ratify
Your sentence.
Lel. Sir, I swear no less.
Eug. Nor I.
Fla. The self-same oath binds me.
Sul. And me the same.
Pan. Now, dear Antonio, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeal
From you to higher courts.
Ant. First, for preparative
Or slight præludium to the greater matches,
I must entreat you, that my Armellina
Be match'd with Trincalo. Two hundred crowns
I give her for her portion.
Pan. 'Tis done. Some relics
Of his old clownery, and dregs o' th' country,
Dwell in him still. How careful he provides
For himself first! Content. And more, I grant him
A lease for twenty pounds a-year.
Ant. I thank you.
Gentlemen, since I feel myself much broken
With age, and my late miseries, and too cold
To entertain new heat, I freely yield
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my son Lelio.
Pan. How cunningly hath the farmer provided
T' observe the 'semblance of Antonio's person,
And keep himself still free for Armellina!
Ant. Signior Pandolfo, y' are wise, and understand
How ill hot appetites of unbridled youth
Become grey hairs. How grave and honourable
Were 't for your age to be enamour'd
With the fair shape of virtue, and the glory
Of our forefathers! then would you blush to think,
How by this dotage, and unequal love,
You stain their honour, and your own. Awake,
Banish those wild affections, and, by my example,
Turn to your reposed self.
Pan. To what purpose, pray you,
Serves this long proeme? on to th' sentence.
Ant. Sir,
Conformity of years, likeness of manners,
Are Gordian knots that bind up matrimony.
Now, betwixt seventy winters and sixteen,
There's no proportion, nor least hope of love.
Fie! that a gentleman of your discretion,
Crown'd with such reputation in your youth,
Should, in your western days [76], lose th' good opinion
Of all your friends, and run to th' open danger
Of closing the weak remnant of your days
With discontent unrecoverable.
Pan. Rack me no more; pray you, let's hear the sentence.
Note how the ass would fright me, and endear
His service; intimating that his pow'r
May overthrow my hopes. Proceed to th' sentence.
Ant. These things considered, I bestow my daughter
Upon your son Eugenio, whose constant love,
With his so modest carriage, hath deserv'd her:
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with patience.
Pan. Treacherous villain!
Accursed Trincalo! I'll———But this no place:
He's too well back'd. But shortly, when the date
Of his Antonioship's expir'd, revenge
Shall sweeten this disgrace.
Ant. Signior Pandolfo,
When you recover yourself, lost desperately
In disproportion'd dotage, then you'll thank me
For this great favour. Be not obstinate:
Disquiet not yourself.
Pan. I thank you, sir.
[*Exeunt all but* PANDOLFO.

SCENE VII.

Pan. And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with patience—traiterous villain!
Is 't not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't must be done with scoffs? accursed Trincalo!
And me most miserable! that, when I thought
T' embrace young Flavia, see her before my face
Bestow'd upon my son! my son my rival!
This is Eugenio's plot, and his friend Lelio's;
Who, with my servant Cricca, have conspir'd,
And suborn'd Trincalo to betray his master.
Why do I rage 'gainst any but myself,
That have committed such a serious business
To th' hands of a base clown, and ignorant?
I see mine error, but no means to help it.
Only the sweetness of revenge is left me,
Which I must execute: th' hours of's gentry
Are now clean spent. I'll home, and there attend him. [*Exit.*

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[75] *For I know.*—*i. e. because* I know; a very common mode of expression.
[76] *In your western days.*—*i. e.* when you are declining like the sun, which sets in the *west.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter TRINCALO *drunk, but something recovered.*

Trin. Welcome old trusty Trincalo, good farmer, welcome! Give me thy hand; we must not part hereafter. Fie, what a trouble 'tis to be out of a man's self! If gentlemen have no pleasure but what I felt to-day, a team of horses shall not drag me out of my profession. There's nothing amongst them but borrowing, compounding for half their debts, and have their purse cut for the rest, cozened by whores, frighted with husbands, wash'd in wet hogsheads, cheated of their cloaths, and falling in cellars for conclusion.

SCENE IX.

PANDOLFO *at the window*, TRINCALO.

Pan. O precious piece of villainy! are you unchang'd?
How confident the rogue dares walk the streets!
Trin. And then such quarrelling! never a suit I wore to-day, but hath been soundly basted; only this faithful country-case 'scap'd fist-free; and, be it spoken in a good hour, was never beaten yet since it came from fulling.
Pan. Base, treacherous villain!
[*Beats him with a staff.*
Trin. Is this the recompence of my day's work?
Pan. You marry me to patience! there's patience,
And that you freeze not, there's warm patience,
She's a good bed-fellow: have patience.
Trin. You'll beat me out on't, sir. How have I wrong'd you?
Pan. So as deserves th' expression of my fury,
With th' cruel'st tortures I can execute.
Trin. You kill me, sir.
Pan. Have patience.
Trin. Pray you, sir!
Pan. Seek not by humble penitence t' appease me;
Nothing can satisfy.
Trin. Farewel humility;
Now am I beaten sober.
[*Takes away* PANDOLFO'S *staff.*
Shall age and weakness master my youth and strength?
Now speak your pleasure: what's my fault?
Pan. Dar'st deny
Thy own act, done before so many witnesses?
Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence
With such a stony impudence?
Trin. I have been faithful
In all you trusted me.
Pan. To them, not me.
O what a proeme, stuft with grave advice
And learned counsel, you could show'r upon me
Before the thunder of your deadly sentence!
And give away my mistress with a scoff!
Trin. I give your mistress!
Pan. Didst not thou decree,
Contrary t' our compact, against my marriage?
Trin. Why, when was I your judge?
Pan. Just now, here.
Trin. See your error!
Then was I fast lock'd in Antonio's cellar:
Where, making virtue of necessity,
I drank stark drunk, and waking, found myself
Cloth'd in this farmer's suit, as in the morning.
Pan. Didst not thou swear to enter Antonio's house,
And give me Flavia for my wife? and after,
Before my own face, gav'st her to my son?
Trin. Ha, ha, ha!
[*Whilst* TRINCALO *laughs, and lets fall the staff,* PANDOLFO *recovers it, and beats him.*
Pan. Can'st thou deny it?
Trin. Ha, ha, ha!
Have you got mistress Patience? Ha, ha, ha!
Pan. Is not this true?
Trin. Ha, ha, ha!
Pan. Answer me.
Trin. Ha, ha, ha! wan.
Pan. Was't not thus?
Trin. I answer,
First, I never was transform'd,
But gull'd, as you were, by the astrologer,
And those that call'd me Antonio.
To prove this true,
The gentleman you spoke with was Antonio,
The right Antonio, safely return'd from Barbary.
Pan. O me, what's this?
Trin. Truth itself.
Pan. Was't not thou that gav'st the sentence?
Trin. Believe me, no such matter:
I ne'er was gentleman, nor otherwise
Than what I am, unless 'twere when I was drunk.
Pan. How have I been deceiv'd! good Trincalo,
Pardon me, I have wrong'd thee.
Trin. Pardon you?
When you have beaten me to paste, *good Trincalo,*
Pardon me.
Pan. I am sorry for't: excuse me.
Trin. I am sorry I must excuse you. But I pardon you.
Pan. Now tell me where's the plate and cloth of silver,
The gold and jewels, that the astrologer
Committed to thy keeping?
Trin. What plate, what jewels?
He gave me none. But, when he went to change me,
After a thousand circles and ceremonies,
He binds me fast upon a form, and blinds me
With a thick table napkin. Not long after
Unbinds my head and feet, and gives me light:
And then I plainly saw, that I saw nothing:
The parlour was clean swept of all was in't.
Pan. Oh me! Oh me!
Trin. What ails you, sir? what ails you?
Pan. I am undone; I have lost my love, my plate,

My whole estate, and with the rest myself.
Trin. Lose not your patience too. Leave this lamenting,
And lay the town; you may recover it.
Pan. 'Tis to small purpose. In, and hold thy peace. [*Exit* TRINCALO.

SCENE X.

Enter CRICCA *and* PANDOLFO.

Cric. Where shall I find my master, to content him
With welcome news? he's here; news, news!
News of good fortune, joy, and happiness!
Pan. Cricca, my sadness is incapable
Of better tidings: I am undone! most miserable!
Cric. Offend not your good luck, y' are now more fortunate
Than when you rose this morning: be merry, sir,
Cheer up yourself; y' have what you wish'd, fear nothing.
Pan. May be Antonio newly repents himself,
With purpose to restore Flavia.
Cricca, what is't? where's all this happiness?
Cric. Lock'd in Antonio's closet.
Pan. All alone?
Sure that's my Flavia. Is not Eugenio
Suffered to enter?
Cric. Antonio keeps the key:
No creature enters but himself: all's safe,
And shall be soon restor'd.
Pan. O, my sweet Cricca!
Cric. And they that wrong'd you, most extremely sorry,
Ready to yield you any satisfaction.
Pan. Is't possible they should so soon repent them,
That injur'd me so lately? tell me the manner
That caus'd them see their error.
Cric. I'll tell you, sir.
Being just now at old Antonio's house,
One thunders at the back door, enters, presses
To speak in private with young Lelio;
Was instantly admitted: and think you who?
'Twas your astrologer Albumazar.
When he had spoke a while, Lelio and Antonio
In haste command me fetch a constable.
Pan. How can this story touch my happiness?
Cric. I up and down through slimy ale-houses,
Cloudy tobacco-shops, and vapouring taverns,
My mouth full of enquiry, at last found one.
Pan. What of all this? Is't possible a constable
Concerns my good?
Cric. And following my directions,
Went to a tippling-house, where we took drinking
Three handsome fellows with a great chest, attach'd them,
And brought all to Antonio.
Pan. Well, what then?
Cric. These were the astrologer's intelligences, that
Robb'd you through the south window.
Pan. I thought thou hadst spoke
Of Flavia's restoring.
Cric. I mean your plate
And treasure; pray you, sir, is't not great happiness
To re-obtain three thousand pounds in value,
Desperately lost? and you still doat and dream
Of Flavia, who, by your own consent
And oath, is promised to your son Eugenio.
Pan. Forward.
Cricca. Within this chest Antonio found your plate,
Gold, jewels, cloth of silver, nothing perish'd,
But all safe lock'd till you acknowledge it.
And, since Albumazar of his own accord
Freely confessed, and safe restor'd your treasure:
Since 'tis a a day of jubilee and marriage,
Antonio would intreat you to release
And pardon the astrologer: thanking your fortune,
That hath restor'd you to your wealth and self,
Both which were lost i' th' love of Flavia.
Pan. Reason hath clear'd my sight, and drawn the veil
Of doatage, that so dark'd my understanding.
I clearly see the slavery of affections;
And how unsuitable my declining years
Are for the dawning youth of Flavia.
Let the best joys of Hymen compass her,
And her young husband, my Eugenio,
With full content. And since Albumazar
By accident caused all this happiness,
I freely pardon him, and his companions;
And haste to assist the marriages and feasts.
Cric. Why, now you shew yourself a worthy gentleman. [*Exit* PANDOLFO.

SCENE XI.

Enter TRINCALO *and* CRICCA.

Trin. Cricca, I over-heard your news; all parts are pleas'd
Except myself: Is there no news for Trincalo?
Cric. Know'st it not? in and see: Antonio
Hath given thee Armellina with a portion,
Two hundred crowns; and old Pandolfo bound
By oath t' assure thee twenty pounds a-year,
For three lives.
Trin. Ha!
Cric. Come in.
Trin. I'll follow. [*Exeunt omnes.*

MRIS.

EPILOGUE.

Two hundred crowns? and twenty pound a-year
For three good lives? *Cargo!* * hai Trincalo!
My wife's extremely busy, dressing the supper
For these great marriages; and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertain you here
As I would elsewhere. But if you come to Totnam
Some four days hence, and ask for Trincalo,
At th' sign o' th' hogshead; I'll mortgage all my lives
To bid you welcome. You that love Trincalo,
And mean to meet, clap hands and make 't a bargain.

Cargo.—A corruption of *corraggio!* Ital. courage! a hortatory exclamation. S.

EDITIONS.

1. Albumazar, a comedy; presented before the king's majestie at Cambridge, the ninth of March 1614. By the gentlemen of Trinitie Colledge. London: printed by Nicholas Okes, for Walter Burre, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Church-yard, 1615. 4to.

2. Albumazar, a comedy; presented before the king's majesty at Cambridge. By the gentlemen of Trinity Colledge. Newly revised and corrected by a speciall hand. London: printed by Nicholas Oakes, 1634. 4to.

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